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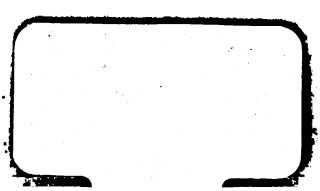

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THOMAS DE QUINCEY AND HIS WORKS.

On entering upon the study of De Quincey's writings, the first thing with which we are impressed is, a certain air of perfect ease, and as it were relaxation, which breathes around. 'The river glideth at his own sweet will;' now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the grey rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich smooth meadow, now leaping amid a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm, while the spray rises upwards in a wavering and painted column; mildness, or majesty, or wild Titanic strength may be displayed, but the river is ever at the same perfect ease, all-unconscious of the spectator. We think the metaphor is no exaggerated expression of De Quincey's mode of writing. 'My way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me;' these words, used with express reference to the mode in which he composed the 'Confessions,' may be taken as characterising, in a degree more or less eminent, his universal manner. The goal, indeed, is always kept in view; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject; the river's course is always seawards: but there are no fixed embankments, between which, in straight purpose-like course, the stream is compelled to flow: you are led aside in the most wayward unaccountable manner, and though you must allow that every individual bay and wooded creek is in itself beautiful, yet, being a Briton, accustomed to feed on facts, like the alligators whom the old naturalists asserted to live upon stones, and thinking it right to walk to the purpose of a book with that firm step and by that nearest road which conduct you to your office, you are soon ready to exclaim that this is trifling, and that you wish the author could speak to the point. But there is some witchery which still detains you: the trifling seems to be flavoured by some indefinable essence, which spreads an irresistible charm around; you recollect that nature has innumerable freaks, and may present, in one quarter of a mile, the giant rock and the quivering blue-bell, the defiant oak and the trodden lichen, the almost stagnant pool and the surging cataract: at length the thought dawns upon you, that this author is great because he cannot help it; that he is a force in the hand of nature; that, whether you smile, or frown, or weep, or wonder, he goes on with the bounding grace of absolute ease, speaking with pure spontaneity the thoughts that arise within him. Then your trust becomes deeper, your earnestness of study redoubles: you are profoundly convinced that here is no pretence, no unnatural effort, and your murmuring turns to astonishment at the complexity, richness, and strangely blended variety of nature's effects. If your experience is the same as ours most honestly was, you will proceed from a certain pleasureable titillation produced by what you deem twaddle, though twaddle deliciously spiced by genius, to the conviction that, however hampered, however open to objection, here is an intellect, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination, and reception, of a power and range which you are at a loss to measure or define. De Quincey's writings lie scattered wide: we hesitate not to think that those on which a correct and definite appreciation of his merits may best be grounded, have not yet been separately published in this country; we at least never formed any-

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thing approaching to an adequate conception of his genius, even though acquainted with the 'Confessions,' until we found access to certain of his papers, published long ago, and since hidden from the general gaze in 'that vast abyss' which, to use his own words, 'has, like the sea, swallowed treasures without end, that no diving-bell will bring up again.' His analytic powers were comparatively a secret to us until we read his 'Templars' Dialogues,' which indicate to us more strikingly than even his large work on political economy—in which, indeed, we made but slight progress—a clear, far-seeing intellect; and we had no idea, even after reading his 'Confessions,' that there had ever existed an Englishman who could have written 'The Vision of Sudden Death,' and the 'Dream Fugue' founded thereon. It is well the diving-bell is at work in the bringing up of those and other treasures.* If readers judge our estimate of De Quincey anywise too high, we bid them wait. Let them, besides, consider that we take into account, in judging of the powers of De Quincey, the fact that his life has been shadowed by one great cloud, which would have fatally obscured any ordinary intellect, that he has seen the stars through a veil, and that we have to mete the power of that vision which could pierce such an obstruction. Once more, let it be remembered that the mind of De Quincey must, on all hands, be allowed to be one of a very singular and original kind. It is prominently characterised by two qualities, which are partially regarded with suspicion by hard thinkers, and tend to lower the expectation of the reader who is in search of substantial intellectual sustenance: we mean humour, and what we can only call mysticism. De Quincey is essentially and always a humorist; a humorist of a very rare and delicate order, but whose very delicacy is mistaken by hard minds for feebleness or silly trifling. He is also, to some extent, an intellectual mystic. We use this word in no disparaging sense; nor do we lay emphasis upon the fact, that he has devoted years of study to the works of express mystics. We indeed think that this last is not of material importance in estimating his writings; the influence of these writers was not, it appears to us, of sufficient power materially to colour his originality. By the quality of mysticism, as attaching to the mind of De Quincey, we mean rather a certain affinity, so to speak, for the mysterious, a strange idiosyncrasy, in which associations of terror, of gladness, or of gloom, link themselves with certain seasons and places. Voices of sympathy awaken for him, where no sound falls on the general ear; sorrows, from which the common mail of custom and coarseness, or even active practical occupation, defends other men, affect him with poignant anguish; and joys which are far too delicate and aerial to approach the hard man of the world, float over his soul like spiritual music; he has a sure footing in dim and distant regions, where phantasy piles her towers, and raises her colonnades, and wraps all in her wierd and wondrous drapery. He tells us that, 'like Sir Thomas Brown, his mind almost demanded mysteries in so mysterious a system of relations as those which connect us with another world;' and we cannot hesitate to use the hint for the explication of much to which he does not, in that connection, intend it to apply. I know we are met by expressions of sentiment, regarding summer, and death, and solitude, which may appear strange or far-fetched, and we are told of woes which our duller imaginations and less tremulous sympathies almost compel us to deem fantastic. Altogether, to the matter-of-fact English reader, the phenomena presented by these works are astonishing and alarming; and it is well for him, if his hasty practicality does not prompt him to close them at once, deciding that there is no real metal for life's highway to be found there, but only such airy materials as might be used by some Macadam of the clouds. Now, we are confident that De Quincey has performed intellectual service for the age, which could be shown to be practically substantial to the most rigorously practical mind; but we would specially urge, that it is quite possible that writings may be of the highest value, although one cannot trace their association with any department of economic affairs. We are practical enough, and make no pretension to having wings for the

* We need scarcely remind our readers that the publisher of the INSTRUCTOR is bringing out at present a beautiful edition of the works of De Quincey, entitled 'Selections Grave and Gay, from the Writings, Published and Unpublished, of Thomas De Quincey. Revised and enlarged by himself.' The third volume has just appeared.

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ether.' But let it at once be said, that the world is not a manufactory. There are regions where the spirit of man can expatiate above the corn-field or the counter; it is lawful for the immortal principle within us to rise for a time out of the atmosphere of the labour curse; the universe is really wonderful, and it is not well to forget the fact; nay, finally, it is well for a man, perhaps at times it is best for him, to spread the wings of his mind for regions positively removed from, antipodal to, practice, if haply he may gain glimpses of habitations higher than earth, and destinies nobler than those of time. Bold as the assertion looks, we should question the power of any man to be a docile and accurate disciple of the Comte school of philosophy, who found the highest enjoyment of understanding and sympathy in the works of De Quincey!

When, beneath all its drapery of cloud and rainbow, the grand physiognomic outlines of De Quincey's mind reveal themselves to the reader, his primary observation will probably be, that it is marked by an extraordinary analytic faculty. De Quincey's own opinion declares this to be the principal power in his mind; and though we should not deem this in itself conclusive, we cannot but think it strongly confirmatory of the general evidence gathered from other quarters. 'My proper vocation,' these are his words, 'as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding.' The more we know of De Quincey's writings, the more are we driven to the conviction, that his mind is, in this regard, of an extremely high order. His intensely clear perception of the relation between ideas, the delight with which he expatiates in regions of pure abstraction, where no light lives but that of the 'inevitable eye' of the mind, the ease with which he unravels and winds off what appears a mere skein of cloud-streamers, too closely blended to be taken apart, and too delicate not to rend asunder, afford irresistible evidence of rare analytic power. That our words may be seen to be no mere rhetorical painting of our own fancies, but a feeble attempt to indicate what our eyes have seen, we shall glance cursorily at one or two of those portions of De Quincey's works which give attestation of this power.

The science of political economy is remarkable as one of those in which the abstract and the concrete are seen most clearly in their mutual relations. Beginning with mere abstractions, or what appear such, with factors which must be dealt with algebraically, and seem absolutely independent of practice, it proceeds onwards until it embraces every complexity of our social existence, until every mathematical line is turned into an actual visible extension, and every ideal form has to take what shape it can amid the jostling and scrambling of life. It is thus, in our opinion, perhaps the very best study in which a man can engage for the culture of his argumentative nature. For, as we say, it has every stage: it demands mathematical accuracy in one part, and lays down rigidly the ideal law; it brings you on till you are in the field and workshop, till you have to calculate the strength of varied desires, the probable upshot of complicated chances, the modifications produced by a thousand nameless influences. From the mathematical diagram to the table of statistics, from the academy to the street, from the closet of the philosopher to the world of the statesman, political economy conducts the student. Whatever the practical value of the science to the merchant, legislator, moralist, or philanthropist—and we have no leisure to demonstrate, as we think is possible, its practical value to each—it scarcely admits of a doubt, that, as an instrument of mental culture, it is invaluable. But this remark is incidental: we have glanced at the general nature of the science of political economy, in order that we may exhibit clearly the particular department in which De Quincey is distinguished. This, of course, is the abstract portion. The fundamental laws of the science, or rather the one fundamental law on which it is all built, furnished his mind with occupation. This one fundamental law is the law of value. It determines what is, viewed abstractly, the grand cause which fixes the relative value of articles—how much of any one will exchange for so much of any other. Once this is found, you know whence all deviations depart, you know how each modifying element will act, you have, so to speak, formed your theory of the seasons, although you cannot tell what showers may fall, what winds may blow, what ripening weeks of sunshine may usher in the harvest. 'He,' says De Quincey, 'who is fully master of the subject of value, is already a good political economist.' We perfectly agree with him, and

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think that political economy first and for ever became an established science, when the theory of value was perfected. The honour of having published the demonstration belongs to David Ricardo; but De Quincey, as has so often happened, found himself anticipated with the public, for he had arrived at the same results: as it was, little remained for him to do, but to silence a few objectors who long continued to oppose Ricardo. This he did in the 'Dialogues' to which we have referred, in a manner so clear and conclusive, that assent may be said to have become synonymous with comprehension. It is difficult to convey any idea of these papers to one who has not read them. To quote any passage were an improvement upon the brick sample of the house, for it would be to offer a stone as sample of an arch; to abridge is out of the question, for they are a model of terseness. Considered as pieces of reasoning, they are really masterly. There is an artistic perfection about them. The beauty of precision, of clearness, of absolute performance of the thing required, is the only beauty admissible. Accordingly, there is not an illustration which is not there simply because it speaks more clearly than words; there are no flourishes of rhetoric: all is quiet, orderly, conclusive, like the British line advancing to the charge, and with the same result. It is true that, even in them, De Quincey could not be dull, and so there is the slightest infusion of humour, which adds a raciness to the whole, and is thus promotive of the general effect. Mr M'Culloch, a man not given to enthusiasm, says of these papers, that they 'are unequalled, perhaps, for brevity, pungency, and force.'

De Quincey's introduction to political economy was characteristic, and illustrates remarkably the nature of his powers. He took to it as an amusement, when debility had caused the cessation of severer studies. About the year 1811, he became acquainted with a great many books and pamphlets on the subject; but it seems that what had employed the concentrated, protracted, and healthful energies of men for about a couple of centuries, could not for a moment bide the scrutiny of his languishing eye. Thus politely and composedly does he indicate his general impression of what books, pamphlets, speeches, and other compositions bearing on political economy had come in his way:—'I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them, between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan.' Such sudden and amazing proficiency, we presume, scientific professors would not extremely desire. However, this surprising pupil was soon to meet the master:—'At length,' he proceeds, 'in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr Ricardo's book; and, recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself, that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading; and, much more, I wondered at the book. Had this profound book been really written in England during the nineteenth century? . . . . Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial* cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed to advance even by one hair's-breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents; Mr Ricardo had deduced *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.'

Are our readers acquainted with the 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,' by David Ricardo? If not, they will hardly appreciate De Quincey's enthusiasm, or understand what it implies. Butler and Edwards are by no means drawing-room authors, yet the perusal of their works seems to us to approach the nature of an intellectual recreation, compared with that of this book of Ricardo's. We consider it that volume which, of all we know, requires the highest tension and effort of intellect. It has a thousand times been charged with obscurity, and a

* 'Senatorial:'—This is a mistake. Ricardo entered the House of Commons in 1819; his work was published in 1817.

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filmy subtlety of speculation; yet its difficulty consists principally in that it is the production of a mind so exceedingly clear, that it could completely master and fully embrace a subject, by seeing its great leading points of illumination, without tracing the path from the one to the other. Thus the reader is, as it were, carried from eminence to eminence by the writer, without being shown the way he travels; and having reached each, not by the usual step-by-step method, he is moved to question the reality of his progress, and to object to the extraordinary new method of instruction, in which he must ever and anon commit himself to the strong arm or wing of the preceptor, to be carried to a higher station. He feels that too large a demand is made on his faith; he wishes to walk a little by sight. Ricardo coolly sets him down, with the assurance that his progress has been real, and that now he stands on a higher platform than he ever occupied before, but with the declaration, that he must find some other to explain pedagogically the mode of advancement, since there are further heights to which his guide must forthwith ascend. Now De Quincey had the supreme satisfaction of going side by side with Ricardo in his aerial voyagings; he knew well whither he was going, and the absolute certainty that it was onwards; he could look down, with a satisfied, half-sneering smile, upon the strugglers below, who jogged honestly but slowly along, proclaiming their distrust in all aerial carriages. In those 'Templars' Dialogues,' he just seems to us to be sitting in the chariot with Ricardo, laughing at Malthus and other disbelievers, and calling them to look up, and see that all their difficulty of apprehension lies in the fact, that the one path is through the air, and straight as an arrow's flight, while the other is along the ground, amid sand heaps and tangled jungles. De Quincey himself has admirably described the nature of Ricardo's obscurity, by saying that, if it can be fairly alleged against him at all, it can arise only from 'too keen a perception of the truth, which may have seduced him at times into too elliptic a development of his opinions, and made him impatient of the tardy and continuous steps which are best adapted to the purposes of the teacher. For,' he adds, 'the fact is, that the *labourers of the Mine* (as I am accustomed to call them), or those who dig up the metal of truth, are seldom fitted to be also *labourers of the Mint—i. e.*, to work up the metal for current use.' 'Seed corn,' says Goethe, 'should not be ground.' Such were the difficulty and the obscurity of Ricardo. Now, we certainly should found no claim to an extraordinary analytic faculty, on the mere power to comprehend any author; but the fact of keen enjoyment, of free exulting pleasure being derived from the perusal of a book, is always conclusive proof of an affinity with the powers it exhibits; and the instant recognition with which De Quincey welcomed Ricardo's discoveries, as well as the perfect comprehension, nay, light and graceful, and absolutely commanding mastery with which he ever after used and expounded these, may be regarded, even independently of his own words, as sufficient evidence that he himself had trodden the same high path, and that, as has often been the case, the same laws unfolded themselves, almost contemporaneously, to the analytic intellects of De Quincey and Ricardo. We claim not for the former any honour which the succession of the years denied him: but when the question is not of the honour of a discovery, but the possession of a faculty, the above argument is irresistible. We think, therefore, that, in the mere power of analysis, leaving all else out of account, an equality may be vindicated for De Quincey with the great legislator in political economy. More than this we do not claim: but no one who has any acquaintance with the works of Ricardo, will require a further proof that the English Opium-eater is a writer whose works deserve earnest study from all who love clear and far-seeing thought.

Leaving political economy, and entering the wider field of history, professing also no longer to abide with psychological correctness by the faculty of analysis, but seeking the traces of general power and clearness of intellect, we would advance the general proposition, that De Quincey has looked over the course of humanity with such a searching, philosophic glance, that, desultory though his teaching has been, he has discerned and embodied in his works certain truths of the last importance. They are of that sort which may be called illuminative: they are rays of light which go along the whole course of time, revealing and harmonising: their value can be fully appreciated only when one traverses history, carrying them as lamps in his hand, and observing

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how, in their light, the confused becomes orderly, the dark becomes bright.

We cannot find a better instance than in his ideas regarding war. These furnish, indeed, a remarkable case, and that with which we have been most struck: we think it of itself sufficient to justify what we have above advanced. We had long been of opinion that the ideas regarding war, which not only floated in the public mind, but found countenance from men of high and unquestionable powers, were singularly superficial and unsound: from Foster and Carlyle to John Bright, we heard no word on the subject with which we could agree. It was the first general glance, and that alone, which was taken; the observations on which the arguments were based, were such as every child must again and again have made—that war was accompanied with great effusion of blood, that in its scowl the face of the world gathered blackness as of death, that there was not enmity or personal quarrel between the individual combatants, and the like. Foster we found unable to thrill to the ardours of the 'Iliad,' or, if he did experience a rising sense of its glories, we saw him shrinking, as if from guilt, and likening it to a beautiful but deadly knife: Carlyle, with a satire whose intense cleverness made cool examination of the philosophic value of his words almost impossible, resolved our late wars into the aimless volleys by which the peaceful inhabitants of two far-separated French and English villages of 'Dumb-drudge' exterminated each other. We found no clear conception of the function, in the evolution of human civilisation, of agencies in themselves calamitous: we found no philosophic conception of war in its real nature, as the most direful yet indispensable effect of reason acting under the curse of labour and the obscuration of sin—the sublimely fearful yet necessary lightning, which has flashed in the night of human history. We had indicated our opinions on this matter in these very pages (in a paper on Wellington), but were unaware that we were not alone, when we happened to fall in with an article by De Quincey, in which he treated of war. A glance was sufficient. We had cause of pride, but also of humiliation. We agreed with every word. The germs of a whole philosophy of war were before us, every lingering doubt was dissipated. And it was a consoling assurance that our views were not, as they looked, peculiarly savage, to find that De Quincey, whose womanly tenderness is, to our knowledge, unexampled in literature, yet sympathised, with calmest deliberation and profound intensity, in those feelings to which men have ever attached sublimity, from the shouts of Marathon to the thunders of Trafalgar. But how could we ever have imagined a linguistic garb like that in which we now saw our notions arrayed! How perfect was the mastery with which the whole was grasped! He played with his subject: he touched it as he pleased with his magician wand, and it took what colours he chose. Whatever of dimness had attached to our ideas, was dissipated as mist by sunlight: all was boldly, clearly, definitely evolved. The thoughts which we had clothed in the homespun of prose, and it might be with a want of analytic clearness, now leaped forth in the mail of logic, and the plumes of poetry. We were proud that we had agreed with De Quincey; we were, with a somewhat different feeling, impressed by the incommensurable distance which there may be between two expositions of an idea in the English tongue.

This whole paper on war we would cite as singularly characteristic of De Quincey. Here, most emphatically, is there attested the danger of trusting to first appearances and impressions. Philosophy and fun do so intermingle their parts, that one is astonished and startled. Now all seems mirth and jollity; the writer is intent on proving that the ancients pilfered jokes on a large scale from the moderns; that it must have been the former and not the latter, is plain, from the fact, that those were 'heathens, infidels, pagan dogs.' Then you have a long detail respecting a fund which is to be commenced by a half-crown legacy of De Quincey's, and which is to be put into requisition, when the Peace Congress has prevailed, and war vanishes from human history. The fund may accumulate at any interest: ere required, it will, under any circumstances, have reached to the moon; therefore the man in the moon is named a trustee. The destination of the fund is the support of all those to be put out of employment when armies and fleets are disbanded, and the trustees are most eloquently and earnestly charged to deal

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handsomely, nor bring disgrace on the testator's memory by niggardliness. And all this giggling alternates with flashes of revealing intuition, which rectify your every idea regarding human history, with truths which open up to you the vista of the past, and enable you to define the position of humanity in the present. It is an intermingled dance of northern lights, and far-illumining gleams of precious radiance: the writer is as one sitting in a chariot at a Roman carnival, and flinging, from the same hand, crackers, and sugar-plums, and lumps of pure gold. Ill is it for him who sees the crackers and sugar-plums, and thinks there can be no gold: and the remark applies more or less to the whole range of De Quincey's writings. On the one hand, no man can fail to perceive the jocularity of the paper we have been describing; on the other, if it is important or indicative of high powers to see beneath all the superficial phenomena of war, and discern its true function in human history, if it is a proof of profundity, that a clear, indubitable light is cast into regions where Foster and Carlyle stumbled about as if blindfold, then we can appeal to this same article, as a triumphant vindication of the sterling value of De Quincey's intellectual powers. How strongly, last of all, does it confirm what we have said respecting the perfect ease, the absolute want of effort, the free careless naturalness with which he writes.

De Quincey has devoted several papers to an attempted proof, that the sect of Essenes, mentioned by Josephus, were none other than the early Christians. The series is distinguished by great acuteness of argument, and possess that fascination of style which characterises every production of their author. The whole logic of the case is brought out in a figure, so simple, so precise, and yet so tasteful, that we may quote it: 'If, in an ancient palace, re-opened after it had been shut up for centuries, you were to find a hundred golden shafts or pillars, for which nobody could suggest a place or a use; and if, in some other quarter of the palace, far remote, you were afterwards to find a hundred golden sockets fixed in the floor—first of all, pillars which nobody could apply to any purpose, or refer to any place; secondly, sockets which nobody could fill;—probably even "wicked Will Whiston" might be capable of a glimmering suspicion that the hundred golden shafts belonged to the hundred golden sockets. And if it should turn out that each several shaft screwed into its own peculiar socket, why, in such a case, not "Whiston, Ditton, and Co.," could resist the evidence, that each enigma had brought a key to the other; and that by means of two mysteries there had ceased even to be one mystery.' The unoccupied sockets are the several heads in the description of the Essenes by Josephus; the missing pillars, the early Christians. Thus is the whole argument seen at a glance. But we cannot say that we have been convinced. We indeed think it remarkably probable that the early Christians and the Essenes were one and the same; but we cannot bring ourselves to regard Mr De Quincey's manner of accounting for the name satisfactory. We cannot admit the theory of an assumed disguise on the part of the Christians. The plain command to confess Christ before men; the almost excessive valour of the early Christians, prompting them even to court martyrdom; the contrariety of such a method of defence to the whole genius of the opposition of the true religion to all that is false in every age, which has always been to unsheath the sword in the face of the foe, to fling away the scabbard, and to defy him in the name of the Lord; the scarcely conceivable possibility of Christians suddenly, as it were, ducking their heads before the wave of persecution, and emerging again, unrecognised, as Essenes;—these and similar considerations close the avenues of our mind to the most plausible array of proofs which could be adduced against them. But not only are these papers marked by high ingenuity; they contain striking gleams of insight into the whole course of the development of Christianity. We think, for instance, that the following remark is not more daring than it is important:—'In strict philosophic truth, Christianity did not reach its mature period, even of infancy, until the days of the Protestant Reformation.' This casts a light before and after. And it is a sublime idea to which it leads us;—the idea of the whole human race through long millenniums gazing upon the handwriting of God, and only in the slow course of centuries spelling it out. There is also an exactness of conception as to what Christianity really is, which sets De Quincey at a quite immeasurable distance from your general Christian

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litterateur. He does not confound it with 'virtue,' or any conceivable ethical theory; he does not, with a mouth homage which is but disguised atheism, lay artistic hands on Christianity, and take it, like any old mythology, to play a part, or to act as a background, in an art novel; he recognises the perennial supernatural element which is inseparably involved in its very idea, the continual action from age to age of the Spirit of God on the mind of man. In various parts of his works, indeed, De Quincey exhibits a profound insight into the spirit and nature of Christianity,—its essential distinction from Paganism, as a system of doctrines, and not a mere ritual, and its absolute agreement with what is darkest and deepest in the human heart and history.

We have lingered perhaps too long on the subject of De Quincey's strictly intellectual powers; but we regret the less having done so, because it is here that our remarks may be of the greatest practical value. All men acknowledge De Quincey's genius; all men appreciate, more or less, the grandeur and the delicacy of his imagination; all own the supremacy of his command over the English tongue. But we think it is not so generally conceded, that he is a substantially valuable thinker; that there is not only intellectual amusement, that there are not only masterpieces of style within the compass of his works, but that there is much also of that intellectual stuff, with which one might build up his system of opinion, or on which he might nourish his highest powers. Even this we have not so much proved, as partially indicated the means of proving. We might have enlarged on the vast stores of his learning, and still more on the perfect command he has over it all: how with the true poetic might he can fling a subject into the furnace of his genius, shapeless, rugged, and drossy as it may be, and show us it again flowing out in the purity and brightness of molten gold: how at eleven he was a brilliant Latin scholar, and at fifteen could talk Greek with such fluency and correctness, that his master said he could address an Athenian mob better than his instructor an English: how he studied mathematics, and metaphysics, and theology, and scholastic logic, and all which could give exercise to his soul in the herculean youth of its powers. But we say no more. We think we have said enough to make good our point. We differ from De Quincey in several respects: we fear that, in theology, we march nearer to the standard of Calvin than he would approve; we have already intimated our discontent with certain of his arguments on the identity of the early Christians and Essenes; we think he has underrated John Foster, and he has certainly outstripped our charity in the matter of Judas: but yet we esteem him, and we think our readers will agree with us in esteeming him, a really powerful thinker, whose criticism upon human knowledge, and whose direct contributions to its stores, are worthy of being eagerly seized and earnestly scrutinised by thoughtful minds.

We have spoken hitherto of what may be figured as the skeleton or bare framework of De Quincey's mind. We have found him here comparable with Ricardo. But now we pass to a different delineation; now we leave Ricardo and all dry algebraists, geometricians, metaphysicians, and scholastics behind; we come to look upon the glorious garment of sympathy in which De Quincey's mind is robed, and the grand imaginative eye which is his, and which can clothe every algebraic formula in light as of the stars. He himself speaks of the 'two hemispheres, as it were, that compose the total world of human power—mathematics on the one hand, poetry on the other;' and we must think that he was born a denizen of both. It is our belief, indeed, that every mind of a very high order is. It is of beneficent arrangement that men in general are furnished with several classes of tendencies and powers: it is well that each man does his own work best, and even has a certain suppressed feeling that his special work is the most important in this world. But it is a positive and confounding error to apply the general rule to the few individual minds which rise far above the common level. Of these minds we think no assertion can be made with less of hesitancy or qualification, than that their powers and sympathies are diverse. We can trace the smothered gleams of a burning imagination through the works of Jonathan Edwards, like volcanic fires kept under by the solid ground, and towered cities and stable mountains of some Italy or Trinacria. Plato was the greatest prose poet that ever lived; the softening ra-

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iance of poetic light which played over he massive intellect of Luther, gave it a eauty which will never fade; and we ave no doubt that imaginative fire urned in the unwavering, far-searching ye of Calvin. To borrow a suggestion rom those words of De Quincey regard- ng the hemispheres, we would say, that ll great men have an intellectual night nd an intellectual day: in the still, vast ight, when no colour rests on the earth, nd the stars in their courses are tread- ng the fields of immensity, they look up, almly and abstractedly, to learn, by pure nimpassioned thought, their motions and heir laws; in the blaze of day's sunlight, when the world is arrayed in its robe of many colours, and clouds, waves, and forests are rejoicing in their beauty, then they also share the joy, and can take of the glories of nature to clothe the thoughts revealed to them in the silent night. We are not prepared to say that what De Quincey has actually accom- plished will prove sufficient to vindicate for him a place among the mighty ones of bygone ages, among the few who oc- cupy the intellectual thrones of the world; but we do say, that there are unmistake- able traces that his natural endowment was of this royal order, that, in the two great forms of intellect—the imaginative and the abstractive—he was magnificently gifted. The reader has seen how he was affected by Ricardo's political economy— it was a case of positive rapturous delight. But now hear this:—'A little before that time (1799), Wordsworth had published the first edition (in a single volume) of the "Lyrical Ballads;" and into this had been introduced Mr Coleridge's poem of the "Ancient Mariner," as the contribu- tion of an anonymous friend. It would be directing the reader's attention too much to myself, if I were to linger upon this, the greatest event in the unfolding of my own mind. Let me say, in one word, that, at a period when neither the one nor the other writer was valued by the public —both having a long warfare to accom- plish of contumely and ridicule, before they could rise into their present estima- tion—I found in their poems "the ray of a new morning," and an absolute reve- lation of untrodden worlds, teeming with power and beauty as yet unsuspected among men.' These are the words of De Quincey. Now we think it a very remarkable fact, and one to which, in forming any estimate of the author of whom we treat, great importance is to be attached, that he was the first, or among the first, to hail the rising, in quarters of the literary heaven so widely apart, and with such an antithetic diversity of radiance, two such stars as Wordsworth and Ricardo. The light of Ricardo is perhaps, in every sense, good and bad, the driest in English literature; the general intellect even of practical Eng- land turns away from it. Wordsworth is, of all poets, the farthest removed from the practical world: he is the lis- tener to the voice of woods, the watcher of the wreathing of the clouds; he can drink a tender and intense pleasure from the waving of the little flower, from the form of its star-shaped shadow; he can even enter, by inexpressible delicacy of poetic sympathy, into the feelings which his own creative power imparts, and wish that little flower

'Conscious of half the pleasure that it gives;'

from him, too, the general intellect of practical England, as well proved in the case of Arnold, turns away dissatisfied. In the range of De Quincey's sympathies —and the sympathies are the voices or the ministers of the powers, the leaves by which the strong plant drinks in the air of heaven—there was compass for both. It is no fable of poetry or dream of a fevered brain, that the human mind is a macrocosm of nature; it is a fact to which even physiological science is now accord- ing her assent, and which a psychological comparison of the intellects of the great and the small in all ages would irresis- tibly demonstrate. Weakness of intel- lect and littleness of intellect are found, when well examined, to mean narrowness of intellect; trace men through all their grades, from those humble forms of the 'world-school,' where sit the artisan, the husbandman, and the private soldier, un- til you reach that august region where human history and all time seem to be spread out, one imperial domain, be- neath the sky-like dome of the mind of Shakspere; you will find every increase of greatness, accompanied by, we had almost said synonymous with, expansion of range. We certainly know of nothing in modern literary history so boldly and strikingly demonstrative of a superb na- tural endowment, as the delight, which his own words show to have been rap- turous, with which De Quincey watched, on the one hand, the unimpassioned

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Ricardo threading with his safety-lamp the unexplored sunless labyrinths of political economy; and gazed, on the other, on nature in the dewy light cast over it by Wordsworth, or on the magician Coleridge, as he blended the glories of chaos and creation in one wondrous phantasmagoria around his spectral ship and his spectral mariner. I am a man, and nothing human do I think foreign to me: the sentiment is too true to grow old; it is also a fact that the more human I am, the nearer I approach to what a man may be, the less is there, in all that can be seen or heard, thought or imagined, in air, earth, or ocean, in literature, science, or art, in all this universe, which will be foreign to me.

And since the sympathies are but the ministers of the powers, since sympathy is the reconciling, and winning, and gathering invitation, at whose voice all that there is of beauty, in stars, and clouds, and dewdrops, and the golden leaflets with which summer fringes her robe of green, comes obsequiously to the intellect which can marshal them in a new order, or bid a new creation arise from their combination, the question here presses itself upon us—What has De Quincey himself done, what new field of truth has he opened up, what great poetic structure has he built? The answer is one which can be easily rendered, but which must create sad reflections. We unhesitatingly say, De Quincey has done much, but we profoundly and sorrowfully feel that he might have done much, incalculably much, more. How gloriously Coleridge rose sunward in his mighty youth, sweeping at once into fields of the poetic heaven which had not been entered since Milton! But, as if some maddening or bewildering enchantment had fallen on him, it was seen that the aerial poise of his wings became unsteady, he seemed to stagger in the sky, and never again, however grand his convulsive flappings, however determined his efforts to sustain his upward flight, did he sail with aught of the Miltonic strength or the Miltonic majesty. That maddening enchantment was opium; under its tremendous sway fell also De Quincey. The English tongue seems somewhat too practically framed to serve well the purpose of lamenting; it affects rather the battle melody, or the song of the worker; and whatever its powers may be in this direction, we shall not here tune it to elegaic murmurings. It is a truly British sentiment which Carlyle expresses, when he says:—

'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad;
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.'

We shall abandon then the language of regret, and endeavour rather to find cause of rejoicing in what has actually been realised for us by De Quincey. And truly, if it may appear startling or absurd to speak of the English language as inexpressive of sorrow, when it is the language in which De Quincey has written, while yet what we allege remains true, since it is a grand, an elevating sorrow, a sorrow which makes us weep no weak or ignoble tears, and is immeasurably removed from whining, to which De Quincey has given expression, we may say that the sorrow with which we regard the influence exerted over De Quincey by opium, is one which is unusually and wondrously chequered by gleams of gladness. We confess that sorrow is, on the whole, the prevailing emotion in our minds, when we regard the total phenomenon; for we are convinced that nature in perfect health will always work more grandly than nature in any conceivable state of disease, and we doubt not that all the beauty which we now admire in the writings of De Quincey, had been secured and enhanced, had he never known the delirious joys or sorrows of opium. Yet who that has looked in wondering admiration at what he has actually done, can pretend to say that he can know, by any effort of conceptive sight, and not solely by faith, what potentialities of grander performance De Quincey did possess? Are we sure that, had there been no opium in the case, such efforts had been suggested, as that a canvas would have been found for such picturings? The question can scarce be answered.

We suppose it will be agreed that there is nothing in our language to be compared with De Quincey's dreams; nay, to speak of comparison is inadmissible, for they are absolutely alone; all other authors who have ventured on visionary delineations—and of these there are enough—would grant that their dreams were generically different from his. In Germany, there have been two writers who can be put in comparison with him—Richter and Novalis. His own translations and Carlyle's have made us familiar with the terrors and the glories of Jean Paul's dreams. The 'Dream upon

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the Universe,' which De Quincey rendered into English in the 'London Magazine,' and various others which are widely known, enable us to form a definite opinion regarding his general manner; and we record it as our decided impression, that it may be maintained as a general truth, that there reigns over De Quincey's dream-creations a taste more austerely classic, more chaste, more majestic, than ruled those of Richter. The 'Suspiria' have been much lauded; we acknowledge their surpassing power: but it is to the 'Dream Fugue,' founded on the 'Vision of Sudden Death,' that we point with calmest assurance, as illustrating our general remark, and demonstrating the superiority of De Quincey over Jean Paul. In the visions of the latter there is a certain barbaric splendour, a chaotic wildness, a bewildering accumulation of fearful or of gorgeous images, suggestive rather of the fury and might of the tempest than of the strength of light; the supremacy of order seems, as it were, questioned or questionable; the picture seems hidden by its own drapery; the melody scarce traceable in the immeasurable volume of sound. Right or wrong, the British intellect cannot tolerate indistinctness. Now, it seems to us that in that succession of dreams which we have mentioned, and which seem to us to constitute De Quincey's masterpiece, there is, over all the splendour and terror, a clear serenity of light which belongs to the very highest style of poetic beauty. The conceptions are very daring, but each form of spurious originality is absent—the fantastic and the grotesque; there is the mystery of the land of dreams, yet so powerful is the imagination which strikes the whole into being, that the wondrous picture has the vividness and the truth of reality; while, with every change of scene and emotion, the language changes too—now rich, glowing, and bold, when the idea is free sunny joyousness—now melting into a gentle or spiritual melody of a more than Æolian softness—and now rising to a Homeric swell, that echoes the everlasting gallop of the steeds which drag that triumphal car. This 'Dream Fugue' is of no great compass, but we think that it would alone have been sufficient absolutely to secure a literary immortality. Taken in connection with the incident which was its occasion; considered as a poetic idealisation of reality, and an effort of linguistic power; tried by the severe rules of art as demanding the very highest manifestation of order and harmony possible by man, we think we could maintain against all comers that this is, for its size, the noblest production in English prose. And we cannot but think that nothing so perfect ever rose before the imagination of Jean Paul Richter. The little we know of the dream-paintings of Novalis leads us to think that there is a closer similarity between his manner and De Quincey's, than subsists in the case we have mentioned. The delicacy, the mildness, and the powerful imagination of Novalis, remind us strongly of De Quincey; but we do not know enough of his writings to draw a detailed parallel.

We are utterly unable to justify to our readers the above opinion respecting the 'Dream Fugue;' and we confess that we have a certain reluctance to associate any description we could give with the impressions which the original is fitted to produce in the minds of readers. But we feel it necessary to give at least something like positive proof that our words are not those of extravagance; and therefore we compel ourselves to attempt to extract one or two such pieces from the 'gorgeous mosaic' of this dream, as may, though faintly, suggest the idea of the whole.

During the late war, De Quincey used to come down annually on the mail-coach from London to Lancashire. It was the office of the mail to spread the news of the great victories. On one occasion, he came down after a great battle; and an incident which occurred on the way was the occasion of the 'Dream Fugue.' It was a night which De Quincey alone was capable of describing:—

'Obliquely we were nearing the sea upon our left, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were now blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields; but with a veil of equable transparency. . . . . Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps

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from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, upwards to the sandals of God. Suddenly from thoughts like these I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away.'

The coachman was fast asleep, and could not be awaked; the horses were going at a fearful pace; the mail was heavy. It was on the wrong side of the road. Any living thing, or any vehicle containing such, which came across its path, must go to shivers. All this and more De Quincey comprehended at one intuitive glance. 'Ah, reader! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of wo, seemed to steal upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard!' On they dashed; every effort he made in the way of remedy was vain; at last the horses, by this time at fiery speed, swept round an angle of the road, and all was revealed. 'Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a light, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady.' These are either married, or in the highest state of love; for a reason which De Quincey and we do not understand, the young man 'carries his lips forward to hers.' 'The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half.' De Quincey shouts; at the second shout the young man takes the alarm. He has just time to raise his horse's fore-feet by a strain on the reins, and pull him round, and make him give one leap forward, when the mail tears past. In its way, it gives a stroke to the little gig, which makes it shiver as a thing alive; those who sit there all but taste the agony of death, yet are safe. 'The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to look upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

. . . . . .

'But the lady——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing! Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of the unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moon-light, dawn-light, dream-light—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

'The moments were numbered. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles, we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.'

The elements with which the writer works in the 'Dream Fugue' are now before the reader: the coach at an unusual pace, and laurelled with the tokens of victory, the umbrageous avenue like a cathedral aisle, the narrow escape of the lady. These re-appear in the 'Fugue' in various forms, and transfigured by the light of an imagination, which creatively remodels, re-combines, and illumes the whole. The mail-coach becomes a triumphal car, on whose path all nations attend, and which carries to all peoples, in letters of mystic light, the tidings of a victory which has broken the bonds of the world; over the heads of the horses the tidings go, embodied in this legend, which casts around a golden light, 'Waterloo and Recovered Christendom.' The gates of cities fly open; rivers are silent, as the car, in its tremendous gallop, dashes across them; 'the infinite forests' shiver in homage to the word. The umbrageous avenue becomes an immeasurable cathedral aisle, along which the

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peeless steeds sweep onwards in almost rawless speed. In the far distance is seen a vast necropolis, 'a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth.' Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon—so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute, already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs — bas-reliefs of battles, bas-reliefs of battle-fields; of battles from forgotten ages—of battles from yesterday—of battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers—of battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. And the lady,—what has become of her? Does she always occupy a place in the wondrous pageant? Yes: her transformation is the most strange, and yet, in its beauty, the most perfect of all. Look again:—'And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when, coming up this aisle to meet us, we beheld a female infant that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists which went before hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played—but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the topmost shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us; face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. 'Oh baby!' I exclaimed, 'shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee?' By sudden and magnificent changes in the dream-pageantry the baby is delivered, and perhaps the boldest yet finest effort of imagination in the whole occurs soon after these sentences. But we can quote no more, and, save quotation, we have no resource in such a case. We have given the outline of only one of the visions. We find the original elements variously transformed: we have the coach changed into a stately vessel, the avenue into towering cathedral aisles grouped from the mists of the sea, the lady into one who sits in a fairy pinnace on the ocean. The dangers and the splendours here are such as are accordant with the situation.

But we pause: we think we have already vindicated all our assertions. And now will our readers be prepared to estimate the difficulty which attends a decision of the question, whether, on the whole, it is to be regretted that De Quincey fell under the influence of opium? Our own feeling we have already expressed: we think De Quincey was naturally fitted to take his station among the great systematic thinkers of the olden time, and something unique in the history of the world might have been achieved by the combined operation of such a piercing intellect and so imperial an imagination on the pedestal of the nineteenth century. When his arms, in the strength of manhood, and with all their gigantic powers untrammelled, might have been piling mountain upon mountain, he had still to wrestle in mortal agony with a serpent of deadlier venom and more overwhelming power than ever coiled around an ancient hero. No man has more than a certain force allotted him by nature; it may be greater or less, but it is measured; and it cannot be expended twice. Consider the intellectual might necessary to vanquish opium in its three fearful assaults, and then decide concerning the powers of him whose works, wondrous as they are, were all accomplished in the breathing spaces between paroxysms of convulsive warfare. It may, of course, be alleged, that without the opium we never should have had those writings which are most closely associated with the name of De Quincey. But it is our decided opinion that the dreams produced by opium were but the occasion of the visions wherewith the opium-eater has amazed the world. They are strictly works of imagination, and may be tried by the same tests as the dreams of Richter and Novalis. We concede that much of their terrific colouring is traceable to opium; but De Quincey's imagination, we are assured, would have worked under any conditions.

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We have done little more than glance at the extraordinary man and the extraordinary works of which we have been treating. We have left ourselves no space to speak of his *taste*, which yet so well deserves notice. We merely remind our readers of his account of the little heroine of Easedale and her infant brothers and sisters, and bid them think of the perfect simplicity of the narrative, of the absence of all rhetoric, of the tender delicacy of the feeling; we merely ask them to consider the grace and ease, the softened glow without glitter, the chastely-arranged flower-wreaths from which every gaudy weed is instinctively bidden away; in one word, the peace and moderation which everywhere meet us in the writings of De Quincey. Nor can we speak of him *as a humorist*, although this is perhaps his most important and prevailing aspect. Often his humour is merely an exquisite flavour of drollery, a half-hidden smile, a something which fills you with a certain quiet comfort, but does not make you laugh outright: sometimes it is broad farce, when you do laugh, and cannot but laugh, were it only at the imperturbable gravity of the comic actor; sometimes it is downright horse-play, as when old 'Toad in the hole' is kicked out, by universal consent of the company and of readers, 'despite his silvery hairs and his angelic smile.' Sometimes, although very rarely, De Quincey's humour intrudes into places where its presence is utterly indefensible. We shall instance one; by far the most striking. We think it were difficult to match in our late literature, if indeed in our whole literature, the pathetic effect which he has realised in his paper on the Maid of Orleans. He has there enabled us to define, clearly and conclusively, the function which such as she have, even in their death, performed for mankind. We have so much to harden us in this world, so stern is the struggle of existence, so sadly do the morning dewdrops and the early flowers vanish or wither in life's hot day, that you actually confer a precious boon and benefit on a man, when you make him shed a noble tear. No man ever wept with Cordelia by the bed of her stricken father, no man ever saddened at the tale of Margaret's sorrows in the 'Excursion,' no man ever hung over the dying bed of a true friend, without being a better and a gentler man. And who does not see that, besides all else of instruction and of consolation which arises from the pyr of the martyrs of Christianity, besi the deathless lessons of courage, of de tion, of purest holiness, which they c vey, there is this also in their legacy the human race, that, by sympathis sorrow over their woes, each generat is elevated, and humanised, and ennobled. This great lesson De Quincey has embodied, with an almost unexampled felicity, in his paper on Joan of Arc. But what must we say to the fact that even here humour is permitted to intrude, that even here there is the sacrilegious play of wit and fun? We can only expostulate, as we do most earnestly, that such be removed in the completed issue of his works. We must not approach that awful and beautiful spectacle, round which angels were weeping, through a porch painted with satyrs and bacchanals; no 'insulting light' must 'glimmer on our tears;' we must approach through an avenue of cypress, under whose shade we may weep alone. We can pardon the gambollings of an irrepressible humour when the matter is argumentative, but the heavens must be hung with sackcloth around the pyre of Joan of Arc.

The full time has probably not yet arrived to attempt a final portraiture of De Quincey, to estimate the value of his works, and to ascertain their rightful place among English classics. The public mind has yet, in great measure, to be introduced to these works, and a few introductory remarks, a few almost colloquial hints, are all we have here offered. It will, indeed, whensoever attempted, be a task of no common difficulty to portray, in its complete and united proportions, the extraordinary mind of which these multiform and many-tinted writings are the production and manifestation. We must not attempt it here. To speak of separate characteristics is, indeed, easy, whether they be those of the author or his compositions. One may mark the indications of a gigantic receptive faculty, seizing, hundred-handed, and gathering into one storehouse, from all lands and centuries, what intellectual treasures it chooses to make its own; proof may be adduced of that power of original thought, which penetrates into untrodden regions, but dimly pointed towards before, and of that creative imaginative glance which gives form and life to what hitherto was airy nothing; special attention may be called to a sympathy resembling a

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musical instrument of unmeasured range, which can distil a melody more tender than the tear of childhood, but has yet chords to voice the roar of ocean or the thunders of war; and one may engage indefinitely on the style, on that wonderful mastery over the English language, by which, in swiftly changing variation, we are startled, animated, melted, terrified, amused, and which does certainly, at times, attain a softness, a beauty, an aerial glow, which can be claimed as peculiarly De Quincey's, and which compel the describer, sensible of his weakness, to borrow the colours of the master himself, and liken them to the timid tremblings of the dawn, or the blending of moon-light, dawn-light, dream-light. But these are at best scattered traits — individual instances; it is their union which is the wonder and the peculiarity, and of this union we can present no theory at present.

SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER I.
AN AUTHOR'S FAMILY.

THE family of the Dynevors was assembled round the breakfast-table, in the back parlour of their small suburban house. A family breakfast-table! The words have a comfortable sound, and convey comfortable ideas of sociality and cosiness. Yet somehow, at *this* breakfast, there was not much of either. The room looked untidy, with its litter of books and papers strewed about the chairs and tables. The window had not been cleaned recently, and only a dim view was obtainable of the small and desolate back-court outside, *par courtesie* called 'garden;' and the muslin curtains which embellished the said window on the inside had long ceased to be white, and looked very cold and comfortless, besides, in the chill March morning.

On one side of the blazing fire, Mr Dynevor lounged in his easy-chair, completely lost for the time being to all external impressions, in the engrossing columns of the newspaper. Occasionally he removed his eyes and his mind for a brief space from the leading article to his cup of tea and his toast; and occasionally, too, he gave utterance to some observation, usually of a complaining nature.

'My dear! this tea is weaker than ever; did the water boil?'

'Yes, indeed it did, Edmund; but I think Thomson serves us worse and worse with our tea,—though, indeed, we must expect it.'

A heavy sigh closed this speech, and the still handsome face of Mrs Dynevor relapsed into its habitual expression of careworn helplessness.

'The toast is quite cold, too,' resumed her husband; '*that*, surely, is not Thomson's fault. Helen, you should see to these things.'

Helen, a blooming young girl of eighteen, looked up from her employment of cutting thick bread-and-butter for her younger brother and sister.

'Dear papa, I'm very sorry; but I have so much to do, now Anne is away.'

'To be sure she has,' said her mother, warmly. 'Poor Helen! she has been a perfect slave this last fortnight.'

'Thank Heaven, Anne will be home this evening,' said Mr Dynevor, as he turned again to his newspaper. 'Nothing goes well when she is away.'

'Helen does everything, I am sure,' murmured the mother; 'no one can do more than she does. My darling, you should wear gloves these cold mornings; your poor hands are quite red.'

Helen looked ruefully at her well-shaped hands, which were, indeed, somewhat too rosy.

'And Mrs Lumley's party is to-morrow night,' she said, in great distress. 'Oh, dear! how glad I am that Anne is coming home.'

'She mustn't go away for so long again,' pronounced Mrs Dynevor; 'I knew how inconvenient it would be. The Grants ought not to ask her to go to them, knowing how necessary she is at home. Grace's lessons suffer, too; (Grace, my dear, sit upright in your chair). Had she her music lesson yesterday?'

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'No, mamma; I was making the pudding.'

'And we couldn't eat it, it was so badly made,' cried Albert, with malicious eagerness; 'all pasty and horrid. You don't know how to make a pudding; Anne does, though. I'm glad Anne's coming home, I know, if only for that.'

'Hold your tongue, sir, and don't cut holes in the tablecloth,' said his mother, sharply; 'and oh, Grace, don't spill your tea —— and where is your pinafore? Helen, Grace has no pinafore on.'

'Go and fetch your pinafore, Grace, directly.'

'It's all torn, it must be mended before I can put it on,' pleaded the bright-haired little girl; 'you know, sister Helen, I told you of it last night, and you promised to mend it.'

'Take a clean one from the drawer, then,' persisted Helen.

'There isn't a clean one. You know you said yesterday ——'

'For mercy's sake be quiet!' cried Mr Dynevor from behind his paper. 'Get the cloth removed, and then go away, all of you. I've an article to finish by two o'clock, and it's now past ten. Make haste.'

This was an adjuration too important to be disregarded. Future breakfasts depended on the finishing of Mr Dynevor's article, and with more celerity than might have been expected, his desires were complied with, and he was left alone with his desk and his inkstand.

For Mr Dynevor was an author: a writer of light literature for monthly periodicals—a producer of elegant trifles for magazines and annuals, which people read, and smiled over, and were charmed with; and, if they chanced to think of the author at all, fancied to be the emanation of the agreeable leisure of some man, the gayest hearted, as well as the most sparkling-minded fellow in the world.

He did not look so now, as he cast aside his beloved newspaper with a sigh, and began his work by correcting the pages he had previously written. His broad brow wore an expression of ineffable anxiety and disquietude, as he bent over his manuscripts, muttered them over, and occasionally dashed his pen through one line, or scrawled another. The sound of the children playing in the garden under the window disturbed him, and he rose and spoke to them in a hasty tone, bidding them seek another playground. Then he returned to his papers, and his revising finished, he proceeded to write.

The mere effort of collecting his ideas seemed very painful, and indeed he had been up late the previous night at a party, and his head ached this morning and his thoughts were all in confusion. He had only added a page or two to the little pile of half-sheets on the table when a sharp ring at the door-bell was followed by Mrs Dynevor's entrance into the room.

'The printer's boy, my dear. Are you ready?'

'No. He must wait.'

'Oh, Edmund! what is to be done! You know he was here half of yesterday, and he says the printers are waiting, and it will be too late for this month, and then ——'

'Mrs Dynevor, you must allow me to be quiet, or I cannot write another line. Go. Tell him to wait an hour—send him to get some beer.'

'Beer! where is he to get beer? you never think—you never consider.'

'For Heaven's sake, don't distract me, Mary. Leave me to my task—postpone your complaints ——'

Mrs Dynevor withdrew, sobbing, and her husband with a knitted brow turned to his work. Hard work it was. His brain throbbed, and his face was pallid long before he had finished; and the sudden gloom of that time which, out of London, is called twilight, had already come on, when with the sheets trembling in his hand, he went out with them to the boy, who was sleeping heavily in the passage.

He closed the door upon him, and turned back into the sitting-room with a face still pale, but from which the anxious look had fled magically. The trouble of the time over, he was at ease. His was not one of those natures which distress themselves either with forebodings or with regrets. His mind took vivid impressions of the present only, and a moment sufficed to cloud it, or gild it again into sunshine. He called the children to him, and, to make amends for his harshness awhile before, he disported with them—lent himself to all their humours, and was the blithest of the three.

In the midst of a game at 'buff,' Mrs Dynevor entered.

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'Is he gone?—is it finished?—is it all right?' cried she.

'Quite right, Mary. You needn't worry yourself any more,' returned her husband, affectionately smiling at her careworn face. 'When are we to have dinner? Now, Grace ——'

'*Buff neither smiles nor laughs* ——'

'Oh, but he does, though. You are laughing, papa; smiling, at least. A forfeit—a forfeit!'

'The children dined at two o'clock,' broke in Mrs Dynevor, 'and I thought you would have a chop with your tea, perhaps. It is past seven o'clock, and ——'

'That will do admirably. I'm as hungry as —— There, Albert, there's a penny for a forfeit. Now again. *Who goes there?*'

'Shall I send to Stewart's for your chop?' again interrupted his wife; 'or shall Albert run to High Street, and pay for it? It is much cheaper there, but then ——'

'Oh, poor Albert would like to finish his game. Send Rebecca over to Stewart's. And, by the by, let her tell Mrs Stewart that she shall have orders for the —— Theatre, in a day or two, for her children, to see the pantomime. That will put them in good-humour.'

Mrs Dynevor left the room, and they resumed their game. The fire-light played upon their laughing faces; the father's as merry as his youngest child's. In the midst of their glee, a double knock at the street-door was unheeded; and it was not till a pause occurred in their jocularity that they were conscious of a slight stir, and voices in the passage. When they did hear it, however, they were quick to interpret its meaning.

'It's Anne!' cried Albert and little Grace, rushing simultaneously to the door. And Mr Dynevor, following them, was just in time to receive his eldest daughter in his arms, as she stepped into the room.

'My dear father!' said a low but clear voice.

'Ah, Anne, darling! how glad we are to have you back again,' said Mr Dynevor. 'We all miss you so much; the place never seems the same when you are away.'

'And Helen is quite fagged to death,' added her mother, as she embraced her. 'Poor child! she looks quite pale and worn.'

'Where is she?' asked Anne. 'Dear Helen! she shall have rest now.'

'She has this minute gone round to Bingley's, to get some little things she wants for to-morrow night. Mrs Lumley's party, you know; and her dress ——'

'Never mind Helen's dress just now,' interfered Mr Dynevor. 'Remember Anne has had a journey, and I daresay she is tired.'

Grace was ready to take her sister's bonnet and cloak, and Anne sat down beside her father, confessing to some degree of fatigue.

'Bring a candle, that we may see how she looks,' cried Mr Dynevor; 'for, child, you have been away a whole fortnight.'

'All but two days,' corrected Albert.

'You see we keep accurate computation of the time of your absence,' said the father; while Anne bent down and kissed her little brother.

'Why, Anne, your cheek is quite wet,' exclaimed the heedless boy. 'I do believe you are crying.'

'Hush, Albert,' whispered Anne.

Mr Dynevor was silent, but stirred the fire into a blaze, by the light of which he looked at his daughter.

There were traces of tears on her face, and her brown eyes were glistening even yet. But she turned to her father with a smile, which re-assured him. Anne Dynevor's smile was a very pleasant one; it gave quite a new expression to her face, which habitually was more calm and thoughtful than are the faces of most girls of scarce one-and-twenty years of age.

'Have you spent a pleasant time at the Grants?' asked Mr Dynevor; 'and how are they all?'

'They are very well; and I have been very happy,' answered Anne, cheerfully. 'We had pleasant weather; and took long walks—country walks! Oh, father! it was such a happiness to see the fields again—to breathe the fresh air, and to look out upon the wide, open landscape.' She stopped a moment, then added, 'And yet how glad I am to be at home again.'

'Are you quite sure, Anne?'

She only looked up at him for answer, with a serene, steadfast look often seen on her face. He was satisfied.

'Was Edward Grant at home?' inquired Albert, with the roguish look and tone that young brothers are so apt at assuming on such occasions. 'And did he walk out with you much?'

There was a faint flush on the sister's cheek, though her voice was steady

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enough, as she replied briefly to his questions. Mr Dynevor imperatively bade him hold his tongue, and Albert withdrew into himself, feeling all the indignity of the mandate, yet, nevertheless, inly glorying in his own sagacity. There *was* something going on about Edward Grant, he was sure, or why did Anne colour so?

The evening meal was much more cheerful and sociable than the breakfast had been. The little room was improved in its aspect, now that the blinds were drawn, and candles lighted, the tea equipage on the table, and the kettle singing on the hob. Anne sat beside her father, and Helen, next to her, performed the duties of the tea-table, with smiling and deliberate grace. Mrs Dynevor occupied her own easy-chair on the other side of the fire-place, and the two children completed the circle. A general atmosphere of rest and contentment appeared to surround them all. Albert was in high spirits again. Even Mrs Dynevor smoothed her features into complacency, and drank her tea and ate her toast with an air of cheerfulness, which, poor anxious wife and mother, she seldom assumed. Helen and Anne occasionally abstracted themselves from the general conversation, and talked together in a low tone, of which a few words were occasionally audible, such as, from Helen:—'evening party—partners—pink trimmings;' or, from Anne:—'long ramble—violet bank—primroses—sunset, &c.' The which, Albert observing, he loudly insisted on the impropriety of such proceedings.

'Albert is right,' said Mr Dynevor; 'reserve all your confidential chatter till you are by yourselves. And Anne, my dear, turn your face this way, and let us see if you have brought home a colour. Not much, I perceive. But you were never very ruddy. For all your country air, Helen is still the rosiest.'

Anne smiled tenderly and proudly on her beautiful sister, who, tall, brilliant, and blooming, formed a striking contrast to her pale and quiet-looking self. It was a pleasant thing to note the affection which subsisted between them; an affection, however, which was usually far most demonstrative on the part of the younger. But the two natures were so different.

'Still, though not much rosier, you are looking better, I think,' resumed Mr Dynevor, after a searching gaze; 'for the which, thank Heaven!' And there was real gratitude expressed both in look and tone. 'You were not well, Anne, when you left home, though you persisted in saying that you were.'

There was a silence. Mrs Dynevor looked up somewhat compunctuously at her eldest daughter. She had a vague consciousness that she did not habitually think so much or so anxiously of her health as of the others; but then, it was almost impossible to know when anything was wrong with Anne—she was always so calm, so silent, about herself. The mother was glad now, to see that she really looked well; her complexion clear, though pale; her eyes, ever more soft than bright, beaming healthfully.

'I'm sure we are very much obliged to the Grants,' said Mrs Dynevor, 'for taking such care of you, my dear. But they were always very fond of you. How is Selina looking now? I declare I have been expecting to hear she was married, or at least going to be. Not that she is more than the merest girl (two or three months younger than Helen, isn't she?)—but then, you see, they go a good deal into society—they have opportunities.' She sighed, and paused. 'Did they have much company while you were there, Anne?'

'Not much. I met all my old H—— acquaintances, I suppose for the last time. Now that the Grants are leaving, it is not very likely that I shall meet any of them again.'

'Fortunately for your peace of mind,' laughed Helen, 'none of them are so charming as to occasion you regret. Oh, me! what I used to suffer with Caroline Denbigh and her endless historiettes about herself. She used to begin with —"When I was in love," just as old Major Parkinson does with—"When I was in India!"'

'Well, but everybody who goes to the Grants isn't like that,' said Albert. 'Kate Western and all the Westerns were famous people, and besides—— Why, we first met Mr Avarne there!

'But Mr Avarne doesn't live at H——,' cried Grace; 'and he will come and see us, even when Mrs Grant has gone to live in Sussex. Won't he, Helen? Won't he, Anne?'

'I hope so,' replied Anne. Helen was silent.

'Mr Avarne called here the evening after you left home, Anne,' said Mr Dynevor.

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'And he was so funny!' cried Albert; 'he made me and Grace laugh so, you can't think. And he began to draw a portrait of Helen, but he tore it up; because he said it wasn't a bit like her. And then he drew two scenes for my theatre. Beautiful scenes! One is a forest with a waterfall, and a little cottage at the side; and the other is a landscape, with a practicable bridge and wings.'

'And he told me a story about a fairy,' interrupted eager little Grace; 'and he drew a whole sheet full of pictures. I will show them to you, Anne—they are *so* funny!'

And both the children subsided into the cry:—

'Oh, I wish Mr Avarne would come again, soon.'

'Mr Avarne appears to be popular,' remarked Mr Dynevor. 'Nevertheless, he has not been here since that evening—nearly a fortnight ago. Did you see anything of him at H——, Anne?'

'He came once or twice,' she answered.

'He is so very intimate with the Grants, you know'—Mrs Dynevor seemed to think it necessary to explain—'he has always been in the habit of often running down by the railway—it is such an easy distance by rail.'

But here broke in Albert with his scenes, and Grace with her sheet of sketches, all of which Sister Anne must look at, and duly admire. They quite besieged her with their talk, and their recapitulations of Mr Avarne's stories. Mr Dynevor closed his eyes, leaned back in his chair, and resigned himself to listen to the confused babbling of the childish voices, in the midst of which the low tones of his eldest daughter were sometimes audible; just, he thought, as on a summer's noon you may hear, in the midst of the hot sounding humming of insects, the south wind murmuring among the trees. And thinking thus, he fell asleep.

Anne first discovered it, and charged Albert and Grace not to disturb him. So, presently, the children went quietly up to bed, under the guidance of Helen, without bidding their father good-night. And when the door closed on them, Anne drew her chair near to where her mother was sitting, engaged in what appeared to be an interminable labour of mending stockings, from a huge basketful which stood at her feet. Very soon the daughter was busily working away too, while they both talked in subdued tones.

'How soundly your father sleeps!' said Mrs Dynevor, with a heavy sigh. 'He was out at Mr Burton's last night, and, as usual, not home till two in the morning. And then to-day, he had to finish his article for the —— Magazine.'

'To-day?' repeated Anne. 'Surely that was very late.'

'Very late. But it always is so—always! Nothing in the world will induce him to begin and finish things in good time. And if this had been too late, I can't tell what would have become of us. But he doesn't mind. He pores over that horrid newspaper all the morning; and puts off his writing till the very last minute. And then, these dreadful late parties, which he will persist in going to. No wonder that his head troubles him;—such a whirl of ——'

'His head! Oh, mother, has he been suffering with that since I was away?'

'Why, he said I was not to tell you; but the truth is, he was very ill last week. He didn't write a single line for five days. Heaven knows how it will all end!'

Mrs Dynevor let fall her work, despondently. Anne took her hand, and uttered a few soothing words, though her eyes, as they fixed themselves on the sleeping countenance of her father, were full of trouble, deep, although tearless. The mother presently resumed, in a broken voice—'Thomson sent in his bill three times last week. If we don't pay him a part, at least, in a day or two, I feel sure he will go to some sharp lawyer, and put us to frightful expense, as that terrible Gillespan did last year. And then, the baker, and the milkman—I declare, I'm ashamed to see their bills come in, they have been running for so long. Then, the week after next, comes quarter-day—three-quarters' rent, and taxes. Even the servant's wages——' Mrs Dynevor again stopped, overcome by this recapitulation of her troubles.

Anne was accustomed to her mother's gloomy views of their circumstances; and though she knew the reality to be dreary enough, she was still hopeful and brave. Her father's health was to her a source of far deeper anxiety even than the unpaid rent and tradesmen's bills. She fancied that he was thinner; and that

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even in the quietude of sleep, his face wore that unhealthful flush, which she had learned so greatly to dread, as the harbinger of the fearful illness which occasionally attacked him.

'Did you call in Dr Rogerson to my father, last week?' she asked of her tearful mother.

'No; he wouldn't hear of it. He grew better the second day, or I should have sent. But for five days he was fit for nothing, even when the violent symptoms abated. Five days! It is that which has thrown us back so much. His book is in the same state as when you left home: not a line added, that I know of. He says it will take six weeks' hard work to finish it; and, with the interruptions of his magazine and newspaper articles, you know it will be three or four months, at least.'

'Well, dear mother,' said Anne, with an effort at cheerfulness, 'it will settle all our difficulties when it *is* finished. Two hundred and fifty pounds will more than pay all these miserable debts, and so smooth away all your annoyances. Let us look forward to it.'

'It is all very well for you,' murmured Mrs Dynevor, fretfully, 'who haven't the wretchedness of these things to put up with. You may not mind, perhaps. I do. I am sick and tired of "looking forward," as you call it.'

Nothing chafed Mrs Dynevor more, when she was on the subject of her troubles, than for any one to turn their bright side outermost, and try to give her comfort by proving that things were not so bad as she assumed them to be. She was one of those women who like to be condoled with better than to be consoled; and Anne, with all her womanly tact, often offended, because she did not quite understand this convolution in her mother's character.

'Poor Helen, too,' resumed the complaining voice; 'she has scarcely a gown fit to appear in. So beautiful as she is, it breaks my heart to see her in that shabby brown merino day after day. To-morrow night she is going to Mrs Lumley's, and she has no better dress than that old white one, which everybody must know, and be quite sick of by this time.'

'White muslin always looks much the same,' said Anne, 'and Helen looks lovelier in white than in anything. And I shall take pains to iron her dress to-morrow morning. You will see how fresh and snowy it will look.'

Mrs Dynevor submitted to be solaced by this consideration, more especially as Helen herself entered the room at the moment, and the mother's lamentations were always reserved for Anne alone, both parents seeming instinctively to avoid clouding the younger girl's bright temperament with the cares and anxieties which pressed on themselves.

Helen seated herself beside Anne, and passed her arm round her.

'At work already? Dear Anne, how incorrigibly industrious you are! You make me feel quite ashamed of myself.'

'There is no need for that feeling to continue long,' said Anne, smilingly proffering her an unmended stocking and a darning needle. Helen took them with a good grace enough, and began to work with a very determined air, although it was easy to see how totally unaccustomed were her fingers to such homely labours.

When Mr Dynevor awoke, he declared himself quite abashed by his companions' industry. He wondered the very atmosphere had not awakened him from his lazy slumber, he said. He was in high spirits, and presently began to talk in his own peculiarly happy style. At his own fireside though he was, in the shabby parlour, and with his wife and daughters for sole audience, Mr Dynevor was as brilliant, as witty, and as polished, as if he had been the centre of an eager and admiring circle at —— House, or the —— Club.

It is a rare thing for a man who is noted for 'success' in society—his aptness at repartee, and his graceful flow of conversation—to bring the same good gifts to his own domestic hearth. And it must be confessed that Mr Dynevor did not often prove an exception to the general rule. But his heart was unusually light this evening. Despite Anne's apprehensions, he felt himself singularly well, and it made him happy to have his eldest girl at home with him again. Besides, he had finished his article, which had lain heavy on his mind for the last fortnight. He was willing to look at everything *en couleur de rose*, and not even his wife's anxious face, and the long-drawn sighs with which she interspersed his playful talk, succeeded in clouding his gaiety.

Anne was deeply grateful to mark this. Nevertheless, she longed to be alone with her father, if only for a few minutes—she had so much to ask him. But no opportunity occurred; only, as she bade him

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good-night, while he clasped her in his arms, after the fashion which had never changed since she was a tiny child, she whispered her earnest question:—'Was he quite well; really quite well?'

'Anne, darling, I feel young again!' was his energetic reply; 'all my pains and aches both of mind and body seem to have departed. Peace and content have returned, hand in hand with Sister Anne.'

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING AT HOME.

Anne was usually the earliest riser in the house. The morning after her return, she was awakened by the vehement ringing of the bell, which, hanging at Mrs Dynevor's bedside, communicated with the sleeping-room of the servant, and which that lady made a practice of ringing at frequent intervals, every morning, for an hour or more after six o'clock. Rebecca had become inured to the alarm, and slept peacefully through it all, till it suited her pleasure to rise; but Anne was more easily aroused. She dressed, and leaving Helen still sleeping, stole softly down the stairs, succeeded in effectually disturbing the slumbrous Rebecca, and then entered the parlour.

The empty grate, the dusty tables, and the general litter, lost nothing of their discomfort, viewed in the dusky twilight of the early morning. But Anne did not purpose only to look at all this, she was soon busily employed in amending it, so far as was possible. She gathered together the various papers scattered about, restored the books to their places on the shelves, and summarily ejected the children's toys from the mantelpiece and the side-table. Things presented a far more prepossessing appearance by the time that Rebecca had lighted the fire, and laid the cloth for breakfast.

Anne possessed that happy gift which, though essentially *womanly*, is not universally found in women; a gift which may be called that of graceful order. It is a rare thing for neatness of arrangement to look elegant, and some people—men invariably—if they take it into their heads to be orderly, are sure to be only awkward and precise. But, under the auspices of women like Anne Dynevor, tidiness becomes raised to the dignity of something like a fine art.

By the time the family assembled in it, the sitting-room had acquired an air of comfort, and even of refinement. Anne had brought with her from H——, besides a great bunch of evergreens and early garden blossoms, some primroses and violets, with such other wild flowers as the season afforded. These she disposed about the apartment in various vases, glasses, and jars; and flowers—wild flowers, especially—lend poetry to all their environments. A few daisies scattered on a table, invest it with a grace that the costliest burden would fail to bestow.

Mr Dynevor gave a pleased glance at Anne's arrangements, and called her 'the good fairy,' a pet name he had for her; while even Mrs Dynevor's face brightened at the improved aspect of the usually dull little room.

'I declare, Anne, everything looks quite cheerful,' was her encouraging remark; 'and these flowers are delicious. From the Grants' garden, I suppose? I remember it. Won't they be very sorry to leave the old place?'

'In one sense, yes,' said Anne, as she busied herself in making the tea, cutting bread-and-butter, and the various duties of the breakfast-table. 'They will naturally regret leaving their old home, but it will be less painful, they think, to go into new scenes and associations when Edward leaves them. And, besides, the sea air will greatly benefit Mrs Grant's health.'

'What in the world induces young Grant to leave England at all?' proceeded Mrs Dynevor, in a ruminating tone. 'I should have thought his prospects were pretty well assured, without his going to Madras; and it must be such a trial to his mother. Doesn't she feel it very much, Anne?'

'I fear so,' Anne answered, while an expression of keen pain passed over her face. Her mother's attention was fully occupied by her own speculations; but Helen's eyes dwelt on her sister's face with an earnest, searching look, that was somewhat trying to the conscious object of her gaze. Gladly enough, Anne turned to the children who just then entered the room, with the *eclat* usually attendant on the motions of individuals of their age and temperament.

'Anne, there's a snowdrop just come out in the garden,' cried Grace; 'a real snowdrop! Don't you remember, you brought the root from H—— last year?'

'Yes, dear, I remember,' said Anne, rather thoughtfully, kissing her.

'Won't you come and look at it?' went on the little girl.

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'Ah, do come out in the garden for a minute,' added Albert. 'I want to show you my tortoise; he's supposed to have grown slightly this winter.'

The two pulled her away with them. Helen, idly standing by the window, watched them all. Albert and Grace had each a hand of their elder sister, and essayed to draw her different ways. Her clear cheerful voice was heard in laughing remonstrance — then she was led, first to the snowdrop, over which she stooped very low, Helen thought, for some minutes.

In truth, there were recollections connected with the little flower-root, which made it rather hard for Anne to regard it, and its solitary, puny, and sullied blossom, with equanimity. Last year she had looked on it growing in all the stillness and wildness of its native copse — its drooping whiteness, its purity most absolute, shining forth from among the tangled grass and brushwood, like an incarnate promise of the spring. And Anne loved the country and its myriad associations, that are pure as childhood, and holy as prayers—loved it with a reality and depth that brought with it its own penalty of pangs and yearnings. Perhaps there might be other reasons why the particular scenes from which the snowdrop had been brought should be dear and sacred in Anne's eyes; but, if not, there was surely reason enough for a passing melancholy in the contrast of the different environments of the poor flower then, and now. The back-garden of a London house, in place of the wooded glen—yellow fogs for dew, and showers of soot for the fresh rain new from heaven. Poor little snowdrop!

But Anne, after awhile, checked her busy thoughts, and turning a serene face to the children, suffered them to take her to inspect the various objects of note and interest in the magnificent demesne of twelve feet by twelve. And when she returned to the parlour, she was talking merrily with Albert and Grace, her quiet cheerfulness being precisely of that order which is not, and cannot be, assumed to hide an inward depression. Indeed, Anne's mind was far too healthfully active for her to be in danger of falling into that disease of habit more than circumstance —low spirits. There was in her home, and always had been since she could remember, an incessant demand upon both her physical and mental energies; the rest looked to her, without recognising it themselves, for help, advice, consolation and encouragement. It was a good school though a hard one, in which to learn, not only abnegation, but comparative forgetfulness of self—and Anne had been no idle scholar. Unselfishness in her had attained its completing grace of unconsciousness. It was only on rare occasions, such as the present, for instance, when, after a temporary respite, she returned again to the cares and annoyances of the daily life, that she felt the extent of the continual trouble that weighed down her spirit.

The very meannesses and trivialities of these cares it is that makes them so hard to bear. To be heroic in great things, is an exercise of power which appeals pleasurably to our self-esteem; but in the encountering and enduring the small trials of life, there is no such attendant flattering unction to the vanity. In vanquishing such difficulties, we destroy all trace of their ever having existed—almost even to ourselves. The workers of small services are recognised only when they are missed.

Breakfast passed cheerily. In honour, perhaps, of Anne's re-appearance among them, Mr Dynevor, on this particular morning, actually abjured the 'Times,' bandied jests with his daughters, puzzled the children with riddles, and generally made himself sociable.

'Helen, my dear, I hope your admirers won't be in too great force to-night. I'm not a Hercules—and you see, carrying pistols or other weapons of defence might be remarkable. What do you think?— We're going to Mrs Lumley's,' he very superfluously explained to Anne. 'Mrs Lumley has a taste for beauty as well as for talent, and begged me to bring my lovely daughter with me to-night. Do you feel insulted, Anne, at Helen's immediate appropriation of the invite?'

'That reminds me,' broke in Mrs Dynevor, solemnly setting down her tea-cup. 'Run down-stairs, Grace, and tell Rebecca not to forget to put down the irons directly after breakfast.' She nodded her head significantly at Anne. 'It's as well to take time by the forelock, you know, my dear.'

'What's that? What is Anne to do?' cried Mr Dynevor, with a look of annoyance. 'I wanted her to go with me to F——'s studio this morning. He asked me to look at his new picture, and

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Avarne says it is very fine. Anne would like it—wouldn't you, dear?'

But Anne saw her mother's and Helen's simultaneous look of uneasiness. She knew that, once out with her father, the time of her return was a matter of entire uncertainty. And poor Helen's muslin dress —— She did not hesitate.

'Not this morning, papa, if you please. I have many things to do—and I am a little tired, besides'—which was true enough, though she was well aware that staying at home would involve far more fatigue than the proposed visit—'and I would rather not go out to-day.'

'Tiresome. I must go this morning, if at all. To-morrow I set to work again —at the book. So, if you won't come now, you'll lose the chance altogether.'

'Never mind,' said Anne, gently—the merest breath of a sigh being lost in the words. Her father gave her a quick glance, then rose from the table with a subdued whistle, peculiar to him when, without being positively cross, he was a little vexed or a little puzzled. But Anne's loving kiss cleared away the thin cloud, and he left the room to prepare for his walk, in high good-humour. When he had gone, Helen came to her sister's side, with many caresses. Mrs Dynevor began a somewhat complaining comment.

'I can't think how your father can be so unreasonable, as to wish you to go out again to-day, after you've been away from home nearly two weeks. He must know how much there is for you to do in the house. Men are so thoughtless, and your father never considers any one's comfort but ——'

'Hush, dear mamma!' entreated Anne, with a look at the children, which was happily successful in stopping for the time the conjugal complainings. 'You know,' she continued, after a moment's pause, seeing how Albert and Grace were staring with perfectly aroused attention, after the habit of small people (and, indeed, great ones, too), when something is going on, of which it were advisable they should rest ignorant — 'you know papa so seldom gives himself a holiday.'

'And he knows how Anne delights in pictures,' added Helen, generously, while a transient pang of conscience made her blush as she spoke. 'Dear Anne, it is quite too bad for me to keep you from such an enjoyment. Go with papa, and leave my dress to chance—or to Rebecca.'

'Rebecca! nonsense! when to-day is Friday,' cried her mother, quickly. But Anne's quiet smile re-assured her.

'Rest easy, dear Helen. I am even glad to stay at home. Now, little Grace, prepare your lessons, and bring your writing book, that I may set you a copy before I go down-stairs.'

Grace vanished, obediently. Mrs Dynevor, appeased, seated herself by the window with her basket of stockings, and Helen took up the newspaper, and cast her eyes over it, with an air of more idleness than curiosity. Albert had got a penknife, and was thoughtfully chipping away small bits of the book-shelf nearest to him. Anne busied herself about the room, while the servant cleared the breakfast-table.

This operation finished, Mrs Dynevor laid her work on her lap for a minute, and cast a searching, comprehensive glance round the apartment.

'Did you ever see any place get so dirty as this house?' she began, pathetically. 'Do look at the paint, Anne. Would any one believe it was thoroughly cleaned three weeks ago? And there are the marks of Rebecca's fingers on the door again! Really, it's enough to tire the patience of a saint.'

'We must have another grand cleaning soon,' said Anne, from the interior of the store closet, wherein she was arranging the accumulated disorder of her twelve days' absence. 'Why, dear mamma, how is this?' she presently exclaimed. 'Here are two large parcels of rice, both opened, and the jar half full besides.'

'It was Helen's mistake,' explained her mother. 'She looked in the wrong jar, and then she ordered twelve pounds at Gray's, and I ordered twelve pounds at Thomson's. It was a pity, but it doesn't much signify.'

'No,' assented Anne, laughing, 'it will only insure the constant recurrence of rice pudding at dinner for some weeks to come. You won't object to that, Albert, will you?'

Oh, won't I, though?' answered the boy, grimly; 'you don't know what a treat we've had in that way already. Helen's rice puddings are enough to sicken any one of them for a year.'

'It isn't kind to say that,' Anne observed, with grave emphasis.

But her rebuke was lost in the flood of Mrs Dynevor's indignation, which poured itself out on the apparently unconcerned offender.

'How dare you, impudent, complain-

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ing boy?' ran the peroration of her harangue; 'you are always finding fault—always telling stories about your sister.'

'It's as true as I stand here,' persisted Albert, with a vigorous chip at the bookshelf.

'Leave the room instantly, sir! And look—look what he has been doing,' cried the mother, rising to a crisis of tragic passion—'cutting away with that knife. Give it to me—give it to me, I say.' She shook the boy with violence, while he still grasped his knife doggedly, an ominous flush rising to his face.

Anne came forward, as it was her wont to do on the too frequent occasions when the injudicious mother essayed to cope with Albert, wilful and high-spirited boy as he was.

'Dear mamma, let me take him away. Come with me, Albert.'

'You always take his part, Anne. You do all you can to encourage him in his bad behaviour.' (Anne was silent, but kept firm hold of her brother's arm.) 'He is the plague of my life. I don't know what will become of him. He is altogether beyond my management.' She began to sob and to loosen her grasp of the young rebel. 'So many troubles as I have, completely weighed down with cares as I am, and to see my own children adding to them in this way!' A burst of tears ended it, and she flung herself into the nearest chair.

The boy began to look uncomfortable, and less sullen and impracticable, at the sight of his mother's tears. Anne was leading him out at the door, just as Mr Dynevor entered. She could hear his exclamation of annoyance, his angry remonstrance, and finally the bitter expressions of displeasure with which he strode out of the house.

Anne sighed deeply, as she closed the door of the little drawing-room upon herself and Albert. The latter's face wore an expression of mingled compunction and defiance—the first feeling awakened by the sigh, for he loved and instinctively respected his sister Anne; the other, alas, still directed to his mother, who, by some unhappy fatality, continually aroused the worst half of the boy's thoughtless and headstrong, but not ungenerous nature.

'Albert, do you remember what you promised me before I left home?'

No reply; but the head jerked away from her gaze in a kind of forced sullenness.

'You are not used to disregard your word,' Anne continued, after a pause, 'nor to ——'

'I didn't,' he broke in. 'All the time you were away, whenever she began to aggravate me, I ran out of the room. It was hard enough, sometimes, I can tell you, but this morning, somehow, I forgot. I wish I hadn't, for I don't like to vex *you*, Anne,' he said, rapidly softening.

'Nor to vex any one, I hope,' replied his sister, gently, 'especially your mother, Albert. Never forget that the same disrespect which is a grave fault towards anybody, becomes a sin when directed against her.'

'But when she is so dreadfully cross, and without any reason at all, and takes hold of me, and shakes me——it's horrid!' pronounced the boy; 'and I can't bear it, sister Anne. I know that nobody could—you couldn't even—that is,' he added, as an after-thought, 'you couldn't, if you were a fellow like me.'

'I know it is far more difficult to a temper such as yours,' Anne said; 'but it is not impossible, Albert, and once accomplished, the glory is the greater. Only the other day, you were telling me how you should like to be a hero, if you only had the opportunity—now, here it is before you.'

Albert shook his head incredulously, with a half smile up in her face.

'Ah, Anne, that won't do; who ever hears about *such* heroes?'

'Then I am to suppose it is the reputation, and not the reality, of heroism of which you are ambitious? That is rather like grasping at the shadow and rejecting the substance, is it not?'

'It's all very well for women to be angels,' said Albert, evasively, 'but it's out of a man's, of a boy's line altogether. Well, I mean,' he continued, seeing his sister's look of serious reproof, 'angels in *that* sort of thing.'

'Nay, Albert, you know better—you will own it by and by, when we have another talk about these matters. Meanwhile try, do try, to be more that which you know I would love to see you, to mamma—and to Helen. How is it that you always speak so unkindly of Helen?'

'Oh! mamma makes such a fuss over her, and she's always praised and flattered, and made believe she's so perfect. I'm the only one who ever tells her the truth about herself,' declared Albert, with an

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air of importance Anne could scarcely resist smiling at; 'I can see her faults plain enough. Now, if they were to praise *you*, Anne, there'd be some sense in it; but she never says a word about ——'

'Hush, Albert. I should be sorry to have so severe an inquisitor over my shortcomings as you are to poor Helen's. Remember how much need there is for all of us to be lenient to each other's failings.'

'Oh, Anne, I'm very sorry—I'm always very sorry when I've done anything wrong; especially when *you* show me it's wrong. Other people poke it at one so, it makes a boy savage, you see. But upon my word I'll try and be milder for the future.'

He put his arms round her neck in a boy's rough but earnest embrace, which Anne cordially returned, saying nothing of her tumbled hair and crushed collar.

'There! and now I'm off to school. I've half killed you, I daresay, and spoiled your things besides. If it had been Helen, shouldn't I have caught it? I beg your pardon, Anne,' he called out, half-laughing, half-remorseful, as he dashed out of the room; 'but no harm's done, you know, since only you heard it.'

Anne, left alone, walked slowly to the window, and looked out upon the dismal street. It did not much signify that the prospect *was* very dreary, and sunless, and smoky, for her thoughts were otherwhere. She leaned her head upon her hand, and for a few minutes a feeling of great cheerlessness came over her. Remembrance of the continual striving after something good and beautiful, which her life had been, ever since she awoke to the keen sense of true goodness and beauty, smote her painfully, almost despairingly. It seemed, looking back upon it, as if it had been such a fruitless struggle—so little progress had been made—so little real good had been effected; the same petty griefs and ignoble trials were, as ever, constantly recurring—and she could not see that they were either made more beautiful or endured more patiently than they had been years ago. There was something so degrading in this perpetual clashing of tempers and of wills: it seemed as if, in the constant fight with circumstances which had always been the unlucky fate of the family, they had lost sight of the far more vital necessity of waging battle against the less worthy part of their own natures.

'They should be very grateful who have *time* to endeavour after perfectness,' thought Anne, sadly, as she turned away from the window. Her mother entered the room at the instant.

'Dear me, Anne, why did you hide yourself here, when we're all wanting you? You really should be more thoughtful. Rebecca has made everything right for you down-stairs.'

'The pudding to make?—coffee to roast?' asked poor Anne, confused for the moment, in a manner very unusual to her clear and ready faculties.

'You can't have forgotten,' said Mrs Dynevor, indignantly, 'your sister's muslin dress. Poor Helen might have spared her sorrow in thinking that you staid at home on purpose.'

'Oh, mamma—don't—don't!' was all Anne could plead, the tears coming quickly to her eyes, as they had a habit of doing—a habit continued from early childhood, even until now—at the stroke of unkindness. But Mrs Dynevor was more thoroughly out of humour than was common to her—her faults, both of temper and otherwise, generally being more negative than positive, and arising more from weakness of control than any particular strength of feeling. She turned away, muttering fretfully to herself; and Anne, after lingering a moment in the hope of some token of relenting, forced back her tears, tried to think of something cheerful, and was leaving the room. But little Grace, her arms full of books, encountered her at the door.

'Sister Anne, will you set me my copy? And I nearly know my lessons. Will you?'

'You mustn't come into this room, child,' cried Mrs Dynevor. 'Carry all that litter away into the parlour, or somewhere. Anne can't attend to you now.'

'Presently, dear,' added Anne, 'I will come to you. In the meantime, cannot you practise?—or Helen will give you a music lesson.'

'Music lesson, indeed! Helen has her own music to practise for this evening. All the time you have been away, Anne, the poor child has hardly played a note. She may be allowed the opportunity now, I hope. Grace, do *not* get in the way so,' fractiously pursued the mother, as she left the room, pushing aside the wide-eyed little girl, who still stood in the doorway, bending under her literary burden.

Anne staid behind, to say a few soothing words to Grace, who was a tender-hearted little thing, and looked more than half ready to cry under the double

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provocation of the unexpected check to her carefully-prepared 'lessons,' and her mamma's asperity.

'There, my pet—go up into my room, and arrange your books on the little table; and you may take down my Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature' from the book-shelf, and read that till I come to you.'

Grace tripped away, all bright again, and Anne went down-stairs, perceiving, as she passed the open door of the parlour, Helen still lounging in her father's easy-chair, and yawning over the newspaper. The elder sister, loving as she was, was too right-minded not to feel a pang of disappointment—of wistful regret. She could hardly distinguish what was the feeling, except that it was one of pain.

'If dear Helen would but remember,' she thought to herself, 'little Grace might have had her lesson, and the practising not have been interfered with either.'

But she said nothing, knowing by experience that anything approaching to remonstrance with Helen instantly exasperated Mrs Dynevor; while, on the thoughtless, impressionable temperament of the young girl herself, no lasting effect was ever produced.

When the mistress of a family of Mrs Dynevor's calibre is ill-humoured, the servant is certain not to be the last person in the house who is made aware of the fact. Anne found Rebecca in a state of sullen displeasure, just having both given and received 'warning' for the fifth time within the last three months. Her indignation, her grumbling, and her vehement recital of her wrongs, formed the accompaniment to the first part of Anne's ironing labours. She bore with it all very patiently, knowing the girl to be not only good-hearted, but faithfully attached to them all, continually quarrelling with every member of the household though she was, and had been during the five years she had lived in their service.

Nevertheless, she was not sorry when Rebecca's harangue was brought to a close by a double knock at the street-door, followed by an additional, and not less imperative summons on the part of Mrs Dynevor from the parlour. She heard with her ears, but not with her mind, the untidy shuffle of the girl up the stairs, and along the passage—the opening of the door. But then followed the sound of a voice; and Anne, quiet, self-possessed Anne, started—burned her fingers—and was fain to desist awhile from her employment, lest, haply, she might burn the thin muslin dress also. She lived in the present now, at least, keenly—vitally. She listened, her blushing face bent forward, a quivering happiness playing around her mouth, a dewy lustre in her eyes.

Meanwhile, thus ran the dialogue upstairs:—

'Is Mr Dynevor at home?'

'No, sir; he went out early this morning.'

'Oh!'—and a pause.

'My mistress is in, sir, and the young ladies,' quoth Rebecca, with whom the visiter was somewhat of a favourite.

'They are engaged, perhaps?' But while uttering the words, he passed over the threshold. Then followed the treading of steps into the little drawing-room: the door closed, and Rebecca ran into the parlour with intelligence of the visiter. Anne heard Helen's immediate and rapid flight up-stairs; to repair her toilet, no doubt—the young beauty being somewhat careless of her attire in the earlier hours of the day.

Rebecca ran down to Anne.

'It's Mr Avarne, miss. Your mamma says ——'

But Mrs Dynevor came hurriedly in to speak for herself.

'Anne, my dear, will you see to the luncheon-tray? Rebecca must bring it up when I ring. The biscuits and wine are in the parlour cupboard. But Helen will get them, so that you need not hinder to come up-stairs in the midst of your ironing.

Anne's blush faded. She felt too conscious, perhaps, to be able to speak until after one or two stammering, and fortunately inaudible, attempts. But at last she gained courage and calmness enough to say a few words.

'I should like to see—I should like to come in for a few minutes.'

'Oh, why in the world?—and the irons getting so capitally heated just now. It is only Mr Avarne, you know.'

'Yes; but he has seen the Grants, perhaps.' And Anne came to a full stop, feeling cruelly ashamed of her own disingenuousness, forced upon her though it was.

'Oh, very well; I'll ask him all you want to know about the Grants; only don't leave Helen's dress till you have finished it—there's a good girl. If a

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thing of that kind isn't done off at once, it is sure to be a failure.'

Mrs Dynevor hurried away. Anne remained mute, motionless; considering, hesitating, and doubting, as her naturally decisive and straight-seeing mind seldom did. She so yearned to be for a moment in that little room up-stairs. But, finally, the very might of her desire enabled her to overcome it; for, with jealous sensitiveness, she shrank from doing that which by any faint possibility might betray its strength to her mother and sister—or—any other.

Therefore she addressed herself anew to her task, and strove very hard to bestow upon it all due attention and carefulness. And she succeeded very well, though it must be confessed that Helen's lace-trimmed sleeve had a narrow escape of being scorched, when the sound of doors opening, and voices mingled in laughing talk, informed her of the visiter's departure.

'Good-by—good-by!' she heard him say; 'you will remember me to Mr Dynevor, and to—to your sister. I am sorry to have missed seeing them.'

'Anne is very busy,' Helen said; 'but papa—you will meet papa to-night at Mrs Lumley's. We are going.'

'All of you?'

'All of us?' repeated the young lady, laughing; 'one would think we were a regiment.'

'I mean, does Mr Dynevor go alone?'

'Oh no! I am to accompany him. Have you any more questions to put?' she added, with a light and rather nervous laugh. 'Are you satisfied?'

'Surely. Have I not every reason for being so?' he answered, laughing also. A hasty repetition of adieus followed, and then his quick, firm tread upon the pavement, gradually growing less distinct to Anne's ear, and then the dull dead closing of the door.

Helen came running down-stairs.

'Oh Anne! I'm so glad—Mr Avarne is to be at Mrs Lumley's to-night. How delightful—how charming he is!'

The miss-ish expressions of rapture infinitely jarred upon the listener. Helen was carelessly leaning upon a portion of the fair, smooth skirt, and Anne drew it away, with a hastiness keenly repented the minute afterwards.

'Take care—take care! See what mischief you are doing—dear.'

'A million pardons! Darling, good, sweet Anne, how kind it is of you to be doing this for me!' cried Helen, in a transport of gratitude and affection as sudden as it was evanescent. She twined her arms round her sister, at the imminent peril of causing her to burn herself, and bestowed a shower of kisses, partly on her flushed face, partly on the air.

'Now I suppose I must go,' she said, having concluded these operations. She swung her slight lithe figure round and round, in listless consideration, from which, however, she soon broke again. 'Oh dear! Mr Avarne told us the most delightful anecdote of——the sculptor. Mr Avarne's stories are always so charming, so different from other people's. But he is so different altogether. Really he is. I don't know anybody else who is the least like him. Do you, Anne?'

'Dear Helen, if you are thinking of something to do, would you mind giving Grace her music lesson now?'

'Very well; I had to practise, and to finish a *ruche* for my dress; but if you like, I'll see to the child first.'

Like many another of her temperament, Helen was always complaisant when she was well pleased. So she went off, singing as she went a snatch of some merry French song, which Anne remembered as one that Mr Avarne had often asked her to sing.

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The rest of the day was somewhat dull and blank. Mr Dynevor did not return home till quite late, and much confusion and disturbance ensued in the house, as his dinner had to be prepared, and his evening dress arranged; and Anne was closeted with Helen, assisting at her toilet; so that Mrs Dynevor could neither summon her to her aid, nor complain of her for not being where she was wanted.

But at length the various difficulties were adjusted, and Mr Dynevor, in his best spirits—in full dress of mind as well as of person, handed Helen, radiant and charming as delight and white muslin could make her, into the cab which was to convey them to Mrs Lumley's.

'Well, she looks as beautiful as an angel!' observed Mrs Dynevor, as she and Anne seated themselves in the deserted parlour. 'In spite of her plain dress and no ornaments, there won't be any one in the room to compare with her, I know. And a good many there will think so, too.' She nodded her head with an air of secret intelligence.

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'I'm much deceived if Mr Avarne does not greatly admire her. You should have seen how indignant he was at his own sketch of her, which he took the other evening; how hastily he tore it up, exclaiming at its injustice.'

'Did he?' But Anne seemed little disturbed by the information.

'And between ourselves'—the mother dropped her voice, for the children were playing together in a corner of the room—'I don't think Helen is at all indifferent to him. I think she likes him better than anybody else. I think a very little would make her in love with Mr Avarne.'

'Oh, mamma! you must be mistaken,' Anne cried, hastily, impulsively; with sudden agitation that a less obtuse companion would not have failed to detect.

'Mistaken, my dear? that is not likely,' said Mrs Dynevor, with an air of calm self-satisfaction. 'I have had opportunities of observing —— Besides, what can be more likely? He is a most delightful person—very clever, and all that; and you might hear yourself how Helen speaks of him.'

'Yes,' said Anne, relieved, after a pause of consideration.

'He is not very rich, I believe,' pursued Mrs Dynevor, going at once to the practical side of things; 'but his mother, I have heard, is well off; and he is an only son. Well connected, too. It would be a good match for any girl.'

Anne started up, proposing to put Grace to bed. The little girl thought her sister very silent and grave; and the usual brushing of the bright curls was not at first so cheerful an operation as was customary. But so soon as her attention was directed to the fact, Anne aroused herself vigorously, exerted herself bravely; pushed away the absorbing thought, and would not listen to the doubts which, despite her own convictions, continued to oppress her.

She was almost glad, on returning to the parlour, to find that her mother's attention had become fully occupied by some grievance connected with Rebecca and kitchen candles, which effectually prevented all recurrence to the subject of Mr Avarne. But when she sat in her own room, quietly and alone, she allowed her mind to revert to it—to meditate upon the question, and consider as dispassionately as she might the chances of her mother's surmise proving correct.

It was not an unwholesome diversion, perhaps, painful though it was. It carried her thoughts beyond the range of the petty cares and anxieties that engrossed them through the day. A busy, troubled day it had been, more so than usual, or else, from a sense of contrast to the ten or twelve previous, it had appeared so. Those days in the quiet country, what a different life from this! How different the very time had seemed—clearer, purer, and more akin to the holiness of eternity, than these hours which dragged the day along, each laden with its own annoyance, and leaving its peculiar sting.

Thus Anne thought on this particular evening, being infinitely depressed, and her mind thus jarred from its usual healthy tone, unable to perceive the *compensations* which every destiny contains within itself. They are difficult to be recognised sometimes, especially by one who suffers under the latest pang of that same destiny, as Anne did now. The incessantly recurring littlenesses of the day's trials had already worn her out, mentally as well as physically: she felt wearied both in soul and body, and yet even now could take no rest.

If her mother should be right! Was there to be no haven of safety for her anywhere: no oasis of peace and brightness, wherein, even at troublous times, her spirit might find repose? It had done so often, nay continually. From one secret thought—one sweet, silent consciousness, Anne had repeatedly drawn new strength, courage, patience. And was *this* to be poisoned evermore? It seemed too hard—it was impossible. She felt sure she need not fear—need not doubt; but the matter was too close to her heart to be thus set aside; and she still doubted. After considering for two or three hours, recalling all past words, looks, and tones, that might throw light upon the subject, she could arrive at no conclusion, and closed her eyes at length, in thorough exhaustion, with the question as unresolved as at the first.

From restless, disturbed sleep, she was aroused by the glare of a candle thoughtlessly brought close before her eyes, and the sound of Helen's voice very unnecessarily inquiring if she were awake. Looking up, startled and half blinded by the sudden light, she saw her sister bending above her bed, in her thin delicate white dress, with her arms and neck shining

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fairly and whitely from beneath her half-closed shawl, her face flushed with a faint but lovely colour, her eyes very lustrous, and her appearance altogether unlike all preconceived notions of 'after the ball.'

'Helen, what is it? Ah! I remember.' And truly, *remembering*, Anne sank back again on her pillow, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked at the young girl with an eager, inquiring gaze. 'You and papa have returned then. What o'clock is it?'

'Just three, my dear. Fancy, what dissipation!' And Helen began divesting herself of her heavy shawl, glancing complacently in the dressing-glass as she did so.

'Have you had a pleasant evening?'

'Pleasant? Delightful—enchanting! Mrs Lumley is the kindest, the most agreeable woman.—And such an elegant house — everything so beautifully arranged! I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life.'

'I am very glad,' said Anne, and hesitated. 'Were there many people you knew?' she presently added, in a low voice.

'Not many. But when Mr Avarne came—only he came late, and I had not much talk with him, after all, there were so many who wanted to speak to him. But he introduced some very pleasant people to me; and then Mrs Lumley asked me to play; and other people came and talked with me. I had plenty of acquaintances before I left the room, I assure you. Oh, it was very pleasant.'

Anne's face was transfigured since the beginning of this speech; which indeed seemed to demonstrate clearly enough the superficial nature of Helen's liking for Mr Avarne. She drew a long, long, thankful sigh, and her voice was quite changed when she again spoke, though they were the same words she had used before—'I am very glad.'

'There was a little dancing, too. I was quite besieged with partners, and only able to dance with about one-half of the gentlemen who asked me.'

Helen's eyes sparkled with delight.

'And papa—was papa pleased?'

'Oh, I suppose so. He was quite willing to stay till the last. Indeed, Mrs Lumley would not hear of our coming away before.'

'I hope he has not over-exerted himself. He is always so fatigued the day after these gay parties.'

'He has not gone to bed yet, either,' said Helen, as she brushed out her long hair. 'I left him in the parlour, writing away.'

'Writing—at this time in the night?'

'Yes; some letter of importance, on business connected with the newspaper, which he forgot all about till this evening.'

'Oh, Helen!' cried Anne, distressed, 'he will make himself ill—he will ——'

'Nonsense, dear. Don't put yourself into such a state of mind about it. He had a cup of strong coffee just before leaving Mrs Lumley's; which refreshed him, and made him feel quite ready for work, he said. And the letter was not to take him long. You will hear him pass up-stairs in a few minutes, no doubt. Now, do lie down quietly, and listen to all I have to tell you.'

There followed a flood of details such as young ladies do delight in, more particularly when the narrator is also the heroine. Anne tried hard to chain her attention and understanding to its proper reception. But it must be confessed that she found it impossible to prevent her mind from wandering somewhat. Her thoughts were in a whirl of confusion; she sorely needed time and solitude in which to collect them. At length she was taken to task for her evident absence, and for the irrelevance of her replies to Helen's occasional questions.

'You are not listening, Anne. White and gold embroidery—don't you think it would look pretty? Such a graceful relief.'

'Very true. I have not heard my father come up-stairs yet.'

'What in the world has that to do with it? *Do* think of what I am saying. This ball, which is to take place next month—I should so dearly love to go. And papa could not object to Mrs Lumley's chaperonage. The dress is the difficulty.' And Helen sighed. 'Do, Anne, help me to think of some plan.'

'Yes, dear.'

And for the twentieth time that day Anne shook off her clinging, troublesome thoughts, and forced herself free from the half-painful luxury of their indulgence.

Helen rattled on:—now relating some incident of the past evening, now anticipating a new delight in one yet to come. Occasionally Anne ventured a gentle remark, with the least touch of remonstrance in it—the faintest indication of the feeling busy at her heart, of wishfulness that her sister would not spend so much thought, and waste so much enthu-

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siasm upon objects so little worthy of either. But it was impossible to resist Helen's affectionate, childlike ways, when she was bent on 'coaxing.'

'Oh, dear Anne, do let me be happy when I can. If you only knew the dreary time I've had since you were away; *you* know how dull and miserable the house is, often. Don't deny me the little pleasure I am able to have.'

And, with her arms clinging round her neck, and these words on her lips, Helen fell asleep.

Anne was wakeful, yet her thoughts might be permitted now—her mind have time to calm itself. Relieved though it was, infinitely and blessedly relieved, there was a vague sadness hanging about it still—an anxiety, which seemed as though it had been lying in wait, instantly ready to take the place of the one now banished. The very consciousness of this was a dreary one. But Anne did not forget to be grateful; even while her hearing was strained to catch the sound of her father's foot upon the stairs, and she sickened as the adjacent church clock chimed every quarter of an hour, showing how fast the night was waning. It was long, very long, before he came; and then it was with a slow, fatigued, exhausted step, that it went to the daughter's heart to detect.

She sprang up in haste, wrapped Helen's shawl around her, and softly opened the door. Her anxious eyes fell upon Mr Dynevor's pale and worn face, looking quite ghastly in the feeble light of the expiring candle he carried.

'Oh, papa, dear papa! I feared—I knew. You are terribly tired.'

'Tired? Oh, no.' He smiled gaily upon her, re-descending the stairs to kiss her, with much fondness. 'You foolish child, go to bed, or you will be too tired for to-morrow's pleasure. Helen has told you' (but Anne's look sufficiently explained that she had *not*) 'Mrs Lumley is to call for you in the morning—*this* morning, I suppose I may as well say—at twelve o'clock, to take you to Mr F——'s studio, which you missed yesterday. Won't you like that?'

'Oh yes. But, papa—about yourself? I'm so anxious ——'

'There is no need. Run away, and dream of the pictures.'

Anne closed the door, half-sighing, half-smiling. It was, for many reasons, a great pleasure that had been thus planned for her, and her heart throbbed—she was almost ashamed to feel how gladly—at its anticipation. Nevertheless, her last thought before she finally fell asleep was neither of Mrs Lumley nor the pictures, but was one of painful solicitude for her father.

EASTERN TRAVEL.—SYRIA.

CHAPTER X.

BEIROUT—PREPARATIONS.

'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men!'—*Scottish Ballad.*

THE tumult consequent on landing at Beirout bids fair to rival the toil and trouble of disembarking at the Piræus. Two Greek hotel-keepers came on board, each vaunting his own establishment, and disparaging that of his neighbour; and on our asking in which of their houses a gentleman resided whom we knew to be then sojourning in Beirout, both declared they had the advantage of having him for a lodger, and each offered to entertain the whole party free of expense, if we did not find he spoke the truth.

On our luggage being lowered into a boat, it was instantly pounced upon by two half-naked savages, as a bone might be by hungry dogs. They wasted no time in words, but grappling with each other at once, the stronger ruffian threw the weaker into the sea, and then sat quietly down upon the baggage he had won. As for the other, no one looked near him; he rose to the surface half-choked, and after clinging for some time to the boat, contrived to scramble into it.

Our first step on the shore was on a prostrate marble column, built into the quay, and amidst screaming Greeks

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and gesticulating nondescripts, I admired the attitude and the composure of two soldiers, who were on duty near the place. Turkish sentries are always posted double, and their air is as unmilitary as it is possible to imagine, but the two heroes in front of us beggared all description, and defied caricature. Perhaps to prevent their catching cold, though the ground appeared perfectly dry, the gallant fellows were each perched upon wooden stools, reminding me of the ancient moral code of Scotland. One sentinel lounged against a wall, his musket leaning at his side; the other, resting the stock of his gun upon a stone, leaned his chin upon the muzzle; and both appeared to be practising with effect how they could most conveniently 'stand at ease.'

We reached our hotel just in time to see from its roof the sun sink in the sea, canopied by clouds of flame, whilst towards the east the long range of hills that close in the horizon was softened and beautified by gentle shadow, and bathed in rosy light. But the magic splendours of an eastern eve are brief as they are lovely, and soon the fair hues melted away, darkness fell upon Mount Lebanon, and we thought with becoming seriousness,—of the dinner that awaited us.

The flourishing and rapidly increasing city of Beirout contains nothing very interesting to the traveller; and therefore, on the day after our arrival, we made an expedition along the sea coast to the north of the town. The active trade carried on with the West has imparted a European appearance to most of the streets, which are largely peopled by Greeks, Maronites, and Franks; among these, however, we occasionally observed costumes which were new to us, and not the least remarkable was that of the Druse women, some of whom are frequently to be seen in the town. The peculiarity of their dress consists in their wearing upon their heads the *tantour*, or silver 'horn,' a remarkable appendage of two feet in length, which projects from the forehead like the horn of a unicorn. At the extremity of this protuberance a loose drapery is fastened, which falling over the head and shoulders, acts as a partial veil to the face. The 'horn' is peculiar to some parts of the Lebanon, and was not worn in the Druse villages which we subsequently visited.

As we rode out of Beirout, I observed what appeared to be a remnant of an ancient custom alluded to in Scripture, but at the same time one for the preservation of which we are perhaps *indebted* as much to the lax manners of the West, as to the changelessness of Eastern habits. Just beyond the gate, sat 'in an open place,' as did Tamor when she wished to deceive Judah, two females, dressed, as was their class in former times, in flowered garments of bright colours. They wore veils, but the covering was more nominal than real, and their fine, dark, but rather fierce and strongly pronounced features were intentionally visible, and their naturally brilliant complexions were increased by the abundant use of kohl and henna, with which dyes all Eastern women heighten their colours, if not their charms. In no other Syrian city did I observe any similar instance of female frailty.

Our ride led us along a sandy but highly cultivated plain, to the traditional scene of St George's combat with the Dragon, and we were shown a rude pile of building, which marks the spot where the sainted hero washed his hands after his victory. It appears that a monstrous dragon infested the Lebanon, and desolated the whole neighbourhood of Beirout, and the soothsayers declared that its ravages could not be stayed, till the daughter of the king, a maiden of marvellous beauty, was delivered up to the monster. The monarch was compelled to consent, and the day was fixed for the immolation of the virgin, when she was rescued by the valour of St George, and the country was freed from its scourge by the destruction of the dragon. Such is the St George of romance and tradition, and the St George of history is quite as vague and uncertain a character. By some it is asserted that he was a tribune put to death by Diocletian for the favour he showed to the Christians, by others the fabled hero is degraded into a scandalous saint, the heterodox successor of Athanasius; though it is difficult to discover the reason why either personage should have been adopted as the patron saint of Portugal and England. To the north of the scene of St George's traditional exploit, mountains of bare and fantastically-shaped rock stretch down to the sea, and a road that leads over them is boldly carried along a wave-washed ledge, and though paved with rude blocks of stone, is infinitely

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superior to any other we met with in the East,—the mule tracks across the Syrian hills being merely marked out and smoothed by the feet of animals, not hewn by the hands of men. We are not left to conjecture as to who it was that designed and executed this mountain road, as an inscription cut in the rock, and still nearly perfect, informs us, that 'Imp. Cæs. M. Aurelius. Antonius Pius Felix Augustus. . . . Maximus Pontifex had cut his way beneath hanging mountains, and above the river Lycus.'

Fragments of several other Latin as well as Greek inscriptions are also observable, but the chief objects of interest are several figures sculptured on the rocks, precisely similar to some of those recently discovered on rocks near Nineveh. The Lycus, now called the Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, reaches the sea through a rocky glen, upon one of the perpendicular banks of which these figures are carved. The sculptures represent royal personages and priests, and long inscriptions in the cuneiform character, now unfortunately very imperfect, are inscribed beneath them, or across their garments. Mr Layard informs us that the Assyrian king here represented is Sennacherib, that the figures are contemporary with the building of the palaces at Kouyunjik, and that these sculptures attest the fact, that the Assyrian conquests had at that period reached the shores of the Mediterranean. There are seven of these tablets, and also three Egyptian bas-reliefs, and inscriptions bearing the name of Rameses. The surrounding hills are of a singular formation, and present the appearance of huge rounded stones piled upon each other. They are utterly destitute of soil, but the industrious husbandmen have carried earth to their very summits, and in cavities scarcely larger than flower-pots were planted numerous patches of wheat. It would seem that the Maronites make more use of their bare rocks than the dwellers on the plain do of their rich soil, but a land-tax, oppressively high, has thrown many a fine valley out of cultivation.

While at Beirout, I had occasion to call upon the Greek Patriarch. A circumstance had occurred which made it expedient that I should have an interview with that dignitary, and which gave me at the same time a right to demand an audience. I presented myself, therefore, at the door of his residence about eleven A.M. A priest told me the patriarch was at table. 'And when he has done eating, shall I see him?' I inquired. 'He sleeps then,' answered the priest. 'And when does he awaken?' I asked. 'At four o'clock,' I was informed; and I was assured at the same time I should see him then. I returned at that hour, and was admitted to a sort of vestibule, where some eight or ten sallow-complexioned, dirty, unclerical-looking priests sat smoking chibouques. They were all young men; their long black hair and beards gave them a savage expression, and as they had begun to suspect that the object of my visit was not altogether agreeable, they sat in silence, scowling upon me with their dark heavy eyes. They informed me at first that the patriarch was at that moment engaged in an important conference with several foreign consuls and a number of other persons, but that if I would return next morning I should see him. I informed them I would wait, and soon after the Russian consul arrived, and was ushered in by the bowing priests, who seemed to pay their court when he was gone even to his *cavash*, who remained in the vestibule. I was then insolently told that I should not see the patriarch at all, and that I might apply to the English consul for redress if I chose. Having no alternative but to retire ignominiously, I was doing so with what patience I could muster, when a clerical ruffian attempted to hasten my exit by pushing me out with one hand, and violently shutting the doorway with the other. That an Englishman should be insulted by a set of wretched Greeks, was not to be endured; to dash aside both door and priest was the work of a moment, and the next I was springing up the steps towards the doorway which I had seen the Russian consul enter. Two of the priests made a momentary show of resistance, but I burst past them, and in an instant I found myself in the presence of a venerable old man, who sat in the Eastern fashion on a *dais* at the extremity of a spacious chamber. There was no other person in the room save the Russian consul, a man of overwhelming solemnity of manner. He condescended, however, to act as interpreter, and the object of my mission was at once satisfactorily accomplished. I had brought with me as dragoman a slight and gracefully formed Maronite youth, who spoke Italian, the priests

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speaking no European language except Romaic. This lad I at first thought was a Greek, as his dress differed from theirs only in being more elegant and commodious, but he earnestly repudiated the suspicion; and when I told him that there was actually no one with the patriarch except the Russian consul, whom we had seen enter, he held up his hands and exclaimed, 'I knew that the Greeks were liars, but I scarcely thought the very priests would have lied so egregiously!'

Beirout is the best starting-point for Syrian travel, as it is the head-quarters of many guides and dragomen, and nearly all the requisites for the journey may be procured there. The one grand consideration, when setting out on such an expedition, is to secure the services of a competent and trustworthy guide, whose business it is to furnish every necessary for the journey, to advise as to the route, and to provide for the exigencies and emergencies, as well as the ordinary needs of the way. Once set out, there is almost no possibility of changing an inefficient or insubordinate servant—you take your guide, like your wife, for better or for worse, and, till the end of the pilgrimage, the partnership is indissoluble; and I know no position in life where one man is more dependent upon another—certainly none where the superior is so much in the power of the inferior—as the Syrian traveller is upon his guide. If 'knowledge is power,' the employed is for the time being a giant, compared to the employer. The requisites necessary to become a successful guide and dragoman being great, these persons form a remarkable and not unimportant class in Eastern communities. To provide the *materiel* for the journey—the camels, horses, mules, and men; the tents, beds, canteen, and commissariat—a certain amount of capital is required. It is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the country, and of the many races by which it is inhabited. He must know all the tongues spoken in Western Asia, and according to the number of European languages with which he is acquainted, will be his chances of employment. Above all, he must possess the courage, capacity, temper, and energy, necessary to enable his party to traverse a country still in a state of primeval wildness, and inhabited by tribes that are as likely to retard, as to assist their progress. Lastly, he must be endowed with a constitution capable of enduring continuous hardship and fatigue.

We took as we imagined all due precaution in the selection of a guide. This appeared all the more necessary, that from the moment we entered what are called the Greek waters, we had been warned, urged, and besought not to attempt to travel in Syria in the then existing state of the country. It was represented to us that civil war was raging—that the Druse had risen in rebellion against the government, and that, in spite of vast numbers of troops poured into the country, the rebels held the whole of the Lebanon, and the district around Damascus. We were assured that murder and robbery were of daily occurrence—that every man's hand was against his fellow; and on inquiring at our consulate at Smyrna, we were informed that the latest accounts represented Syria as utterly disorganised, and that even a European consul had recently been murdered.

The person to whom we had a right to look for the best information and advice was the English consul at Beirout, but, on calling at the consulate, we found only a Syrian boy sitting in a dirty closet; the arms of England we ultimately found in the courtyard, thrown into a corner, and turned upside down; and we soon discovered from English residents, that the £800 paid to the consul enabled him to live in the country; that they were not sure that he knew where his office was; and that as for the Druse, they knew as much about the consul, as the consul did about them.

Having while in Greece become acquainted with two English gentlemen who were following the same route as ourselves, we resolved, for the purpose of safety, and the advantages of society, to travel through Syria as one party. At Constantinople we engaged as guide an inhabitant of Beirout, who happened to be in Pera while we were there. He was recommended to us by Misseri, the chief hotel-keeper in the city, whom Kinglake has made famous as the pastor of his pilgrimage. This man was a Greek, named Constantine Vao. He procured certificates of character from two English merchants of Pera, and he was able to exhibit the most ample testimonials, including one from a gentleman whom I happened to know. He spoke Italian and French, and declared

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that he knew every district of the East, from Constantinople to the Cataracts, and from the Euphrates to his native Cyclades; and I have no doubt, that in this he asserted no more than the truth. How far our choice was a fortunate one, I shall leave the sequel to show.

The day preceding our departure from Beirout was spent in trying the horses, inspecting the tents, and examining the various articles of food and furniture which Constantine had provided for the ourney; and all being declared ready in the evening, we resolved to start at an early hour next day. In the morning, however, Constantine appeared with rueful countenance, and stated that during the night the mule-drivers had broken open the stable of which he had the key, and had decamped with the mules, and the portion of the wages which, following a stupid custom, he had paid them in advance. Constantine then begged hard for delay, and declared that it was impossible to get other mules, as all the beasts of burden in Beirout had been sent off to the Lebanon with tents for the army. Not having a single day to lose, we told him that mules must be found—and found they ultimately were; and we sallied forth on the afternoon of the 10th December.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LEBANON.

'There is a land in old tradition famed,
By seer, by sage, by prophet-pilgrim samed;
Where hoary Lebanon his front uprears,
Plough'd with the footsteps of six thousand years.'

When mustered, our party was pretty numerous, consisting of about six horsemen and as many muleteers; we had no camels, their step being too slow for the pace at which we wished to travel. Various residents in Syria had advised us to neglect established custom, and to travel unarmed; alleging that, if attacked, it would be by numbers sufficient to render resistance vain, and that the sight of arms might provoke the robbers to make use of theirs. Fortunately, we did not follow this advice, but, on the contrary, armed ourselves to the teeth. If menaced by a vastly superior force, travellers can at any time lay down their arms, and our own experience, and that of every traveller we met with, convinced us that the sight of a gun or an English pistol will often insure safety, where unarmed wayfarers would undoubtedly have been robbed. A brace of pistols in your belt have often a salutary effect upon obstreperous muleteers, and if you happen to have, in addition, a double-barrelled gun in your hand, the knowledge that you carry about with you death-dealing power, gives a wonderful confidence in critical situations. I would, therefore, advise all travellers in Syria, except members of the Peace Society, to 'put their trust in God, and keep their powder dry.'

A perfectly flat plain intervenes between Beirout and the Lebanon, the greater part of which is highly cultivated, but our road led us through a portion of it, which, consisting of sand only, was covered with diminutive pine-trees, through which broad rides have been cleared, giving to the wood a good deal the appearance of an English fox-cover. Whilst slowly wending our way along one of these glades, a troop of horsemen appeared at some distance in front of us. No sooner did they see us approaching, than, putting spurs to their horses, they came down upon us at full speed. The riders were dressed in a wild and picturesque costume, and being well mounted, they charged down upon us at a terrific pace, flourishing their long lances, and uttering wild cries. It was in vain to attempt to clear the way, so we drew up, and awaited their onset. Had we met them in the desert, the encounter would have appeared far from agreeable, but, close to Beirout, we could not doubt that the onset was a piece of Eastern sport; and as I sat motionless on my Rosinante, I could not but think what a glorious adventure it would have been for Don Quixote. Nevertheless, when these wild horsemen thundered on till their lances almost reached us, it must be confessed that the lady of the party was not the only one who felt in some degree nervous; but we did not then know that the point upon which Syrian horsemen most pride themselves is, the manner in which they check their steeds when at full speed. Just when we had begun to think that

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the joke was about to end seriously, the whole troop stopped as if by magic, and then, dashing to either side, they swept around us, caracolling and bounding their horses, shouting, and flourishing their lances. It was the guard of a pacha who was returning from an annual mission to Mecca, whither the Sultan sends every year a present, as a contribution to the sacred expenses. Glad to reach the plain after having had to curb their fiery horses among the rocks of the Lebanon, they had the more willingly given the rein to their steeds when upon the sand, and indulged themselves in this warlike display. The pacha himself, a venerable old man with a long white beard, followed slowly in a litter borne by two mules. His feeble aspect contrasted sadly with the joyous vigour of his guards, as, leaning back exhausted on his couch, he seemed to be approaching the termination of his life as well as his pilgrimage.

On reaching the base of the mountains, a stream, swollen by recent rain, covered the path, and we only emerged from the water to scramble among rocks more suited for the foot of a goat than the hoof of a horse. And such, with the exception of an occasional valley, is the character of the roads in Syria and Palestine, which, to any horse save those trained to climb the savage steeps over which they lead, would be utterly impassable. I could never sufficiently admire the manner in which the fearless little animals made their way along narrow pathways, now ascending almost precipitous heights, or descending slopes as craggy and steep; now winding round some huge block that almost covered the ledge, or stepping with sure foot from one jutting rock to another. But it was a still more astonishing sight to observe the effect of training and practice upon the heavily laden mules, when meeting in these narrow mountain tracks. The pathway frequently led either along a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice, or between two rocks, which seemed barely to leave room for a single animal to pass with its burden, whilst the rocks on which they stepped were so jagged and uneven, that they had little choice of footing. Yet long caravans constantly meet in such situations, when the mules—or horses trained to the work—manage matters with such dexterity, that a collision hardly ever takes place. The animals measure their ground with extraordinary precision, now balancing their load exactly between two jutting rocks, now swinging to one side, and waiting an instant till the advancing mule is in the only position that will admit of its being passed, and then, seizing the opportunity, glide between it and the cliff. A horse-shoe, in the East, consists of a flat disk of iron, which covers the whole lower surface of the hoof, turning up with a point at the heel. But for this, the animal would soon be lamed, by having his frog cut to pieces by the sharp points of the rocks; and though it might be expected that such shoes would render him more apt to slip upon smooth stone, I never saw a stumble upon the rock, though falls were not unfrequent upon the level plain.

During our first day's journey we constantly ascended, and shortly before dark we stopped for the night at a large stable or shed, which had been built for the accommodation of horses and camels. Upon the broad flat roof of this building the tents were pitched, and we prepared for our first bivouac. The evening was chill, and our slow ride had made us feel the sharpness of the mountain air, so, striking up an impromptu waltz whilst the men were erecting the tents, we whirled round, to the no small astonishment of several Moslem wayfarers who had seated themselves on the house-top. But, in the midst of our evolutions, their hour of prayer arrived, when, with their faces towards Mecca, they worshipped as solemnly as if they were alone upon the mountain. We were at this time amused by a misfortune that befell one of our companions. He had provided himself with a complete armour of waterproof, and not requiring it at the time, he desired a muleteer to carry it for him. The man shook his head, and said something our friend did not understand. The Englishman insisted—the Syrian gesticulated. Provoked at what seemed an early act of insubordination, our friend grew angry, and threatened the muleteer, when the man getting alarmed, and thinking, no doubt, that the Frank was mad, reluctantly took possession of the dress. Some hours afterwards, our companion had the mortification to discover he had mistaken a passing muleteer for one of our own caravan, and that, having converted him into an involuntary highwayman, the unlucky suit of waterproof, thus forced upon a wondering stranger, was already far off on its way to Damascus or Palmyra.

Our first encampment was somewhat

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disastrous. We were awakened in the middle of the night by a torrent of rain, which so softened the clay on which the tents were pitched, that the pegs gave way, the sides collapsed, and we would have been speedily drenched, had we not fortunately been able to share with the horses a shed below, where a charcoal fire and brandy-toddy mitigated the evils of our situation.* The rain, which had threatened for several days, exhausted itself during the night; the morning broke clear and fair, and, till our last journey in Palestine, the weather continued to be as delightful as heart could desire.

Our second day's journey led us across the range of the Lebanon, which, at that season, was utterly devoid of verdure, and not a few of the hills must always present the same appearance, being totally destitute of soil. Some of them were strangely covered with long angular stones of an oblong shape, which stood out from the solid rock like bristles, giving to the locality the aspect of a Turkish burying-ground; and, gazing on a scene so silent and desolate, one might imagine they beheld a spot where nature herself lay buried. But by far the greater portion of the Lebanon has admitted of cultivation, and wherever even a scanty soil has permitted the operations of agriculture, it has been tilled by the industry of the Maronites or the Druse. In the highest regions, barley was sown, whilst almost to the summit of the range, many of the hills were covered with vines. These were trained along the ground, and their tortuous and leafless stalks, twining and twisting amidst the stones, looked exactly like long black serpents crawling over the mountain.

So long as we traversed the high road to Damascus, we constantly met long strings of camels, or of mules and asses, conducted by wild-looking Syrians, all armed with swords, long guns, and antique pistols. Nor was it the picturesque aspect only of these caravans that reminded us we were in the East, as many of them, laden with the spices of Arabia, perfumed the air as they passed along, and aromatic scents told that the camels were slowly journeying from Persia.

* We soon discovered that our tents, though new, were of the order called 'cheap and nasty.' It is of the greatest consequence to ascertain, before starting on a journey, that the tents are sufficiently large and complete in their construction, as great differences exist in these respects. The bedsteads, too, should be of iron, and not of wood.

We soon, however, left this well-trod path, and pursued our way in a solitude that befitted the wild scenes through which we passed. The heights of the Lebanon can scarcely be said to be either romantic or beautiful, as the hills are seldom bold, and almost always bare; but the climate often imparts a beauty to mountains which, under a colder sky, would appear bleak and dreary in the extreme. Nowhere did I ever see the effects of light and shade so strongly marked. Sometimes, when the sun had begun to dip westerly, its lingering rays would fall upon one side of a deep gorge, which would then gleam in its beams white as marble, whilst blackest night appeared already to rest upon the other.

At length we reached the eastern slope of the mountain range, and the view that then burst upon us was strange and surprising. The eye was puzzled and perplexed by what, but for the colour, it would have pronounced a sheet of water. This was the plain of Baalbec, or the great valley that separates the ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.* It is level as a lake, and no trees or houses break its surface, to assure you it is land and not water that you look upon. Longitudinally, it seemed boundless, but on either side it was girdled in by the rugged chains of the Lebanon, which are about twelve miles distant from each other. And such is the aspect of Syria. You meet with no champaign country; there is no mingling of hill and dale, no undulating landscape; you see either stern, steep, and barren mountains, or rich and fertile plains, so utterly flat as to appear unnatural. The waters, at the creation, were 'gathered together into one place,' and the dry land stood out apart; but of Syria it may almost be said, that a farther separation has been brought about, and that the hills have been 'gathered together,' and the level plains set apart by themselves.

On descending to the valley, we observed that the path was for a considerable distance marked with blood, and we afterwards heard, that during the previous evening a skirmish between the Turks and the Druse had taken place at that spot, and that several men and horses had been killed.

Our resting-place for the night was the

* This plain was anciently called Cœle-Syria (Hollow Syria), but it is now designated El-Bekoa, or 'The Valley.'

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small town of Zahle, beautifully situated in the depths of a green valley, through which flows, with a rapid current, a mountain stream, a tributary of the Leontes. At this secluded place a glad surprise awaited us. We had lately become habituated to look upon bandages of white or black, in place of the fair face of woman, and of her form we had seen nothing save the yellow slippers that peeped from beneath the cumbrous mass of drapery in which her person was shrouded. The women of Zahle wore no veils, and the outline of their graceful forms could be traced under an elegant costume. But it was the manner in which they received us, more than their unveiled beauty, which at once pleased and perplexed us. The lower grades of Turkish women had almost invariably expressed dislike, and sometimes contempt and abhorrence, whenever chance brought them in contact with a traveller of their own sex, whose western manners they held in abomination. But no sooner had we entered Zahle, than every female face seemed to brighten with joy; they ran from their houses, and forming a little crowd around the horse of the Englishwoman, conducted her with glad hosannas to the house where she was to alight. Many men also ran alongside of our horses, welcoming us to the place, exclaiming, 'Buona sera!—buona sera!' their whole stock of European language.

I could obtain no satisfactory account of this interesting tribe. They were simply called *Roumis*, and formed a distinct Christian community; and they boasted that they were the descendants of original converts of our Saviour. There is a Greek bishop and convent at the place, but the people do not as a body join in communion with the Greek Church. Too few in numbers to make any resistance, they had been sorely oppressed, and frequently persecuted, by their Moslem rulers, who treated them with peculiar contempt; and we owed the warmth of our reception to the fact, that they rejoiced with great joy to see in us Christians whom the Mussulmen were compelled to respect, and the subjects, moreover, of a nation to which every tribe and race in the East looks as the final arbiter of its fate.

The men, who were all tall and well formed, wore white turbans, but wanted the loose robes of the Turks. The women were dressed in a tunic, open at the breast, which followed the sweep of their figures to the knee, where it stopped, and wide trousers, gathered in at the ankle, completed a costume which showed to advantage their graceful and voluptuous figures. Having read so many glowing descriptions of Eastern beauty, and having looked for it in vain from Byron's 'maids of Athens,' to Kinglake's 'laughing girls of Bethlehem,' I shall ever cherish the memory of the fair forms of kindly Zahle, as the one oasis in a dreary desert of female mystery or of female ugliness.

We were ushered into a house, which had an air of comfort, and even taste, such as we never met with any approach to in our mountain wanderings, and seated on the carpet round a blazing wood-fire, we wondered much at meeting with so much refinement in such a situation.

Our host and hostess were totally different from the rude peasants of the Lebanon, or even from the other inhabitants of hospitable Zahle. We were the guests of a young man and his sister, whose manners were marked by a native grace and a modest dignity, that at once commanded our respect and excited our curiosity. The account we received of them was not calculated to lessen these feelings, and if the story bore the marks of Eastern colouring, we were little anxious to reduce it from its hues. They had been born, we were told on inquiring their history, princes in the land, and their ancestors had for ages been the chiefs of a country beyond the Lebanon, on the borders of the Desert. War came, their sire and many of his people fell, and the son and daughter had preserved nothing but their lives. Gentle, graceful, and fair, the lady, and the tale of her misfortunes, reminded me of Spenser's lovely and lowly Una:—

'Who by descent from royall lynage came,
Of ancient kings and queenes, that had of yore,
Their sceptres stretch'd from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal fiend, with foule uprore,
Forwasted all their land, and them expell'd.'

At every other village or hamlet where we stopped, we became the victims of a savage and obtrusive curiosity, which frequently subjected the lady of the party to much discomfort and annoyance. At Zahle it greatly distressed our host, that

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a number of people, chiefly women, continued to linger outside the door, and on his remonstrating with them they disappeared.

He asked permission to admit a limited number of his friends, and when dinner was over we held a levee, when we found ourselves for the first time in our lives converted into lions of no ordinary majesty. The matrons and maids dressed in their best attire were presented to the lady, who found she could make them perfectly happy by presenting them with some of the trifling contents of her work-box, whilst the men were delighted to receive what were still more humble commodities, in so far, at least, as their material value was concerned. An ardent missionary at Beirout had requested one of our companions to distribute during his journey a number of French tracts, and observing that our visiters examined our books with reverential attention, it struck us that we could not better dispose of our stock of tracts than by giving them to these contemned Christians. Each of the little publications had a woodcut as a frontispiece, and no group of children ever rejoiced more over the prizes of a Christmas tree, than did the poor fellows at the distribution of these bits of paper covered with mysterious characters. Shortly afterwards, two of the men came back, and one of them explained to me that his friend's tract had four pages, whilst his had only two, and he submitted that I really ought to make them both alike.

The modest diffidence of our host and hostess was distressing. Nothing would induce them to sit with us, and when we insisted on their doing so, they seized an early opportunity of retiring to a distant corner of their own house. Never did I regret so much the want of language as on that occasion, the slender stock of Arabic which I possessed being useless for the purposes of conversation, and the intervention of the dragoman was a coarse and unsatisfactory resource. We all earnestly longed to tell our gentle entertainers how far from our wishes it was that they should humble themselves before us; for, though the story of their former grandeur and their lost inheritance might in a great measure be a romance, they had in reality the tone and the feelings that made them inferior to none in aught but outward circumstances, and their blood was as gentle, and their lineage more ancient than those of half the nobles of the West.

CHAPTER XII.

BAALBEC.

'Mysterieux déserts, dont les larges collines
Sont les os des cités dont le nom a péri;
Vastes blocs qu'a roulés le torrent des ruines;
Immense lit d'un peuple où la vague a tari;
Temples qui, pour porter vos fondements de marbre,
Avez déraciné les grands monts comme un arbre;
Gouffres où rouleraient des fleuves tout entiers;
Collonnes où mon œil cherche en vain des sentiers;
De piliers et d'arceaux profondes avenues,
Où la lune s'égare ainsi qu'au sein des nues;
Chapiteaux que mon œil mêle en les regardant;
Sur l'écorce du globe, immenses caractères,
Pour vous toucher du doigt, pour sonder vos mystères,
Un homme est venu d'Occident!'—*Lamartine.*

We left Zahle at an early hour, having despatched the mules and the baggage still earlier for Baalbec. The people conducted us out of the town in the same manner in which they had welcomed us to it, nearly all of them exclaiming as before, though not quite so appropriately—'Buona sera!—buona sera!'

Gallantry and gratitude enjoin that I should paint this beautifully situated town, with its kindly inhabitants, as a little Christian paradise of the Lebanon, but truth compels me unwillingly to confess, that it was a perfect miracle of filth. In spite of the acclivity of the green vale it rests on, and the sweeping river that flows through it, its unpaved streets are mere canals, filled with mud of unimaginable depth—fluid to all appearance, but possessing just sufficient consistency to cause it to stagnate. Sinking up to their saddle-girths in the mire, our horses struggled and plunged, and sometimes

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almost buried themselves in this Slough of Despond, whilst our band of fair followers, all shod with claw-like pattens, and clinging to the walls with their hands, found a precarious footing on the narrow ledges that remained along the sides of houses, which stood like islands in the quagmire.

Soon after leaving Zahle, and before quitting the base of the mountains, we passed the ruins of a mosque, originally built over a cavern, said by tradition to be the 'Tomb of Noah,' which name the place still bears. The ark, according to Arab story, rested on Mount Saunin, the loftiest of the neighbouring heights of the Lebanon; and the patriarch, after spending the remainder of his days in the valley beneath, finally reposed in the sepulchre alluded to.

Having proceeded thus far along the verge of the mountains, we descended to the plain, and, glad to be free from the rocky and precipitous paths along which we had scrambled from Beirout, we gave our spirited little horses the rein, and an almost unbroken gallop of some fifteen miles brought us to Baalbec.

The Valley of Lebanon, or the Plain of the Sun, as it has been anciently called, from the great temple that stood upon it, has always been famous for its fertility and agricultural capabilities. This was part of the country smitten, and the kings of which were slain by Joshua, nearly fifteen hundred years before our era; and seven centuries later, Amos uttered direful prophecies against it.* It is at present only partially cultivated. The system of manuring seems to be almost unknown in Syria; and the plan followed is to take a crop from the land, and then allow the soil to rest for one or more years. In summer this well-watered valley must be one ocean of lilies and other flowers, as their withered stalks covered it in December, and even then the bright hues of the anemone and the crocus painted its surface.

We 'steered' right across the plain, which was as trackless as the sea; and when we remonstrated with our guide for leading us over corn lands, the crop of which was trodden down by our cavalcade, he replied, 'This is the road,' and did not appear to catch the idea that he was damaging property. Indeed, the law of trespass is not so well understood in Syria as in Glen Tilt. You may ride with fifty horses at your back through standing corn or across a garden, and the owner will no more seek to hinder you, than he would a visitation of Providence.

The valley affords excellent shooting, and abounds in partridges, snipe, and a large species of plover, besides other varieties of birds; and the sportsman may occasionally bring down a vulture or monstrous hawk, if he thinks fit. The noblest game, however, which we saw there was the great bustard, one of which sat crouching among the withered grass till it was almost ridden over; but I was not so fortunate as to get a shot at any of these fine birds. In the midst of our gallop a fox started at our feet, and, by a common impulse, we immediately gave him chase. On such a plain an English hunter would have cantered up to him, but our little steeds, smart though they were, wanted bone to carry us at such a pace over the corn land, and so renard quickly left us behind.

The only objects that broke the uniform level of the plain were several large mounds, resembling gigantic tumuli, extending for a considerable distance in a chain along the eastern side of the valley; and I regretted we could not find time to visit them, nor obtain a satisfactory account of what they were.

A dark and indistinct pile of building now began to appear in the distance, standing out from the range of the Anti-Lebanon, and the eye could just distinguish the tall shafts of columns pointing up to the sky, and again we urged on our horses, for we knew that we looked upon Baalbec. We first reached an octagonal temple standing alone, and built evidently in a comparatively recent age, being composed of the remnants of mightier fanes. The red granite columns that support its roof are so ill proportioned, that there can be no doubt they are now only half their original length.

The ruins of Baalbec stand upon an acropolis of slight elevation, surrounded by a prodigious wall. On one side is a ruinous village; on the other, fresh green fields, well irrigated, and covered, when we saw them, with a capital crop of turnips, the whole being the experimental farm of an enterprising Scotchman.

Many great things fail, at first sight, to come up to the expectations we have formed of them. A man may gaze for the first time on the sea, from some spot

* Joshua xi. 17. Amos i. 5.

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where it appears but a gulf, and Mont Blanc, surrounded by the giants of the Alps, ceases, when first seen, to stand, as it had done in the imagination, like a mountain Saul amidst its Alpine peers. So is it with the mightiest works of men. The countryman measures London by the first street he drives through, and knows not of the teeming wilderness beyond it. Upon first seeing Baalbec, I dreaded that one of the dreams of my life was about to be dissolved by the chill touch of reality. On approaching the acropolis, the immense wall drowns the buildings above it, and the whole pile, standing in solitary grandeur, measures its dimensions with no other work of man —the mountains of Lebanon, the great plain, the majestic dome of heaven, these are the only objects with which the eye can compare them. It was then, with a sudden transition from disappointment to breathless wonder, that I found myself in the midst of these prodigious ruins. I felt that Lamartine had truly interpreted the feelings that a first view of these temples inspire, and that words cannot utter the thoughts they create in the breast. 'Le silence est le seul langage de l'homme, quand ce qu'il eprouve dépasse la mesure ordinaire de ses impressions.' The columns still erect seem to carry their entablature to the skies, whilst, when you measure your six feet against the diameter of the giants that lie prostrate on the earth, you find you can only reach the centre of the prodigious circle.

There is something in mere magnitude that overwhelms, as much as there is in elegance of proportion to delight, and, carried away by both, my first thought was to wish that I had lived in the distant age that saw those ruined fanes resplendent in their glory, and when men had the will and the power to rear such structures. For this I would have been content to lose the printing press, the steam-engine, gunpowder, and the electric telegraph!

Time, war, and barbarism, have wasted and wrecked the fairest temples of ancient Europe, and these have all tried their strength on Baalbec, but the ruin they have wrought is comparatively trifling. The cannon shot that tore down half the Parthenon, would have fallen upon the pillars of the Temple of the Sun as upon the solid rock; and it would seem that Baalbec might have defied all the ordinary causes of decay, had not God himself willed that no unholy shrine should thus permanently lift up its head to heaven, and that the impious works of man should not be as eternal as his own. 'He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills, and they smoke;' and Baalbec, shaken by an earthquake, crumbled in an instant of time.

A detailed description of the ruins of Baalbec would now be more than superfluous. We pitched our tents on a grassy spot in the midst of the ruins, and spent the rest of the day in wandering among them. Of the great temple, six stupendous columns alone remain. These still support their entablature, and must be nearly 80 feet in height, and 36 in circumference. The lesser and later temple is nearly entire. It is surrounded by Corinthian columns, some of which have been fluted (but only two of these remain), and the suffit is divided into pannels, in each of which is represented, in elaborate sculpture, the figures of gods and goddesses, or scenes from the Greek mythology. The lower blocks of the columns have been originally fixed to their pedestals by huge cramps of iron, and the metal having become a coveted object to the barbarians of after ages, they have quarried and mined into the centre of many of the pillars, hewing out huge cavities, which have been the ruin of some portions of the temples, and threaten the destruction of the whole, as one-half of the base has been cut from many of the columns. To fill up these excavations with strong cement, would doubtless tend to preserve the monuments, and if our excellent consul at Damascus were instructed to undertake the repairs, a nominal expense and the labour of a few hours might be the means of preserving one of the greatest marvels of antiquity for the admiration of future ages. I was enabled to reach the top of the lesser temple by clambering up a broken spiral stair, and having procured a Maronite youth as a guide, I descended into the vaults below it. Entering by a small orifice, we crawled down a sloping passage almost filled up with debris, and then traversed a number of chambers, the only communication between which was by small holes left in walls of about nine feet in thickness, through which we with difficulty forced ourselves.

My labour was only rewarded by seeing a succession of vaulted apartments, which had doubtless been originally the scenes of the most secret rites of the

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priesthood, but which, at a later period, have been used for the purposes of sepulture, as numerous bones and broken arms betokened; and where kings may once have reposed, I found the remains of a jackal, which had lately lain down to die there. As lighted by a feeble candle I wandered through these caves, far from day and light, I sometimes wished that I had held in my hand the thread of Ariadne, to insure my exit from the subterranean labyrinth.

Beyond the walls of the acropolis are several minor ruins, surrounded by the miserable hovels which compose the modern village. The chief of these is a curious octagonal temple, surrounded by Corinthian columns, the entablatures being segments of circles, with the convex sides turned outwards. There is also a large building, which I presume has been a bath. It is quadrangular, and paved all over. On one side of it, 36 columns still remain, supporting slender arches of pointed Gothic, whilst the remains of several pillars of porphyry lie scattered about.

Not the least extraordinary of the wonders of Baalbec is a block of stone which has been prepared for the building, but has never been removed to its destined place. Instead of hewing a pillar from a quarry, the Titanic workmen have cut away the rock, and left the stone. Polished smooth on three sides, the fourth is still attached to the solid rock, and it is interesting to observe the progress that the chisel has made in undermining this basis. The intention seems to have been, to have sawn the remaining portion asunder, when the weight must have been sustained by some machinery attached to the block.

But this quadrangular block is 69 feet in length, and is at one extremity 18, and at the other 13 feet in breadth, and the material being hard, the weight of the entire mass cannot be less than 1200 tons. In the wall of the acropolis are several stones of prodigious size, three of which, placed together in the middle of the building, are of dimensions very little, if at all, inferior to those of the one I have described, yet are these gigantic stones only in proportion to the colossal structures around them. Who, then, were they who thus hewed down mountains into blocks, or cut them into columns, and then hung them in the air? What manner of men were they who had this strength? whence came the power they wielded?

Amidst the ruins, we met the only European travellers we saw in Syria or Palestine. These were, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a Scottish gentleman who had just arrived from the cedars; and it was evident that in all our minds the question, Who built Baalbec? was one of the reflections that its remains suggested.

'They were grand fellows, after all, these Roman emperors,' said one of our fellow-travellers, whose classic taste led him to think only of the Italian conquerors of Syria.—'Romans!' exclaimed the clergyman, jealous of the heroes of sacred story. 'Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, and this house in the forest of Lebanon:* so say Scripture and tradition.'

The latter idea is evidently a vain imagining. Of the Corinthian column Solomon knew nothing, and the monarch whose vaunted temple of the Most High at Jerusalem, a comparatively small edifice, was built of materials so perishable, that a few centuries saw them disappear, was little likely to dedicate to a false god, in a remote desert, so stupendous a structure. The temple of Jerusalem taxed the power and the wealth of Solomon; the situation and the magnitude of the primitive buildings of Baalbec would have baffled his might. If the temples were, as John of Antioch asserts, and as is generally supposed, the work of Antonius Pius, the silence of the Roman writers on the subject is singular indeed; and whilst, as has been already stated, ample memorials remain to prove that it was he who hewed out an obscure road amid the rocks at Beirout, his greater achievement has scarcely been commemorated at all.†

Of three gigantic stones which surmount the magnificent portal of the lesser temple, the centre one has slipped downwards several feet, but, being in the form of a wedge, it has been caught by the other two, and now hangs suspended, like the sword of Damocles, above the heads of those who enter. Our ardent admirer of Rome pointed to the noble eagle, carved on this and the other stones,

* 2 Chron. viii. 4. 1 Kings vii. 2.

† A doubtful inscription at Baalbec, in which his name occurs, cannot be taken as proof that he was the actual builder of the temple.

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which, with extended wings, and grasping in its talons a caduceus (the Roman emblem of peace), seemed to leave no doubt as to the history of the place.

But the sculptured bird is not a Roman eagle—a tufted head and other peculiarities claiming for him an oriental, and not a western origin; whilst around the temple are to be seen, in mingled sculpture, scenes from the mythology of Greece, and such Egyptian emblems as the winged globe. If, too, the great temple was the work of Romans, in a remote province of the empire, how extraordinary that they never attempted the construction of such monuments at Rome!*

It was suggested by one of the party, that the architecture and the devices being Greek, the temples might owe their origin to Ionian or Hellenic Greeks. The buildings of Baalbec belong, in fact, to three widely separated eras. The latest of these is marked by the fantastic architecture of the Saracens, who have barbarously disfigured the Roman temple, by building a monstrous wall full in front of its beautiful portal. Roman energy, aided most probably by Grecian art, doubtless produced the columned temples that still adorn the place. These mark its middle era, and are also of a comparatively recent epoch; but the date and the history of the earliest buildings of Baalbec—the Cyclopean wall, and the prodigious stones—are lost in the darkness of a remote antiquity. Lamartine gravely states his opinion, that they owe their origin to antediluvian giants, some of whose colossal bones, he imagines, have been found in the Lebanon. Others have supposed that these Titanic works had been undertaken by the Zamzammims, the giant race which, we are told in Deuteronomy, God destroyed in the olden time. But surely it was the might of mind, the power of knowledge, not the mere strength of arm, the brute force of a giant, that wielded these enormous blocks; and less poetical, but more learned inquiries have attributed them to Cuthite tribes, who, under the titles of Belidie Cadmians and Phœnices, dwelt once in Syria, and were renowned for the magnitude of their works. Leaving, however, the poets and the antiquarians to puzzle themselves in vain, I am not disinclined to accept the Arab tradition, that Baalbec was founded by Gian-ben-Gian, the pre-Adamite sovereign of the world.*

It was the Lord's-day, and having seen the sun sink slowly over the ruins of what was once his mightiest fane, we gathered together on the spot where the unremaining gods of Heliopolis were wont to be adored, and there (the service being conducted by the clergyman we had met) we worshipped Him who is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

* The same mystery hangs over the temples of Palmyra, which, though much more numerous than those of Baalbec, are far inferior in size. The most magnificent work of a similar nature constructed by the Romans, so far as I am aware, was the temple of Jupiter at Athens, which, however, was only *finished* by Hadrian, through the instrumentality, no doubt, of Grecian workmen; and the shrine of Jove, mighty though it be, is as far inferior in size to the great temple of Baalbec, as it exceeds the Syrian structure in elegance and beauty.

* Among the cities which are enumerated by Greek and Oriental names in the geography and conquest of Syria, we may distinguish Emesa or Hems, Heliopolis or Baalbec—the former as the metropolis of the plain, the latter as the capital of the valley. Both were addicted to the worship of Baal, but the decline of their superstition and splendour has been marked by a singular variety of fortune. Not a vestige remains of the temple of Emesa, which was equalled in poetic style to the summits of Mount Libanus, while the ruins of Baalbec, invisible to the writers of antiquity, excite the curiosity and wonder of the European traveller.—*Gibbon*, v. 9., c. 51.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOUR.

There is a spirit, Brothers, all invoke
Who would find place in earth's ulterior story.
This spirit, Labour;—from its iron yoke
Great thoughts arise, and men leap up to glory.

All noble deeds that live when men are dead—
All glorious thoughts that have eternal sway—

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Were born of Labour of the heart and head:
This heritage of toil is ours to-day.

Spirit of Labour! strong and mighty thou!
Mighty in deed, and earnest in endeavour:
The crown of majesty is on thy brow;
The dew of youth upon thy lips for ever.

Brothers! there is a victory to win:
This earth is drawing to her final day;
And still her cities are the homes of sin;
Her moral darkness hath not pass'd away.

Why do we linger from the field of strife,
Cursed with this indolence and indecision?
Is there no God in heaven? no after-life?—
Or have our lives no end, no aim, no mission?

Is there no truth to toil for in the world?
Is there no promised day of greater good?
For which God's heroes in the flames were hurl'd,
And martyrs leap'd to heaven lapp'd in blood!

Shall we do nought, but let the talent rust,
That each of us within his heart possesses?
Shall we hide heavenly souls in earthly dust,
Or shun the toil for womanly caresses?

Brothers! we have a work; our hearts are young;
We watch the shadows on the walls of time;
We hear the thundering of the iron tongue;
This day's dark dawn shall grow to light sublime.

There is in earth a mighty despot—Sin—
Who drives his slaves like unresisting cattle;
Brothers! he shall not long the victory win,
If earnest hearts invoke the God of battle.

Far in the future, prophet-like, we gaze,
The history of empires vast to scan;
The morn may break in blood, but there are rays
Of sunlight on the destinies of man.

And shall we now, when earth is growing old,
Forget the shadows of the great departed?
Shall we sit down, and let our hearts grow cold
Beneath the eyes of saints and heroes martyr'd?

Brothers of noble heart! awake, arise!
Stand by the truth, for she at last must reign.
Heed not their taunts, who foolishly despise;
Though all combine, their power would be in vain.

Seek ye this spirit, Brothers, night and day.
We all must labour; toil will bring its blessing:
The earth will rest not till God take away
The burden that upon her heart is pressing.

Work on! and if ye weary, noble hearts;
If toil beat down the brave heroic breast,
Be this your cry: Who in the strife departs,
Shall ever in the heavenly mansions rest.

H. H. N.

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EDINBURGH HOSPITALS, AND THE HOSPITAL SYSTEM.

Among the various subjects which have engaged the attention of intelligent men during the last few years, none has excited greater differences of opinion than that of education. On every purely political question the majority of the public could probably be divided into two parties, by concessions of comparatively little importance. But the case is very different as regards education. Although there are few who will venture to deny that on that subject there is greater need for concession, with the view of securing the good of the rising generation, than on any other, and although all are agreed as to the necessity for extending it as one of the chief elements of civilisation, we still find that, as the public mind becomes more alive to the importance of it, opinions respecting the machinery by which it is to be extended become more varied and more conflicting. It cannot be doubted, however, that of late years great progress has been made in what may be called educational ideas—that is, in the estimate of the scope and bearing of the subject. Our forefathers had none of the difficulties which we find it so difficult to solve or to harmonise, simply because they had but an imperfect conception of the importance of education. Their ideas regarding it could scarcely be considered progressive, in the sense in which those of their descendants have been; and yet we are persuaded that, to what they did to bring educational advantages within the reach of the masses, we may in a great measure trace the anxiety that is now felt to extend these. A few months ago we gave a full account of Christ's Hospital; and in another paper endeavoured to show what was done by George Heriot, to give Scotland a status in regard to common education—how his benevolence has been the means of securing to the poorer classes of the community benefits which were never thought of before his time, and would probably never have been thought of for long after. We now propose to examine a little more closely the educational machinery which he may be said to have set in motion; and, while tracing the history of the various educational foundations which have been established in Edinburgh on a basis similar to that of his hospital, to inquire into the character and tendencies of the system of training which obtains in them. In doing this, we shall briefly refer to the circumstances in which these institutions were founded, giving the leading facts of their history, and then proceed to examine the economy of them, in the light of the days in which we live. We begin, then, with an hospital which is generally regarded as only second in importance to that of George Heriot.

George Watson, the founder of the hospital which bears his name, though a man of some note in his native city, was by no means such a person as a biographer could have much to say about. It would have been difficult for the author of 'The Fortunes of Nigel' to have made him so interesting, even with the license of a novelist, as he has made his countryman and predecessor in good works, George Heriot. No incident in his life was above commonplace, and but for the object to which he devoted his fortune, there is no reason to suppose that he would have been remembered any more than the masses of his now forgotten contemporaries. The son and the grandson of a merchant, when that profession embraced a greater variety of commercial transactions than it does now, his name and his benevolence have been appropriately connected with the mercantile interest. He does not seem to have inherited his sagacity and business tact from his father, for at the death of the latter the affairs of the family were found to be in such a disordered state, that George Watson and his brother John were cast upon the care of their aunt, the lady of James Davidson of Curriehill, whose brother long held the office of Scottish representative or consul in the United Provinces. This lady appears to have been a person of more than ordinary shrewdness, and to her George may be said to have been indebted for all his subsequent prosperity. His mother having married a second time when he was yet a mere boy, his education and 'up-bringing' devolved entirely upon his aunt, by whom he was apprenticed to a merchant in Edinburgh, and afterwards sent to Holland, with the view of acquiring the then rare accomplishment of book-keeping. After his return to Scotland, Watson, with the as-

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sistance of his kind-hearted relative, began business on his own account, and about the same time became accountant or cashier to Sir James Dick of Prestonfield, for some time Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of its most extensive merchants. In this situation he continued for many years, remaining unmarried, successfully transacting business as a bill broker, and gradually acquiring property. Subsequently he became accountant to the Bank of Scotland—its first accountant we believe—and at the same time held the offices of Receiver of the City Impost on Ale, and Treasurer to the Merchant Maiden Hospital, as well as for the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. In the two last-named institutions he took a deep interest, and it is probable that his connection with the first of them determined him in the disposal of his fortune. Though frugal, and what in Scottish language would be called 'gear-gathering,' Watson was a man of large charities. He calculated his profits even to a few pence; there is an entry in his day-book recording how he made a gain of fourpence on the sale of a pair of shoe-buckles; he was exact and regular in his business habits, as the methodical appearance of his business books show, but withal he was no miser. Though living frugally, he lived in the days of his prosperity as he had always done, preferring simplicity and quiet to ostentation, and devoting the most of his time to business. In short, George Watson seems to have been a type of the sagacious and successful Scottish merchant. At his death, his relatives all received handsome legacies, and the larger portion of his fortune, represented by a sum of £12,000, was devoted to the endowment of an hospital for the maintenance and instruction of the male children and grandchildren of decayed merchants in Edinburgh. Although Watson died in 1723, the hospital which now stands on a piece of ground at the north side of the Meadows, and immediately opposite Heriot's Hospital, was not opened until 1741. The fund had by that time accumulated to £20,000, and £5000 was laid out in the erection of the building, which is a plain and substantial one. The founder having been a regular attender at the Old Church in Edinburgh, it was expressly provided that the minister of that church, in all time coming, should be one of the governors; and, besides that individual, the board of management consists of five members of the Town Council, and the Master, Treasurer, and twelve assistants of the Merchant Company. The number of boys on the hospital roll at the end of last year was eighty-two, in addition to which, there were eleven others attending as day scholars; an act of Parliament having been recently obtained, for the purpose of extending the educational privileges of the institution to those who preferred having their children with them after school hours. The boys are admitted at seven years of age, or under ten, and remain until they have completed their fifteenth year, at which time, if they have proved apt in scholarship, and wish to enter the university, they receive £20 per annum for four years, and £17 for each of the two succeeding ones. In ordinary cases, each boy when he leaves is presented with £7, and receives £10 per annum during the five years of his apprenticeship. On attaining the age of 25, he receives £50 more, provided he has not entered the married state, and can provide a certificate of good behaviour. The boys while in the hospital are all clothed alike, in dark-green jackets and caps. They receive a liberal education, and are otherwise well attended to. George Watson's institution has been a prosperous one. At present the landed property belonging to it yields an annual rental of nearly £4000. Last year its gross revenue was about £7053, and the clear surplus over expenditure, £2213 : 15 : 10d. The property of the hospital consists chiefly of landed estates, together with money lent on bond, and invested in stock. The surplus is amply sufficient for the erection and maintenance of several out-door schools, on the plan of those connected with Heriot's foundation; but hitherto proposals to carry out this very desirable object have been strongly opposed.

The Merchant Maiden Hospital, or, as it was originally styled, The Maiden Hospital, has a close connection with the institution we have just noticed. Its affairs, like those of the other, are under the management of the Merchant Company, and through it the privileges which George Watson secured to the sons and grandsons of merchants or burgesses of Edinburgh, are held out to their daughters and grand-daughters. Although the Maiden Hospital was originally founded in 1695 by voluntary contribu-

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tions, chiefly from the merchants, it is doubtful whether it would ever have been established on so extensive or so secure a basis, had not a benevolent lady named Erskine or Hair, the widow of a druggist in Edinburgh, bestowed on it a large house and adjoining grounds, long used as the hospital, together with donations to a very considerable amount. We know little of this lady—nothing, in fact, save her good deeds, one of which we have just recorded; and another being the endowment, in connection with the freemen of the incorporated trades, of an institution designed for the daughters of craftsmen, known as the Trades' Maiden Hospital. Both of these foundations have been prosperous. A handsome building for the former was erected in 1818 at the north of the Meadows, the house bestowed by Mary Erskine having by that time been found too small. The Trades' Maiden Hospital is a plain old-fashioned edifice, situated almost at the back of the university, and, as is now arranged, it will shortly be removed, to make way for a Museum of Science and Art, to be erected in that locality. The number of girls usually maintained in the Merchant Maiden Hospital varies from ninety to one hundred, while little more than half that number are inmates of the kindred institution. Although the course of education and the general internal arrangements are very nearly the same in both, the larger endowments of the former give the inmates some advantages which the girls trained in the latter do not enjoy. Purchases of landed property in different parts of Scotland, chiefly in Aberdeenshire, and judicious management, have greatly augmented the resources of the Merchant Maiden Institution. Last year its gross revenue was upwards of £5110, more than £4576 of which was derived from the rental of its landed estates. In both of these establishments the education given is of a superior character; and on leaving, each of the girls receives a small sum of money.

The hospital at the Dean, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, known as John Watson's Hospital, can scarcely be said to have been founded by the individual whose name it bears. The fund out of which it was built and endowed had by judicious management increased far beyond the expectation which he had formed long before there was any thought of such an institution. John Watson, who in his profession of a writer to the signet had amassed a considerable fortune, bequeathed the residue of it to trustees, with the generally expressed provision that it be applied to 'such pious and charitable uses within the city of Edinburgh as they might think fit;' and the design of these trustees was to endow a foundling hospital, with the view of preventing child-murder. Their view of what was 'pious and charitable' was, however, deemed questionable by the parties to whom the management of the fund was afterwards assigned; viz., the keeper, deputy-keeper, and commissioners of Her Majesty's signet; and in 1822 an act of Parliament was obtained for changing the destination of it, and providing for the establishment of an hospital in which destitute children should be maintained, educated, and assisted on their entrance into life. It is not within our province to inquire whether this change was a wise one or not. The utility and moral bearing of a foundling hospital might be questioned; whether, after several educational hospitals had been founded in Edinburgh, an addition to them was the only way by which the testator's intentions could be carried out, was a less doubtful matter in 1822, perhaps, than it may be now. Be that as it may, an extensive building in the Greek style of architecture was erected, and children of both sexes admitted. The number of inmates is usually about a hundred. The boys are taught Latin, French, and drawing, besides the ordinary branches of instruction; and the girls receive an education correspondingly liberal. They are admitted from five years of age to eight, and leave the institution when they have attained their fourteenth year. John Watson's Hospital is a wealthy one, the funds having accumulated greatly, under a careful and economical system of management.

There are two educational foundations situated in the vicinity of Edinburgh, which, being limited in character, and differing in no very essential respect from those we have noticed, need only be mentioned. One of these, situated near Duddingston, was founded by Louis Gauvin, a French teacher, and subsequently a farmer, for the maintenance and education of the sons of poor teachers, farmers, master printers, booksellers, or

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respectable agricultural servants. The number of inmates is generally about twenty. The other institution, situated near Prestonpans, is known by the name of Schaw's Hospital, and is still more limited.

In matters of benevolence, as in most things else, men are greatly influenced by precedents—more so, perhaps, than by a judicious consideration of the circumstances which may render their good deeds effective or otherwise. It is as well that it should be so, and that the large-heartedness of one individual should tend to produce the same thing in others. In the founding and endowment of hospitals for the young, precedent has had a more than ordinary weight. The motives and feelings which prompted George Heriot to provide maintenance and education for poor boys, at a time when education was a privilege which few enjoyed, have influenced men of fortune up to a very recent date; and their intentions have been carried out as nearly as possible in consistency with the character of Heriot's Hospital. But the fortune of about £200,000 bequeathed by James Donaldson, a printer in Edinburgh, who died in 1830, may be said to have been expended in mere matters of appearance, and in a way which cannot fail to suggest the inutility of such bequests, at a time when the educational machinery of the country was so much extended, and when there were so many channels into which benevolence so munificent as this might have been diverted with far more good to the community. Out of the fund which Donaldson left, and which was amassed during a long, industrious, but penurious life, an edifice has been erected, on a piece of ground to the west of Edinburgh, which rivals in external magnificence the palaces of royalty. As an architectural feature of the Modern Athens, and as evincing the genius of the architect Mr Playfair, it is, beyond all doubt, worthy of the admiration which it elicits, but the taste which enables us to judge of a work of art, is a very different thing from the considerations which lead us to decide upon the fitness of that work to the end designed. The parties eligible for admission to the privileges of Donaldson's bequest are poor children of the name of Donaldson or Marshall (the name of the founder's mother), or such poor children as shall appear to be in the most destitute circumstances. For such persons, a plain and substantial building would, of course, have been what prudence would have recommended. A large portion of the money which has been expended in the erection of an edifice altogether unfitted for children, in the circumstances of those whom Donaldson intended should be the objects of his benevolence, might thus have been saved, and its usefulness greatly extended. As it is, this palace for the destitute is much too large; the funds being inadequate to maintain the number of children for whom accommodation was provided.

Nor is Donaldson's Hospital the only one illustrating the indiscreetness which characterises the disposal of bequests for such purposes. Out of the funds left by Mr Daniel Stewart of the Exchequer, in 1814, another palatial pile has been reared to the west of Edinburgh, on part of the estate of Dean, and is now in course of being fitted up for the reception of poor boys of the founder's name, or the name of Macfarlane, or any other poor boys who may be regarded as proper objects of charity. The money sunk in these two last-mentioned institutions must be considered as in a great measure lost, so far as the ends of real benevolence are concerned. The number of similar ones previously existing would, we are persuaded, have been found amply sufficient for the wants of the community, had their bases been properly extended, so as really to embrace those to whom the spirit, if not the letter, of the intentions expressed by the respective founders directly points. There is a fund left by Sir William Fettes, Bart., a respectable citizen of Edinburgh, who died in 1836, for purposes akin to those for which these hospitals have been built. It is still, however, in the hands of trustees, and we trust that such discrimination will be shown in the administration of it, as will lead to its application in some way better fitted to promote the well-being of society, than by the addition of another to the already numerous charitable institutions for the young. At some future time, we may have an opportunity of inquiring whether the aged and infirm are not more worthy of being considered the objects of a stranger's benevolence, than those for whose education, at least, the government of the country ought, on proper principles, to become responsible, and for whom there already exist so many educational privileges.

The institutions we have already no-

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ticed, though chiefly designed by their founders for the benefit of orphans, or the children of persons understood to be unable to maintain and educate their families, are to be considered as only in a very limited sense affording a refuge to orphans. The privilege of admission to them is moreover limited by certain other and special conditions. It was not until about three years after George Watson's death—viz., in 1727—that the first attempt was made to found an orphan hospital on a broad national basis; and the honour of this attempt is due to the memory of one whose name is seldom heard, but by whose unostentatious benevolence many poor children have been reared in circumstances very different from those which might be regarded as incident to their friendless position. Mr Andrew Gardner, who long held an office in connection with Trinity Hospital, was to all intents and purposes the founder of the institution now known by the distinctive name of the Orphan Hospital. This large-hearted man appears, from all we know about him, to have been an active, public-spirited merchant, who, while engaged in furthering the interests of the asylum for the aged and infirm, originated by Mary of Gueldres, and 'hearing oftentimes the still sad music of humanity,' conceived the possibility of awakening public sympathy on behalf of the fatherless and motherless. By strenuous exertions, he was enabled to raise a small fund, with which he hired a house in one of the closes of Edinburgh, into which thirty orphans were admitted. It would seem that Mr Gardner contemplated giving to the institution a character analogous, in some degree, to that of the Industrial Schools which in our own day have met with such deserved success, for he made an attempt to combine, with the ordinary branches of education, instruction in weaving, the promotion of Scottish manufactures being at that time an object of general interest. This part of his scheme did not, however, altogether answer the expectations formed of it, probably owing to the narrow limits within which the operations were carried on. The institution itself flourished, notwithstanding, and the funds had accumulated to an extent which enabled the patrons to erect a building a little to the west of the site then occupied by Trinity College Church. In 1739, or about three years after this object was attained, the funds had been so augmented by subscriptions, donations, and church-door collections—a donation from Colonel Gardiner, and extraordinary collections made after sermons preached by George Whitfield, among others—that seventy-four orphan children were admitted into the house. The edifice was long in being completed, and shortly before its completion, a charter of incorporation was obtained from George II. In course of time, the extension of the city to the north shut in the hospital building, and the site being low, it was considered somewhat unhealthy. Removal was therefore considered necessary, and, accordingly, the handsome new building now situated at the west of the Water of Leith village, on the estate of Dean, was erected, at the expense of about £16,000. So large an expenditure for such a purpose must be regarded as reprehensibly extravagant, and the effect of it has materially restricted the usefulness of the institution. Accommodation was provided for about two hundred children, and it is with some difficulty that the half of that number are maintained. For a strictly charitable purpose, an outlay of £16,000 on the mere building and its surrounding grounds was altogether inexpedient, tending, we have no doubt, to affect its character with the public. Its object, however, is one which must commend itself to every benevolent man, and the institution is deserving of far more support than we believe it obtains. The children, admitted at ages varying from seven to ten, are instructed in useful branches of education, and efforts are made to give them a fair outset in life. Applications for admission are received from all parts of the country, and thus thoroughly national in its character, the Orphan Hospital ought to obtain something like national support. The children who are benefited by it are, of all others, those for whom the hospital system of training is best adapted, and who have the strongest claim on our benevolence. Much good has been effected by it since its foundation, and with increased support it might be the means of accomplishing a great deal more.

Having thus briefly traced the history, or noticed the character, of the institutions in and around Edinburgh, which have been specially designed for the education and maintenance of the young, we proceed to inquire into the nature of the principle on which they have been founded. Of late years the opinion has been gaining ground

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that the hospital system is not free from objections. As the ideas of mankind on the subject of education and the training of the young have begun to expand, the conviction that a system which interposes between the parent and the child, relieving the former to some extent of his responsibilities, without affording corresponding advantages to the latter, is not the one best adapted for the formation of a high moral character. Before proceeding to examine the grounds upon which that objection is based, and before offering any decided opinion upon it, we must be permitted to say that these institutions have been the means of conferring benefits on the community which could scarcely have been otherwise obtained. It is undeniable, that at the time some of them were founded the educational machinery of the country was very defective. Few opportunities were presented by which the children of the middle classes of society could obtain such educational advantages as the hospitals have afforded. Nor do they fail to commend themselves to every philanthropist as asylums in which the children have been in a great measure saved from the effects of the misfortunes which might befall, or the indiscretions which might ruin, the parents. It is difficult to conceive of a more deplorable case than that of a father, whose prosperity in business at one period of his life led him not only to cherish the hope that his sons and daughters would be placed in affluent circumstances, but to give them expectations accordingly, being broken down by adversity at the very time he expected that his hopes would be realised. His children have yet to be educated, and though destined to make their way in the world by their own exertions, he is deprived of the means of enabling them to do so. They may therefore be compelled to begin their career with fewer advantages than he himself enjoyed, for at the very time when they most need help he is least able to afford it. In better days, however, he has connected himself with one or other of the corporations under the auspices of which hospitals are placed, and he is thus enabled to reap in their admission to these the advantages of his prosperity. He obtains these advantages too, by right, not through charity, and is thus relieved of a heavy portion of his burden of misfortune. If we conceive the children to have been left orphans, and unprovided for, the case is still stronger; in the right of their father, they are saved at least from the cold charity of the world, and fitted for their duties in life.

It is impossible, we think, to deny that the founders of hospitals were influenced by motives of the purest philanthropy. All of them, as we have seen, were persons who made their fortunes through industry and perseverance. If mere renown had been their object, it might have been far more cheaply purchased than by the disposal of their property for the good of strangers; and had they been actuated by motives of self-interest, these could have been much more easily gratified than by making provision for coming generations. Their intentions were pure and disinterested, founded on the dictates of an enlightened humanity; and, all circumstances considered, well adapted to the wants of their age. Let us revere their memories, and honour their names, as those of great benefactors ought to be revered and honoured.

But, while we are of opinion that these benevolent persons devised and carried out plans for the maintenance and education of the young, which were well adapted to the ends they had in view, and which, in some of their features, are still commendable, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, since their day many things have occurred to change the condition and the ideas of society as regards the training of the youthful mind. The hospital system, with which education has been so long associated, must be regarded as having been to some extent an off-shoot of the monastic system. When George Heriot founded his noble institution, monasticism was not a remote or unknown thing. It had come to be associated with educational ideas, and as yet the Reformation had not produced the means of culture which it was destined to afford. Prior to it, men had retired from the busy scenes of life to cultivate their minds, and in monasteries, the young who had experienced the advantages of superior education had for the most part been trained. It is not difficult, then, to conceive that Heriot, in devising his philanthropic scheme, had a distinct recollection of the isolation, so to speak, in which the mind received its early development. True, his main object was to found an institution for the maintenance of those who were to a great

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extent friendless and homeless—who as orphans were separated from the amenities of family life, and must needs have gone to swell the tide of pauperism and vagrancy which had spread over the country in his day. Viewed in this light, it is difficult to suppose of any other plan which he could have adopted, than that which he formed. Looked at as an educational plan, however, it bears upon it the marks of its origin in the monastic system. Heriot, of course, led the way for all who afterwards devoted their fortunes to similar purposes; for, however the rules of other hospitals may differ in some particulars from those which were devised for his, they have all been based on the same plan. It may be fairly a matter of question, then, how far that plan commends itself to us now, or accords with our ideas of social life, and the principles on which it is founded. It will appear obvious, we think, to any one who has perused the foregoing pages, that the hospital system has few, if any, points of similarity with the family system. The institution of the family is one of those primary natural ordinances of God's wisdom which man has never been able to dispense with, and which not one of the wild attempts of insane dreamers to interfere with the economy of human life has ever been able to affect. Deeply founded in man's nature, and bound up with it in unnumbered ways, it has been kept sacred by the most savage as well as by the most civilised. Politically divided as communities may have been, the family circle has ever been a distinct and complete community. From the beginning of the world men have lived in families, and not in flocks. It is, moreover, to be remembered, that on the institution of the family depend some of the most weighty, and at the same time most pleasing, of man's responsibilities. The duties of the parental relation are among the most sacred and important of human obligations, and the objection to the hospital system which meets us at the very outset is, that it tends to under-estimate the importance of these duties, and in a great measure to ignore parental responsibility. Were we at present considering these benevolent institutions as asylums for the orphaned and the destitute only, or even for the children of the poor, the objection to which we have just referred would of course be much weakened, but it is notorious, that, whatever may have been the intentions of their founders, most of the hospitals are not only not kept up for the destitute portion of the community, but are seldom open to the children of the poor. It is necessary that a formal declaration as to the inability of parents to maintain and educate their children should be made before they can procure their admission into such institutions, but in many cases that declaration goes for nothing, or must be taken in a very wide signification. We could confidently appeal to the governors as to the character of the applications received, and the circumstances of the applicants, assured that, if a strict investigation were made, nine out of every ten persons who apply to have their children maintained and educated at the expense of these foundations, might with very little difficulty—with no difficulty at all perhaps—maintain and educate them at home. It is very questionable whether even great worldly difficulties should be regarded as furnishing a sufficient ground for releasing the parent from his duties to his children. The very fact of his being a father infers the existence of obligations, as well as their binding nature, and to devolve these upon another, unless under circumstances of a very special character, is in some degree to interfere with the principles of the divine economy. The mode in which children are at present admitted into the greater number of the hospitals tends, we think, to encourage in the parents a cupidity and a disregard of their duties, which are far from being calculated to promote the well-being of those in whose behalf these duties ought to be discharged. Were the circumstances of the applicants more narrowly investigated, we have no doubt whatever but that the intentions of such men as Heriot and Watson would be much more fully carried out, and the necessities of the poor more amply cared for. We do not see why the institutions which these men founded should not be expressly set apart for the fatherless, or for those whose position as the children of unfortunate or misguided persons places them as it were beyond the amenities of family life, and beyond the reach of paternal authority and good example.

Taking the hospital system, then, as it at present obtains among us, it must be admitted that it is open to grave objec-

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tions on the grounds we have just stated. Let us look, however, a little more narrowly at the effect of it upon the children. Taking the case of an institution maintaining a hundred boys, we find, that, while each individual of that number is separated from the family circle, he receives no compensating moral advantages. He obtains, it may be, a better education than his brothers and sisters—if, indeed, they do not in that respect reap the advantage of his education and maintenance being gratuitous—but in being separated from his own family circle, he is not received into another one. No attempt has been made to conduct hospitals on anything like the principles which regulate domestic economy. No such attempt could be made, we believe, with any prospect of success. However well they are managed in accordance with the system on which they are based—and they are all well managed—the number of inmates, and the nature of the regulations necessary or unnecessary, may be said to preclude the possibility of the house-governor standing in the relation of a father to the boys committed to his charge. His duties must be discharged in a pedagogic, we might almost say in a perfunctory manner, for he is at once a teacher, and a ruler on arbitrary principles. He can have but little fellowship with the boys, and little knowledge of their dispositions and tastes, beyond what he obtains in the school-room. Again, though associated with others in a community, these boys can scarcely be said to have any community of object. In the family circle the good of all is the good of each individual; while in the hospital the boy is thrown as it were upon his own resources for his enjoyments and his interests. The selfish principle is thus developed at an age when commonly it has least effect, or at least when it ought to have least effect, upon the character—when, in fact, the generous impulses and disinterestedness of his nature are least checked by the considerations which must necessarily regulate his conduct in after life. It cannot be denied, however, that the very circumstances which thus tend to encourage a selfish spirit, must also have the effect of promoting self-reliance, which may be of incalculable benefit to the subject of it when he sets out into the world. But if the boy receives no compensation, in a moral point of view, from the hospital system, for the advantages which he relinquishes in leaving his family, we are not sure that his training in other respects is altogether fitted for his destined position in society. In the educational seminaries of England, where the system on which we are now remarking to a certain extent prevails, the boys are all more or less above the necessity of adopting a profession or business for which they are not fitted. In the case of hospital boys, it is different. They receive a liberal education, and that, it is true, can never be without its value in any situation in life; but they must afterwards turn to any occupation which may present itself. They are sent to a trade or a profession, with little or no knowledge of the world, and will require all the self-reliance they have attained to make up for even the partial knowledge of life which is ever and anon coming in upon the domestic circle. In the case of girls, the hospital training operates still more injuriously. Their education, though it embraces, in the case of the Trades' Maiden Hospital at least, a certain amount of instruction in household duties, does not make that instruction so important a consideration as it ought to be. The girls, in their turn, obtain an insight into the domestic economy of the institution, so far as cooking and cleaning are concerned, but the other parts of their education assume, of course, by far the greatest degree of importance. What industrial training they do obtain must necessarily be restricted by the character and arrangements of the institution. They are thus well fitted to be teachers and governesses; but all of them cannot expect to obtain such situations; and, unless bachelorhood assumes an unprecedented and ridiculous prominence in society, most of them may reasonably look forward to the time when they will be called upon to manage households of their own. In these circumstances, accomplishments, or the higher branches of education, are chiefly valuable in an indirect way; viz., through their influence on the taste and general deportment. To females in the middle ranks of life, principles of frugality, and a thorough knowledge of domestic economy, are of primary importance. Now, the girls trained in hospitals are kept in them during the very years in which they are most likely to acquire these principles and that knowledge. They are scarcely done with dolls and skipping-ropes when they enter, and when they leave, they are on the

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verge of womanhood, and may be expected to enter at once upon household duties in one way or another. It may be doubted whether too much prominence is not given to the merely ornamental parts of female education in society at large—especially among the middle classes. Possibly girls brought up in hospitals may be quite as active and as economical in housewifery as the majority of those who are trained at home; but, as it cannot be doubted that the latter enjoy the advantage of more varied circumstances, we are entitled to expect that some special provision should be made for the industrial and economical training of the former. Either as wives or housekeepers, they will be called upon to adapt their ideas of household management to their position in society, and to do things which, in the family, they might have seen often done, but which were not required, and therefore never thought of in the hospital. There is little time to acquire the habit of doing these when they are expected to do them, and when the change from the position they have occupied for years, to one in many respects different, comes upon them, bringing new interests, awakening the sense of responsibilities never felt before, and creating altogether a new set of wants and demands. It would be highly beneficial, we conceive, could this change be rendered less sudden and abrupt, not by altering the ordinary regulations on which such institutions as the Merchant Maiden, the Trades' Maiden, and John Watson's Hospitals are conducted, but by allowing the inmates to terminate their direct connection with them at an earlier period. Each girl on leaving receives a small sum of money; let this sum be augmented, and the girl receiving it be sent home to her parents at an earlier age; viz., when she has acquired a knowledge of the ordinary branches of education. In this way, supposing the parents to be persons of proper habits—and this we may reasonably do—she would be enabled to enjoy the advantages of home training in those things which can only be learned at home, without losing the benefits to which she is entitled in a pecuniary point of view. In the case of orphans, or those the circumstances of whose parents do not admit of this plan being carried out, something like a system of boarding out might be adopted under proper regulations. The connection with the institution in which the girl has passed a few years of her life might still be kept up indirectly, in perfect consistency with a plan of this kind, and we are persuaded that many advantages would flow from it. It would go far to obviate an objection which is frequently urged against hospital training, on the ground of its giving the young ideas which do not suit their circumstances when they enter upon the duties of life, or which are too high for the position of their parents. And when we consider how much of a woman's life, and how much of the happiness and comfort of a household, are made up of interests and incidents which seem small to the other sex, but are really important in their issues, it is of the utmost importance that every effort should be made to fit her for the sphere in which her influence is always paramount—the little realm of domesticity over which she presides.

But, while the influence of the hospital system affects the relations which ought to exist between the parent and the child, interfering with the obligations of the one, and in some degree contracting the sphere of moral improvement in the case of the other, it extends still farther. One feature of it which indicates as clearly as any other its monastic character, is the compulsory celibacy of the chief officials. It is specially ordained in the statutes of almost every hospital, that the house-governor, the matron, and the resident teachers be unmarried persons. Of late years this old-world, and, as we shall attempt to show, pernicious restriction has been abolished in the case of Heriot's Hospital—marriage being no disqualification for the office of house-governor in that institution; and that important functionary being allowed an establishment within the building. This change has, we believe, been of great benefit to the hospital, and, along with several other reforms in keeping with the intelligence of the age, has largely conduced to the extension of its usefulness. It is difficult to conceive what motive the framers of the statutes for the hospitals in which this restriction obtains, could have in imposing it upon the officials to whom they committed the care of young persons deprived for a time of parental superintendence. Was it done under the conviction that an individual whose duty it was to act as the head of a large family ought not to be affected by domestic cares, or was it from a fear that these cares might interfere with the discharge of that duty? The

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very reverse has been demonstrated in the case of Heriot's Hospital. We can understand the motive for providing that the house-governor be a member of the Established Church, although even that may be, and has been, deemed an unwise restriction; but we confess that we have great difficulty in perceiving any good that can result from making celibacy an absolute requirement. A very little consideration will lead any one to the conclusion that it imposes a restriction not only harsh and unnatural, but calculated to affect the usefulness of the person who is the subject of it. It may be, and we believe it has been, urged that the restriction only falls upon the person in office when he is disposed to depart from the conditions under which he accepted that office, those conditions being fully known to every applicant. We grant this at once, but the *cui bono* as to the restriction still remains. Admitting that the situation of house-governor is usually held by a man of scholastic habits, and of tastes which render such a restriction on his freedom of action a matter of little consequence, ought the selection of persons for such a position to be confined to scholars? It is a position for the proper occupancy of which the generous feelings and domestic affections are largely needed, and the flow of these, it is easy to see, must be greatly impeded by the celibate system being compulsory. The feeling, and the knowledge that it is compulsory, may awaken in even the least susceptible person an involuntary tugging at the chain which binds him, far from being consistent with the equanimity of temper necessary for the right discharge of his duties. Surely it will not be denied that the relation which is understood to open up a new and a more genial set of feelings in a man's bosom, would in most cases greatly improve the condition of those who are under that man's care, by giving new links to bind them together. This cannot occur with unmarried persons on the average. The office of house-governor in an hospital, then, will either be filled by a person who makes it a mere matter of temporary concern—a thing to get out of as soon as possible, or by one whose habits and feelings are not those best fitted for the right discharge of its duties. With the former, there can be little of that interest which a permanency of connection generally awakens; for the latter, there is little but the unvarying round of daily tasks—the dull routine of duty, relieved by almost none of life's amenities. There is nothing, so far as we are aware, to prevent the abolition of the celibate system in all the hospitals we have noticed. In the case of each, the functions of the house-governor are almost exactly similar to those of the person who holds that office in Heriot's Hospital, and the plan which has proved so beneficial in its operation there, could scarcely be injurious in the others.

Such, then, are a few of the objectionable features in the system upon which our educational hospitals are based and conducted. All of them would be greatly modified, were the intentions of the respective founders strictly adhered to, in so far, at least, as these had to do with the training of the poor and the destitute. Kept exclusively for those who have been left friendless or homeless in the world, or who, from special circumstances, are placed in a position somewhat similar to destitute orphans, the funds bequeathed by the benevolent might go much farther in extending the blessings of education. We have seen what an incalculable amount of good has been effected by the extension of Heriot's foundation, the benefits flowing from the establishment of its out-door schools having at least equalled already, if they have not greatly surpassed, those which have been reaped in the hospital. It would be impossible, of course, to carry out a similar plan in connection with all the other institutions we have alluded to; nor would that be necessary. Nevertheless, they might all be so opened up, as to give the community at large a participation in the privileges connected with them, still retaining the present system for those whom Providence has deprived of parental care. Nor might day-schools of the ordinary kind be the only new feature; certain classes who cannot attend such schools might share in the benefits. In the case of Donaldson's Hospital, for example, provision is made for the maintenance and training of a number of deaf and dumb children; might not a day-school for such children be opened at very little additional expense? Similar changes dictated by a spirit of enlightened benevolence might, in course of time, be effected in connection with almost all the hospitals, by a liberalising of their bases in the matter of education, and a restriction in that of maintenance, to those who are beyond the reach

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of family influences. Although there is little probability that any such comprehensive changes as these will be immediately brought about, or effected at all, without awakening serious opposition, the improvements which have already been carried out, particularly in the case of Heriot's foundation, and the progress of public opinion in favour of the hospital system being modified in consistency with the intelligence of the age, lead us to believe that the memories of our benevolent countrymen will, in time, be magnified in the diffusion of greater benefits than any that have yet been derived from the institutions they founded.

MEMORANDA BY A MARINE OFFICER:

OR, GLASSES FROM LIFE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

SUPERVISED BY ABEL LOG.

NOTICE.

A WORD in the reader's ear—or rather to the spectators of this phantasmagorial show—while Job Flowers, the old marine, whom I hope to have the pleasure of introducing to you by and by, is trimming the lamp, and pouring in oil.

You will perhaps remember the conditions on which I undertook the editorship of these Memoranda. Lieutenant Drummore (who, with all due deference to that veteran's amiable qualities and respectable standing in the service, is apt to be a little impetuous and crusty at times) was to write, and I to supervise. That arrangement held good, I think, through some half-dozen perfectly illegible pages, then by a master-stroke of marine ingenuity he suddenly reversed the poles of our compact: he compelled me to become the scribe, and became himself the supervisor. The fact is, he soon got tired of jotting down his naval reminiscences in the way he first proposed doing, and presently found himself so entangled in the mazes of authorship, that down went the pen, crash came his fist upon the table (he explodes like a cracker upon the slightest provocation), tingle—tingle—tingle, went the bell, and in ran Job to know what was the matter.

'Flowers,' stormed his master, 'make these old letters, newspapers, and other documents up into a parcel, and start the first thing in the morning for Ivynook; and tell Mr Log that he must carry on this affair himself, for I am sick of it, and will muddle my brains no longer. Tell him that he will find everything here in the rough—the heads, I mean, with the dates, and so on—and it only wants putting into language' (only!), 'and if he requires more information on any point, he must come over to me, that is all. You understand, do you? Very good; don't forget. Shut the door.'

Accordingly, one morning just as I was watching the sparrows pick the crumbs from the sun-dial on the lawn, in came this alarming packet, and there sat Job Flowers, eyeing me over the top of his walking-staff, as I turned out the contents, and shrugged my shoulders.

'It's all nonsense; I can never read this handwriting, Job,' said I.

'No, sir,' said Job.

'I can scarcely decipher a word.'

'I daresay not, sir,' said Job.

'These are perfect hieroglyphics to me; your master ought to study pot-hooks and hangers again!'

'It would be all the better, I daresay, sir,' assented Job.

'And even if I could read the writing, how am I to arrange the different cruises?'

'To be sure, sir,' said Job.

'And who is to know when one thing occurred, and when the other?'

'Very true, sir,' said Job.

'And what an old goose you are to bring them over to me—are you not, think you?'

'Was only obeying orders, sir,' submitted Job.

'Then you may obey mine, and take them back again,' said I, upsetting the papers, and giving them a kick; but the old marine positively refused to do anything of the kind, as he had not received instructions; and while he sat regaling himself among the servants (who thought him a prodigious hero), and giving them the 'round unvarnished tale' of his

> 'Moving accidents by flood and field,
> And hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,'

there sat I, regarding this impertinent

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packet, and abusing the lieutenant in good round terms for his unparalleled treachery. At this stage of my dilemma I received a sudden intimation from my friend the printer that he was waiting for 'copy,' and must have it immediately; so, in consideration of my having been the first to lead Mr Drummore into the scrape, without more ado I plunged at once among the papers sent me, and have been endeavouring to reduce them to some sort of order ever since.

I should have told you, by the by, that Mr Drummore included among his other kind and considerate arrangements, a hint that, if I found myself in any difficulty as I proceeded with my work, I was to let him know, and he would send back Job, who was acquainted with most of his movements by land and sea, and would prove a valuable reference; so I caught at once at the proposal, and I have the old fellow here sometimes for a week together just before the manuscript is despatched to press.

The whole tenor and purport of this long explanation, therefore, is this:—I wish to show you that I have a very difficult task before me, and to beg that, as these Memoranda will, I fear, be full of blunders and inaccuracies of all kinds, owing to my comparative ignorance of naval matters, you will have the goodness to regard them and myself with that same indulgent eye that has already been bent more than once in kind tolerance on some of my earlier literary indiscretions.

GLASS XXVIII.

I JOIN MY SHIP.

I had parted with Doctor and Mrs Bage, Sophy, Andrew, and Mr Shovel, and was hurrying to the coach-office, when a man suddenly ran against me, and we both fell full-length on the pavement. He was upon his legs again first, and kindly helped me to rise. I thanked him; and a minute afterwards discovered that my purse and all my money were gone! but fortunately I had not drawn more than a couple of guineas, so that my loss was not very great. It crippled my movements a little, however, as I had not time to go back to the doctor's and get a fresh supply.

Poor Tom Dadley! he appeared quite pleased when the coachman roared intelligence from the box that the coach was full, and he wouldn't take another passenger if it were to save his life. 'But I must go,' said I; 'I have to meet an old gentleman at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, to-morrow evening without fail; you must take me!' The coachman, however, declared, with some select language, that he couldn't and wouldn't, and got so violent and red in the face over it, that I turned to the guard, and endeavoured to find a soft place in his feelings. 'You are a good-looking young fellow,' said the guard, 'and, upon my word as a gentleman and a man of honour, I feel very sorry that I can't oblige you. Take a po-chay, that's what I should do'—and the coach was beginning to rattle off. My glance fell upon a huge basket which swung upon the hind axle. I sprang into it, and told the guard if he held his tongue, I would do him a kind turn some day. He made some show of resistance, and was just going to order me out, but laughed, Tom Dadley pressed my hand once more, promised to send my traps by the next conveyance, and off we jolted.

'How do you ride, sir,' inquired the guard, looking facetiously down upon me, and laughing again; 'it's a snug berth, isn't it?' Then he threw me a heavy spare coat of his, which I placed under me, and really felt no wish to change my quarters.

By and by, I saw that we were about to stop and change horses, and now, thought I, that ox of a coachman will be sure to dismount, and, seeing what has taken place, endeavour to unkennel me; so I had better prepare for action. I had, luckily, put my pistols into my pocket before I started, thinking such things might prove useful; and Captain Adair had hinted to me that travellers ought never to be without them. I felt in a tolerably fair state of defence, therefore, and was determined not to disgrace myself by a base capitulation. Presently, down jumped the coachman, and he had no sooner walked round to see how things went in rear, than his eye roved to me in the basket. He fell into a great rage, abused the guard, and bade me get out. I told him that he was a brute, and I wouldn't. He said he would soon see about that, and jumping on the off fore-wheel, got his whip from the coach-roof. Just then one of the passengers, attracted by this polite dialogue, peeped into the basket. It happened to be Sir Heron Hilltop's handsome footman. John and I were old acquaintances. He touched his hat, and said he thought he knew the voice, but could scarcely believe it was

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me; and if I pleased, I should have his place in front. I thanked him, however, and declined. 'Now, my young joker, do you mean to come out or not?' said the coachman re-appearing, and disengaging his long lash with a few circular sweeps of the whip-stock. In an instant I placed the muzzles of the two pistols over the top of the basket, and told him that if so much as the tip of his whipcord touched me, he would find himself ingloriously biting the dust. 'Ay, and you may depend upon it he will keep his word,' said John, 'for he shot a schoolmaster and a couple of ushers the other day for nearly the same thing.' There was a little exaggeration here, but I suppose the handsome footman had not received a very correct statement of particulars from Nathan, or probably that notoriously expert drawer of the long-bow, Hans Stumakfedder, Captain Adair's German cook. However, be that as it might, the coachman quickly drew back, considering it more prudent to effect his object by strategy. Thrusting his arm between the spokes of the hind wheel, he tried to get hold of me in that way, but the muzzles of the two pistols still covering him, he withdrew again angrily, and ordered the guard to cut the rope that held the basket to the axle. The guard only laughed, and told him to cut it himself, and then the passengers grew so amused, that they bade him leave the lad alone, and drive on. So I was allowed to retain my place, and continued to do so till we had changed horses three or four times, and one of the front passengers got down; upon which I scrambled to the seat next the coachman, who fell into another passion, and talked of throwing me over the hedge, but the angrier he got, the more I laughed, and the more everybody else laughed, till at length I worked him round into a good humour, and then (borrowing money from John) treated him to schnapps at a wayside inn (the guard too); and it all ended in my getting the whip and reins into my own hands, and driving the last fifteen or twenty miles of the journey.

Sir Heron Hilltop's handsome footman sat close behind me, and related all the latest news from Hazelcopse. Everything was much as I left it; but he told me that Mr Skelton had made Aunt Penelope an offer, which was still pending, as she had received another from Mr Civett, and felt in some difficulty which gentleman to choose. John said, however, that he thought it would turn in favour of Mr Civett, as he was in the better position of the two, though his yellow hair and whiskers went rather against him. My father, mother, Wilhelmine, Constance, and Vanderdecken, were well, and John hinted that he should not forget to acquaint them with the adventure of the basket.

We had many pleasant people with us in this trip to town, and among the rest, inside passengers, were two young gentlemen, officers I believe, though in undress —who amused themselves by putting on nightcaps and making faces at the people in the villages through which we passed. This facetious pastime appeared to afford the two travellers a great deal of merriment, but it bade fair to get them into some trouble, as once, just as they were grimacing an elderly gentleman, and making the tassel of the nightcap bob about in a droll manner, the coach happened to stop, and the party grimaced walking to the door, inquired if they were indulging in that folly at his expense, as, if so, he had a cane, and did they not mend their manners he would use it; and at the same time I heard a great deal of coughing and smothered laughter from the interior of the conveyance.

I must allude, also, to a somewhat novel and curious propensity of the coachman's. Three times, at different stages of the journey, as we were leaving a village, I saw him make a cast with his whip, just as an expert fly-fisherman would in a river's nook, and twisting his cord round the throat of a plump fowl, drag it up, wring its neck, and drop it cosily into the boot. He had a little bit of lead on the end of the lash, and he never missed his aim. 'Dear me,' thought I, 'what an impudent wholesale pilferer this is;' and I asked if that was not something very like thieving. He only laughed, and replied that we were all thieves, from King George upon his throne, down to the beggar that tumbled in the dust for halfpence. I thought the sentiment a rather queer one, and made a memorandum of it upon the back of an old letter, which, strange to say, turned up a few minutes since.

All this was in the brave days of the old stage-coaches, when steam had only been dreamed of, and railways were a thing unknown.

. . . . .

I found my grandfather at the Saracen's Head, and flew into his arms. The old man was sitting in the traveller's room,

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conversing with a group of commercial gentlemen, who seemed amused to witness the affectionate greetings that passed between us; and when my grandfather rose to go, several of them shook hands with him, saying, they hoped they might some day meet again. The squire marched me off to a military and naval outfitter's in the city (a celebrated place), and my measure having been taken, inquired, with a glance at his watch, whether everything would be ready and at the Saracen's Head in six hours? 'Impossible, sir,' said the tailor, 'but they shall be there to-morrow morning as the clock strikes nine.'—'That must do, Maurice,' said my grandfather; 'and I will occupy the interim, my boy, in showing you the lions.'

As we walked along, the squire explained how he had compassed my appointment to the I—— frigate. As he was glancing over the newspaper one morning at home, his eye happened to drop upon the name of his old friend, Sir David A——, whose ship, it appeared, in company with the I——, another frigate, and a number of gun-brigs and bomb-vessels, lay in the Downs, waiting a fair wind to go over and cut out, capture, bombard, burn, sink, or otherwise demolish and destroy, the French flotilla, as they rode quietly at anchor in their own harbours; for an invasion of England had been talked of, and it was known that busy preparations were being made on the other side the water for some grand demonstration. The moment the squire had read and digested this important announcement, therefore, he wrote off to Sir David, and the return of post brought a letter containing these words—'Dear Danvers,—Bring the youngster down without a moment's loss of time. We shall be off and at it in less than forty-eight hours from the receipt of this. In haste, ever yours, A——.' 'So you are already rated on the ship's books as a midshipman on full pay,' said my grandfather, 'which, I believe, amounts to the enormous sum of nothing a-day, and find yourself. You are young yet for the marines, and must wait a bit.'

A hot, busy, bustling day this was, to be sure. My grandfather wanted to show me everything at once, and we were going about from place to place, and getting out of one coach into another from morning till night. My grandfather had his pocket picked, too, while he was humanely endeavouring to stop a couple of drunken draymen from braining each other with their heavy whip-stocks. He lost his silver pencil-case and tooth-pick, his gold eye-glass and red morocco pocket-book, all in a moment, and it was a great wonder that his purse did not accompany them, for we found that the thieves had cut away half of one of his coat-tails, the better to secure the pocket-book, which, however, had nothing particularly valuable in it. 'You see one had need keep his eyes about him here,' said the squire, as we went into another tailor's shop to get a fresh tail sewn on. 'How lucky that I removed those bank-notes from the pocket-book before we left the Saracen's Head!'

This was one of the most fatiguing days I had ever known. My grandfather showed me all London at a glance; he took me north, south, east, and west; through the principal streets; over gardens; and into parks: we climbed the Monument, we inspected St Paul's, and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and Guild Hall; and, indeed, the difficulty of the matter is to say where we did not go, and what we did not see: and in the evening wound up the day's adventures by treating ourselves to Covent Garden Theatre (Kemble and Mrs Siddons were then in the full blaze of their popularity), where several hearty tugs were made at the squire's watch-chain, and he nearly lost another pocket-handkerchief—nearly, I say, for the light-fingered abstractor, finding that it was not a rich bandana, very deliberately popped it back again, and went away with a countenance expressive of great disgust. This took place as we were going in.

The tailor was punctual to his word. The uniform arrived, and nothing would suit my grandfather, but I must array myself in it at once. I said I thought it would be time to do that when I had joined my ship (though I longed to see how the blue jacket and bright buttons became me), but he peremptorily bade me put it on, and I made no further objection, as his will was law. Everything fitted to a miracle, and I could not help thinking, as I surveyed myself in the glass, that there were more ill-favoured youths in the service of His Majesty. My grandfather walked round and round me, and said he wished my mother and Wilhelmine were there. I asked, why not Constance also? on which the old man burst out laughing, and said, Ah, why

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not, indeed? for he was sure she would be pleased. 'Put on the cocked hat,' said my grandfather.—'Which way does it go?' said I.—'Athwart ships, to be sure, you blockhead,' replied he. 'Humph, not a bad effect either! Now clap it on fore and aft. Ah, I think I prefer that. Now take your sword, sir' (it was but a dirk), 'and let me see how you would conduct yourself under a heavy fire. We will suppose this chest of drawers—but first let us put a chair or two on either side of it, so—a battery, bristling with cannon, and pounding you with red-hot shot; consider me the enemy; now, sir, let me see you put a bold face on it, apply your scaling ladders, mount the deadly imminent breach, spike the guns, and—bravo! a very good beginning indeed!' As he spoke I drew my hanger, carried the outworks, clambered over the drawers, and after a brief hand-to-hand skirmish, was about to put the whole garrison to the sword, when the squire struck his flag, and, nearly choking with merriment, cried lustily for quarter. He declared that if I was half as valiant presently, when I got on board the L——, Boulogne could never hold out against me a day, he was sure.

As we did not reach Deal till night, and were both very tired with our long ride, the squire said I had better defer going on board and reporting myself until the next morning, for a second letter from Sir David, which awaited us at the Saracen's Head, had hinted that there was no such great hurry after all, and if I joined my ship by such a time, it would do. How curiously things come about! It seemed as though fate had brought me to this hotel (The India Arms, I think, if there happens to have been an inn of that name), for the especial purpose of introducing me, by means of a whimsical adventure, to the first lieutenant of the L——. [redacted] adventure alluded to was this. Some or three hours after my grandfather and I had retired to bed (we slept together), he turned to me and said, 'Maurice, my lad, I have left something of importance in the pocket of my great-coat, which hangs against the wall in the room where we took our suppers; do you think you could go down and fetch it, without disturbing the whole house?'—'Oh, yes,' said I.—'But without a light?'—Yes, I had no doubt I could, and away I went.

I found the coat, threw it over my arm, and after groping about for the door, and overturning a chair or two in the process, managed to find my way again up the staircase, and back to the room. How suddenly my grandfather had fallen asleep! I got into bed without awaking him, and closed my weary eyes. How astonished I was presently to hear a hoarse voice close to my ear cry, 'Away aloft, you young imp; to the masthead with you, sir, instantly, and if this happens again I'll give you a dozen, as sure as my name's Ladslove. The service is going to the devil.' I never was so startled in my life. I thought my grandfather had gone mad, or turned fiend, or something of the kind. 'Why, it can't be my grandfather's voice, at all!' said I. 'Perhaps I have got into the wrong room,' and turning down the clothes as quietly as possible, I was about to slip from among them. The removal of the clothes, however, betrayed me, for my strange bedfellow becoming cold, awoke, then suspecting all was not right, stretched his hand out, and caught me by the throat; while I, in my struggles for freedom, dragged him from the bed, and together we rolled upon the floor. He called loudly for lights, and then a female voice, inquiring what was the matter, began to scream, Fire, murder, and thieves, at the same time that the gentleman who had announced himself as Mr Ladslove, groping along the wall, caught hold of the bell-pull, and jerking it furiously, made the alarm general. I tried to find the door, but could not, and in the effort came in contact again with the lieutenant, who now grasped me so tightly that I was unable to shake him off.

Lights came, and a host of pallid waiters. 'Who are you, pray?' cried Lieutenant Ladslove, holding me at arms-length.

'Let go, and I will tell you—quick! you hurt my throat.'

'No, no, dog of a burglar, you will remain with me.'

'I am not a burglar; I am a gentleman. Take your hand away, you fool,' and I fixed my sharp teeth in his wrist. He relaxed his hold at once, and cried out with the pain. His sword leaned against a chair. I drew it quick as lightning, and put myself in an attitude of defence, for he was about to spring on me a third time. I flourished it round my head in a way which showed him that I was not altogether uncunning of fence. He was a powerful man, but if he rushed forward,

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there was the probability of his impaling himself on the point of the weapon. I then explained exactly how matters stood, and said, if he would be so obliging as to walk into the next room with me, my grandfather would confirm my statement in every particular. And just at that moment, attracted by the outcry, in walked my grandfather, with my boat-cloak around him, and a pistol in his hand. The scene was a very droll one. There sat Mrs Ladslove, the lieutenant's wife, up in the bed, with her hands clasped, and her long dark hair trailing over her neck and shoulders; there stood Mr Ladslove in the middle of the floor, menaced on the one hand by myself with a gleaming sabre, and on the other by my grandfather with a cocked pistol; and there in the background, like spectators in a theatre, stood a dozen of half-dressed waiters, cooks, and chambermaids, with faces as white as the drapery in which they figured. 'I see it all,' cried my grandfather, lowering his pistol, and bowing to the lady, who suddenly fell flat upon the bed: 'Madame, there is not the least occasion for alarm. Sir, I beg to apologise; my grandson, in returning from a little commission he was executing for me below, has mistaken your room for mine, and hence all this confusion and uproar. Maurice, sheath that gentleman's sword, if you please, and come with me;' and here, led on by the squire, everybody laughed, Mrs Ladslove included, after which we all filed off to our respective dormitories, and order and quiet were restored.

The next morning there came a knock at the bedroom door as my grandfather and I were dressing, and a waiter putting in his head, said, 'Mr Ladslove sends his compliments, and will be glad of Mr Danvers' and his grandson's company to breakfast.'

'My compliments, and I shall be most happy—most proud,' said my grandfather. 'Come, come, Maurice, the adventure of last night promises to turn out rather pleasantly.'

Mr and Mrs Ladslove proved to be an extremely pleasant couple. I liked them very much. They had been at a grand ball the night previously, and were to part in an hour. Mr Ladslove was to join his ship, and Mrs Ladslove was to join her family, who resided at Chatham. Mr Ladslove told my grandfather that the moment we got on board he would take me under his especial care and protection, and Mrs Ladslove said, if I ever went to Chatham, I was to be sure to go and see her; an invitation which I did not fail to turn to account a year or two afterwards, when I was quartered in that neighbourhood.

The lieutenant was very solemn for about half an hour after he had parted with his wife, and seen her off, but his spirits soon rose, and he told the squire he should be happy, as our destinations were the same, if we would accept of a seat in his boat, but he pulled a long face, I remember, when he saw the great chest that was to form our *compagnon du voyage*. This chest was in everybody's way; my grandfather tumbled over it; Mr Ladslove bruised his shins against it; and one of the cutter's crew nearly broke his back with it, as he was lying over to take a long sweep with the oar. 'Confound such a chest as that,' cried the lieutenant, rubbing his leg. 'Why, Maurice, Noah's ark was a fool to it.' And then the fuss that there was to get it on board the frigate! There was a great iron handle at either end, and when the chest was being slung aloft, through some mismanagement, one of these giving way, down it came into the bumboat of a stout elderly lady who was vending fresh-laid eggs and other delicacies to such of the ship's company as could afford to buy them, and of course some very choice language passed between her and the couple of tars who had superintended the operation. Fortunately the remaining handle still held, or the bumboat must have been swamped, and my valuable outfit gone to the bottom. At length the slings were re-adjusted, the chest was hauled on board, and I scrambled up the side after it, but in a dreadful state of anxiety lest my grandfather should lose his hold, and get swallowed by sharks, for I thought every six feet of water [redacted] its shark, and they were always cru[redacted] about for provender.

Captain A—— was on the quarter-deck, talking to the second lieutenant, Mr Winkworth; but the moment his eye fell on the squire, he came and shook hands with him, and then with myself, and took us both to his cabin. The gracious smile with which he received us made a sunny spot in my heart. A better sailor and a braver man never trod a deck, and when I was told, some time afterwards, that he had perished in

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the D——, with all his gallant crew, the intelligence gave me unfeigned sorrow, and I regretted that I had never made a proper acknowledgment of the many kindnesses for which I stood indebted to him during the few months that we sailed together. I heard Sir David tell my grandfather that a day or two would find us in the thick of it, and he asked whether I had ever smelt powder, and if I was anything of a greenhorn; questions to which the squire replied in an under-tone; but I think the substance of his communication was satisfactory, as Sir David laughed, and rubbed his hands. Then I heard him say, 'You know, Danvers, I could put him under the care of Ladslove, or Winkworth, or one of the marine officers, but I think there is nothing like letting a youngster rough it with the rest at once, and fight his own way. He will soon find his level, and if he is not a milksop, I have no fear for him, though I am afraid my midshipmen are not the most polished in the service. You shall both dine with me to-day, and I'll introduce him to two or three of the officers. Here, Ladslove, I have a young friend ——'

'To whom I have already had the honour of an introduction, Sir David,' said the lieutenant; and then he related the affair of the previous night, and we all had another good laugh over it. I already began to feel quite comfortable. Then at dinner, too, the captain was as good as his word, and introduced me to several of the officers, whom he invited in on purpose, and they drank wine with me, and I with them, and a mighty agreeable party we were. 'What a pity,' thought I, 'that this sort of thing can't last! I suppose it's something like one's first day at a boarding-school—everybody smiles, the master pats your head (that is not the place where he [illegible]ows his pats afterwards), and you get [illegible] lumps of sugar in your tea; and the next day—but there must be sun and shade, or life's brighter moments would lose half their beauty, for the want of contrast.' I was always a little bit of a philosopher.

After awhile Mr Ladslove said he would introduce me to my brother middies (they had been reconnoitring me through key-holes, and chinks, and in other furtive ways, for some time), so descending to their quarters, he put his head in and said, 'Gentlemen, here's a great addition to your comfort and festivity, in the shape of a new messmate, Mr Maurice Drummore; treat him well and kindly; and as he's painfully bashful, and a thorough greenhorn, pray don't take any unhandsome advantage of his inexperience and simplicity.' With these words the lieutenant left me to my fate.

There was a strong muster of young reefers, round a very dirty table-cloth, on which figured a battered bread-tray, full of midshipmen's nuts (broken biscuits), a rather strongly scented cheese, and a number of black-jacks (japanned drinking cups), which a negro servant and a white boy, who came in for a large share of ridicule and abuse, occasionally replenished. There was a great riot when I entered, but the sight of the lieutenant and a raw youngster produced a sudden silence, and all eyes were bent on me. They gave me a place, as well as a black-jack, and I saw, by the winking and grimaces, that the wits and choice spirits of the mess were going to open upon me at once, by way of trying the range.

'Glad to see you, Mr Drummore,' said a sinister-looking young gentleman with yellow hair; his name was Marten; 'sorry that you did not drop in before the ducks and green peas were removed; however, it can't be helped.'

'Pray make no apologies, sir,' I said; 'the presence of so great a goose just opposite me renders them quite unnecessary.'

Marten caught hold of a black-jack, and I thought he was going to launch it at my head, but he contented himself with crushing in the sides of the cup till they met between his fingers. The first shot had fallen harmless.

'Your health, Maurice,' said another of my new acquaintance, named Hampson; 'may I take the liberty of inquiring whether you left your father and all the family quite well?'

'It will be only polite to include the grandmother,' suggested a third midshipman, a Mr Buchanan.

'They were quite well when I saw them last, I thank you,' returned I.

'And your sisters; I hope Susan did not suffer from our imprudent stroll along the balcony, the night of the ball. Did she give you no particular message to accompany the lock of hair?'

'It scarcely amounts to a message, perhaps, but she observed, as we were parting, that it would be quite superfluous, she knew, for her to beg that dear Mr

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Hampson would not render himself too conspicuous an object on deck during the heat of the forthcoming engagement, as the careful provisions he had made for his safety in most previous encounters with the enemy would no doubt suggest themselves again, and enable him to return unscathed to his friends. Gentlemen,' said I, turning to the other midshipmen, 'pardon us for touching upon so tender a topic at a time like this; Mr Hampson could not wait till we met in private.' I was told afterwards that this was a hard hit, as Hampson had on one or two occasions been caught sneaking below when the shot were whistling about his comrades; but I fired *my* shot quite at random, I assured them.

There was one more effort made to get up a laugh at my expense, and that was the last that day, for I thought it well, in order to put an end to such folly, to give them grape and canister for their blank cartridge.

'Drummore,' said a handsome but impudent-faced young fellow, some three or four years my senior, 'allow me to shoot this nut against that particularly symmetrical nose of yours.' His name was Bazeley.

'Certainly, if you wish it,' said I, and he suited the action to the word, upon which, with a laugh (for there is nothing like being good-humoured), I seized the black-jack that stood at my elbow, and dashed the contents in his face. Instead of chafing, and rendering himself still more ridiculous, Bazeley had the good sense to join in the laugh, and I had now found my place. He declared that he liked me all the better for having shown a spirit, and offered me his hand, which I accepted, and we were always good friends afterwards. But he was a mischievous dog. I will relate one of his tricks:—

As I have already said, there was quite a little fleet of bumboats round the frigate as she lay at anchor, and in one of them sat an old woman, with a fine basket of cherries. 'Follow me up to the maintop,' said Bazeley, 'and I will show you some fun; take care that you don't miss your footing; you must learn to hold on with your eyelids here. Capitally done, upon my word' (as I went hand over hand up the futtock shrouds); 'I thought to see you sneak through lubber's hole; we shall make a sailor of you in time, I perceive; now lay out with me on the yard—by Jupiter, you'll be overboard, if you don't mind. There's the captain of the top eyeing us; he thinks to make a spread eagle of you, I suppose. Well, now, watch; you see that old lady's basket of cherries—very plump and delicious they look too—get your mouth ready, for we will have some' —and drawing a stout fishing-line, with a hook at the end, from his jacket-pocket, he lowered it steadily into the bumboat, grappled the basket-handle, and while the old woman's head was turned the other way, whipped his prize neatly into the top. One or two of the other middies saw what was going on, and quickly joined us, bringing with them a fine lad who had come to spend the day with Buchanan, and of whom I shall have something rather melancholy to relate soon. Mr Ladslove, too, detected the villany, for I saw him touch my grandfather's arm, and draw his attention to us, upon which the old gentleman, who had been inspecting all parts of the ship, and getting into everybody's way, laughed a good deal, and shaking his stick at me, said, 'What, you have got to your tricks already, sir, have you?' Just at that moment the bumboat woman discovered the loss of the cherries, and made so pretty a clamour, that Mr Winkworth went to the gangway, and politely told her that if she didn't stop that noise he would shot the guns, and give her a whole broadside. My grandfather, therefore, explained the joke to him; but as Mr Winkworth had nothing jocular in his composition, and behaved rather rudely in the matter, the squire turned from him, and put an end to the clatter by tossing the virago a crown-piece, desiring me at the same time to return the basket. As I was about to descend to the deck, the captain of the maintop, as Bazeley had predicted, popped sudden[illegible] out, like an old spider from his web, a[illegible] assisted by one of his messmates, made what is termed a spread eagle of me—*i. e.*, lashed me to the rigging—a position in which I looked something like Mazeppa on his wild barb. On my promising, however, to present him with half-a-guinea, the honest tar released me, stating that I was now free of the top, and as his wife wanted somebody now and then to assist her in picking the gooseberries, he should feel happy to see me whenever I felt disposed to honour him with a call.

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In the evening my grandfather took his leave of us, and was sent ashore in the captain's gig. He had been particularly liberal to the tars, as well as given them some excellent advice, for all of which they cheered him as he went down the side. The squire was prodigiously pleased with the kind reception we had met with from Sir David and the officers, and promised to render a full statement of particulars to my mother and those at home. He waved his hand again when he had got about pistol-shot from the ship, and lifting his hat, gave us a glimpse of his white hair. 'A very fine old gentleman indeed,' said Mr Ladslove, returning the salute; 'I wish we could have prevailed upon him to stay longer with us.'

The next morning, probably at the same moment that the squire was enjoying the beauty of the country from the coach-top (for he always travelled outside), and thinking what comfortable quarters I had dropped into, I was lying, to all appearance a corpse, upon the shingly beach at Deal, just above low water mark, with the arms of a drowned messmate fixed in the dreadful death-clutch fast about my neck. And how the accident happened you shall hear anon.

THE GROWTH OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

In the stage of society at which we have arrived, few questions are more interesting or more important, than those which relate to the nature of civilisation, and the agencies by which it has been produced. Civilisation is the education and growth of the human species. The agencies by which it has been produced include the whole history of the past interaction between mind and matter. To go over the whole subject, were to do a great deal more than make a voyage round the globe. He who makes the tour of the globe, passes over only a narrow line on its surface; but the length and breadth of the globe, multiplied by all the years of time, and multiplied again by each of the great events of history, and by each of the signal discoveries of science, represent the surface to be mentally traversed by him who would survey the civilisation of the world. To accomplish so great a journey within our limited space, we must move along at a rate incalculably more rapid than steam — with something like lightning speed—and be content that minor objects disappear, and that the eye settle on the mountain ranges of the moral world. To do justice to such a subject, would require a great work, the matured production of a laborious lifetime. At present we must fly over the surface, and not dig into its mines; nor must the wing be folded even when we come to the richest gold regions in the land of thought.

Civilisation may be said to consist in two things:—1. In developing, training, and refining the powers of the human mind. 2. In man's discovering the laws of nature—or rather in his discovering the infinite thoughts and everlasting will of the Creator as embodied in matter; and by means of this discovery appropriating the elements of outward nature, so as to promote the comfort, dignity, and embellishment of his earthly existence.

In the first place, let it be distinctly understood, at the outset, that civilisation does not properly create anything; it only develops what previously existed. It adds no new power either to man or to external nature. What are called the laws of nature have always been the same, and man cannot alter them any more than he could at first make them. All that science can do is, to discover what has always been; and all that art can do is, to apply the discoveries of science. In like manner, civilisation adds no new faculty to man's soul, or organ to his body. In its radical, constituent elements, humanity is the same in all ages, in all lands, and under every condition of society. The human mind is not like a cistern; and civilisation is not like the pouring of water into it from without. If that were the case, civilisation would be of a material, and not of a spiritual nature; and the smoothing of a stone, the painting of a wall, and the varnishing of a table, would be acts essentially of the same kind with the refinement of the social mind. The true state of the case is precisely the opposite. Civilisation is essentially of a spiritual nature. It con-

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sists in discovering, appreciating, and appropriating to use, the laws of nature, or the mind of the Deity as manifested in matter, thus discovering the truth, the beauty, and the goodness that dwells without us, by means of the indwelling mind, and developing the mind that dwells within, by means of the true, the beautiful, and the good that are embodied in the world without. The human mind is like seed, and civilisation is like the soil, the air, and the sunshine, to draw out its vital susceptibilities. The soil, the sunshine, and the air add nothing to the seed. They are merely the appointed means of drawing out and manifesting its latent powers. In like manner, civilising agencies create nothing in the proper sense — they add nothing to external nature, and nothing to the human mind; they are only the means of drawing out powers which, in their germs, have existed in all minds since the beginning of time.

It must, however, be remarked, in the second place, in order to prevent a one-sided view of the subject, that civilising agencies, *ab extra*, are necessary to develop those powers which are treasured up in man. Notwithstanding the vital germ that exists in a seed, it will remain for ages in a hidden state—it will never be unfolded into an individual being of its own species, unless it be brought into contact with the soil and the air. In like manner, the mind of every individual—even that of the untutored savage, who roams amid his native forests, in all the wild simplicity of nature, as free from every touch of culture, as the virgin lands around him are unprofaned by the ploughshare—even that savage, contending with the beasts of prey for the dominion of his island, and with other tribes for the possession of his hunting-ground, has within him all the seeds of truth and beauty which, when drawn out, form the poet, the orator, and the philosopher. These seeds, however, are buried so deep down in the soil, that they have lain for ages as if they were not; and they would lie there for ever in a state of seeming non-existence, unless civilising agencies were brought to bear on them from without. Bring, however, such agencies into play—yoke the plough of civilisation in the most purely virgin soil of savage life—draw deep the furrows—bring up the subsoil to the sunshine and the air, and luxuriant harvests will wave where formerly all was morally and intellectually a desert; just as grains of Egyptian wheat, after lying three thousand years in a state of torpor as great as that of the mummy in whose cerements they were enclosed, when put into the soil, have grown up as quickly as the seed produced by last year's harvest. Let it never be forgotten, then, that the human mind is like a seed having manifold vital susceptibilities, and that civilising agencies are necessary to draw out, and are adapted to draw out, these inborn and immortal fruit-germs of the soul. It is a most affecting thought, and one that should stimulate the efforts of piety and philanthropy, that the most squalid and ferocious savage on the face of the earth has a soul in his bosom of the same nature with that of Bacon, and Milton, and Newton, and others who stand with them in the front rank of men. And the thoughtful traveller on these distant shores, as he looks around upon the rough memorials of his brother man—less fortunate than himself, but a brother still—as he looks around upon the simple monuments of savage life, may say, with such an emphasis of grand yet melancholy feeling, generated by the circumstances, as will put new life into what were otherwise the dry bones of commonplace:—

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.'

Thus, civilisation owes its origin neither to the mind alone, nor to what is external to the mind alone. It is the child of neither singly, but the offspring of their union, being produced by the mind acting on that which is without, and by that which is without re-acting on the mind, and exercising, nourishing, strengthening, and ripening its powers. And here it may be remarked, in passing, that the origin of civilisation is analogous to the origin of all knowledge. Whether knowledge has a subjective or an objective origin, is the grand problem about which German philosophy has been long, laboriously, and not without benefit employed. Those who maintained that it has a subjective origin arrived at idealism, and those who maintained that it has an objective origin arrived at materialism. Were this the place, it could be easily shown that dualism pervades all creation;

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that everything has a double parentage; and that knowledge, including under that term philosophy, poetry, art, is the offspring, not of the subjective alone, nor of the objective alone, but is the fruit of their union—is the child of man's mind uniting itself with the truth, the beauty, and the grandeur of the divine mind manifested in material works.

To return from this digression, if civilisation consists chiefly in drawing out the powers of man's mind, then the *nature* and degree of any particular civilisation will necessarily vary, according as the powers of man which it develops are higher or lower in the scale of his nature, and according to the extent of the development. Now, there are four departments of man's nature, as distinctly marked off from one another as are the separate fields on the same side of a country, though all forming part of one landscape. Man has a body—the mansion-house of the immortal mind—the castle of the individual Ego, so wondrously fortified, that not even a king's foot can forcibly intrude on the enclosed domain—the heaven-descended, and heavenward-looking soul's observatory, furnished with apertures, and instruments, by which it looks abroad upon the beauties of the earth and the glories of the sky. This is capable of being educated and refined, especially in those of the bodily powers which lie near to, or form part of, the debateable ground, where the soul and body have their border-land, and music, painting, and the kindred arts, their birth-place. All that pertains to the refinement and costume of the body—to the embellishment of men's dwellings—to the cultivating, ornamenting, and beautifying of external nature, belongs primarily to the first department in the scale of man's nature; and, though including much that is brilliant, imposing, humanising, and fascinating, it must scientifically be ranked under the lowest stage of civilisation.

The *second department* in the ascending scale of man's nature is his intellect, which is the mental eye whereby he perceives the immaterial which is embodied in the material things around him, as by the bodily eye he perceives the material things by which the immaterial is manifested. The intellect is the capacity of discerning WHAT IS—it is the organ of reality. According, therefore, to the accuracy and extent of man's knowledge of *what is* in any particular period, so is his place in the second department of the ascending scale of civilisation. All the ignorance that has been in the world, and a great proportion of its misery and degradation, have arisen from man's ignorance of WHAT IS—and from his substitution of the unreal and transitory, in one department or another, for the real and the everlasting. And what is all the science of modern times? what more, are the most splendid of recent or remote discoveries, than our efforts to perceive realities by which men have been unconsciously surrounded from immemorial time? Invention and discovery are just the opening and purifying of the mental eye to see WHAT IS.

There is, however, in man something nobler even than his intellect. He has a moral nature—a perception of right and wrong—a will the organ of moral life—a will in its volitions supremely free from outward compulsion, yet having in its very centre, and stamped on its inmost core, a feeling of universal, unlimited, and perpetual obligation. In the heart of his physical and intellectual nature, man has a sense of duty claiming the most absolute dominion over both—a sense of duty which, like a relentless line of demarcation, runs without a bend through the whole tangled mazes of events, outward and inward, that constitute life, and seated on the throne of conscience, with awful impartiality, even now, separates the good from the bad, as hereafter the tares shall be separated from the wheat. As the intellect discovers what is, so the moral sense discovers *what ought to be.* The more a knowledge of *what is* is diffused in a nation, the higher its place in the second department of the scale of civilisation. The more that a sense of duty is diffused, the higher a nation's place in the third department of the scale. That nation which is the best specimen of *what ought to be,* is the most civilised nation. The world, in this respect, has always been, and is still, very low on the scale. Mankind, above all things, would be benefited by a great moral and world-wide reform. The reform required is so great, that, if accomplished at once, it would be a revolution as extensive as our species, and deep as the foundations of society. Slavery *ought not to be*—persecution for conscience sake ought not to be—restrictions on the workings of pure intellect ought not to be—a monopoly of thought ought not to be—priestcraft

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ought not to be—no human foot, not even a sandalled foot, should ever be allowed to tread on the sanctuary of man's heart, or on the holy places of national freedom. And yet these, or most of them, are to be found, more or less, in the social framework of the world. Moral reform is at once the parent and the nurse of all kinds of social reform, and any of them that cannot be traced to this origin, will prove by their deeds to be 'bastards, and not sons.'

There is, however, a still higher department in our nature. As the intellect dwells within, and has dominion over the body, and as the sense of duty dwells within, and has dominion over the intellect, so the centre of the inmost circle of the mind is occupied by a sense of Deity which dwells within, and is the life and soul of the sense of duty. That a sense of Deity is a constituent element of human nature, is proved by the history of man, which shows that he is a religious being, by the very same kind of evidence which proves that he is a rational being; for the wanderings and vagaries of the religious principle are not greater than those of reason, and are chargeable, not so much against itself, as against an imperfect reason, and an imagination unduly regulated. It is man's religious nature, and not his intellect, which most clearly separates him from all orders of inferior creatures, and which is the point of contact, and the basis of communion, with all orders of creatures that are above him. The sense of Deity is a feeling of relationship towards the eternal, immortal, and invisible One; and a sense of relationship to the incorruptible is at once the element and the evidence of immortality. This feeling of relationship to an invisible author of all—this recognition of a kingdom superior to that of sense—this obligation of allegiance to the 'blessed and only potentate,' is the pinnacle of man's nature. It is the firmament which surrounds his physical, intellectual, and moral being, and in which each of them should revolve in its ordained orbit. And as, when the firmament is enveloped in mist, the solar, the astral, and the planetary lights, are all obscured to the eye, so, when the sense of Deity is perverted, 'the baleful clouds of superstition overspread the sky, and turn the sun to horror,' the intellectual, the moral, the political, the domestic, and even the physical condition of mankind become low and degraded. The more an enlightened sense of Deity prevails in any land—the more expansive the conceptions formed of his character—the more closely the social mind enters into communion with Him, the more exalted is that nation in the highest department of the scale; and, as all history shows, the more deeply and permanently influential will be the life of that nation on the advancement of the world.

Human nature, then, has, philosophically as well as religiously considered, its *fourfold state*. It has a physical, an intellectual, a moral, and a spiritual department, which afford ample scope and rich materials for complex manifestations of the social mind. And civilisation is higher or lower in its nature, according as the higher or lower parts of this scale are developed among a people. It is richer and more varied, according as more or fewer of the parts of this scale are developed, and according to the proportional degrees in which they are combined. A nation may be high in the lowest part of this scale, and yet its civilisation may be essentially of a lower nature than that of another country, which is inferior to it in the lower part of the scale, but superior to it in the highest. Egypt, Athens, Rome, Tyre, all surpassed Judea in architecture, painting, statuary, and yet the latter country was not inferior to any of these in civilisation, because the Jewish mind surpassed all of them in its religious development, in spirituality of tone, in the fertility and sublimeness of a moral imagination, which lived on the infinite and the divine, and analogising all nature under religious inspiration, produced hymns as its poetry, devotion as its philosophy, and uniting the two together, converted, more thoroughly than ever was done by the genius of another people, all creation into one grand, harmonious, and many-toned piece of sacred music. Hence Judea has exercised, does exercise, and will exercise, a greater influence on the destiny of the world, than any nation of ancient times whatever. If another illustration be required, it is furnished by our native land. Britain is inferior to France, in that easy, elegant, fascinating gaiety, that refined and animated spiritualism of body, for which our neighbours have been so long distinguished. When, however, they are tried by a scientific test—when the scale laid down above is applied to them, the civili-

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sation of Britain is seen to be superior to that of France, inasmuch as in the higher departments of that scale she has an immensely larger development. As manners are to morals; as sentiment is to principle; as theatrical exhibitions of feeling to the tranquil flow of the home affections; as the love of glory to the sense of duty; as scepticism to faith; as superstition to a religion that is itself the highest form of freedom—so is the civilisation of France to that of Great Britain. And their influence upon the world has been proportionate to their respective characters. No man needs to ask what Britain has done for the world. The mighty structures of empire in the East, fraught with immense blessings to future myriads of mankind; the golden Continent of Australia; her two daughters in the West, and especially England's mighty daughter who has ceased to be dependent on her mother, and dwells in that magnificent residence of her own—these show that, under Providence, this little island not only possesses world-wide influence, but has produced stupendous and world-wide results, all bearing on the present and prospective advancement of mankind. France is a noble land—its inhabitants have many excellent qualities; they have acted a brilliant part on the theatre of Christendom—many noble exploits have they performed. But with all their brilliant accomplishments, with all their restless energy, with all their immense desire of glory, what have they done for the world? what permanent structures have they erected? what trees of liberty, or trees bearing fruit of any kind, have they planted in the desert places of the earth? The fault is not that of the people, who in many respects are one of the finest in the world. It is to be found in their deficiency in the fourth department in the scale of civilisation. That goodly land of France, the ancient ally of Scotland, the relentless foe of England, the mighty rival of Britain—that land whose sons in former times conquered the Saracens, and won the independence of Europe, and who are now united heart and hand with our beloved country in fighting the battle of civilisation against barbarism, and of the world's freedom against all that is formidable in the world's despotism—who would not pray that this fine race of men may be delivered from the dominion of superstition, and freed from the dregs of infidelity; that they may be brought to know the truth; and under its influence attain to that union of free intelligence and rational stability, in the vain pursuit after which they have vibrated pendulously between credulity and scepticism, finding stability in superstition, but not freedom—and finding freedom in scepticism, but no stable intelligence.

As a *fifth general observation*, it deserves to be remarked, that the progress of civilisation is not continuous. It does not go straight forward from age to age, but rather resembles the journey from Egypt to Canaan. In creation, none of God's works are in straight lines, or in the form of triangles or squares. All of them are somewhat circular in their form: the heavenly bodies, the dew-drop, the water-drop, all kinds of fruit, trees, flowers, plants, and animal bodies—all things that are complete—are somewhat circular in their forms; and whatever is not so, becomes so in due time by the action of natural causes on its surface. The circle is the most complete figure. Its proportions are perfect, and therefore it afforded the fullest scope for combining unbounded variety, and grace, with unity. And it may be remarked, in passing, that great improvements might be made in architecture, and other arts having to do with the beautiful in form, if there was an end to dead squares, and sharp angles, and a constant reference to circularity in its infinite diversity. Indeed, it must strike every one that the feeling of beauty and grandeur inspired by a fine building depend chiefly on the pillars and arches, those parts in which art has copied the circularity of nature. And as the forms of creation are circular, so, intellectually considered, there is something circular in the *plan* of creation. The works of the Creator are not developed in a continuous straight line, that passes without bend or obliquity from the lowest orders of beings upward to the highest, each running into another, and growing out of another, as in a tree the growth of each succeeding year springs out of, and is added to, the growth of previous years. Creation seems rather to be developed in a series of circles, each one of which is independent of the others, but all of which are necessary to fill up the plan of the Creator, so that there shall be no break, nor chasm, nor incompleteness, but the great structure of being, when finished, shall embody all that beauty, grandeur, and variety, devised by his

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wonderful, all-perfect, and eternal wisdom. In creation, the progress from the remotest eras has been from lower to higher. When, however, a new order of creatures was introduced, it did not spring out of the highest state of the order immediately beneath, and neither did this new species begin a career of improvement, and carry on until it was good enough to be developed into an order of creatures still higher. We are assured by those most deserving of credit, that new races were created at first in the highest state of perfection belonging to their nature, and that, during the circle of existence allotted them, they sometimes rather deteriorated, and were in an inferior condition, when the Creator took a step in advance, by bringing a superior race upon the theatre of his creation. Analogous to this, is the case with civilisation. Its progress has been circular, and not in a straight line. In history, we see one civilisation rise after another, attain its height, and decline. Instead of a light shining more and more unto a perfect day, everywhere light rises out of darkness, descends to darkness, and breaks out of darkness again. 'The morning cometh as well as the night.' Taken as one continuous whole, civilisation resembles the growth of a tree. It has its winters as well as its summers. After being clothed with the greenest foliage, it may be stripped of every leaf; but, however long, and cold, and dreary, winter will pass away, and spring will come, with its vital gales, and every summer will add to its stature; and even winter, while it robs it of its summer's leaves, is not able to rob it of its summer's growth. So there are winter seasons, when the leaves of civilisation are withered, and fall, and mankind seem stripped and bare, and all the fountains of genius and the streams of productiveness seem frozen, but in the progress of the eternal year a new spring-time arrives; invisible life-showers fall on the sterile and famished spirit of humanity, a new course is opened, and a new start is taken on the basis of what was formerly achieved. Hitherto nature has trodden in one charmed circle—from hardihood to courage, from courage to conquest, from conquest to power, from power to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to effeminacy, from effeminacy to national decline and consumption.

To obtain a correct idea of the progress of civilisation, it will be necessary to determine its starting-point. It will not be necessary here to dwell on the opinion that man was developed by the mere agency of material laws out of the inferior creatures. Other things grew into monkeys, and monkeys grew into men. Besides this fatalistic theory there is an infidel one; which affirms that man was made originally in a very low and degraded condition; that he was long in attaining the maturity of his powers; that at first he was joint tenant of the world with the beasts; that he was not only ignorant of advanced science and the fine arts, but in a low *status* of mind—without dwellings, without clothes, living on roots and other natural productions; roaming by day as his fancy disposed him, and reposing by night, like the birds of the air, among the thick branches of the forest tree:—

'Then was not pride, nor art that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade.'

Such was the well-known theory which Rousseau propounded in his 'Discourse on the inequalities of men in society;' a theory which he decked out with that rare felicity of style and colouring, and with that warm and life-like flush of sentiment, for which he was so distinguished, and which in him was generally united with such a slenderness of substance, and diseasedness of thought, as constrains one to call his mode of writing the consumptive style — the beautiful bright skin-glow being the envelope of death:—

'Beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts her to the tomb.'

Is there, then, any solid reason for the supposition that man was originally created in a very low and helpless state? Consult our own *experience*, and is not her voice prompt and decisive, that if the first man had been created in the same helpless condition as that in which we are born, his continued existence would have been impossible. Consult *analogy*, and does not geology bear testimony to the fact, that the various orders of creatures which have been successively introduced into the world at different periods, have been created at first in a style equally high with that of the best subsequent specimens of the race to which they belonged. Consider

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the *structure of the earliest languages*, and, to use the words of Schlegel—who spent a long period of his life in investigating this point—'these are one proof more in confirmation of so many others, that the primitive condition of mankind was not one of mere animal instinct, which by slow degrees and many a weary effort at length attained some slight glimmering of reason and intelligence: it confirms the opposite belief, that the most profound study and the clearest intelligence were early called into operation.' Again, look at *the earliest forms of society, and the earliest ranges of human thought* that history makes known, and these will be found of a more sublime cast than were often to be found in subsequent eras. The Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, and Indian systems of philosophy were all cognate to one another. They are the earliest in history. And it is the case that the first form of thought traceable in them all was more pure, elevated, and spiritual than the systems which afterwards prevailed. This is in favour of the idea that man was entered on the stage of being with a mind well furnished, and that he gradually forgot and corrupted his knowledge. It is not to quote history, but to make history, when men speak of the savage state as being the earliest. India and Egypt are the oldest historical countries, and we find society in them formed on *theocratic ideas*, on ideas borrowed from that department of man's nature which connects him with the Deity; but this is the highest part of the fourfold scale of humanity. Speculations, therefore, on society beginning at a savage state are pure fictions, and have no more historical reality than Utopia or Lilliput. If we hearken *to the traditions of all primitive nations* who have a history, they give forth one language, assuring us that the world was formed in its best state at first, and afterwards deteriorated. In Greek and Roman fable, this gradual deterioration is represented by four ages, each of which was worse than the one before:—first, the golden age; then the age of silver; then the age of brass; then the iron age. There is a widespread tradition, come down from remote times, that man was created in a high condition, and deteriorated. There is, however, no ancient tradition that man was born a savage, and by his industry, ingenuity, and personal merit, gradually raised to the status and the character of a civilised being. The more deeply we dig into the crust of the moral world, and investigate the remains of the most ancient times, the more thorough will be our conviction, that the first ancestor of our race was not only a more rational personage than a monkey, but that he had a more exalted standing than a savage. *It is a historical fact, to which there is no known exception*, that no people in a savage state ever emerged from it, except by help from without. If, therefore, the first race of men had been in a savage state, we have the authority of *universal history* for asserting, that its *vis inertiæ* would never have been spontaneously broken; the savage mind could no more have put itself in motion than a stone at rest could. On the other hand, it is easy to understand how a part of the race might fall from a high original condition into barbarism, or even into the state of savage life. We have only to look around us, in order to see how rapid the steps of degeneracy. You shall see parents in a respectable position by birth, well-educated, with active minds at their start in life. They are tempted, and fall themselves; their children grow up in ignorance, degradation, and vice; and their grandchildren become heathens and savages, except that they have rags on their bodies. Or, if it is desired to survey the subject on a wider scale, think of the relaxation that came upon the iron character of the Romans in the latter days of their empire; which was so great, that without an infusion of fresh barbarian blood, Europe would have passed into barbarism by the not uncommon path of a civilisation that had not only spent its own force, but, for want of the divine ingredient, had exhausted the race upon which it operated. Ancient civilisation attained its culminating point in Greece. There it had a loftier aim, and was animated by a finer intelligence, and unfolded a higher sense of beauty, than elsewhere. And yet Greece sank into such a state of degradation, that one of its most enthusiastic friends thus concludes his well-known contrast of that country in ancient and modern times:—

'The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave
Slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous but to crime,
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, when least above the brutes.'

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In order to understand the progress of civilisation on a great scale, it may be necessary to remark, that, while there have been many centres of civilisation, there are only what we may call *two economies* or dispensations of civilisation. The *first dispensation of civilisation* consists in the development of humanity by its own unaided powers, or assisted only by original tradition. The *second dispensation of civilisation* consists in the development of humanity in connection with supernatural means and influences. It is impossible to understand the principles of the divine moral government—the philosophy of history—or to see anything else than a chaos in the past, if we do not take a world-wide view of these two developments, in their relations to one another, and to the ends they were respectively and conjointly intended to accomplish. Surveying the past history of mankind, we see first a series of experiments made on unaided human nature, through a long series of ages, and in an immense variety of circumstances. While there were great diversities in the physical and intellectual results, the moral and religious results of the experiment were everywhere the same: the dispersion of mankind, their alienation from one another, their incessant collisions, their perpetual state of war, the degradation of woman, the enslavement of weaker races, the loss everywhere of the knowledge of the true God, and of that freedom which is enclosed in subjection to the Deity. The first great experiment on human nature issued in the universal prevalence of superstition, the servile subjection of man to nature, so that immortal minds bent and prostrated themselves, and became the slaves, and lower than the slaves—the worshippers and adorers — of mere matter, making gods everywhere of objects which the all-bountiful Creator formed to be man's servants.

Such was the first dispensation of civilisation, and its well-authenticated issue. In regard to the second dispensation of civilisation, it is a historical fact which no man can deny, whatever be his creed, that a system professing to be a supernatural means of elevating mankind has been in the world for ages, and that its avowed design is to bring back mankind to their Creator, and to universal brotherhood in him. It is also a fact, which no person of competent information and candour can deny, that this new instrumentality has already made and left a deep impress of itself on the world. It has converted savage lands into the abodes of civilised men, as is the case with Britain; in the nations most under its influence, and best representing its spirit, it has awakened the dormant energies of humanity, elevated woman, abolished slavery, mitigated the war-passion, and created what was never known before—a profound love of peace in the mightiest and bravest of nations, who now repudiate all wars of aggression and aggrandisement, and regard war in the light of an arduous and awful duty, to which men are only called, but to which they are distinctly called, in defence of the public interests of their own nation or of the world. The experiment made on humanity, when left to develop itself, everywhere issued in making man the slave of nature, crouching and trembling before material forces, and in the presence of imaginary beings, who were believed to hold his fate in their hands. On the other hand, the development of humanity, in connection with supernatural influence, has issued in the emancipation of the human soul, in dissolving every link of the chain which bound man in serfdom to matter. Genii, fairies, fays, naiads, dryads, satyrs, witches, and the whole spectral train, have vanished like the shades of night before the approach of day. It has restored man to his original place as the divine representative on earth, and again 'made him to have dominion over the works of God's hands, and put all things under his feet.' Instead of being himself the slave of nature, trembling at an eclipse or a comet, all the works of creation have become man's humble, docile, and obedient servants. The sun, the moon, and the stars, instead of being worshipped as deities in their lofty habitations, have been annexed to the domains of mind, and eclipses and comets have been bound to the chariot wheels of science, and are exhibited as the proudest trophies of mind's dominion over matter. Not only has the sceptre of Eolus the wind-god been broken, and himself for ever exiled from his vast and empty cave, but Neptune the water-god, and Vulcan the fire-god, have been subdued by man; and in the form of steam, these two powers, united with one another, have become the wondrous instruments of human advancement. Even the thunder, which was heard with such solemn and trembling awe, and which was represented as being im-

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mediately launched by the reddening right hand and blazing arm of Jupiter, from which he derived the name of Tonans, or the Thunderer; even electricity, the *materiel* of thunder, has been yoked and harnessed by the skill of man, and made the thought-conductor of the world, the chariot-horse of the mind, fleet-footed as were, in fable, the coursers of the sun, by which thoughts shall yet be conveyed from remotest lands, and setting out, if one may so speak, with their faces to the west, shall arrive in the east, having made a voyage round the globe in imperceptible time.

On the agencies by which the civilisation of the world has been produced, our space does not at present permit us to enter. This paper will therefore conclude by directing attention to the *preparation* which was made for the subsequent processes of civilisation in that event which lies at the foundation of all history —the separation of mankind into distinct nations. The division of the earth into compartments, by means of rivers, seas, oceans, and mountain ranges, and especially the confusion of tongues at Babel, by a sovereign prerogative act of the divine will annulling the original unity of speech, indicate a design on the part of the Creator to divide the earth into those separate sections which we call nations. At first sight this arrangement seems hostile to civilisation; but, when it is considered more attentively, and a wider horizon of thought is taken in, it will be found that the division of languages, and the separation of mankind, have been eminently helpful in forwarding the interests of civilisation. As by the human body the Almighty has enclosed and walled off each separate spirit in a house, or castle of its own, and thereby laid a foundation for the individuality of human character, so, by the division of the earth, and the confusion of tongues, he walled off, parked in, and individualised communities of men. And as the individuality of a man is that peculiar influence with which he is intrusted for the public benefit, so the individuality of nations is that peculiar influence with which they are intrusted for the benefit of the world. If men had no individuality, if there was an entire sameness among every member of the species, they could not influence one another; and if there was no such thing as individuality among nations, the human race would have existed in one solid, homogeneous mass; there would have been no excitement, no rivalry, no competition, no generous emulation. Our race would, in that case, have resembled a waveless and tideless lake, girdling the globe, the stagnant waters of which would be more baleful than the most dreadful tempests of the ocean. The separation of mankind laid the foundation of national feeling, or patriotism. This, in the war-ages of the past, was the evil genius of despotism, and the guardian angel of freedom. This, in times of peace, breathed around a benignant inspiration, becoming the patron of industry, the nurse of arts, the relentless foe of corruption, the oracle in obedience to whose responses, pronounced from the tripod in the bosom, a Chatham, or a Wilberforce, or a Fox, or a Grey, went forward in the path of progressive legislation. Or, turning from individuals to countries, mighty nations have been seen once and again wresting the rights from unwilling hands, without bloodshed, without outbreak, without violence, but simply by the power of patriotic feeling, expressed calmly and constitutionally, yet being the utterance of a nation speaking with a voice like the sea, as if it came from infinity, and as if its waves would make playthings of all obstructions, and could only be allayed by the oil of freedom poured on them from the golden urn of constitutional freedom.

The separation of mankind has also been the means of more fully developing human nature, in its *many-sidedness*. As the hues, the colour, the stature, the fragrance of a plant, if placed in the soil of every country on the globe, would be found everywhere to display new varieties; and as all these varieties, were it possible to collect, and combine, and display them united in one single specimen, are necessary to exhibit the plant in its maximum state of ideal perfection; so, by planting mankind in separate nationalities, each of which had a distinct development of its own, the manifold properties of human nature have been brought out in a thousandfold varieties of stature, hues, and fragrance, and the design of Christianity is to bring all mankind into contact, and to make them interchange in a state of exalted unity all the varied excellences which had been developed over the earth in a state of separation. One grand design of Christianity—a design which under Providence is now fast fulfilling, is to take the separate

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threads of national development, and out of them

'To weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads shall stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole.'

And already the loom is stretched out to its full extent in a discovered globe; the woof is already laid in the universal openings in Providence, and, by evangelical agency, all the colourings of humanity, renewed by grace, shall be wrought into a piece of glorious tapestry, to adorn 'the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Thus the raw materials of civilisation which were manufactured far asunder, shall be brought together, and distant nations shall be enriched by the mutual interchange of mental products peculiar to each, as they now are by the interchange of material productions. Hitherto, speaking figuratively, there has been almost nothing but misty or stormy weather in the world, but the mists are dispelling, the rain-shower is closing; it is falling, not in floods, but in drops; and even the drops are sun-illumined; and though the one-half of the firmament is black, there is brightness in the other; and yonder is that beautiful bow with its unrivalled tints, displaying all the rays of light, in a state of visible separation, and yet in a state of visible conjunction. Emblem this of the present condition of the world. We are in the rainbow state of civilisation. The world is all discovered, and all its developed capacities are seen shining together, but in a state of visible separation, like the colours of heaven's aerial arch. As, however, all the tints apparent in the bow of heaven are mingled, and blent, and united into one pure, brilliant, all-manifesting colour, called light, so all the various hues of mind displayed in the separate nationalities shall by the spiritual agency of Christianity be melted into one, in that day 'when the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun as seven days.' Then the confusion of tongues shall have been repealed; then mankind shall understand one another's hearts, which has all along been more difficult than to understand one another's language, and shall join hands, not to build a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, but to help one another to ascend that ladder whose foot is on the dust of earth, and whose top is in the heights of glory.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. II.

PARIS, 14th June, 1854.

BETWEEN despotism and intellect of really superior cast, there is and ever must be strife—a state of open war, or covert guile. The latter alone is possible here; and, as direct allusion and direct attack are equally impracticable, it is not a little interesting to see with what consummate skill the contest is managed. At one time the arbitrary of the present hour beholds itself glassed in the mirror of some fearful past; at another, its sullen and selfish purposes are brought into humiliating contrast with some epoch of high imaginings and generous emotions. The most remarkable champions in this ceaseless struggle are two veteran athletes, retired professor and retired statesman —Guizot and Villemain. The former seemed, at least for a season, to have thrown aside the polemical cestus, and withdrawn from the arena. His publications, in 1852, 'Corneille et son Temps,' 'Shakspere et son Temps,' were mere literary studies, and sounded no note of deeper or more hostile preparation. In 1853, however, part of the pent-up secret was revealed to the literary and political world by Monk, 'Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie;' and the whole brilliantly disclosed by that most able and graphic production, the second part of his History of the English Revolution, 'La République et Cromwell.' Villemain, whose genius does not seem to lie in the walk of history, his 'Cromwell' being scarcely on a level with his critical powers, and his long promised and still withheld 'Hildebrand' (Pope Gregory VII.) being yet buried in his literary cartoons, censures the enemy in his covert guise, and generally in one or other of those beautiful discourses with which he delights the French Academy in its an-

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nual assemblies. Then arrow after arrow is barbed with all the delicacy of thought and diction, and, shot from his elegant bow, quivers in the mark!

Villemain's crowning endeavour, in defence of liberal men and liberal measures, is his work entitled, 'Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature,' published early in 1854. As its peculiarly French features preclude the hope of an early translation, we shall venture to make some extracts from certain parts of the performance. The work is divided into three distinct heads:—'M. de Narbonne;' 'Souvenirs de la Sorbonne en 1825;' 'de M. de Feletz et de quelques Salons de son Temps.' The first of these subjects is an extensive and fascinating memoir of M. de Narbonne, minister of King Louis XVI., in the Legislative Assembly of 1792, and aid-de-camp to Napoleon in 1812; two dates furnishing a sufficient contrast, and giving a promise of interest, in the fulfilment of which our author never flags for an instant. The second division refers to a period when a professor's eloquence could shake the walls of the Sorbonne, and alarm Legitimacy, nay, even the Chambers themselves, particularly when the Hall was honoured by the visit of General Foy, the patriotic opposition orator of the time, and author of the 'Peninsular Wars under Napoleon'—a posthumous work, say the French; and one, according to a statement of Wellington's, got up from the general's notes. The 'Souvenir de la Sorbonne' has also a subsidiary, perhaps an explanatory title: 'Demosthéne et le General Foy,' indicative of the most interesting episode of the Sorbonne reminiscences.

The third division of the work is devoted to *M. de Feletz, and a few drawing-rooms of the day*. De Feletz, a stainless ecclesiastic and a stanch royalist, was one of those rare Frenchmen who combined clearness of head with nobleness of heart. He was long a contributor to the 'Journal dés Débats,' ultimately a member of the French Academy, and one who, though quiet and unassuming in his manner, was not to be argued or dazzled from what he conceived to be the path of duty. An eloquent article had just appeared in the 'Mercure,' attacking the wretched philosophy of Frederick II., the weakness of his monarchy, and finally closing with a high strain of eulogy in honour of the dazzling conqueror of Jena. After a clever and acute sketch of the peculiar talent of M. de Feletz, as well as his services in the cause of reason and political good sense, Villemain reaches that part of his performance most interesting to the general reader—1815 and 1819—a period during which the Paris drawing-rooms exerted an undeniable influence over men and measures. This bright dawn of liberalism exhibits a strange and most attractive medley of politics, sentiment, and literature. 'In such *salons*,' says our author, 'a poem of Byron's, 'Lara,' or the 'Giaour,' in the first glow of its novelty, was a mighty event; a 'Méditation,' a 'Harmonie' of Lamartine's, a mighty triumph. The youthful Lamartine himself, in his occasional home visits from the legation of Florence, might be seen conspicuous amidst all, reciting, with a graceful bend of the head, and in a melodious voice, which no debating had as yet fatigued, Le Doute, l'Isolement, le Lac, those firstlings of his genius, strains as yet unuttered, and which the French language can never forget. . . . Halcyon days were those for Lamartine, who had not yet mounted the rostrum, not yet dreamed he was a republican, not yet fallen from his high estate; who had not yet coined and issued, for the base necessities of our nature, the secrets of his heart, or finished in flowing, though by no means faultless prose, the glorious edifice he had hitherto built in lofty rhyme? These mysterious outpourings of the sweetest poesy, outpourings applied to which Byron's epigram, "that whetstone of the teeth, monotony in wine," would be an unmeaning libel, were hailed by the encouraging glance of beauty. . . Patriots, deputies, and, neither last nor least, General Foy, warmly applauded the youthful poet's sentiments, expressions, and eloquence. Ever ardent and fervent, the general assured the poet he would one day become the pride of the rostrum, should he ever ascend it *in defence of the true principles of constitutional monarchy and equal liberty*, the language and hopes of the time. . . . Benjamin Constant, too, another publicist and celebrated deputy, bestowed his meed of applause, though in somewhat colder, if not, indeed, ironical terms. . . . In these same *salons* were vaunted the early verses of a boy-poet, but a boy whom Chateaubriand had already denominated *l'enfant sublime;* and Victor Hugo, the youthful and glowing poet, son to a gallant General of the Empire, was forgiven, for the sake of literature, the extravagant

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enthusiasm with which he hailed the formidable *souvenirs* and bloodstained glory which the *Restauration* was fast superseding by real liberty, though but indifferently felt, and, unhappily, but too evanescent.' In this last paragraph, we venture to say there is such a well-meant mis-statement of facts, as would lead the uninformed reader to believe that the earliest mutterings of the boy-bard's muse were the natural manifestation of his military extraction. The contrary is the real truth. Hugo's first verses were addressed to the rising sun of the Restoration, and so highly disrespectful towards the bloodstained past, as to have won their author a pension from the privy purse of Legitimacy. The growth and development of Victor Hugo's poetical genius has not been attended with a similar growth and development of personal consistency. And yet his claims to the latter, on every new dereliction of political principle, have been as loudly and arrogantly maintained, though, unfortunately, not quite so founded, as his pretensions to genius. The crusade which he has opened in exile against the origin and exercise of imperial power in France, we take to be an absolute violation of the law and instincts of his nature, which richly entitled Louis Philippe's peer of France to hold a conspicuous place at court. He should have worn the imperial bays, and added another to the tuneful choir of the Wallers and Drydens, who have ever deemed power an all-sufficient apology for poetry.

The Paris saloons were the reflex of Paris political parties, a kind of living newspapers, printed on the finest gilt-edged paper, and with the genteelest of types, even in the case of democratic drawing-rooms. Into the most monarchic of these, mere politics, without the varnish of letters or science, a reputation for oratory, or the gentlemanly seal of diplomacy, would have been a very doubtful card of admission. Hence the peculiar attraction of such centres of fashionable resort, where the distinguished politician could condescend to play the man of letters, and the literary man could assume the language of the former, and handle with ease and rapidity the prevailing political topics of the day. 'The saloon of the Duchess of Duras was, of course, aristocratic, and consequently monarchic, though with very marked shades of English constitutionalism, French liberalism, a love for letters, a taste for the fine arts, and, in an especial manner, an almost exclusive admiration for the genius of Chateaubriand.' Much of what was parliamentary and liberal in the somewhat suspicious and impassioned temper of this great writer may safely be traced to the influence of the saloon of his admiring friend, Madame de Duras. 'It is true, Chateaubriand might be said rather to have crossed such saloons, than to have lingered in them. He accepted their homage rather than their opinions, and seldom exhibited his person, the better to attract their gaze. Eagles build at a distance from each other, because they require a free and a wide field for their chase. Chateaubriand's humour was that of the lordly bird.' But when the Divinity, as the author styles him, withdrew, his absence was more than atoned for by a whole galaxy of talent and celebrity. We have what Villemain calls 'the learned and fanciful Chevalier Stuart,' the English ambassador. We might have had Wellington, too, had not the patriotic spirit of the duchess doomed the Iron Duke to exclusion, unless in the simple capacity of tourist, a character his grace could not then find it convenient to assume. We have 'the very able and highly lettered Pozzo di Borgho, Napoleon's Corsican countryman and inveterate foe.' Pozzo di Borgho's life is one chequered with political incidents. Deputy in the *Assemblée Legislative* of '92, he attempted, with General Paoli, to give Corsica to England. On leaving that island in '93, he entered the service of Russia, became her ambassador in France, and subsequently her ambassador in England, after attending every intermediate congress of the Holy Alliance, in which his voice was ever lifted in favour of every measure tending to curb or confine the aspirations, political or territorial, of the land of his nativity. Speaking of this able diplomatist's appearance in another aristocratic saloon of the day, that of Madame de Montcalm, sister to the Duke of Richelieu, the then minister, Villemain affords us unconscious proof with what skill Russia can select her tools; and how admirably acquainted she is with their temper and efficiency for the work in view.

Let us now return to the *salon* of Madame de Duras, where, among other official or illustrious foreigners, we have the celebrated Humboldt, 'as encyclopædian, as indefatigable in society as in science; one that had studied everything, had seen

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everything; one that talked with the same warmth, the same clearness, of a singularity in nature, a discovery in science, a drawing-room anecdote, or a masterpiece of art, whether Mexican or Parisian.' We have Cuvier, too, 'so eminent in an academy, in a state council, in a committee, or in either of our parliamentary rostrums; a man whose full weight was felt but by him who heard him talk in the drawing-room of another, or in his own evening circle, in the midst of his worthy and intellectual family. Literary or historical curiosities, foreign literature in all its daring and variety, universal notions, from chronology to poetry, and from the heraldic science of Germany, which he could render interesting, to her philosophy, which he could render clear—everything was present to the wide intuitive scope of Cuvier, and recurred so appositely in his conversation. No man, I believe, gave one a better idea of the great Leibnitz, whom the King of England, by his enviable privilege of King of Hanover, always wished to have standing by him to talk on every topic. A certain pungency of French wit, which is no drawback, gave additional zest to the conversation of the new Leibnitz, a sprinkling of the severe and gracefully entertaining, of which a few passages of his 'Eloges des Savants' could alone give a foretaste.' But we hasten onwards, in order to reach the truly characteristic feature of our subject; for which reason we unceremoniously skip over a host of names—travellers, critics, diplomatists, dramatists, professors of Tartar, and Chinese, and Japanese—and translate at once what we conceive to be the crowning paragraph, that which leads the author to a train of apologetic reflections, in which lie the whole gist and strength of the work. 'In the *salon* were heard, not readings, but inspired recitations, in which the charm of extreme youth shed additional lustre on the graces of talent and beauty. When the poetically-strung tones of the voice of Mademoiselle Delphine Gay were heard to repeat 'La Veuve de Naïm,' or 'Velleda,' or 'Le Parthenon,' the whole diplomatic, politic, and scientific circle was hushed, all opinions seemed to harmonise for a moment, and "La Jeune Muse de la Patrie," as the future Madame de Girardin uncontradictingly styled herself, was crowned without a rival. . . . Should such noble pleasures of the intellect be by any deemed frivolous, we might remind all such that they were not powerless in prompting useful and strong resolutions, as well as in acting seasonably on the politics of the times. It was thus that the Morea expedition was conceived, prepared, and accomplished. "I am a Turk," the English ambassador at Paris would affect to say, in this respect of the same mind with his own cabinet as well as ours. But he was told so often, and in such a variety of tones, that, before being a Turk, or even an Englishman, he was bound to be a man and a Christian; there was such conversing and exhorting, such a series of collections and subscriptions got up in favour of suffering Greece, that diplomatic insensibility gave way, and Charles X., borne along, not over reluctantly, by a three years' swelling tide of generous sentiment, undertook a liberal crusade. The battle of Navarino was fought under the French flag, and the English, whether willingly or not, contributed to a victory which these statesmen afterwards styled *untoward*, but which was the salvation of Greece and of the honour of Europe.' Events, as they now unfold, seem to militate somewhat in favour of the deprecatory epithet of *untoward;* but nothing can take away from the truth of Villemain's animated picture of liberal and literary France. One of the last bright coruscations of this almost national propension to letters, we take to be that of 1829, the unparalleled defence of Barthelemy, the prosecuted author of the poem entitled, 'Le Fils de l'Homme' *(the son of the man)*, a most transparent disguise for the son of Napoleon, then vegetating, it was said, at the Court of Vienna. Barthelemy had paid a visit to that most conservative of courts, with the vain hope of presenting the young and sickly Duke of Reichstadt with a copy of his recent poem, 'Napoléon en Egypte.' He returned to Paris without accomplishing his purpose, when he composed 'Le Fils de l'Homme.' Called upon by the justice of his country to answer for his seditious publication, he requested to make his defence in verse; and so strong, even in a court of justice, was the passion for literature, that his request was granted. For the first and last time, we believe, the ears of a French judge and jury were sweetly assailed in the harmonies of verse. But when the charm had ceased, the love of abstract justice had all but prevailed, and the modern Orpheus was sentenced (had he defended himself

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in ignoble prose, a heavier doom had fallen upon him) to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousand francs!'

An accidental and recent publication—that of the complete works of Arago, by M. Glide—brings the case of intellect *versus* despotism to such a practical issue, that we think we cannot do better than conclude the subject with a few extracts.

François Arago's long and eminent services in the cause of science; his interesting accounts either of his own discoveries or of those of his contemporaries; his eloquent and popular lectures at the Observatory, as well as the prominent part he played in 1830 and 1848, all combine in giving importance to the events of his early life, particularly when these events are recorded by himself. Arago states, he was born on the 26th February, 1786, in the old province of Rousillon, now the department of the Oriental Pyrenees. He proceeds thus in his autobiography:—'My father having removed to Perpignan, in the capacity of treasurer of the mint, the family left Estagel, and followed him. I was then sent as a day-scholar to the grammar school of the town, where my studies were almost exclusively literary. But my ideas suddenly underwent a total change, from a singular circumstance I am about to mention. Walking one day near the ramparts of the town, I noticed an officer of the *génie* busy executing repairs. M. Cressac, the officer's name, was quite a youth. I ventured to draw near, and ask how he had managed to wear an epaulette so early. "I am a pupil of the Polytechnic School," was his reply.—"And what school is that?"—"A school you get into after examination."—"Are the candidates required to know much?"—"You will find a copy of the programme of admission in various numbers of 'Le Journal de l' Ecole,' to be found at the library of the *Ecole Centrale*."' The *Ecole Centrale*, named in the sequel *Ecole Polytechnique*, was founded in the year III., that is, in 1795. From this moment Arago abandons classical studies, devoting himself with unremitting ardour to the study of mathematics. The professor of the school was the Abbé Verdier, a respectable drone, whose knowledge of that branch was strictly rudimentary. Fortune brought him acquainted with an eccentric proprietor or gentleman farmer, who, while superintending the labours of his servants in the kitchen, *there* perused to advantage such works as Prony's 'Architecture Hydraulique,' Lagrange's 'Mécanique Analytique,' and Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste.'' From this amateur of transcendent mathematics he gathered many useful hints, though, as is usual with men of uncommon intellectual powers, he owed more to the blind guidance of accident. 'My real master,' says Arago, 'I found in a cover of Garnier's 'Treatise on Algebra.' The cover consisted of a printed sheet, over part of which had been pasted some blue paper. The perusal of the uncovered portion made me curious to know that concealed by the blue paper. This, after a little moistening, I contrived to peel off, and was thus enabled to read beneath it the advice given by d'Alembert to a young man who had imparted to him the difficulties he encountered in his studies, "Proceed, sir, proceed, and faith will come upon you." To me this was a flash of light. Instead of doggedly striving to comprehend at the first glance the proposition which occurred, I admitted temporarily their truth, went ahead, and was quite surprised the next day to find I could understand perfectly what on the eve appeared to me involved in thick darkness.' In one year and a-half the youth had fully prepared himself in every branch requisite for admission to this school; and at sixteen was ready to stand his examination at Montpellier. An indisposition of the examiner's rendered this impracticable. The consequence was, that his parents prevailed upon the youth to give up all thoughts of a scientific career. Happily, however, his early instincts prevailed, and in a few weeks more he was as deep as ever in the pursuit of his favourite studies. The height of his ambition was to be an artillery officer; and to secure this, to him, enviable eminence, he unwittingly (such was his insatiable curiosity) became not merely the equal of his fellow pupils, but the peer in science of his renowned professors. The examination scene is far too original not to be given in the mathematician's own words:—'Examination time came at last, and I repaired to Toulouse, in company with a candidate who had studied at our grammar school. This was the first time that pupils from Perpignan came forward to the competition. My comrade failed, from downright terror. When my turn

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came to walk up to the black-board, a rather strange dialogue took place between the examiner M. Monge and myself:—"If you are to answer as your companion has done, it is no use my questioning you."—"Sir, my companion knows far more than he has shown; I hope to be more fortunate than he. But what you have just said to me may intimidate, and therefore put me out."—"Ay, timidity is always the blockhead's excuse. To spare you the shame of a defeat, I tender you the offer not to examine you."—"I know no greater shame than that you are just now inflicting upon me. Please to question me; it is your duty to do so."—"You carry it high, young man; we shall see presently whether such conceit is founded."—"Allez, monsieur, je vous attends" (Begin, sir, I am quite ready),' was the cool, idiomatic, untranslateable response. The reader may guess the kind of examination that followed such unexpected defiance. It was stringent in the extreme. During two mortal hours and a quarter the examiner showered question upon question, receiving in return answer upon answer, with a clearness, depth, and steadiness, which evidently showed he had to deal with one who had previously exhausted the subject. The examiner, passing from one extreme to another, now rose, came forward, and publicly embraced the candidate, declaring he should stand at the head of his list of admission. Assuredly the boy Arago's head was of the ripest, but what proves that the heart of the successful candidate had its full share of the greenness of youth, is the strong local sentiment to which he gives such pleased utterance. 'I felt proud to think that the pupils of Perpignan could now no longer be scoffed at by the pupils of Toulouse.' As our object is to reach that part of the autobiography which describes his presentation to Napoleon in the capacity of member of the Institute, we shall summarily state that Arago, through the kind and patronising offices of Laplace, was commissioned along with M. Biot to take the measurement of the meridian of Spain. His adventures while in that country during the Peninsular War were at once dangerous and dramatic. On his return to Paris in 1809, and in consideration of his scientific services, he was appointed academician on the demise of Lalande, whose place he was about to take. Arago was then but three-and-twenty. The voting members were fifty-two in number. Of these, he had forty-seven in his favour; his competitor, M. Poisson, four, and M. Nouet one. Such an overwhelming majority must, one would think, have secured him the disputed place at once. By no means. Poisson had been his professor at the Polytechnic School, and the author of the 'Mécanique Céleste,' Laplace, deemed it highly indecorous that the pupil should take precedence of the master. Laplace, therefore, who was besides extremely partial to Poisson, proposed to the young man that he should decline the honour done him, and request to be appointed only when a second vacant chair could be found, in favour of M. Poisson. This Arago pointedly refused to do, alleging his determination to be guilty of no such impropriety, in a case where such a majority were to honour him with their votes. Finding Arago not to be moved, Laplace now went to work in a somewhat different fashion. He maintained that Arago's scientific claims were not such as to entitle him to a seat in the Academy. Hereupon Arago produced a stunning list of scientifics, not the least of which was his measurement of the above-mentioned meridian, a labour accomplished 'mid the horrors of war, not unfrequently in a dungeon, in the mountains of Kabylia and at Algiers, no very safe abode at that particular time. All this, however, was unblushingly treated by Laplace as giving only a promise of scientific excellence. The opposition was too scandalous not to draw down animadversion, and down it came at last, and from the proper quarter:—'Why, you yourself, M. de Laplace,' said his colleague Lagrange, 'had achieved nothing remarkable when you entered the Academy. You were then only a member of some promise. Your great discoveries were subsequent to your appointment.' Without attempting to deny the statement, Laplace added, 'I uphold it to be useful that a place as member of the Institute should be looked forward to by young men of science as an incentive to their zeal.' — 'Well, now,' replied M. Halle, 'this is just like the hackney coachman, who, to keep his horses on the trot, had a bottle of hay stuck to the end of the pole of his vehicle. The poor creatures tugged hard, and the bottle of hay kept flitting on before them; the upshot of which device was, that the horses became hide-bound, and finally gave up the ghost.' To this horse-and-hay argument,

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Laplace gave way at last, probably from some uncomfortable feeling of the ridicule further opposition might entail upon him, and fairly added on election day his own weighty vote to those of his scientific brethren. The members of the Institute had always to be presented to the emperor, after he had confirmed their nomination. 'On the day appointed, joining the presidents, the secretaries of the four sections or classes, and such academicians as had particular works to tender to the head of the state, they repaired to one of the Tuileries' drawing-rooms. On his way back from mass, it was the emperor's custom to review, as it were, his green-liveried men of science, artists, and men of letters. I am bound to say that the sight I witnessed on the day of my presentation was far from edifying. I felt truly mortified on observing how earnestly the members of the Institute endeavoured to court attention. "You are a very young man," said Napoleon, as he drew near me; and without waiting for a very flattering repartee, which it would have been no hard matter to have coined, he added, "What's your name?" Here my right-hand neighbour, not giving me time to answer the very simple question indeed which had just been put to me, made haste to reply, "His name is Arago."—"What's your particular science?" Whereupon my left-hand neighbour directly responded, "*His* particular science is astronomy."—"What have you done?" My right-hand neighbour, offended that my left-hand neighbour should have encroached upon his rights to the second question, speedily took speech in hand, and answered, "*He* has just measured the meridian of Spain." The emperor, fancying, I suppose, that he had to do with a *dummy* or a dunce, made on to another member of the Institute. This was no new comer, but the naturalist Lamarck, well-known for his beautiful and important discoveries. The old man presented a volume to Napoleon. "What's this?" was the answer. "Your absurd meteorology—a work in which you put yourself on a level with the almanack-maker, Matthew Lansberg the annuary, which is a disgrace to your old age? Write natural history, and I will receive your productions with pleasure. This volume I take solely out of consideration for your grey hairs. Here," said the emperor, and tossed the work to an aid-de-camp. Poor Lamarck, who at every ungracious and cutting word the emperor uttered made unavailing attempts to say, "It *is* a work on natural history I present you," *had the weakness to burst into tears!* The next person the emperor had to do with was Lanjuinais, rather a rough customer. That member was stepping forward, book in hand, when Napoleon said, with a sneer, "Does the Senate mean to melt bodily into the Institute?"—"Sire," was Lanjuinais' answer, "the Senate is just that body in the state *which has most time left to think of literature.*" The emperor, dissatisfied with the repartee, abruptly left the civil uniforms, and mixed with the *grosses épaulettes* (the military big-wigs) that crowded the saloon.'

We shall devote a brief obituary to one who, though a less fulgurating star than Cruvelhi, sparkled, nevertheless, with no common brilliancy in the dramatic firmament of her day. Her death, name, eminently artless and chastened performance, are characteristically commemorated in the 'Feuilleton dés Débats' of the 20th March. We must not follow our discursive model, but state a few things in a less poetic style. Be it prefaced (and it is of some importance it should be so), that in 1823 an English company was so be-hissed and be-hooted at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, that it was fain to withdraw. From whatever cause Miss Smithson appeared among us, some five or six years after (it was whispered her accent savoured of the Emerald Isle, and that fastidious London rejected her), she came not unwelcome. Her influence, as insinuated above, touches only the select, the artistic few. It remains to be shown how she could affect the mass. Many years after she became the wedded partner of Berlioz, and had shaded her scenic honours in the quiet retirement of almost secluded life, her name happened to be mentioned at the hospitable table of a very stout and by no means Melpomenic specimen of the French *bourgeoisie*. Various were the sentiments delivered on that occasion, but all tending to do enthusiastic homage to the wonderful histrionic powers of Miss Smithson. The last speaker feelingly bewailed his ignorance of the language in which the divine creature had been performing, when, to our no small amazement, mine host opened his portly mouth, declaring that he neither knew nor cared to know English, though he questioned whether the most practical acquaintance with the dialect could have made him shed one tear more than those that coursed down his unin-

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formed cheek! 'It was Jane Shore,' continued the huge gentleman, and his eye positively glistened as he said so—'it was Jane Shore she was playing, and for the first time in my life I felt both what tragic acting is, and what tragic acting should be: every new sigh and sob that broke from her gave another knock at my heart, and made another big tear start into my eye! The short and long of it is, she made me perfectly ashamed of myself!' Ourselves have seen Miss Smithson, both at the festive board, where her appearance and language were those of an accomplished lady, and in her favourite walk of overwhelming tenderness, in which her embodiments were the absolute transcripts of ideal nature's self. Honour and peace to her ashes! As an actress (whether English or Irish, is matter of moonshine), she opened up to French mimic art at least, though less ostensibly, a path as novel, and leading as unerringly to nature, as that previously thrown open to French historic art by the graphic and inspired pen of your northern enchanter.

Lamartine (and a valuable announcement it must be to many of your lady-readers) has just made his appearance in altogether a novel character for a man of his perpetual stream of mind, in that of a giver of extracts—elegant extracts, of course, since they proceed from his own inexhaustible mine. Not that we have to apprehend anything like stagnation in his own racy and ever-stirring intellect, or a slovenly wish to linger over his labours, or make the most of what he has written; no; we have the author's own affirmation, that, should the evening of his life be lengthened and calm, he is conscious he may again become a poet, but a poet whose powers would be devoted to heaven and heavenly purposes alone. The book (a small 18mo)—work it cannot be called—which he has published is entitled, 'Lectures pour tous,' and is a selection of passages from threescore volumes of poetry, eloquence, literature, and history, culled by his own hand, and presented to the reading world as comprising those thoughts and feelings by which alone he would wish to outlive his narrow span. The thoughts of every copious writer flow in a somewhat turbid stream; nor are they fit, either in their first gush from the fountainhead, or in their first channelled wanderings, to be gathered and inurned in the vase of ages, to slake the thirst of humanity.

Having delivered thus much concerning some of the master minds that moved, and whose spirit may again move, the Parisian mass (intellectually, we mean), it may not be inappropriate should we say something of Paris itself. At present Paris, as you are aware, is undergoing a thorough repair—so thorough, that the assembled world of 1855 (such, at least, of said collective as were previously acquainted with the great Babylon) shall scarcely be able to recognise her. Our imperial lord and master is busy writing his name and history most legibly on her devoted walls, not in wedge-shaped or arrow-headed characters, as did the Persian kings of old on the quarries in the vicinity of their palatial cities, but in majestic lines of solid free-stone. A demoniacal spirit of demolition seems to haunt our municipality, now fairly drawn into the mill-stream of the emperor's ideas by its headlong and daring prefect, Haussman. In constitutional and liberal times, the timid town-council man looked before he leaped, and thought of healing the breach in his finances even before inflicting the wound. Now that the practisers as well as admirers of the pusillanimous forethought system have either resigned or been ousted, the star of the emperor alone shoots its burning and inspiring rays into the brains of the enthusiastic council. Hence the stunning operations of pick-axe and crow-bars; hence the diggings, demolishings, clearings, and whirling dust-clouds that blind and suffocate the unwary passenger. Street upon street vanishes; landmark upon landmark melts into thin air. The history of olden Paris is torn up by the roots, dug up from the very foundation. Modish houses, with all their garish appurtenances, foist themselves like *parvenus* into the worshipful society of embattlemented fabrics grey with the hoar of antiquity. The haunts of science, and the haunts of vice, have alike been opened up to the glare of noonday, and floods of light and air poured into quarters where the atmosphere had slept and festered for ages. No sooner has one immense enterprise been undertaken, no sooner is there a prospect of the Louvre being finished, of the Industrial Stone and Crystal Palace being run up (by the by, the mighty mass is already denounced as insufficient), of some half-dozen boulevards hewing their way through some half-dozen forests of houses, than other plans and other prospects equally gigantic glimmer in the architec-

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tural distance. The town council were just about having recourse to a loan of some thirty-five million francs to face the various demands made on its finances, when a bold and unquestionably imperial idea rushed, it is said, to the rescue. The Champs Elysées, already invaded from the Rond Point to the Barriére de l'Etoile, might, nay, ought to be equally so from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point. A company has therefore been found which offers the town thirty-five millions—precisely the sum required for the possession of said Champs Elysées, and with authority, bating the two alleys, to champion nature to the utterance, building thereon houses—squares and fountains to extinction. Should there be any foundation for such a report, it follows, as a natural consequence, that it must be the municipality's pleasure the Parisian shall avail himself, for his Sunday or week-day's lounge, of the new suburban railway to transfer himself, wife, and child, or children, farther from the seat of his daily occupation; that he shall visit, in short, the Havre railroad station, get into a *vaggon*, and, after a trundle of some ten or fifteen minutes, accompanied with the choking sensation of being jammed in between too walls, utterly exclusive of the green fields beyond, shall be let loose from his durance at Porte Maillot or Porte Dauphine, and be, for the benefit of contrast, launched all at once into the very centre of the 'Arabian Night' embellishments, now in process of execution in Boulogne wood. The Bois de Boulogne, the old bivouac of the Scottish and English in 1815, once government property, is now inalienably vested in the hands of the municipality on terms similar to those whereby that body became owners of the Champs Elysées in 1828, as also of the site and part of the grounds of the Temple in 1854, namely, that the financial energies of said municipality shall be vigorously exerted in laying out such grounds for the perpetual pleasure and delight of the happy Parisian. By the tenor of the law of July, 1853, two million francs are to be expended on Boulogne wood within the lapse of four years. What has been already achieved in the space of some ten or eleven months, is a splendid earnest of what may be anticipated. A lake, of four hundred and fifty metres in length, and sixty-five in breadth, already unfolds its bright expanse; while two immense and continuous chasms yawn in its immediate vicinity, athirst, as it were, for those waters which shall slake their parched throats, and give the polish of the mirror to their winding and declivous shores. From the bosom of these future rivers two future islands rise with graceful swell, and ready crowned with trees and verdure. A high road, with broad footpaths, and a carriage-way more than ten yards in width, encircles and moves in accordance with every sinuosity of lake and stream; while the earth scooped out in forming the beds of either has been skilfully disposed of, to rear on the Rond Point Mortemart an artificial elevation, commanding an admirable prospect, not the least delightful features of which are the picturesquely wooded heights of St Cloud. Much of what is marvellous in all these embellishments, realised or realisable, has been suggested, it is said, by designs of the emperor. Is this the old figure of speech, whereby whatever is accomplished by a monarch is historically asserted to be his personal performance? Is the whole delightful conception to be traced to the graceful tastes of the architect Varé? or does his majesty's undeniably scientific education also branch out into the artistic? But we lose sight of the Champs Elysées. A bounding line will at last be given, it is said, to that Arabia Petræa—*la Place de la Concord* (now macadamising, by the way), in the shape of sumptuous edifices in the inimitably beautiful style of the Garde Meuble and Hotel de l'Amiranté, themselves reminiscences of the elegant colonnade of the Louvre. Into these monumental buildings will be congregated the various bureaus or offices connected with the administration; so that the Punch exhibitions, merry-go-rounds, monsters, booths, wild beasts, and itinerant circuses, those antediluvian specimens of French equality, must, with their admiring public of soldiers, childs' maids, and loungers, seek some other less fashionable quarter: their days are numbered. All this, it is true, has been energetically contradicted by the 'Moniteur.' But the 'Moniteur,' like the Pythian oracle of old, speaks not for all time, but for the nonce, and is therefore liable to much that is contradictory. The advanced Tuileries' moats, once a kind of sunken oases in the desert of the mighty square, are now filling up, and brought, *with their crop of stones*, within the scope of vision. A row of statues will, it is hinted, soon show their faces in serene and stony contrast with the green and quivering foliage of the last

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line of trees skirting that part of the Tuileries' terrace fronting the Champs Elysées. The dull screen of parapet topping the wall of said terrace is now rounded off and slit into light by means of a row of balusters harmonising with their fellows that fringe the moats, as well as those that run so lightly in the distance along the Pont de la Concorde. Part of the cast-metal gas lamp-posts, so plentifully sprinkled over the square, are removing, or, as we say in pedantic modern parlance, *are being removed;* the remainder are painting and gilding anew. Even the colossal stone figures that sit on those diminutive watch-towers, symbolising along the moats the chief cities of France; even the far-famed Marly horses, with their lofty pedestals, have doffed the dun vesture of time, and been chiselled back to their pristine whiteness. Greater, nay wilder changes than these have been whispered. It has been sounded in the attentive ear that the obelisk, one of the twin obelisks first discovered by your Belzoni in the temple of Luxor, the obelisk so proudly reared by Louis Philippe in the seventh year of his reign, the obelisk standing so mathematically, nay so beautifully in the very eye and axis of the Tuileries' palace-gate, and the blue and distant span of the arch of the Arc de Triomphe, has not yet accomplished its evolutions! The emperor, whose genius, unlike Macbeth's, stands rebuked under that of no Banquo, has, it is confidently given out, determined on its removal. Meantime, the rise in the Parisian rents is prodigious, and may, should they continue their upward movement, determine an emigration of those called rentiers or annuitants to some less favoured spot. The demolition in the vicinity of the Palais Royal and Théatre Français have given, tenant-wards, an excruciating value to such premises as have been spared, or are destined to look out upon the northern lateral range of that princely wilderness of stone denominated the Louvre. One shop, St Honoré Street, tenanted by a respectable bootmaker, and just on the fatal verge, has of course been respected. The man of lasts and leather, who had previously paid 2800 francs, shrunk from the sum now exacted by the unconscionable landlord. But a more adventurous tenant has been found, and the landlord's most sanguine expectations been realised by a man of music, who consents to come annually down to the tune and total of 9000 francs! Proprietors who had been frightfully tortured by the revolution of February, and had quaked for years under the equalising rod of the republic, have totally forgotten the instructive past, and are pressing onwards with the most laudable earnestness to the filling up of the gap made in their rentals by that disastrous period. We do not ourselves, as may well be divined, by any means come within the definition or compass of a Dives, and yet, from the treatment we have experienced, our heated fancy might well have taken fire, and classed us with the wealthy of the land. We rented first-floor apartments of the old barn make, combining width and loftiness, the two qualities most abhorrent to modern France. On glancing round a drawing-room which would have done no dishonour to any in your renowned Parliament Close, when you had a Parliament Close, we smiled at its uninvitingness, and deemed ourselves secure. Alas! for human foresight. On entering, we paid 1000 francs; a twelvemonth after, 1200; three months later, 1400; and as we demurred at this unusual proceeding, our landlady (landladies are proverbially imaginative) carried the question at once into the calm regions of the undebateable, by loftily proposing we should henceforth bleed to the extent of 2000—£80 instead of £40! And this we solemnly aver to be no 'fee-grief due to some single breast,' but a metropolitan blessing coming home to the bosoms of four-fifths of those who dwell within the purlieus of Lutetia. The emperor himself sees, feels, and deplores this plague-spot of prosperity. The 'Moniteur,' in its tender solicitude for the comfort and well-being of the inhabitants, and in an especial manner of the operatives, that most interesting class of suffering humanity, has been compelled eloquently to avow, that even under that most benign of government forms, the Empire, *good is not without its alloy of evil.* We cannot, therefore, sufficiently exhort such of the denizens of Modern Athens as are anxious to have a peep at 'old and new' Paris in the year '55, to use all diligence in making their lodging sure; otherwise they may, despite the announcement of American hotels to be built here on the most extravagant scale of magnificence, be exposed to set up their rest under the canopy of heaven, and so be picked up as vagrants by the French police, who, in all such cases, have strict orders to put all outlying vagabonds under arrest.

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THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

NEARLY three years have now elapsed since the Great Exhibition of 1851 was finally closed to the public, and for the greater part of that time there has been an earnest looking forward to the opening of its successor. For awhile, indeed, it was hoped that the unique and beautiful structure which had arisen with such amazing rapidity from the grassy promenades of Hyde Park, and received within its transparent walls the industrial products and the living representatives of most of the nations of the earth, would have been allowed to remain, and so have become a lasting memorial of the great fraternal gathering for which it was erected. A variety of obstacles, however, presented themselves to that proposal, and the Royal Commissioners, feeling bound to observe to the very letter their deed of covenant with the Treasury, declined to take any steps for the preservation of the building. An appeal was accordingly made to the government to release the commissioners from their bond; public meetings were held throughout the country, and from end to end the land rang with denunciations of the Vandalism involved in the contemplated demolition of the Crystal Palace. But it all failed of the desired effect. The government steadily refused to interfere, and a last ineffectual effort having been made in the House of Commons to overrule their decision, the order went forth that the beautiful, fairy-like structure was to be removed according to the terms of the covenant.

Assuredly the country has no reason to regret that it was so. The experiment of a Palace of Glass and a Great Industrial Exhibition had been far too successful, even in a merely commercial respect, to be allowed passively to drop through for want of a permanent location in Hyde Park. Almost immediately, therefore, that the decision of the House of Commons became known, a few private individuals came forward, and not only purchased the building, but at once entered into arrangements with the contractors for its re-erection on a new site. It was speedily decided that this should be at Sydenham in Kent, where an estate of three hundred acres was purchased, with the intention of forming an extensive park, which, by its terraces, and gardens, and superb water-works, might ultimately vie with the most celebrated productions of the kind all the world over. The spot selected for the palace itself was at the western boundary of the estate, on the summit of a lofty hill, overlooking the richly wooded plain of Kent, and commanding an extensive prospect for many miles around. To this place the materials of the old building were conveyed rapidly as its demolition proceeded, while the inventive genius of Sir Joseph Paxton was busily employed contriving new beauties, and fresh wonders of mechanical skill, for the embellishment of the second and more glorious temple to be erected from the ruins of the first. On the 5th August, 1852, the first column of the new building was raised, in the presence of a large concourse of distinguished persons, and from that day onward, the greatest activity and zeal were exhibited by all parties concerned, in the hope of having the undertaking sufficiently advanced for the palace to be opened, as was at first proposed, on the 1st of May of the following year. As the work of rebuilding progressed, however, various unforeseen difficulties had to be encountered, and one important addition after another was made to the original design, till it soon became obvious that a much longer time than was at first contemplated would be absolutely necessary to carry out the proposed arrangements; and it was only by the most strenuous exertions that the palace and park were so far advanced, as to admit of the grand and imposing ceremonial of the 10th June last, of which the writer, as representative of the INSTRUCTOR, was a privileged spectator.

The sun had evidently reserved his strength to make the most of himself on this memorable occasion. For some days previously, he had completely shrouded himself in dark heavy masses of cloud, without so much as bestowing upon us a passing gleam, or a single glance of his bright presence. On that Saturday morning, however, long ere bedroom curtains were withdrawn and blinds pulled up, to ascertain what sort of an aspect the heavens wore, an unusual chirruping from the eaves and the chimney-tops overhead dispelled many an anxious doubt, and made it plain that the day had opened

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auspiciously. Indeed it had. The air was bright and clear, and the vault above was intensely blue, with only here and there a mass of white fleecy cloud floating along, beautiful, and boding no ill. One soon became aware how much unwonted early rising there had been, that bright and joyous morning. Along the road to Sydenham, clouds of dust were flying up, as, one after another, a continuous string of gay equipages rolled onwards, while it was yet a full hour to the time when the ordinary morning tide of broad-cloth sets in, in the opposite direction, citywards. By road and rail there was the same hurrying throng, the same marked anxiety to be in time to secure best places. Journeying by rail ourselves, we were scarcely clear of the town, before, on a wooded ridge to the right, the palace was seen towering grandly up, gleaming and glancing in the morning sun like a very temple of light. And then what clambering of walls and palings there was, what crowing and shouting by young urchins at cottage-doors, and on bridges overhead, as the long trains sped by, and how even grown-up men and women stopped from their work that morning, to look up curiously at train after train as it whizzed along, with the radiant faces peering out at the carriage windows. Young and old, they had seen that glorious palace on the hill-top gradually rising from the ground, and taking shape and form before them, and now that its gates were to be thrown open, and all its rumoured wonders exposed to view—Her Majesty herself presiding at the august ceremonial—no wonder that they looked with more than ordinary regard at the gaily-dressed crowds that rushed onwards to the scene, though, for the present at least, they had themselves neither part nor interest in the matter.

Crowds there were; and what dense crowding at the doors. 'It's past the time; why don't they open the doors?' And still the workmen passed in and out, now staggering under huge bales of crimson cloth, now hauling in great trucks with piled-up cases and packages; and still the bustle and hammering are heard inside, as though there was no end of work yet to be done. Minutes are terribly long under such circumstances, and no one will be surprised to learn that bejewelled ladies did not hesitate to pronounce the delay a 'shame,' or that gentlemen in patent-leather and cream-coloured kids, openly, and in spite of policemen, actually proposed to storm the doors, though it was only a few minutes later than the appointed time, when they were thrown open, and amidst loud cries of 'slowly,' 'no pushing,' 'don't rush,' the long pent-up human torrent *did* rush furiously in.

With a talisman in our pocket that gave us entrance and admission 'everywhere'—we took it to mean everywhere with certain limitations, and forbore to attempt the dais, the peeresses' gallery, or the seats of the foreign ambassadors—we made our way into the centre of the great transept, and took up our position on the floor, almost immediately in front of the dais, and by the side of the be-cloaked and be-chained dignitaries of the city, who now began to assemble. The rush of spectators continued for some time without a moment's pause, the skiffing of feet and the rustle of dresses producing a mingled hiss and hum, which swelled upwards to the lofty vaulted roof, filling the entire space with a bewildering volume of sound. By the time that we begin to look about us with any degree of consciousness that we are doing so, all the prominent parts of the building commanding a view of the dais are closely packed, and the *coup d'œil* is one of surpassing magnificence. Far up above our heads is the translucent arch of the great central transept, through which the sun pours down a flood of splendour that makes hats feel irksome, and obliges ladies to elevate their parasols, as though they were in the open air. On each side, and intersecting the transept at right angles, stretches away the nave, not flat-roofed, as in the old building, but vaulted like the transepts, and with elegant wire baskets filled with brilliant flowers hanging at regular intervals throughout its entire length. Behind us, and on either side, are the raised seats and the galleries of the transept, crowded with the wealth and the beauty of the realm, who, tumultuous with excitement, sit eagerly watching the gathering crowd around the open space below. Here, as the time passed on, everything was made ready for the advent of Her Majesty. Signor Costa marshalled his overwhelming orchestra on the vast temporary amphitheatre erected for their accommodation; the chair of state was placed towards the front of the platform of the dais; Sir Joseph Paxton and the

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other officers of the Crystal Palace Company re-appeared, their ordinary garb of half an hour since now changed for the spare coat, the lace, the silk stockings, and the sword of the court-dress; and the foreign ambassadors and the great officers of state began to make their appearance. A burst of cheering towards our left turned all eyes thitherwards, and Lord John Russell emerged from the crowd, smiling and bowing at the cordial welcome he received, and, crossing the transept, joined the other ministers at the side of the dais. 'Pray, can you inform me who that short and very young man is, the one with the long red hair?'—'That's the Duke of Argyle, ma'am.'—'And the gentleman he is just speaking to?'—'That is the man who has kindly doubled our income-tax, ma'am — Mr Gladstone.' Now there was a cheer for Lord Palmerston, then a whisper ran along, 'there's Disraeli;' and so, amidst an incessant buzz of 'which?' 'where?' 'who's that?' and the like, most of the great personages of the political world, ministers and privy councillors, past, present, and to come, assembled in their appropriate places, and the vast concourse gradually became hushed and quiet in momentary expectation of one more honoured and better beloved than them all.

It was three o'clock, and the Queen had not yet arrived. But a minute after, and a sound of hurrahing faintly heard from the outside announced that she was at the doors. In due time the assembled thousands inside took up the strain, and amidst a general rising, a tumultuous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and loud and enthusiastic greetings, Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert and the royal children, the young King of Portugal and his brother, with a numerous suite, stepped into the open space, walked to the centre of the transept, repeatedly bowing as she advanced, and ascended the dais to the chair of state. Brief space, however, had Her Majesty to sit, for Costa's arm was raised, and as it descended again, there burst forth from that mighty orchestra of sixteen hundred persons the glorious tones of the 'National Anthem.' Her Majesty instantly rose; and almost at the same moment the first gun of a royal salute thundered through the building, causing Her Majesty first to give a very perceptible start, and then to indulge in a laugh at her unwonted timidity. The anthem over, Mr Laing, the chairman of the company, advanced to the dais, and ascending the first flight of steps, read an address, describing the origin and objects of the undertaking, but in a voice so low and indistinct, that not one word of it could be heard. In striking contrast to this was Her Majesty's reply, which was delivered so distinctly and with such marked and appropriate emphasis, that at times, as, for example, when she pronounced the words, 'It is my earnest wish and desire,' her rich voice rang distinctly through the transept, and must have been generally audible. We know that it has become trite to speak of Her Majesty's voice in this manner; and we confess we had ourselves regarded the matter as so much mere compliment; but what we have said is strictly literally true; and, to her many other accomplishments, Her Majesty assuredly adds that most rare and difficult one of being an effective and graceful reader.

But on the 10th June last, Her Majesty was altogether happy, and excelled in everything. It was generally allowed, that she had seldom been seen in such good spirits, and, as to appearance, it was in every one's mouth that she had never looked better. During the presentation of medals and hand-books, which followed her reply to the address, her tact and skill, and the amiable qualities which have so much endeared her to the people, were strikingly displayed. Her attention throughout the lengthened procedure was wholly given up; and while all were very graciously received, her best and most benignant smiles were reserved for men like Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr Owen Jones, who have risen from the ranks by their own unaided genius and industry.

Of the Royal Procession round the building, the fortunate occupants of seats in the great transept know little more than that Her Majesty must have had a weary walk, and that she was lustily cheered throughout the entire perambulation. Returning to the dais, Her Majesty again stood before the chair of state, while the rest of the procession took their places as before, and the orchestra performed the 'Hundredth Psalm.' His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury now proceeded to the lower steps of the dais, and in impressive and appropriate language invoked the divine blessing; after

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which the entire strength of the orchestra was put forth in the performance of the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Then came a pause, Her Majesty looking round to know what was to be done next, and no one apparently able to inform her. Presently Mr Laing crept up at the back of the dais, whispered a few words, and retired, when, at Her Majesty's command, the Marquis of Breadalbane stepped to the front of the dais, and declared 'this Crystal Palace open.' 'God save the Queen' again swept through the building, and Her Majesty descended to the floor, preserving the bright and animated expression of her countenance to the end of the trying ceremonial, and still bowing graciously in acknowledgment of the boisterous applause which marked her retiring.

The relief of the reader, in finishing this dry detail of a royal ceremonial, if, indeed, it has been read at all, is as nothing to the relief which we experienced in being able once more to walk about and stretch to their full extent our long-cramped-up limbs, when that ceremonial was over. Our first impulse was to rush at once to the refreshment-rooms at the end of the building, to partake of the cold joints which the company had considerately advertised in the morning newspapers. But bethinking ourselves of the INSTRUCTOR, of how much there was above and around us to be seen and described, and how brief was the interval before the inexorable hour would arrive, when our description would have to be sent flying along northward in Her Majesty's mail-bags, we controlled the cravings of appetite, passed resolutely the elegant marble tables, at which gay waitresses in white muslin and blue ribbons were dispensing ices and other light confections, and commenced a careful survey of the building.

'The building!' Ay, that wondrous structure, almost overpowering us with its vastness and stupendous beauty, itself deserves attention before we turn our thoughts to any of the varied beauties it enshrines. In order the better to realise its full extent and magnificence, we make our way through the crowd to the nearest staircase, pursue its geometrical windings up, and up, and up, till we can mount no higher; and then, approaching the railing of the topmost, endmost gallery, look straight ahead along the glorious length and breadth of the nave. Wonderful, most wonderful from this dizzy elevation is the view. Immediately above, overarching you with its endless repetition of ridge and furrow, is the glittering transparent roof, its broad springing arches gradually narrowing in the distant perspective, and presenting an appearance of the most exquisite aerial lightness and grace. Then there is the interminable array, the perpetual crossing and interlacing, of slender shafts and columns, girders, trusses, and tie-bars, all harmoniously coloured in blue, and white, and red, and forming with the galleries they support a most majestic and imposing vista. Never before did glass and iron produce such amazing results; never did details, in themselves so simple, by their combination give rise to such imposing grandeur. Then on the floor below, from end to end of the broad avenue in the centre, carpeted with a winding strip of crimson cloth for the royal footsteps, what a magnificent scene is presented, as that gay and brilliant assemblage, no longer cooped in by barriers, circulates freely over the space, the hoarse murmur of its voices rising and reverberating through the building like the sound of many waters, or the sullen roar of a great forest! On either side, the deep green of the crowded foliage, with basins and vases glowing with the vivid hues of flowering plants, beautifully contrasts with the white statuary seen through the leaves; while the rich colouring of the Fine Art Courts, and the varied architectural decoration of their continuous façades, forms an appropriate and resplendent background to the scene. Bending over the railing, we see immediately below us, in the centre of the floor, the spacious marble basin for M. Monti's beautiful bronze fountain; while, shimmering in the sunlight, in a corresponding position at the other extremity of the nave, is the old favourite, Ostler's crystal fountain from the Palace in Hyde Park.

It was a bold determination, on the part of the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, to attempt to present to the eye of the visiter exact representations of the different phases through which the arts of architecture and sculpture have passed, from the earliest down to the latest period; but it is one in which, it must be admitted, they have been perfectly successful. The various Architectural and Fine Art Courts are at once the most novel and the most attractive feature of the whole undertaking; and, with one cu-

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rious exception, are appropriately enough arranged by themselves along each side of the northern half of the nave, far away from all that pertains to the modern and the new.

Beginning on the eastern side of the nave, at its junction with the central transept, the court first in order, as its architecture was first in the order of time, is the Egyptian. An avenue of lions leads from the nave to the principal façade. Eight richly-coloured pillars, huge, massive, and impressing one with the idea of calm repose, combined with enormous strength, form the exterior of the court, and afford a characteristic illustration of the later style of Egyptian architecture. Entering the court, we have around us, on the side-walls, a variety of sculptured pictures, representing religious processions and battle scenes, the sack of cities, and the counting of the slain. On the principal side of the court is a reproduction, on a reduced scale, of the Ramseion at Thebes, or the tomb of Osymandyas. Eight colossal figures of kings are ranged along, four on each side of the pyramidal doorway, the lower part of the body and the legs swathed in white winding-sheets, the arms crossed upon the breast, and in one hand the crook—typifying the monarch's protecting care of his people, in the other the flail—emblematic of authority and power. Passing from this outer court, we now enter a colonnade of twenty-two massive and beautifully decorated columns, representing the so-called Hall of Columns in the celebrated temple of Karnac. Beyond is another colonnade forming the side of the court, in which are specimens of Egyptian sculpture, and copies of the famous Rosetta stone in the British Museum, which furnished the key by means of which Young and Champollion were enabled to decipher the mysterious hieroglyphics, and read the long-forgotten records of Egypt's ancient kings. Pacing through these solemn and impressive, though richly coloured courts, the visiter may perhaps be disposed to question the propriety and historical truthfulness of the brilliant adornments; but we must bow in unquestioning submission to the superior knowledge of Mr Owen Jones, who assures us there are precedents and authority for all that has been done.

From Egypt we pass into Greece, and revel amongst (plaster-casts of) the world-famed creations of Phidias and Praxiteles, and the nameless, deathless sculptors of the great Hellenic race. The Apollo Belvidere, the Farnese Juno, the Discobulous, Diana the Huntress, the Laocoon, the Wrestlers, the Druken Fawn, the Fawn Sleeping, the Venus of Milo, the Medicean Venus, the Dying Gladiator, Ariadne, the Farnese Minerva, the Niobe Group, are all here, and an array of others, which it would convert our paper into a mere catalogue to enumerate. These exquisite productions of classic art are the fruits of a tour on the Continent by Messrs Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt, undertaken on behalf of the Crystal Palace Company, for the express purpose of procuring casts of the finest works of ancient art now extant. The travellers were furnished with letters of introduction to our ambassadors at the various European courts from Lord Malmesbury, then the Foreign Secretary, and, backed by the liberal purse of the company, ransacked almost every museum of note in Europe, setting skilful artists to work to prepare casts of the choicest treasures of each. The result is, that we now have a collection of statuary such as no other country in the world can boast, and which, situated where it is, cannot fail, in the course of time, to have an important influence on our national taste and culture.

As with Greece, so with Rome, the court representing which stands next in order. Here we pass from the purity and the severe simplicity characteristic of early Greek art, to the wanton display and lavish magnificence of imperial Rome. Entering under the arch of the principal façade, we find ourselves in a large court, whose walls are coloured in imitation of the porphyry, malachite, and rare marbles, with which the luxurious inhabitants of the Eternal City loved to adorn their dwellings. Busts and statues are disposed about these courts as in those of Greece, while the ceilings of some of the smaller compartments or baths are enriched with the exuberant and fanciful devices of M. Abbate, analogous to those discovered in the buried city of Pompeii.

A break now takes place in the architectural sequence, and we pass from the solid and substantial magnificence of Rome, to the glare, and glitter, and gorgeous splendour of the Moorish palace-fortress of the Alhambra. This celebrated structure was the beloved abode of the Moorish sovereigns of Spain, and one of the very last strongholds they retained of

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their once extensive dominion on the Spanish territory. The restorations of these dazzling courts has been with Mr Owen Jones a labour of the most intense enthusiasm and love, and he has succeeded in producing what by every one will be regarded as the most resplendent feature of the place. 'In spite of earthquakes, mines, and counter-mines,' says Mr Jones —'spite of Spanish convicts, French soldiers, Spanish bigotry, and Flemish barbarism—of thieves and gipsies, contrabandists and brigands, paupers, charcoal-burners, and snow-gatherers—the Alhambra still exists, one of the most recent of European ruins. It is the most perfect in repair, and the richest in design; it has suffered less from man or the elements, and has fallen more gently and imperceptibly to decay. It was not molten, like Nineveh, in an hour, or buried in a day, like Pompeii; it was not smitten down at a blow, like Corinth, or sapped for centuries, like Athens. Though it has been alternately a barrack, a prison, a tea-garden, and an almshouse—though its harem has been a hen-house, its prisons pens for sheep—the Alhambra is still one of the most wonderful productions of Eastern splendour, lingering in Europe long after the Moslem waves have rolled back again into Asia, like a golden cup dropped on the sand, or like the last tent of some dead Arab still standing, when the rest of his tribe have long since taken up their spears, untethered their camels, and sought their new homes in the far desert.'

The parts of this wonderful building represented in the Alhambra Court of the Crystal Palace, are the far-famed Court of Lions, the Tribunal of Justice, and the Hall of the Abencerrages—all, of course, on a greatly reduced scale, but glittering and glowing with all the splendid decorations of the original structure. The façade of this court, facing the nave, is of such dazzling beauty, that visiters stand transfixed before it, giving unequivocal indications of their admiration and delight. The fretwork, the tracery, and the diapering of the honeycombed walls—the wondrous blending of blue, and red, and gold in the intricate intertwining of the threads of colour employed, producing in the bright sunlight a shimmering iridescence and glory—the slender and fragile columns, and the drooping stalactite arches—produce, altogether, a most peculiar and imposing effect, and so entirely Saracenic in its character, that it needs but the presence of some swarthy Arab to carry back the mind at once to the days of Moorish chivalry and romance.

Quitting the Alhambra Court, and still passing onwards, we now find ourselves under the northern transept; and at the extremity of it, on our left, two enormous seated figures rise in their solemn state to the very summit of the roof. Leading up to these immense figures is an avenue of colossal sphinxes, reaching the whole length of the transept, and forming with the figures themselves the most extraordinary spectacle in the entire building. The seated figures are restorations, of the exact size of the originals, from the façade of an ancient temple excavated from the solid rock at Aboo-Simbel in Nubia. This temple, which still exists, and has the remains of four of these gaunt figures guarding its entrance, was discovered by Burckhardt, buried in the sand of the contiguous desert, with little more than the heads of the colossi appearing above the surface. The colossal figures are seventy-two feet in height, and are by far the largest representations of the human form at present known. Seen here, in contrast with the wondrous lightness and aerial grace of the vaulted transept bending immediately above their heads, these stupendous figures have an air of awful and mysterious grandeur—an effect greatly heightened by the long avenue of sphinxes that lie there, 'watching and earnest—the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable—the same sad eyes and tranquil mien everlasting.'

The largest and the last of the courts, on the western side of the nave, is that devoted to the illustration of our recently acquired knowledge of the arts, the religious and the social customs of the ancient Assyrians. Prepared by Mr Fergusson, under the superintendence of Mr Layard, we have in this Nineveh Court a reproduction in little of one of the gorgeous palaces of the Assyrian kings. Huge winged and human-headed bulls guard the entrance, and look sternly down upon the approaching visiter. Inside there are the painted chambers of the prophet. 'She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea,

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the land of their nativity.' Here, too, are huge eagle-headed figures, supposed to represent the god Nisroch of Scripture, before whose altar Sennacherib was slain by his sons; here are kings, and priests, and divinities—soldiers crossing rivers on inflated skins, armies besieging cities, and battering down the walls, charioteers pursuing the flying foe, and bands of prisoners pinioned, and led along in triumphal procession. It is marvellous to observe how much may be learned from the sculptured slabs and richly-coloured paintings around these interesting chambers, with their massive columns and elaborate cornices; and one cannot but be struck with the thought, how large a proportion of these representations refer to scenes of bloodshed and slaughter, in which unhappily the nations of the earth are still so frequently involved.

At the end of the nave at which we have now arrived, Sir Joseph Paxton presents us with an assemblage of his beautiful palms, and other tropical plants. Springing from amongst gnarled and knotty stumps of trees, stubbed up in the course of the formation of the park, and now piled in skilful disorder, covered with moss, and here and there affording lodgment for beautiful flowering plants, they have a most admirable effect, and promise by and by to rival their brethren at Kew. Here, too, we get a sample of the zoological exhibition at the other extremity of the building. In a sort of hollow, amongst the mound of knotty stumps, stands a group of Indians, suddenly surprised by the appearance of a huge leopard. One arrow has already been discharged, and has entered the side of the beast while in the very act of springing upon the terrified group, who start back in horror, but with weapons held ready for defence.

Turning southward down the eastern side of the nave, we now approach the Fine Art Courts of the Middle Ages, which, however, it would be vain for us here to attempt to describe. There is a similar regard to the architectural adornment of the several courts to that already referred to in the courts on the other side of the nave, and in some instances the façades are fully equal in elaborateness and splendour of design. There are the Byzantine and Romanesque Courts, the German, English, French, and Italian Medieval Courts, the Renaissance, Elizabethan, and Italian Courts, and in each of them we may study, by means of actual examples and illustrations, the rise and growth, the culmination and decay, of the several styles of art which successive ages have witnessed. The copies from works of the great masters which these courts contain are another portion of the treasures secured by Messrs Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt, during their journey on the Continent, and amongst them are facsimiles of the celebrated productions of Benvenuto Cellini, Sansovino, Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, and others, which will afford pleasant occupation for many a well-spent hour in days to come. We pass from the bright flower-beds and the broad-leaved foliage of tropical plants in the nave, between statues of knights-templars, under elaborate arches, groined and richly gilt ceilings—amongst quaint tombs, bearing the effigies of kings, and queens, and cross-legged crusaders—before Gothic windows 'richly dight,' bronze gates, church doors, and marble fountains—before screens, and sculptures, and paintings—over polished marble pavements, matched by brilliant mosaics on the walls, marking the peculiarities of each school of art, and the leading characteristics of each great artist. It is impossible to speak too highly of the value of the instruction which the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have thus placed, at an immense expense to themselves, within the reach, and patent to the observation, of all. They have formed, in this department of their great undertaking, an unrivalled school of art, in which the most illiterate may learn much, and be irresistibly impelled to acquire more; while to the better informed it will prove an endless source of instruction and delight, indefinitely widening their sphere of knowledge, and bringing them acquainted, by personal observation, with the most wonderful achievements of human genius and skill.

Of the objects in the great central transept, we can say but little, the raised dais for Her Majesty, with its gorgeous velvet canopy overhead, the huge temporary amphitheatre for the orchestra behind it, and the raised seats for the more privileged spectators of the ceremony in front, occupying the space, and to a great extent obstructing the view. Marochetti's statue of Sir Robert Peel, however, stands out conspicuously in view; while close at hand is the splendid group of the Farnese Bull, and the elaborate and wonderful

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choragic monument of Lysicrates, the Lantern of Demosthenes, as it is sometimes called.

The greater part of the south nave is occupied by the courts representative of *modern* industry and art, and are at present, for the most part, in a very unfinished state. Sufficient, however, has already been done in this department to show that, though primarily utilitarian and economical, it will, by and by, form a by no means unworthy counterpart to the exquisite series of Fine Art Courts in the other half of the building. On each side of the nave there is the same rich though appropriate architectural display; in the façades, and even in the interior, many of the courts present an aspect of unexpected beauty. Birmingham and Sheffield have each their respective courts, and vie with one another in the splendour of their decorations, and the effective display of their characteristic wares. Then there is the Stationery Court, the Musical Instrument Court, the Foreign Industrial Court, and the Courts for Mixed and Printed Fabrics, all of which will ultimately present an appearance to a certain extent similar to, but far more imposing and attractive than, the well-remembered courts of the same kind in the original structure in Hyde Park.

How striking the change, to pass at a single step from the signs and the proofs of modern industry and skill—from the products of the power-loom and the printing-press, the fabrics and manifold utilities that remind us of our crowded workshops and factories, where, amidst a perpetual din and sputter, complicated machinery supersedes and yet extends the necessity for human labour—and to find ourselves standing in the vestibulum of an ancient Pompeian mansion! What may have been the reason for the strange separation of this beautiful court from its fellows in the northern half of the nave, we do not pretend to know; but no great inconvenience can arise from the divorce; and, possibly, if we knew of only half the difficulties the directors have had to contend with, in planning the arrangement of the building, our surprise would be, that there were not more, and more material, breaks of the kind. Curiously enough, the original intention, in constructing the Pompeian Court in the Crystal Palace, was to appropriate it to the purpose of refreshment rooms; and it was not until some considerable time had elapsed that the design was abandoned, and the present beautiful court decided upon in its stead. The building and arrangement of this elegant structure has been the care of Mr Digby Wyatt, who made the original design amongst the actual ruins of the buried city; while the exquisite decorative painting has been the loving labour of Signor Abbate, a gentleman who, for the last twenty-six years, has lived within the walls of Pompeii, 'studied all its paintings and treasures of art, and is acquainted with every fragment of stone and stucco in the place.'

Entering the vestibulum or doorway facing the nave, we have before us the figure of a dog traced upon the slabs of the passage, with the warning, '*Cave canem*' (beware of the dog), and, on either side, a small cell or apartment for the slaves and dependants of the owner of the mansion. Beyond these we enter the *atrium* or outer hall, the most spacious of all the chambers, and open to all visiters. Tesselated pavements form the floor; the marble *impluvium*, or bath, occupies the centre; while the panneling and painting on the walls is of the most elegant and graceful description. Cupids, fawns, and marine animals, combatants in armour, on foot, and in chariots, with rich mouldings and tracery, attest to the wondrous skill displayed by the Pompeian artists in these mural decorations. Around the *atrium*, excepting on the side facing the entrance, are *cubicula*, or sleeping apartments, the walls alive with forms and colours of enchanting brightness—Cupids, bacchantes, satyrs, fawns, groups, and separate figures, vases, wreaths of flowers, and bird-cages, all depicted with such marvellous accuracy and skilful disposition of colour, that they seem almost to stand out from the walls in their true perspective. Then there are the inner chambers of the mansion—the *tablinum*, the summer and the winter *triclinium*, and the *peristyle*, with its porticoes and pillars—all equally beautiful in their chaste and exquisite adornment, all alike requiring, and abundantly repaying, long time for their proper examination. Signor Abbate has unmistakeably left the impress of his genius on these glowing walls; and we have reason to be thankful that the love of art was so strong within him as to impel him to take up his abode within the ruins of the buried city, and devote his life to its investigation.

Along each side of the southern half

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of the nave, and in a series of courts near the great transept, are selections from the best works of modern English and German sculptors. Amongst them we recognise the fine group of the Mourners, from the Great Exhibition. Conspicuous amongst those in the nave is the group, A Hunter defending his Wife and Child from the Attack of a Panther, and the statue of 'that man with his hand in his pocket,' William Dargan, the munificent patron of the late Dublin Exhibition. In this part of the building, too, we have a slight memento of that long line of bulky objects—statues, fountains, trophies, and models—which ran along the centre of the nave in the Hyde Park Exhibition, dividing the floor into two parallel avenues. Here, at Sydenham, there is no such line of objects, the centre of the nave being perfectly open and unobstructed to the large fountains at each extremity. But, south of the great transept, on each side of the nave, and reaching out on a line with Sir Joseph Paxton's flower-beds and the pedestals of the statuary, at intervals (somewhat *greater*, we believe, than the company care about retaining), there are light and elegant glass cases, in which various firms display the articles they manufacture. More prominent than the rest is the ladies' favourite, Rimmel's stand of perfumery, with its fountain of toilet vinegar—the spacious cases in which Mr Mechi exhibits his tempting wares—and a case over-canopied by palm-trees, displaying samples of the various articles manufactured by Price's Patent Candle Company, whose benevolent regard for the well-being of their workmen has obtained such wide-spread and just commendation, and whose immense establishment at Belmont was, a while since, pleasantly discoursed of in these pages.

Betaking ourselves again to the southern end of the nave, we approach the celebrated Crystal Fountain, which, occupying the centre of the spacious marble basin, will send up its silvery spray immediately beneath the southern transept. In due time the Victoria Regia will spread out its huge leaves and flowers over the surface of the basin, together with other aquatic flowering plants, while, possibly, a shoal of hardy gold-fish may be brought to endure the artificial heat of the water, and to disport themselves therein. At this point we enter the dominions of Dr Latham, Mr Thompson, and Professor Forbes, and wander amidst geographical groupings of men, and animals, and plants. The attempt is here made to represent the several varieties of the human race in connection with the characteristic forms of animal and vegetable life peculiar to each marked geographical region of the globe—an undertaking perfectly unique, and, like everything else in this fairy structure, eminently successful. No good purpose, however, would be served by our giving the brief enumeration of the groups in this department, which is all that our extended paper would now admit; and, with the single observation that the entire collection will be found of great interest and value in an educational point of view, we pass the subject by, possibly returning to it at some future period, in a separate and detailed notice. The galleries we must leave (as, indeed, excepting for the purpose of obtaining a more commanding view of the building, the visiter also, for the present at least, would be wise in doing), and conclude our survey of the interior of the palace before Mr Digby Wyatt's architectural screen of the kings and queens of England. In the niches of this elaborate work, and arranged in chronological order, are casts of the regal statues intended for the new palace at Westminster, from the Heptarchy downwards; not omitting, *here*, a figure of the great Oliver, which significantly stands between the ill-fated Charles and his beautiful queen Henrietta. A statue of Her Majesty over the central archway completes and crowns the whole.

Time and space would fail us now to speak at appropriate length of the two hundred broad acres of park and gardens which Sir Joseph Paxton has laid out for our healthful recreation and delight—of the terraces, with their majestic walks, their statuary, and brilliant parterres—of the fountains, that will erewhile sparkle in the sunshine, and lull our senses with the sound of falling waters—of the cool arcades, the temples, and the rosaries—the foaming cascades, and the unparalleled water-works, which, in due time, will be all completed, and spread out grandly before the eye as the visiter paces the upper terrace, or, better still, takes his seat in the open galleries in the garden front of the palace itself. Much as there yet remains to be done in this department of the vast undertaking,

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what has already been accomplished is more than sufficient to satisfy our most sanguine anticipations. One cannot too much admire the grand and imposing effect of the extended terraces, with the trim formal Italian garden between, in which

'Each alley hath a brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other;'

or the skill and ingenuity displayed in the manner in which this stiff and precise style is made to blend with, and gradually melt into, the more free and natural beauty of the English landscape garden. Over the entire space we walk along on charmed ground, and see everywhere around us the impress of the magician's hand. Standing on the summit of the lofty mound which overshadows the lake containing the geological islands, and Mr Hawkins's yet unfinished monsters of the primeval world, we have the whole wondrous scene before us.* At our feet is the descent to the wide lake-like basins for the monster fountains, around and beyond stretches the undulating surface of the park, with its broad central walk, its winding paths, its clumps of trees, and glowing bossy masses of flowering shrubs, studding the living green of its smooth-shaven turf; away in the far distance rise the white walls of the terraces, with their massive balustrades, and broad flights of steps, their vases, and statuary, and bright-tinted flowers, seen even here; while towering high above, and shutting in the prospect, is the gleaming majestic front of that glorious palace.

Long time did we wander over the grounds, till most of the gay throng who had witnessed the pageant of the day had departed; and as we returned towards the building, exhausted, and aching with a bewildering sense of magnificence and beauty, the eloquent words of Mr Laing recurred to us, expressive of the true significance of the scene.—'Former ages,' said he, 'have raised palaces enough, and many of them of surpassing magnificence. We have all read of the hanging gardens of Babylon, the colossal palace-temples of Egypt, and the gorgeous structures of Nineveh and Persepolis. Many of us have seen the scattered fragments of Nero's golden palace on the Palatine Hill, and the vast ruins which still speak so magnificently of the grandeur of imperial Rome. But what were all these palaces, and how were they constructed? They were raised by the spoils of captive nations, and the forced labour of myriads of slaves, to gratify the caprice or vanity of some solitary despot. To our own age has been reserved the privilege of raising a Palace for the People. Yes, the structure, of which the first column has just raised its head into the air, is emphatically and distinctly the possession of the British people, as it is the production of their own unaided and independent enterprise.' That is it. *A Palace for the People, and the production of their own independent enterprise.* Long may it last; and long may the British people retain that independence, and energy, and skill, which has enabled them to raise so proud and splendid a monument.

* We gave a full account of the proposed arrangements, in this interesting department, in a recent number of the INSTRUCTOR.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. V. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Besides the elaborate articles (treatises they should be called, because they are really such in every sense of the term) on Botany and Britain, the present volume of this great national work contains many others of real and permanent value. Such are those on Building, Brewing, Brazil, Borneo, Book-keeping. From the article on Bookselling, we quote the following curious paragraph:—'From the low price at which the reprints of popular English books can be produced, the sale is often four or five times greater (in America) than in Britain. It is calculated that 125,000 copies of Macaulay's 'England' were sold in America, when scarcely a fifth of that number were *sold* in Britain. . . . There have been sold in the United States, in five years, 80,000 volumes of the 8vo edition of the 'Modern British Essayists;' of Macaulay's 'Miscellanies,' in 3 vols. 12mo, 60,000 volumes; of Miss Aguilar's writings

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(Groombridge & Sons, London), 100,000 volumes in two years; of Murray's 'Encyclopædia of Geography,' more than 50,000; of M'Culloch's 'Commercial Dictionary,' 10,000; of Alexander Smith's Poems, in a few months, 10,000. The sale of Thackeray's works has been quadruple that of England, and that of Dickens' works counts by millions of volumes. 'Bleak House' alone sold to the amount of 250,000, in volumes, magazines, and newspapers. Bulwer's last work reached about two-thirds of that number; Alison's 'Europe,' 25,000 copies; of 'Jane Eyre' there had been sold 80,000.' The writer remarks that the universality of education in the United States is the main cause of such an extensive circulation of books, not only of foreign, but also of domestic production. The sale of many of their own popular works is much higher than any of the figures given above. We observe, with pleasure and satisfaction, that great care is bestowed on this edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, even to the least important paragraph.

Gerstacker's Travels. Memoirs of the Court of Prussia. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

These are the first two volumes of an important series of works which the Messrs Nelson have commenced to publish, under the general title of 'Nelson's Modern Library.' It is to include the productions of eminent authors in history, travel, and general literature; and will be produced at a cheap rate, notwithstanding the excellence of the paper and the beauty of the binding. They are really exquisite specimens of typography and binding. Nor is there the slightest disappointment, when we open the volumes and examine their contents. 'Gerstacker's Travels' is one of the liveliest and most entertaining works we have looked into for some time. The author carries the reader to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, through the Pampas, across the Cordilleras, and visits Chili, Valparaiso, and the gold-fields of California. Never for a moment does the interest flag; and a happy medium has been hit in the style. It is altogether a work that merits a wide circulation. We should have justified our opinion by extracts, had it been at all in our power to find room for them. The second volume of the series, 'Memoirs of the Court of Prussia,' from the German of Dr Vehse, is a very different book, and yet, in its own department, equally valuable, and we may add equally attractive. There is a gossiping air about the narrative, which, while it gives vivacity to the style, does not in the least degree detract from the importance of the subject-matter of the book. That part of the volume which treats of Frederick the Great and his times, is to us by far the most attractive, and we daresay it will be the same with most readers. It is fortunate that the author has bestowed so much labour upon, and devoted so much space to, the exposition of the character and policy of this singular man and great monarch. Although there is very much in the volume that shows how prevalent were many of the evils that eat out the vitals of a nation at the Prussian court — disregard of the sanctities of marriage, corruption, duplicity, and such like—yet it constitutes an important addition to our knowledge of Continental countries.

The Poetical Works of William Cowper. Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

'It is with a singular emotion that we have jotted down the words, "The Life of William Cowper." The terms seem almost a contradiction. The word "Life" usually suggests ideas of bustling energy and gladness. But, as applied to an existence which was, on the whole, a long tissue of disappointment, misery, or despair, the word seems a misnomer. Shall we not rather call it "The living death for seventy years of William Cowper?"' Such is the introductory paragraph to Mr Gilfillan's sketch of this good man and genuine poet; and it is but too fully corroborated by the facts which his various biographers have been compelled to record. The story of his life is well known; and the rapid sketch prefixed to the present edition of his poetical works does justice to his great merits, touches gently his peculiarities, and breathes the finest sympathy with his sufferings. It is, in fact, very much what such an article should be—comprehensive in scope, simple in style, and genial in spirit. It is strange that some of Cowper's pieces, in which there is the sharpest wit and the most genuine humour, were composed when his life was 'dark, solitary, and forlorn.' It was at such a time that the immortal John Gilpin was enshrined in verse. Lady Austen had told him the story, with which he was exceedingly

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amused. The ballad was the product of a sleepless night; and 'after making his own circle merry, it was sent to the 'Public Advertiser,' the readers of which it made merrier still; was copied into many newspapers, and all their readers joined in the laugh; and was, in fine, recited by Henderson the actor to crowds in the capital, and then, from London to John o' Groat's House, the whole country dissolved into one grin.' 'Except in the case of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' we do not remember,' says Mr Gilfillan, 'any instance of such rapid and richly-deserved popularity won by one short strain.' But the most important result of the wonderful popularity of 'John Gilpin,' was the 'lift' it gave to the 'Task.' That poem, which Burns called a 'glorious' piece, was, doubtless, helped by its humorous predecessor into sudden and wide-spread reputation. The following paragraph, the only one we can quote, is interesting, as showing the reciprocal feeling that glowed in the breasts of the two most popular poets of the time:—

'On his recovery (from a severe attack of his dreadful malady), Samuel Rose, a young Englishman, came as a pilgrim of his genius to his dwelling, bearing with him the thanks of the Scottish professors for his volumes, and a copy of Burns' Poems. Hero-worshippers in those days were scarce, and Rose, besides, was an intelligent and warmhearted youth. Cowper loved him warmly, and appreciated Burns' Poems, although he said his light was hid in a dark lantern, alluding to the Scottish dialect. It is pleasing to remember, that Burns reciprocated the feeling, and cried, in his frank, fire-blooded style, 'What a glorious poem is Cowper's 'Task!'' One is tempted to wish that these two honest men, and most popular poets of their day, had met, and to fancy the particulars of their meeting — the timid and gentlemanly recluse of Olney shrinking somewhat at first from the brawny gauger, with his swarthy visage, his slouching gait, his buckskin breeches, his strong Ayrshire accent, and his wild daring talk—but, ere the interview was over, giving him the right hand of fellowship, and his blessing to boot; while Burns' black flashing eyes are filled with tears, as he compares his own miseries—past, present, and to come—with those still darker woes which were overwhelming his gentle brother bard.'

Prefixed to the second volume, there is a critical dissertation on the poetry and poetic fame of the Bard of Olney, in which will be found much interesting and truthful criticism. The author inquires into the causes of his speedy and permanent popularity, and has, we think, succeeded in detecting them; and truly remarks—no succeeding splendours of genius, no revolutions in taste, no importations of poetry from abroad, and no new schools of it at home, have been able to lessen the reputation of this true poet. This is the most beautiful and substantial edition of Cowper with which we are acquainted; and whilst it presents the poet in a better dress than usual, it furnishes the most satisfactory proof that the publisher has redeemed his promise. These are certainly the most handsome volumes of the series.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. London: Chapman & Hall.

'What! more poetry?' Yes, and in these two ample volumes, green as summer in their covers, and warm as summer in their contents, we find not a little of the genuine stuff. Mr Reade is a man of culture, fancy, heart, and genius. He has two great faults, however, kindred, by the way, to those with which we have charged his younger brother 'Ruallon.' He never forgets that such a poet as Byron lived; and, 2dly, he imagines his own vein cognate to the terrible and the grand, instead of, as it really is, to the simple, tender, and beautiful. Hence we do not admire his 'Cains,' 'Deluges,' &c. Hence we do admire many of his minor pieces. His 'Italy' blends the two emotions. Had he not 'Childe Harold' so often and so ostentatiously in his eye, we might pronounce 'Italy' a brilliant poem. As it is, it contains much that is truly eloquent, and in parts suggests the blue and sunny glories of that heaven under which, we presume, it was written. Take the following stanza on St Peter's:—

'Look up, behold the pride, the boast of Rome,
Orb'd as the world, and floating as on air;
In dazzling light expands the mighty dome:
Mirror of heaven, but heaven when she doth wear
All galaxied with stars her flashing hair!
Saints, cherubs, prophets, hierarchs are shown
Into beatitude ascending there,
Where, centering in glory shrined alone,
The Ineffable reveal'd sits on his crowning throne.'

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This is quite as good as most of Byron. Yet we greatly prefer to it some of the quieter portions of his 'Revelations of Life,' his poem on 'Doulting Sheep-slate,' and his exquisite lines on a 'Bird's Nest,' the first stanza of which we must quote:—

'With a step as soft as dew
Shed o'er violets' eyelids, she
Stole with finger raised to me,
And an interdicting eye!
As if some fine mystery
She had look'd on, which she knew
Breath or movement might dispel,
Spirit-like she led the way
To a deep and tangled dell,
Where in precincts now forbidden
Was the secret treasure hidden!
From thick boughs of softest grey,
Tints of an ethereal hue
I saw faintly glimmering through;
Then a nest of darker green;
Deep blue eggs within it seen,
Rich as sapphires they had been,
Caved within the hollow sea!'

We take our leave of Mr Reade, with admiration of his perseverance as well as his powers; with regret that he has allowed his native vein to run so often into those of others; and with a hope that the large work he is at present engaged in may fulfil his own high aspirations, and convince his most obstinate gainsayers that he is a poet.

Theodoxia. By Rev. J. Dickson, Paisley.

This is a little religious treatise of uncommon promise. Its author is, we understand, a very popular minister in one of the Free churches, Paisley. He has also written many clever papers in periodicals. The present little work might have been expanded into a large volume. It is distinguished in some parts by much subtlety of reflection, and in others, by a rolling and rotund style, which verges often on true eloquence. The object of the author is to deduce a new evidence for the Christian religion, from the fact that, of all religions, *it alone* makes God's glory *its* and *his* grand purpose. The thought is new, and is wrought out with much ingenuity, and expressed with a glowing exuberance and fervour, which remind us of the ancient French school of preachers, such as Massillon, Saurin, and Bossuet, whom Mr Dickson seems to have carefully and successfully studied. But, highly delighted as we have been with the skill, talent, and language of this book, we by no means coincide with its sentiment. We think that, whatever may have been God's purpose in making the natural world, his great design in saving man was to show his irrepressible love and pity. We figure him standing over the savage surge of things, and snatching the other and the other floating victim from the wreck—earth—and this from his boundless compassion and tenderness. But this is not the place, nor have we time or room, to enter on theological discussion. We close by hailing Mr Dickson as a new and able labourer in the literary and theological vineyard. His description of the harmonising effect of Christ's death upon the universe, and the divine attributes, is one of the best we have read for many a day. It reminds us of some of Dr Winter Hamilton's or Dr Harris's most highly-wrought passages.

English Democracy, its History and Principles. By John Alfred Langford. London: John Chapman.

Mr Langford is, we believe, a self-taught man, residing in Birmingham, and from this and other of his productions, appears to be a thoughtful, earnest, and intelligent person. His present production is distinguished by variety of information, liberality of view, and in general by sensible, acute, and accurate thought.

Nature: a Poem in Six Books. The Musings of a Spirit: a Poem. By George Marsland. London: Pickering.

We often wonder that the ink and the impudence of some men do not both fail them, ere gravely writing down the words 'poem—poetry' before their miserable mediocrities. But we have often maintained the infinity of human impudence, as one of the most certain of truths, and every day's experience is confirming us in our belief. The quantities of trash now published in the shape of poems are enormous; they stagger credibility, and the critic, like the Leviathan in Burke, 'tumbles about his unwieldy bulk, plays and frolics in the ocean.' We do not mean to apply these remarks to Mr Marsland, however. If not a great poet, he is a man of some sense and *smeddum*, and often hits on good and striking thoughts. Here is one, for instance:—

'Great minds are as the trunks in forest vast;
Disciples as the branches; students twigs,
And common men are as the countless leaves.'

Many similar gleams occur, but, on the whole, both the poems are crude, and

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contain a vastly too large proportion of prosaic matter. If Mr Marsland be a *very* young man, there is some hope of him. If not, let him burn the lyre, and take up an *ellwand*, or any other useful instrument instead.

Voltaire and his Times. Authorised Translation. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

The author of this very able work tells us in his preface, that it is the complement of another, and the introduction to a third. The first of the three was entitled, 'France before the Revolution,' and was some months ago noticed in these pages. It is got up uniform with the present work, or rather this work is uniform with it. 'In France before the Revolution,' says Bungener, 'I attempted to portray French society in the eighteenth century, religous intolerance side by side with corruption of morals, license before liberty.' In regard to the third, he adds, 'If God shall lend us life and strength, we will resume the history at the point at which we have left off, and will close only with the bloody days which marked the close of the century.' In the present volume the author takes a general view of the collective character of that epoch, and illustrates in fuller detail some of the questions by which it was agitated. In reading this work, we have been much struck with the writer's deep insight into the causes of events, and his quick and nice appreciation of the principles and motives that went to the formation of some of the most prominent characters. Few of them stand higher in our estimation, many of them considerably lower, than before they were subjected to this severe, yet, we are bound to say, fair and honourable scrutiny. It is indeed strange to think that even our greatest minds partake more or less of the faults and foibles of their age; and in no country, perhaps, is this more extensively the case than in France. No mercy is shown to Voltaire and his coadjutors in their crusade to undermine the great principles of revealed religion; and though they cut a ridiculous figure in the hands of Bungener, yet their most devoted followers cannot charge him either with bad faith in his quotations, or bad temper in his discussions. It is quite refreshing to look on while our author coolly lays out his victim, and dissects every limb and part of the body, till he penetrates the very core. Nothing resists the keen edge of his blade; no morbid indication escapes the steady gaze of his eye. We need not say that the volume has our hearty approbation; and well should we like to see it in the hands of thinking and reading young men.

The Biography of Samson, Illustrated and Applied. By Rev. J. Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

The title of this book fairly describes it. The life of the Strong Man is well developed from the fragments contained in the Sacred Book, and his character is faithfully depicted. The application, too, is admirable; and in its printed form, as well as when delivered from the pulpit, it must arrest many thoughtless transgressors, especially those who may unfortunately be prone to the evils before which Samson fell. What a pity that a book so bound together by noble principles, so pregnant with fine thoughts, so full of wise counsels, so rich in illustration, should have been written in a style so loose and so wordy. We trust that when Dr Bruce favours the public again with his thoughts through the press, he will do more justice to his great powers, by giving a little more attention to the dress in which they are presented.

Monks and Monasteries. By Rev. Allan Maclean. Glasgow: T. Murray & Sons.

Twelve lectures on Monachism are here packed into a very portable volume. The author manifests thorough acquaintance with the subject, and treats it in an able manner. There is certainly much cause for provocation, and many reasons why Protestants should expose the errors and misdeeds of Popery; but we think Mr Maclean is sometimes sharp enough. Should he be encouraged, as we trust he will, to bring out a more elaborate history of Monachism than this volume contains, such blemishes as this will of course disappear. The work is notwithstanding very valuable. Written with great spirit, it cannot but be popular.

The Bridesmaid and other Poems. By Mary C. Hume. London: John Chapman.

'Is Saul also among the prophets?' is now an old question. 'Is a daughter of Joseph Hume's among the poetesses?' is a much more recent, and nearly as wonderful a query. And yet, so verily it is. Aaron's rod has budded. On the old dry trunk of the 'Member for all Cocker,' have appeared certain fair and flourishing flowers of rhyme. Miss Hume has con-

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siderable genius, and great fluency and facility of language; her Swedenborgian creed (again let us stop to wonder at the daughter of an old Benthamite being a disciple of Emanuel Swedenborg) is very strikingly represented in her 'Journey of Life,' the most complete and ingenious, if not the most intelligible of her poems; and altogether, if she will polish her language a little, and purchase and peruse Smibert's 'Rhyming Dictionary,' and read somewhat more widely and thoughtfully, she may become one of the best lady-poets at present living. As a *phenomenon*, at least, her book will be long remembered. Had Sara Coleridge sprung from Cobbett, or Miss Barrett from Babbage, it would not have seemed a stranger product. We are absolutely reminded of what is called in Algebra 'irrational quantities,' the relation of which cannot be measured by the 'whole or parts of the other,' and are tempted to figure old honest Joseph as the 'Surd Root.'

The English Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version, newly divided into paragraphs, with concise introductions to the several books, and with Maps and Notes illustrative of Chronology, History, and Geography of the Holy Scriptures: containing also the most remarkable Variations of the Ancient Versions, and the Chief Results of Modern Criticism. London: Blackadder & Co.

To transcribe, as we have done, the title of the above work, is to write its criticism. It seems to be prepared with incredible care. It contains the essence of a hundred commentaries. It accomplishes the following things: it arranges the sacred text not into chapters and verses, which often mar the sense, but into paragraphs; it quotes on the margin the most important parallel passages; it gives the marginal renderings of the translators; it adds a number of geographical, historical, antiquarian, and critical notes; it gives dates, identifies localities, and explains natural history; it prefixes numerals to the sections, so that the whole Bible may now be read chronologically; it prints (this we don't think an improvement) the poetical books of Scripture rhythmically on the system of poetic parallelism, and in an appendix to each book it gives the more important variations of the ancient versions, critical notes from the best sources, British and foreign, and elucidations from modern discoveries and travels. Altogether it is a valuable and praiseworthy undertaking.

The Hand of God in War. By Rev. W. K. Tweedie. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

Dr Tweedie, like many others, has given forth, in a printed form, the sermon which he preached on the occasion of the National Fast. He has, however, wisely expanded it into an instructive and pious treatise, illustrative of the great truth, that, in all events, God maketh the wrath of man to praise him.

Memoirs of Dr Chalmers. Part IV.—Astronomical Discourses. New Edition. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

The cheap edition of the life of Dr Chalmers is now completed. We are glad to understand that the reception it has met with has been so cordial, and so extensive, that the publishers have been encouraged to announce an edition of his Selected Works, uniform with the Memoirs. Such works should be multiplied manifold. All that can be done by sound popular journals, and by cheap editions of the works of great minds, is needed to stem the current of vicious literature, that circulates still so extensively among the masses, and to supply that daily increasing appetite for mental food. Facts now prove that many would purchase the good instead of the bad, if it were brought within their reach. All such efforts then as the one referred to merit the support of those who wish well for the future character and stability of their country. Here we have, too, a cheap but handsome edition of the famous 'Astronomical Discourses,' which, as the reader knows, are not surpassed, for their breadth of view and eloquence of language, by any popular treatise that has made its appearance since the day they first electrified the public.

The First False Step. By James Cargill Guthrie. Edinburgh: Johnston & Hunter.

Mr Guthrie, some years ago, sang some very sweet unpretending strains about Glammis Castle and village, which he called 'Village Scenes.' These were well received, and he has been encouraged to publish again. The 'First False Step' is just a simple story of domestic misery, and gushes out quietly as a spring from below one of the old oaks in that glorious park of Glammis. It is not certainly a book of high poetry, but it reads sweetly, runs on limpidly, and contains a good

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moral. The notes are not so good as the text. They are made up of commonplace statistics about intemperance, and extracts from authors of little mark.

Edenor: a Dramatic Poem, and Miscellaneous Lyrics. By S. U. Bradbury, 'Ruallon.' London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

'Ruallon' is a clever fellow, but has much yet to learn and to unlearn. He has written many brilliant lines and passages, but there is too much 'Festus-ism' about him. Let him give up reading 'Festus' for ever, and read no more about the stars, and he has enough both of fancy and feeling to make him a popular poet. His forte is not, as he fancies, in the sublime, but in the tender and the beautiful. Some of the minor pieces are very fine.

The Long Moss Spring: A Tale of the South. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

Professedly this tale depicts life as it is in the Southern States of America, without any bias in favour of the accursed system of slavery. The plot is well laid, and, upon the whole, well worked out. The scenes are sometimes remarkably well described, and the interest grows painfully intense. The moral is most excellent; and, bating a certain *unconscious* leaning to the domestic plague-spot, disguise it as we may, we can recommend 'Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring,' as a charming story.

Lessons on the Phenomena of Industrial Life. Edited by the Rev. R. Dawes, M.A., Dean of Hereford. London: Groombridge & Sons.

There are thirty-two 'Lessons' in this volume on subjects of the highest importance to the people, relative to their industrial habits, and progress in social comforts. The dean says most truly in his preface, 'In the earlier part of their career, it is the lot of the great mass of mankind, in the business of social life, to learn to sell their labour, whether of the head or of the hand, to provide for their present or future wants; and, disguise it as we will, how this can best be done, and to most advantage, is one of the great lessons of life which all have to learn, and which every parent, as far as he knows, is anxious to teach his children.' We could not recommend a work better fitted to instruct individuals and families, in what the Dean of Hereford calls the 'business of social life,' than this little volume.

The Bible Handbook. By Joseph Angus, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The Bible Handbook is a condensed and clearly-arranged work on the evidences of Christianity. It extends to 650 closely-printed pages, and seems to us to contain all that is necessary to satisfy an ingenuous mind that the Bible is from God, and embodies the will of God, relative both to what man is to believe and to do. Dr Angus has, of course, gone over ground that many before him have traversed; he deals with facts, and handles arguments, that many have dealt with and handled before his day; but we have no hesitation in affirming, that the reader will find, in his mode of treating this high subject, not only a logical arrangement, but also a beauty and richness of language, which is not always to be met with in works of this nature. The work is invaluable; and, as it is wisely included in the 'Educational Series,' its influence on the young must be immensely for good.

The Modern Mystery. By J. G. MacWalter. London: J. F. Shaw.

'Shaw's Family Library' is the title of a new series of books on popular and important subjects, at a very low price, ranging, we believe, from one shilling to half-a-crown per volume. The 'Modern Mystery' is the first of the series; and notwithstanding our impression that much more is said about this subject than it merits, yet we have been interested in Mr MacWalter's treatment of it.

The Gospel Guide. By T. H. Milner. Edinburgh: E. Henderson.

The design of this little work is good. The writer is obviously in earnest; but his mode of dealing with his readers is not always judicious. Nevertheless, the 'Guide' contains much truth, and may be found of great service, in rousing minds that may have been long indifferent to the claims of religion.

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PROSPECTIVE PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

PERIODICAL Literature is unquestionably a great fact—indeed, one of the greatest in a day when great facts are common. We might almost at times, when we think of its abuses and corruptions, breathe with Hall the wish that 'such a thing as a review had never existed,' or that the 'whole tribe could be put an end to;' but, seeing that this is impossible, we must just take the thing as it is, or rather try to make it better. It is difficult now even to conceive of Britain without a 'Magazine-day.' What dreary Firsts of the Months must those of our forefathers have been, when as yet our 'Ebonies,' and 'Hoggs,' and 'New Monthlies,' and 'Cookes,' were not—when those periodical urns of light and brilliance, of wit, wisdom, fiction, and agreeable nonsense, were unopened and undreamed of—when the thick, dull darkness of folios and quartos was still brooding over the land! All hail to the memory of the first new moon, which came forth 'like a silver bow new bent in heaven,' to dissipate the darkness, and which was called, in the language of men, the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' When Dr Johnson first saw St John's Gate, where that aboriginal periodical was published, 'he beheld it with reverence'—a feeling in which, when a century after we passed it, we were disposed to share, until, alas! we observed that Cave's printing-office had been converted into a public-house, where gin instead of genius was being dispensed to the lieges. We honour the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' not only as the first of its race, but for the extremely interesting contents of its earlier volumes, in reading which, when a boy, we spent many a happy day; and because down to this good hour it has, we believe, retained the character implied in the name, and through shade and sunshine, through success and comparative neglect, been ever the '*Gentleman's* Magazine.' Would that the same could be said of all our olden periodicals; some of which, we regret to say, are recurring to the errors of their youth—reproducing the blackguardism without the brilliance of their early days, and suggesting the comparison of a hoary sinner, rolling like a sweet morsel the recollection, nay, seeking to renew the excesses, of a former period of his life—so toothless is the smut, so weak the ribaldry, and the blasphemy so emasculate!

We have long cherished a certain ideal of what a periodical should be, and propose, in the following article, propounding and illustrating it at some length. We head our paper with the words, 'Prospective Periodical Literature,' for this reason, that we scarcely expect our ideal to be realised fully in the present, but have no doubt whatever that it shall be realised in the future.

Periodicals have their origin in the necessity produced by increased culture of frequent communication between the higher minds of the community and the rest. Books are found too slow and too cumbrous a medium. Swifter must be the succession of the electric shocks given to the expectant world. In books, knowledge is in full dress, if not rather in full armour; in periodicals, it is in elegant dishabille. In books, knowledge is a sun pouring out a direct and dazzling flood of light; in periodicals, it is a moon shorn of intolerable splendour, and shedding a milder day on all eyes, whether strong or weak. Nevertheless, periodicals, being just less and lighter books, are amenable, more than is generally supposed, to those literary and moral laws before which all books aspiring to the name of good must bend.

First of all, then, periodicals, like books, should strive after a distinct Unity. They should not be bundles of sticks or baskets of fragments. There should be one main and mighty tendency pervading the whole. Magazines and reviews should be bodies compacted by that which every joint supplieth, with a full complement of members, and pervaded by one spirit. They should not be butchers' shops, made up of scattered portions, and none of these portions alive. There are various ways in which this unity can be secured. Either one grand general idea shall pervade them—the idea of some public cause, for example, which, without monopolising every article, or colouring every page,

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shall be felt hovering, like a guardian wing, over the whole. Or some one great mind shall preside over them, like the sun in the solar system; or a number of cognate minds may cluster together, producing a kind of composite life, and giving the review or magazine the unity of constellation; or the periodical may have the false unity of being the organ of a sect or party; or there may be a species of unity compounded out of some, or many, or all of these.

In its earlier days, the 'Edinburgh Review' approached this last-mentioned species of unity. It had one leading purpose—that of preaching liberal opinions both in church and state. Its staff consisted of a number of brilliant young men holding similar opinions, and embarked on a similar career—such as Sidney Smith, Horner, Brougham, and Jeffrey. This last-mentioned, partly from his continuing to reside in Edinburgh, and partly from his consummate tact, became in due time the genius as well as the editor of the 'Review;' and his spirit was felt in every page. He stood over each article, with a pruning-hook in one hand, and a pepper-box in the other—now retrenching dull or dangerous paragraphs, and now adding sharp and spicy sentences of his own; now thinning the splendid luxuriance of Hazlitt, and now quickening the heavy and lumbering prose of Horner or MacIntosh; now edging Brougham's fierce diatribes out of the reach of the libel-law, and now reducing some of the richer jokes of Sidney Smith. The 'Review' became speedily the organ of the Whig party, and these various forces, admirably combined into a union of unions, contributed to give it its peculiar and despotic power. It was much the same with 'Blackwood's Magazine' in former days. Its objects were to abate the influence of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and to support that old *régime* which it was undermining. Its staff was composed of young and rising Tories, who were driven by the spirit of contradiction to express more zeal in the cause than they probably possessed. Its presiding genius, latterly, became Professor Wilson, who, in glorious autocracy, reigned over it from 1826 to 1836; and it was long the principal organ of Scottish Conservatism.

No such combination of uniting influences can exactly, we think, be said to characterise any of our present periodicals. Many of our leading reviews, indeed, aspire to a certain unity of purpose, and are supported by cliques of kindred minds; but none of them is now the sole organ of any great political party; and we do not remember if, since Lockhart's resignation of the care of the 'Quarterly Review,' any of them enjoys the oversight of an editor whom the age is willing to recognise as a master-spirit. Nor is there much likelihood that any periodical in the future shall comprise all these advantages. The only unity now to be expected or wished is, that of a common object drawing around it a cluster of minds, which, in whole or in part, are willing to promote it.

Under this head, we must be permitted to notice one or two methods of securing a false unity, which prevail in our Periodical Literature. One practice which obtains far too widely, is that of establishing a review, magazine, or newspaper, with no definite plan or principle, except that its contents shall be supplied by 'the ablest and most popular writers of the day.' We could point to a dozen journals conducted upon this 'principle of having no principle,' this plan of literary communism and established anarchy. And what, generally, is the result? A quarterly, monthly, or weekly chaos of contradictory brilliancies, without order, method, or system—with here a bit of Puritanism, and there a bit of Pantheism—here an article, grave, decorous, and heavy as a sermon, and there a song, not of the straitest sort—here a life of Oberlin, and there an attempt to whitewash Voltaire—here an article on the Sabbath by a Carlylist, and there an attack on the 'Life of Sterling' by a minister of the kirk. No series of cross-readings, no game of cross-purposes, can produce an odder effect, than a glance at the cover and contents of some of our popular serials, where all consistency is openly, and on system, set at defiance; and the strangest eclecticism is produced by the process of printing everything to which reputed men of all varieties of principle and profession think proper to attach their names. Thus, indeed, a certain unity is produced, but it is the *unity* of a dunghill, where, according to Hall, substances which were most discordant in their living state do perfectly well to *putrify together*. For our own part, we should sooner see a journal a mere reprint of the proceedings of a debating society, or of a religious synod during a controversy, than to see it reflecting all the agi-

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tations and heartburnings of our distracted age, on the mirror of a sham catholicity, which is all the while a real indifference.

A kind of false unity, too, is sometimes produced by that air of dignity, secrecy, and silence assumed by some leading critical journals. One or two of this class have contrived grievously to gull the public, by assuming, on all subjects, a tone of oracular authority. Whether discussing the merits of a 'Festus,' or those of a spelling-book, the writers never for an instant sink the grandeur of their 'absolute shall,' abate the solemnity of the editorial 'we,' or allow even a toe to peep out from below the Pythonic mantle which enwraps them, lest, perchance, it should turn out to be the member of a Lilliputian foot, and lest some iron heel should be prepared to trample it in the dust. Little does the public dream, while reading the grave *ipse dixits*, the saturnine sarcasms, the laconic aphorisms, and the dignified sneers of this class of critics, that their verdicts are all written *to order*, upon a system of settled and well-adjusted imposition; that not even prejudice or passion have so much to do with them as *plan* and bookselling interest; that the mask and mantle often conceal the very smallest of literary umpires.

The second qualification we desiderate in an ideal periodical is *genuine* Catholicity. We must explain what we mean, for no two things are more frequently confounded than a sham and a true Catholicity or Eclecticism. Many mean by it, 'Belong to all creeds and all parties alike.' We mean, 'Belong to your own belief, and do justice to all others.' Many mean, 'Since you get nearly equal portions of truth from all systems and creeds, regard all with nearly equal tolerance and love.' We say, 'Since there are systems where truth is found in Australian abundance, and others where it lurks in small, well-nigh invisible grains, let us treat the former with reverence, and the latter with pity and wonder.' The monkey is very well in his own way, but he is not the man. So Buddhism, Pantheism, Materialism, have all a little spark of reason in them (and that ought to be distinctly recognised), but neither of them, nor all of them put together, are worthy to untie the shoe-latchets of Christianity. You admit the monkey to make sport to your children, but not to sit down at table with yourselves. And even so, you may amuse a leisure hour with the reveries of modern Paganism, and may think them very beautiful, and that they bear a curious resemblance to the truth as it is in Jesus; but if a real believer in the divine mission of Christ, and in the celestial fulness of the gospel, you can never do more; you can never put them in the same category, least of all, if these human systems are threatening to destroy, and violently opposing the revelation from God—if the monkey is seeking to supplant and dethrone the man, and be *thus himself darkening into the devil.* The Catholicity which can bear this with patience is false and hollow, and has well been compared to that of the Romans, who were willing to swell their enormous list of gods by the name of every new idol which happened to arise upon the surge of national belief.

Every periodical should have a general Christian creed—a recognition distinct, sincere, and reiterated, of the authority of the truth which hath shone from heaven; but should, at the same time, make wide allowance for minor diversities of opinion, and should entertain sentiments of pity, respect, and wonder, for all unbelief which is sincere, and which does not, by foul, false, and malignant methods, seek to shake the faith of those who have accepted the gospel. This, of course, is only our own personal ideal of what a periodical should be and do; others may judge differently; but we humbly deem, that all who are sincere in their unbelief will scarcely venture to deny to Christians a right they would undoubtedly challenge for themselves—that, namely, of protecting their own heartfelt convictions from insult and outrage, and of declaring openly and often their attachment to what they believe.

On all subjects the motto of a periodical should be, 'Fixed principles for ourselves, charity and forbearance for all who fairly and honourably hold and defend others.' But, as by the supposition the minds of the conductors are made up upon the cardinal points, they are not to stultify themselves, and to emasculate their plan, by opening their pages to controversy. If this be one-sidedness, it is a one-sidedness altogether unavoidable, and which may be called rather merciful than the reverse to the dissentients. What preacher or lecturer would like ever and anon to be interrupted by those in his audience who may choose to differ from his dogmas? He must be master of his

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hour, or remain silent. And so the independent and firm-principled periodical must circulate and defend its idea through good report and through bad report, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.

Under the former head we were led to characterise the latitudinarian journal; it falls to us now to characterise the sectarian. Specimens of this, alas! are too rank and rife to render the task difficult. A journal of this class is not only filled, but *suffocated* with its idea. That is generally a small and narrow one; yet, like a pebble between the eye and the sun, it suffices to exclude the great universe, and to form a minor universe of its own. Through its distorting, bedimming, or magnifying medium, all things, and thoughts, and books, and persons, are viewed. A great man, in this light, often dwindles, and a small man expands toward immensity; the cipher becomes a thousand, the thousand sinks into a cipher; large interests and objects are overlooked, and the fate of nations seems trifling, compared with the sale of newspapers. Such a periodical becomes curious as an *inverted miniature* of the world. It destroys all true proportions, and confuses all kinds and sizes of pretensions. What reviews you often find in journals of this class! Many books are tried before they are read, or rather hanged before they are tried, merely because they want the sectarian badge, the 'name of the beast on the forehead, and the number of his name on the right hand;' in other words, because they want the name of the proper denomination in the middle, and that of the proper publisher at the foot of the title-page. Other books, again, with no merit earthly, except, perhaps, the double-distilled essence of their sectarianism, are puffed and petted. The editor is sometimes a soured and sanctimonious man—a rejected minister, perhaps, of the particular sect, whose every thought to all more successful than himself is tinctured with wormwood, and who finds still more virulent tributaries to the stream of his venom in the subordinate contributors. Catholic judgments, broad-minded views—that charity which thinketh no evil, but beareth, hopeth, believeth all things—are not only absent from the pages of such a journal, but are shunned as if their presence were poison, and their shadow pestilence. The worst of it is, that such a periodical generally pretends to the character of being a *religious* newspaper or magazine, and makes its motto, 'Stand by—I am holier than thou;' and too often bigotry is its least offensive element: systematic falsehood, unprincipled abuse, contempt for all that is courteous and all that is humane, and black-hearted calumny, become the staple of it; do more to disgrace religion, and to make its name stink in men's nostrils, than the misrepresentations and cold-blooded blasphemies of a hundred Paines or Holyoakes; and look ineffably worse in a periodical bearing the banner of the cross, than in those journals the conductors of which are known to be scoffers at the good, caricaturists of Christianity, and who make no more pretensions to piety than they do to gentlemanhood or common decency.

We name as a third quality, in our ideal of a periodical, Variety and Ease of Treatment. This is undoubtedly one of the most important elements to be taken into account, in calculating the success of a new journal. It was this, in a great measure, which secured the triumph both of the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Blackwood's Magazine.' The alternation of light, lively papers, with profound and elaborate dissertations, in the former, and the piquant *olla podrida* which the earlier numbers of the latter presented, were at once stimulating and satisfactory. All found in each number their several tastes consulted and gratified. For a lover of poetry, there was a review of the last new poem; for a political economist, there was a paper on bullion or rent; for one fond of fun and laughter, there was a quiz or squib, serving up some Sir John Sinclair or other for the amusement of the public; and for a politician, there was a *vidimus* of the state of affairs on the Continent, or an attack on the ministry of the day. It was, in short, a well-furnished table, where every one felt in his element, and whence none were sent empty away. We think that many of our present leading periodicals have mightily fallen off in this respect, particularly some of our Quarterlies. Their articles are all more or less weighty, elaborate, able, and useful; but it is *toujours perdrix:* they are confined too much to certain subjects, and pitched all on the same key, so that you often seem to be reading a collection of dull, dead pamphlets, rather than a living, fresh, and brilliant periodical, worthy of the name *jour*-nal—*i. e.*, a *day*-sparkling issue. It

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may be said, indeed, 'the cause of this lies in the multiplication of periodicals; and the variety which once distinguished, and which you still desiderate, in *one*, is now divided among many. One, for example, is devoted to *belles lettres*, and it aspires to be, and is often, brilliant; another to moral and economical reform, and its aim is to be useful; a third is meant to be amusing, and nothing more, and must accordingly sparkle with wit, if it can; and you have only to turn from the one to the other, as they lie upon the reading-room table, to secure all the variety you wish.' But what is to become of those who have no reading-room table before them, who live far away from our exchanges and coffee-rooms, and who perhaps cannot afford money to buy, or time to read, more than one monthly or quarterly? Are they to be dosed with eternal opiates? Shall they never enjoy effervescent draughts, or occasionally a cup of right gunpowder tea? We are opposed to all attacks on private character, and to all unfair and prejudiced criticisms; and yet how refreshing, now and then, even in our proud and high-toned quarterlies, were the demolition of some pompous pretender—the smashing of some accumulation of worthless literary crockery, calling itself, and called by some others, porcelain—the wiping away of some washy poetry, which accident or dauntless puffing had spilt into its twentieth thousand—or some squib upon the small prophets who are now running to and fro, and bellowing about 'Coming Struggles,' and 'Battles of Armageddon,' and 'Voices of the Night,' to the great delight of old women of both sexes, and to the grievous affliction of the sensible portion of the community? If Sir John Sinclair be dead, are there not still alive some lords and baronets, both here and in the south, who, with none of his disinterested benevolence, have all his portentous powers of prosing? If there be now no Blackmore or Hoyle to cut up, are there not, instead, rhymsters enow on every hedge, quite as well acquainted with the abysses of the bathos, and whose 'Love' to nonsense is, alas, not 'Silent?' Are there no historians whose true name should be 'retailers of old wives' fables?' —no critics resembling scorpions, in having many stings and feet, but little body, and no brain?—no peripatetic lecturers employed in sowing seed-scepticism, and fighting under false colours, and erecting churches where the name 'Saviour' is an apology for his absence, if not a deliberate insult to his name?—no metropolitan divines, whose florid and flimsy nothings, wafted in thick and frequent thousands upon all the winds, are proving what petty popes the Protestant Church is content to worship, and what poor clerical defenders we have to withstand the assaults of a denial which has become aggressive, and has pressed into its service some, at least, of the master-spirits of the age, so that the church sometimes reminds you of a town attacked by giants and veterans, and defended by boys and by men in dotage?—and, on the other hand, no impudent, conceited, and sceptical scribes, full of the worst of all cant—that, namely, of false liberality and free-thinking—who, perhaps, with a strong Yankee twang, or else a pietistic whine (the sole remnant of their original faith), are chuckling at the thought, that, in the language of Swift, they have proved,

> 'As sure as God's in Glo'ster,
> That Moses was a grand impostor,'

or are even daring to contradict, upon no grounds but their own morbid fancies, the verdict of the world, friends and enemies included, in favour of the moral excellence of the character of Jesus Christ? Verily, the 'hour' of such men—the feeble yet noxious spawn of our strange twilight period—is fully come, were the 'Man' ready for his work. The work has been done, in a measure, by the author of the 'Eclipse of Faith'—a book which proves the writer

> 'The scourge of impostors, and terror of quacks,'

but there are still parts of it untouched. And that periodical would do far more than secure the praise of variety—it would obtain thanks from the common sense of the public, and from Christianity itself—which should faithfully hang up such scarecrows on the right hand and on the left, to the terror of all who belong to a similar race, and who may be meditating even greater impertinences than have been perpetrated by their brethren in the past.

We assert, next, that a periodical should always print the names, or at least the initials, of its contributors. This plan was first, we think, recommended by Bulwer, and most admirably acted out in the 'New Monthly Magazine' during his short but brilliant editorship of that journal. We used to oppose

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it, but have been induced to change our opinion, and that for various reasons. In the first place, this plan would direct instant attention to the names, as well as to the writings, of many young and rising authors. 2dly, It would bring our writers more under a sense of literary responsibility, and render them more careful of what they sent to the press. 3dly, It would be more satisfactory to the mass of readers, who at present tease and tantalise themselves too much about the mere authorship of articles. 4thly and principally, It would effectually root out the nests of those contemptible cliques of small scribes, who make up for their insignificance by their manifolded malice, whose numerous little rivulets of spleen unite into a vulgar and dirty whole, and who, from under the shield of the Anonymous, shoot their poisoned but minnikin shafts at public characters, with impunity to themselves and to the objects of their attack, but with much injury to the general cause of letters, as well as to those more respectable individuals who may chance to be massed up with, and sometimes mistaken for, them. Such knots of composite unclean life could not live an hour, were the plan we propose to be adopted; and, were the caves of these 'Peter Macgrawlers and Assinæums' laid naked to the day, their nasty personalities, low ribaldry, and other 'convulsion-work of rabid imbecility,' would instantly disappear.

We name Boldness as another prominent quality in a powerful periodical. Its air must not be timid and apologetic. Its preliminary bow over, it must not be perpetually going about as if, like the character described by Hall, it were 'constantly apologising for the unpardonable liberty of being in the world.' It should stand erect, and speak out loud and bold. All weakness is timid, power is ever daring. It was partly by boldness and energy that our great journals of the past gained and kept their ground. The 'Edinburgh Review' rushed into literature like an eagle, and hung back from no quarry, however lofty or however humble: it now snatched up the bleating lamb, and now rent the royal lion-cub, and now pounced upon the singing-birds of the grove. 'Blackwood's Magazine,' at its beginning, added to a daring scarcely inferior, a dauntless impudence peculiar to itself; and the heroes of the 'Noctes' shrank from absolutely nothing which might astonish or mystify, strike or stun, amuse or petrify, the public. Whence, too, the power of the 'Times,' the leading journal of Europe? Not entirely from its immense resources, its extensive information, its varied talent, long-established name, and the stimulating effect of that mystery which environs it, but greatly, also, from the bold and confident tone assumed by its writers, whose words sound like the strokes of some giant hammer, and are re-echoed through the world. We are far from proposing such journals as, in every point, worthy of imitation. But we do think, that something of their independent and self-reliant spirit, in a better and holier cause, were worth copying. A periodical holding strong principles, supported by strong talent, and informed by genuine earnestness, should use strong language, and take up a high and decided tone, which yet might be, and seem to be, something very different from the impertinence of shallow conceit, or the insolence of overbearing dogmatism. The journal that would wield power and sway opinion, must not be an aspen or sensitive plant; it should be a sturdy oak, or the pine of the poet—

'Moor'd to the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer it roots him the louder it blows.'

We are reminded, by this quotation from one of our great national poets, of the next qualification we desiderate in a first-rate journal—Nationality. Journals, like charity, should begin, although not end, at home. To a wide and generous cosmopolitanism, they should unite an interest in national affairs, a sympathy with national progress, a desire to vindicate the peculiar rights, to maintain the independence, to illustrate the manners, and to recognise the rising genius of their nation. And this, especially, if the nation, like Scotland, be in danger of narrowing and dwindling into a province, and becoming a mere subaltern appendage to a richer and larger, although not a nobler or older kingdom. The cry, 'Justice to Scotland,' has become a watch-word. Upon the political significance of that cry we enter not; but we would raise and ring it with all the vehemence in our power in reference to our literary and social interests. Our authors, our books, our journals are fast ceasing to be Scottish. Look in proof of this to the celebrated journals we mentioned above. The 'Edinburgh Review' is now edited

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by an Englishman; its principal contributors are English, and it seldom touches on a Scottish topic, or reviews a Scottish author. 'Blackwood's Magazine' is in the same predicament, with the exception that its editor—honour to his illustrious name!—is a Scotchman, a prominent member of the 'Justice to Scotland' Association; and yet, in his righteous and disinterested impartiality, seldom notices Scottish literature at all—never reviewed even the remains of one of 'Ebony's' most admired contributors, *although published for the behoof of his widow*, simply, we suppose, because that contributor was a Scotchman, and because the memoir prefixed was written by another very eminent Scotchman! It may be thought that this conduct is much more rational, and more likely in the long run to benefit Scotland, than the rash enthusiasm displayed by the late Christopher North. And yet to do HIM justice, he was sincere in his attachment, although unguarded in his expression of it, to his native land. When he donned his 'sporting jacket,' it was among the moors of Caledonia; when he spake of 'streams' or 'cottages,' the streams were the Tweed, the Tay, the Clyde, the Cart, and the Cona—the cottages, those which send up their smoke each morning and evening, like the smoke of an altar, parallel with the simple song of praise, to Scotland's still blue morning heaven; and on whomsoever he might shower that praise, which fell on genius all over the world, like autumn sunlight on autumn foliage, adding beauty to the beautiful, and glory even to the decayed, the richest gleams were ever reserved for our own Burns, our own Ettrick Shepherd, our own Aird, Campbell, and Scott. Even our subordinate and rising periodicals, too, are not sufficiently national, and some of our young authors, both in poetry and prose, are forgetting their 'puir auld mither,' and becoming the adopted children of a more richly-attired, but not a fairer, a prouder, or a purer matron.

What are the reasons of this change, so deplored, we think, by most Scottish hearts? They are, we suspect, chiefly the following:—1. We grant that the Scottish mind has not that paramount pride of place which it enjoyed twenty-five years ago. Then Scott, Chalmers, Jeffrey, Wilson, Irving, Campbell, and others of near equal name, were all living, in the full possession of their noble powers, and unquestionably at the head of our literature, poetry, and eloquence. Now these are gone; and, although there are many clever men still among us, none, with the dubious exception of Carlyle, have taken fully the place of these giants; and most of the leading spirits of the age belong to the South. Hence Scottish books, manners, authors, even scenes, have lost much of their prestige, and fewer hearts now 'warm to the tartan.' Besides, there is in many parts of South Britain a positive prejudice against Scottish writers, particularly if they dare to use the Doric of their native land. Men acquainted with the book trade can tell us how difficult it is to introduce Scottish poems, and Scottish novels, whether new or old, if at all national, into the great southern markets, upon the sale in which the success of a work so much depends. To this, almost the only exceptions are the works of Burns and the Waverley Novels. Talk to most of the English of Ramsay, or Ferguson, or Galt, or Mansie Wauch, and they stare and say, 'Burns we know, and Scott we know, but who are these? Away with their barbarous gibberish!' But, again, this prejudice has been deepened by the profound silence, or the reckless and infamous abuse, with which some well-known London journals are in the habit of receiving books from the North. We remember the late amiable and admirable Delta, in a letter to ourselves, complaining of this in no measured terms, and instancing Professor Wilson even as having suffered in the sale of his works from a portion of the London press, which never noticed their existence, when republished as the 'Recreations of Christopher North.' In this we cordially agree with him, and none the less since, after Wilson's death, these same journals have, although with the legs of the lame, which are not equal, with the feet of a *Diable Boiteux*, been trying to trample on his glorious grave. We cannot help contrasting this base and contemptible usage of Wilson in the South (we mean, of course, by a set of critics there), with our Scottish treatment of De Quincey, whom we have not only adopted and sheltered, but to whose genius we have given an amount of recognition, which America herself has not greatly surpassed. In fine, England is, by the magnetism of her superior wealth and importance, not only assimilating,

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gradually, our language and manners to her own, but is drawing many of our brighter and more hopeful spirits southwards, and most of these, we fear, make a point of dropping many Scottish peculiarities besides their dialect, accent, and regard for the Sabbath-day.

It may, indeed, be said, 'Well, what can we do?' A current of conformity has set in toward the south, and how is it to be resisted? If an English sale determines the fate of a book or periodical, and if the English won't buy anything that is, strictly speaking, Scottish, it can't be helped—we must just suit our goods to our markets. Now, so far as books are concerned, this may be partially true; but we think it does not apply so much to periodicals. Surely every Scottish periodical might and should have a *Scottish corner* in it, especially since in England, in America, and in every country under heaven, there *are* Scotchmen who have

'Scotch'd, not kill'd the Scotchman in their blood,
And love the land of mountain and of flood;'

and who would hail with eagerness, and peruse with rapture, whatever told them that Scotland's mountains and Scotland's hearts were still standing or beating in their right places; and that the mighty Mother of a Wallace, a Buchanan, a Knox, a Chalmers, a Scott, and a Wilson, had not ceased to bear men worthy of treading, however far off, in their footsteps, and of emulating, however imperfectly, their virtues and their genius. Nothing can, we think, crush Scotland's aspiring soul, 'cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every art, and of every science, with an energy that never remits, and a wing that never tires,' except despair in the continuance of her energy and inspiration; and nothing would tend so to circulate that despair, as the continued issue of Scottish periodicals, in which Scotland, like Hamlet in the play, is omitted by special desire.

We name, as a last quality in our ideal periodical, a hopeful, sanguine, believing onlook toward the future prospects of the Christian world. 'The greatest of these is charity,' in many circumstances and cases; but there are circumstances and cases in which we may with all reverence invert the golden sentence of the apostle, and say, 'The greatest of these is hope.' We live in a twilight age, but everything depends on whether we deem it the morning or the evening twilight. We have only the light of a crescent to guide us; but, although they strongly resemble each other, there is a great difference between a *waxing* and a *waning* crescent. In regard to the future, men's views may, we think, be fairly divided into the following varieties:—There are those who look to the future as to a hopeless repetition of the experiences of the past, modified somewhat by increased culture and improvement, and many of this class would roll round yesterday if they could, and chain us, in politics, in morals, and in religion, to the exemplar of former ages. Another large body expect that the operation of the natural and moral causes at present working is of itself to produce a kind of millennium, somewhat coarser, perhaps, than that painted by prophets, and expected by Christians, but so much the more, they think, likely to be realised. A third and smaller class look forward with very dark forebodings to the possibility of man deteriorating; of his animal and feral nature becoming more despotic than it has even hitherto been, and adduce the increase of madness, and modified licentiousness, in connection with progressive civilisation, as a proof of what they fear. Another class expect our cure from the destruction of all religion, and the concentration of man's every thought and energy upon the improvement of his present condition. A large number found their hopes for the future on the revival of Christianity, coupled with the advance of knowledge, and with social, sanitary, and moral improvements. And a less but increasing class are expecting, in accordance, they suppose, with prophecy and Scripture promise, a supernatural intervention, to stanch all our social wounds, right all our public wrongs, to purify the Augean stable of our morals and miseries, and to settle all our religious disputes at once and for ever.

We enter not on the question, which of these two last views be more consonant to truth, or to the scheme of Scripture; but one or other of them a high-toned journal should entertain. It must, in other words, fight not the battle of despair, but of Christian expectation and hope. There is much in the present state of the country to appal us. The churches are all crumbling; the masses are nearly as ignorant and vicious as ever they were, and are fast hurrying into in-

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fidelity; the upper classes (see some remarkable statements in a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review') are rushing *en masse* into Pantheism; society seems losing all its old cements, and it is only our present outward prosperity which saves us from a fearful catastrophe. But the man and the journal holding Christian principles will not be discouraged by all this. They will see in it only the darkness which precedes the dawning of the day. They will feel that things may require to be worse ere they are better, but that better they shall be. And standing on the misty mountain tops, they will, as they see through the gloom glimpses of sunny fields, and white villages, and spired cities, and thick-sown churches, and sober, enlightened, happy multitudes, raise a joyful shout of recognition, and cry out to the rear ranks to press onwards, that they too may reach, not only the prophetic summit, but the glorious prospect which it commands. The contemplation of the Future was long only a luxury to the speculative or the enthusiastic; it has now become a necessary to all who would either work or fight with alacrity and success. Deep hope in the Millennium of the Bible strengthens men for toil, soothes them under discouragement, hardens them against scorn and detraction, and with what easy grandeur does it bridge across every torrent of opposition, however furiously it may flow, and however madly it may foam! Every good and great object must now be pled, as if in the sight of that great reserve of Divine force which is expected, and in the prospect of that 'good time coming' which has been promised, otherwise it will be pled to no purpose, and with no success.

The ideal we have thus set up is not yet fulfilled in the periodical for which we write—although there is a decided tendency in this direction—nor in any other. But fulfilled it shall be. And we cannot, ere closing, forbear to glance forward to the periodicals of the coming time. The spawn of the infidel, the blackguard, and the licentious press has vanished from view. No more does each First of the Month let loose a plague of frogs, as thick and foul as erst descended on ill-fated Egypt. No more do light and frivolous, although clever and witty, Weeklies pass like a whirlwind of down across a land, which is tickled and laughs, but remains unfed and unchanged. No more do the organs of a fierce and narrow sectarianism come forth, as if on dragon wings, to increase the divisions and to deepen the heartburnings of a divided and uneasy church. No more are political or moral diatribes required in a world where right has at length become might, where sin is felt to be unnatural, and work to be holy. No more is religion prostituted by being used as an element of commercial success, a means of speedy sale! All things have been made new. The higher mind of the earth is at last in thorough rapport with its lower. Periodicals have become faithful records of all the pure intuitions, lofty imaginings, noble schemes, and high and holy feelings of those who, in the privilege of superior virtue and genius, have taken the kingdom, and are ruling the world. Purity, simplicity, earnestness, widest sympathy, and warmest piety, stamp their pages, which are, besides, brightened by a genius, inflamed by an ardour, and pervaded by a power, of which we cannot now conceive, and which none even of those dreams, when the soul is *most* awake, and through sleep, as through a lens of subtlest power, sees things unutterable, can realise to our view. The periodicals of that time shall be hailed in their stated appearance, like the dewdrops sparkling from the womb of the morning, like the stars shining out in the evening sky, like the moon, ever recurring and ever fair—as these bodies beautiful and pure, and as them welcome, and all but worshipped.

'Utopian' is a word already prepared to characterise this description. We care not for it. Had any writer in the age of Augustus, ay, or of Queen Anne, described by anticipation the journals of our own day, a similar epithet would have been applied to his pictured prophecy. We do not recognise the word *impossible* as an English, as a human, least of all as a Christian word. 'There is nothing,' it has been said, 'which the human mind can conceive, which it cannot accomplish.' There is nothing (we should prefer to alter it thus) which the human mind can conceive which cannot be accomplished, through the blended and harmonious working of human perseverance and Divine power.

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CONTINENTAL JOTTINGS.—No. III.

Let me tell you, it's no 'small mercy' to be sound in wind and limb. Just attempt to climb a veritable mountain, with short breath and soft corns, and you'll believe me; but anyhow, if you will just let me have my own way, I will take you over the Wengern Alp, without making you once 'puff and blow,' or doing the slightest hurt to your 'touch-me-not' corn.

Many bulky volumes have been written about the 'great mountains,' and, certainly, many of them deserve as prominent a place in books, as they occupy on the face of nature. There is Mount Hor, with Aaron's Tomb crowning the summit; certainly *that* must be worth a climb; there is Mount Tabor, with its commanding view of the surrounding country, and Mount Olivet, with its never-to-be-forgotten Gethsemane and panoramic picture of the Holy City, the sight of which must suffice to make impressions on the mind of a thoughtful traveller, which time can never efface: the fact is, there are none of God's mountains, the climbing of which is not connected with scenes and incidents over which the memory will long love to linger. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have climbed the Pyrenees, ascended the Himalaya, or toiled up the Andes. It may be, that many of my readers have little expectation of ever seeing *these* distant mountains, or even the nearer Alps, but, permit me to say, there is *one* glorious elevation which *all* may reach, and *all* may climb, that which is emphatically denominated *the* 'Mount of God,' the 'Holy Hill of Sion.' Yes, he who will take the Holy Spirit as his guide, and Holy Scripture as his spiritual alpen staff, may pass from height to height, until he reaches the celestial 'culm,' the blissful station near the throne, where

> 'High on a hill of dazzling light,
> The King of glory spreads his seat,
> And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
> Stand waiting round his awful feet.'

But I am sermonising, and must come to plain matters of fact. Well, we start from the 'Capricorn' at Lauterbrünn, to cross the Wengern, in the face of the Jungfrau. Instead of making at once for the mountain path, we turn aside to see one of the most unique and beautiful of the Swiss waterfalls, called the Staubbach. The body of water is by no means large, but it descends from a great height, and takes its first leap nearly 900 feet above the spot where you are standing to gaze at it; as it rushes down, it is affected by every gust of wind that blows through the valley, and sometimes appears to be suspended in the air, as if quite reluctant to come down to earth at all. As we looked at it, it assumed at one moment the form of mist; at the next, it came down gradually like a shower of silvery meteors; then, as it drew nearer, it rushed along like a torrent of rain, giving some of the unwary bystanders a thorough drenching; thus baptising them into the mystery of waterfalls. We found we had selected the most favourable season for obtaining a sight worth going a thousand miles to look on: the falling drops reflecting the rays of the sun formed a most beautiful rainbow, which, in consequence of the sun's altitude, was then *far below us*, near the basin into which the water fell, and there it remained for a considerable time, to gratify and delight the eyes of all, and to remind some of the greatness and goodness of Him who has 'a rainbow round about his throne, in sight like unto an emerald.' From this scene of beauty we at length forced ourselves away, and speedily came to a zigzag sort of path, that made us very soon feel we were on rising ground. Having been joined by other travellers, we formed quite a caravan. Our party consisted of ladies and gentlemen, young and old, English, French, Swiss, and German — some on foot, some on horseback, some carrying their knapsacks with ease, and some making no small difficulty of carrying themselves, but all in the best humour and highest spirits, now loitering and chatting, then dashing forward as if resolved to reach the summit in 'less than no time;' but the 'halts' soon became very frequent, and the temptations to look back, and look down, were increasingly irresistible. The valley we were leaving, with its green meadows, its winding streams, its picturesque houses, its turbulent waterfalls, its glittering turrets, and its musical bells, richly deserved an earnest and oft-repeated gaze. As we ascended, we made acquaintance with several of the hardy mountaineers. As a class, they ap-

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pear to be frugal and industrious in their habits:—

'Each morning sees some work begun;
Each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.'

But there is abundant evidence that the influx of tourists is sadly corrupting them, and some of their number have adopted a system of begging as amusing as it is annoying. Just take the following, as a specimen of many 'family scenes' into which we were permitted to pry:—A little chubby girl runs up to you with a small mountain nosegay, which she wishes you to accept as a present; you take it graciously, and then you clearly see you are expected to *purchase* your gift. You submit; presently up comes her elder sister, insisting on your receiving a few mountain strawberries, just to moisten your mouth this burning hot day. You can't object, but then you must out with another coin. A few steps further, and you see a gate before you, but ere you have time to say, 'open, sesame,' there it is, gaping wide, and the big brother is standing with outstretched hand, as an intimation that he all but demands the well-earned reward. You fumble among the queer-looking coins in your pocket for a 'groschen,' and having put it on his palm, following it with a significant wave of the arm, as much as to say, 'never let me set eyes on *you* again,' you advance, thinking all is over; when, just as you have rounded that angle, there they are again. They have taken a short cut, got a reinforcement in the persons of *pater-et-mater-familias*, and have planted themselves on that spot, just to ask you, in full recitative, this one question, 'Am not I, am not I, a merry Swiss boy?' This question, repeated with an intonation that makes you fear they are cruelly pinching each other, you decline to consider; and you now pay them well, as a bribe to take their noise, not to the next street, but to the next company of unfortunates who are coming up, little thinking of the novel gauntlet they are doomed to run.

After we had climbed for a couple of hours, the valley appeared as a mere trench, and the waterfalls, now far below us, appeared like pieces of white ribbon dangling over the rocks. When near the summit, a goatherd stepped before us, and placed a strange-looking tube on a piece of broken granite; and, having adjusted it to his mind, he applied one end to his lips, and made us at once understand, that this queer-looking thing, two yards in length, was the mountain-horn. But, oh, what a succession of delicious sounds did it evoke! I flung myself down, and surrendered to the power of the enchantment. What marvellous echoes! The huge granite walls above us gave back the tones of the horn with an indescribable sweetness and variety of cadence. Talk about organs!—commend me to nature's, I say. Talk about a choir!—why, the most scientific and select could never come up to this. Never before had I heard such clear treble, such shrill alto, such deep bass, as that mountain echo sent forth; the sound ran from crag to crag, from ridge to ridge, and rose and fell with the breeze, and at length died away in a sort of musical sigh. I could have fancied that some celestial choristers were giving us a chant, as they ascended to the skies. I was enraptured; and I think, if any 'merry Swiss boys' had come just then to pollute the air with their out-cries, I should have been tempted to have given them a roll down the mountain. This treat over, I started to my feet, and we were again pursuing our upward course. We now entered a small grove of pines; the atmosphere was remarkably clear, and the stillness so profound, that the mere hum of insects seemed to be a loud noise. Presently we crossed a narrow strip of greensward, turned the sharp angle of a jutting rock, and lo! there, in all their majesty, the mighty snow-covered mountains stood before us. We hurried to the small wooden hotel, called 'The Inn of the Wengern Alp,' and flung ourselves down on the outer bench, that we might deliberately and quietly take in the sublime scene.

Immediately in front were the four peaks of the Black and White Monk, the Jungfrau, and the Silver Horn. The Jungfrau rises before you, in one unbroken mass, to the height of 10,000 feet above the 5000 feet, the height of that elevation on which you stand gazing at it. Between this mountain and the Black Monk there is a glacier, ten miles broad, and eighteen miles long, in the immediate neighbourhood of which avalanches were continually thundering down. *These* avalanches could do no harm, as all human beings and habitations were far beyond their reach; but it is well known that in some districts they bring ruin and desolation on a most extensive scale.

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Having somewhat satisfied our curiosity, and chatted a little with the motley group of visiters, we began to feel that there was another important matter to be attended to: the wolf in the stomach became ravenous; and as, of all wars, an internal one is the most terrible, we entered the 'chalêt,' and took our seats, with others, at a long board, ready to eat anything they might please to place before us, fully persuaded there was a spice of truth in the old proverb, 'Hunger is the best sauce.' But we had scarcely tickled our palate with the soup, when a young 'scaramouch' came running in, as if he had been shot at, and shouted, at the top of his voice, 'Avalanche, monsieur! avalanche, avalanche!' Down went our spoons splash into the gravy, and out we all ran, helter-skelter. What! was it come to this, that we had ascended the mountain to be buried beneath a hillock of snow? Not exactly: the urchin wished us to *see*, not *feel*, an avalanche fall; and there, as soon as we crossed the threshold, we *could* see it, sure enough. A vast sheet of ice and snow was moving stealthily down the face of the Jungfrau; presently it appeared to break up in a confused mass, and hurry on much more swiftly. We lost sight of it for a moment; again it appeared, now widening and contracting, now rushing and crushing, now roaring and pouring, until at last it took a sort of desperate leap into some unfathomable abyss, and all we could see was a dense mist, which a passing breeze speedily swept away. Then one by one we slowly and thoughtfully returned to the dinner table, to discuss the nature of avalanches and the quality of mountain mutton, at the same time.

As soon as we had despatched our dinner, we were again outside, leisurely inspecting the many objects of attraction. As the Wengern is covered with herbage, it is also covered with cattle. We saw numerous herds in every direction; and as every cow has a very musical bell suspended to her neck, the combined sounds, as they floated up to us from the slopes, were exceedingly harmonious and beautiful. As we staid the night on the summit, and the atmosphere continued unusually clear, we had a most favourable opportunity of seeing all the glories of an Alpine sunset and sunrise. As the shadows of evening drew on, we climbed to a lofty knoll at the back of our little hotel, where, without interruption, we could look up to those gigantic pinnacles that seemed stretching their heads to the stars. The stillness was awful; it appeared as if we had indeed entered one of God's great temples, where the charge was literally regarded, 'Let all the earth keep silence.' The sun was invisible, but his last expiring rays fell on the snowy heights, and produced a succession of shades and changes of a most extraordinary character. Now we had a streak of green, shading off into one of brilliant pink; then we had a bright yellow, changing into deep red, but getting gradually more dim, until you saw nothing but the clear white snow; and then a pallid hue seemed to overspread the mountain, and a strange mist began to curl up, as if the work of death had just been done, and the huge corpse was now about to be wrapped in a decent shroud: it was an awe-inspiring spectacle. The darkness now rapidly increased, and a piercing wind from the icy range made us glad to button up and hurry down to the inn; and then, as the poet beautifully says,

'The cold earth slept below—
Above, the cold sky shone;
And all around, with a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow,
The breath of night, like death, did blow
Beneath the shining moon.'

We soon retired to rest, laying our heads on our pillows with a better understanding than heretofore of the emphatic words of the angels in the Apocalypse, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;' and felt thankful that it was permitted to man to say of *Him*, 'This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.'

Having thus seen the sun *set*, we were most of us astir by four o'clock the next morning, to see him *rise*. The sight was certainly a magnificent one, but it did not, to my mind, equal that of the preceding evening. This might be the result of my imagination being more excited and prepared for the scene; however, the gradual unveiling of the world of wonders, as the sun emerged from his dusky bed, was more than sufficient to awaken deep interest, and filled the mind with pleasurable emotions. The lines of one who looked on the face of nature with the eye of a lover, are as truthfully descriptive of this morning scene as they are beautiful in expression:—

'Red as a bloody shield, rising he gleams:
Soon o'er the snowy fields glorious he beams;

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Now from the melting wreaths gorgeous hues flash;
Icebergs are falling—how fearful the crash!
Hail to thee, waking the earth from her sleep!
Hail to thee, breaking the bands of the deep!
Hail to thee, chasing the gloom of the night!
Hail to thee, scatt'ring life, hope, and light!'

Our breakfast of milk porridge being finished, we bade our host farewell, and, alpen stock in hand, proceeded *en route* for Grindelwald. A walk of half an hour brought us to the highest point of the pass, and there we found a considerable quantity of snow. This being crossed, we came to a dreary district of sand and rubbish; broken rocks and blasted trees met the eye in all directions: this desolation was made some years since by the fall of an avalanche. A little beyond this we got into a garden of wild flowers, and saw, that where the earth can yield no corn for the mouth, it will yet produce beauteous forms for the eye. Yes, even within a few yards of the ice, you may meet with some of the choicest plants, 'diffusing their fragrance on the desert air;' we found gentians, lilies, hyacinths, bluebells, and rhododendrons in rich profusion, and with some boughs of the latter we adorned our caps and alpen stocks, and marched on as a band of sturdy mountaineers. Some parts of our downward way were very rugged and precipitous, requiring much caution; and in such places the guides will often, *in their way*, assist the mules in the descent—that is to say, they tug with all their might at the *tails*, and often pull behind so lustily, that it would be no marvel if occasionally a stray tail were found in their hands. The views, as you descend, are surpassingly grand. On the left, there is the Faulhorn; on the right, the Wetterhorn, the Shrieckhorn, and the Finster Aarhorn; and, directly before you, the lovely valley and conspicuous glacier of Grindelwald. Half way down we found a little chalêt, with a rustic seat before it, and a table, on which was placed a saucer of mountain strawberries, that tempted the passer-by to try their quality. To this temptation we surrendered. We had scarcely sat down, ere the worthy peasant who owned the hut came to us with some bread-and-butter, sugar and cream; so to it we went, like men who could enter most heartily into the stanza of Robert Burns:—

'Some ha'e meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat, that want it;
Now we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.'

Having had a delicious repast, the peasant brought out his Alpine horn, and made a little more of that celestial music to which I have already referred; we then ungrudgingly rewarded him for his genial hospitality, and went on our way with fresh vigour; but, long ere we reached Grindelwald, the burning sun and rugged path made us wish for a place of repose, and a shelter from the noontide heat, reminding us, too, of One who is 'a shadow from the storm, and a covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' When we got to the village, I discovered, to my mortification, that, however much benefit my *body* had gained by the journey, my *understanding* had sadly suffered, for, on looking down to my feet, I found some of my toes inclined to peep out of my boots, and that, if prompt attention was not paid, sole and body could not be kept together much longer. After many inquiries, I found the 'Crispin' of the place, and obtained an interview, but what with his 'patois' and my ignorance, there seemed plenty of sound, but little sense; so, as a sort of forlorn hope, I betook myself to signs, and pointed down to my boot, with a look that said, 'There's shameful English workmanship for you!' and then I gave a significant shrug with my shoulders, as much as to say, 'Here's a pretty fix I'm in,' and thus I made him understand, that, 'for a consideration,' he must be my friend, and set to work at once to put me in travelling trim again; and while he performed his office, I lolled on a rustic seat, gazing at the gigantic mountains, picturesque cottages, lovely orchards, flowery meads, and swift-flowing streams, of the valley of Grindelwald.

Early in the afternoon, we started for the Great Sheideck, but a sense of fatigue induced us again to hire a porter to carry our knapsacks. We found this pass much more wild and gloomy than the Wengern; we might say of it, as the Arabs say of Mount Lebanon, 'It has autumn at its feet, summer on its shoulders, spring on its neck, and winter on its head;' but the going up was not all toil and no comfort, for, on coming to a rude-looking hut, surrounded by cows waiting their hour to be milked, the hospitable herdsman beckoned us in. On entering, we found a number of huge wooden bowls, all of a row, and full of new milk; he then placed a ladle in our hands, and pointed to the bowls; and we were not

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slow in showing him that we perfectly understood his signs; again and again the ladles were immersed, and filled, and emptied. *I* kept at it like a Trojan, as if I feared I should never have another opportunity of slaking my thirst; we then sought to show the man that we appreciated his kindness, by dropping a few coins into his hands, as we bade him adieu, and on we went; but I felt inexpressibly weary, and great was my satisfaction, when, late in the evening, we caught sight of the auberge at which we were to pass the night. Thus it is often with the *Christian* pilgrim—he is 'aweary' amid the toils of life's journey, and longs for rest; he looks onward and upward with strong desire, and when he catches sight of the land yet 'afar off,' he encourages himself with the thought:—

'There on a green and flowery mount,
My weary soul shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of my feet.'

Around this hut, on the summit of the Sheideck, the snow was then lying in great abundance, and the accommodations within were of a very inferior order; but we were too tired, and too happy to find a shelter, to be very fastidious about trifles; besides, as good Jeremy Taylor says, 'He is a very miserable man that is unquiet when a mouse runs over his shoe, or when a fly kisses his cheek, whatever is literal and tolerable must be let alone;' we therefore gladly partook of such provision as the place could furnish, and then stretched our weary limbs on the mattresses; and under the safe keeping of an ever watchful Providence, fell asleep.

The next morning was the Sabbath, but no 'cheering chime of Sabbath bell' met our ears, no tribes were to be seen going up to the house of the Lord; but this was no reason why *we* should disregard the day; though on the Alps, we could keep the Sabbath, for 'every place is hallowed ground,' and on that mountain we might 'rejoice before the Lord.' Coleridge once said to a friend, on a bright Sabbath morning, 'I feel as if God, by giving the Sabbath, had given us fifty-two springs every year!' Now, as we sympathised with Coleridge in his cheerful views of the Sabbath, we felt we could have 'a time of sacred joy' even on the Sheideck. So we turned aside from the beaten path, and sat down in a retired spot, to sing a hymn of praise, and read, and converse upon, suitable portions of the Word of God. Our sanctuary was enclosed by mighty granite walls; its roof was the lofty sky; at our feet, far below, rolled a mountain torrent; and behind us, once and again, we heard the avalanches come thundering down, reminding us of the words of the psalmist, 'The voice of the Lord is mighty, it shaketh the cedars of Lebanon.' At noon, we descended the mountain as far as the 'Baths of Rausenlaui,' and there took up our quarters till the next day.

Near this hotel, and directly in front of it, though on much higher ground, is a celebrated glacier, to which we made a visit. On our way up we crossed a slender bridge thrown over a chasm, at the bottom of which, at a frightful depth, a torrent rushed along from the glacier, with a frightful roar. Some boys had got two or three huge stones on the bridge, ready to hurl over, that we might have an idea of the depth, from the time they took in reaching the turbulent waters. At length we arrived at the glacier, which Longfellow aptly denominates, 'a gauntlet flung down by stern winter, in defiance of the sun.' This one is, in fact, only the outer edge of a vast field of ice, extending over a surface of above a hundred square miles, and is most jagged and formidable in its appearance. As we advanced, fresh wonders met us at every turn. We clambered up icy hillocks, the guides cutting places for our feet with their hatchets; we entered icy caverns, all dripping, and chilly, and cold; we crossed fearful abysses on narrow planks, where to have made one false step would have been certain death; and were at length well pleased, when we stepped from stern winter's dread domain, and felt ourselves to be once more on *terra firma*.

Some few years since, a clergyman started, with one guide, to view this glacier; the guide returned without him, and persisted in the assertion, that the gentleman had neglected his caution, and had fallen into a 'crevasse;' suspicion was excited, and for twelve days a diligent search was made for the body, without success. At length they came to one awful abyss, and the guide said he thought *that must* be the one. A man was let down by a rope, with a lantern round his neck, and twice was he drawn up in a state of exhaustion for want of air; but the third time he was successful; he returned with the corpse in his arms. It was much bruised, the limbs were broken,

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but all the property was safe; thus removing all suspicion of foul play from the guide. Many other incidents, some of a most romantic character, might be narrated, but they would swell our present 'Jottings' too much to introduce them here.

The glaciers of Switzerland are among her greatest wonders, forcibly reminding the thoughtful beholder of *Him* who scattereth his hoar frost like morsels, and before whose cold none can stand; who binds up rivers great and strong with icy chains, and by His mere breath again loosens them, and makes the waters flow, 'Lo! these are parts of His ways, and how small a portion of them is known.'

Coming down from Rausenlaui, we visited the falls of the Reichenbach; a cascade formed of those waters which were rolling at our feet on Sabbath morning. Here they take a succession of gigantic leaps, and make such an awful noise, that bystanders must shout in each other's ears, if they wish to be heard. We lingered about this spot as long as prudence allowed, and then turned into the steep and very rugged path that conducted us down to Meyringen, where we hoped to get a good dinner. On reaching the hotel, my companions took a nap, and *I* soon felt inclined to follow their example, but unfortunately, before I could sink away into a state of forgetfulness, a German family, consisting of two gentlemen, a lady, and a little boy, then stopping at the hotel, set up such a strange noise in a little ante-room, that it made my case desperate, disturbed my good feelings, and compelled me to have a quiet laugh at their expense. The lady sat down to what might be called an apology for a piano; all the strings seemed loose, and sent forth a sound somewhat akin to the jingling of tin kettles; then the whole party added their 'sweet voices,' some of which seemed cracked, and those which were not, were capable of nothing but squeaking. At this juncture, in came a fresh band of travellers; they listened a moment, and then glanced around with surprise in their countenances; *they* looked at me, and *I* looked at them, and though we could not speak each other's language, we all said to each other with our eyes, 'What do you think of that now?' and then we each did laugh and turn away, as if saying, 'If that be melody, may there soon be a dearth of it in the land.' My sleepy friends were soon disturbed by the discord. They rubbed their eyes, and I shouted, 'Time is up, we have to cross another mountain before we sleep to-night.' They took the hint, the reckoning was paid, and we once more sallied forth.

No one can travel far without meeting with some annoyances; every sojourner must make up his mind to that; travel has its dark, as well as its bright side, and from the days of the Israelitish wanderers until now, many have been 'discouraged because of the way.' There may be bad roads, bad company, bad accommodations, bad weather; but happy is he who carries with him a cheerful disposition and grateful heart; they will be of more service to him than the far-famed 'philosopher's stone' could possibly be, for it is written, 'Good-nature, like the bee, collects sweetness from *every* herb; but ill-nature, like the spider, sucks poison from the most honied flower.' We all like 'creature comforts,' and look out for them while travelling from place to place; and greatly long for them on the journey of life, but *such* 'good things' are too often to the soul what 'suckers' are to the tree, and God takes off the 'sucker,' that the tree may thrive. The comforts of the wayside inn, at the termination of a weary stage in a journey, are duly prized, but they are not *home* comforts, and we are soon disposed to say, 'Arise, let us proceed.' And so must it be with all who would enter 'the rest that remaineth for the people of God;' they must learn that *here* they have no abiding place; they must 'go from strength to strength,' from stage to stage, from province to province, until they reach *that* place

'Where chilling wind and poisonous breath
Ne'er reach the healthful shore;
Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.'

Now, we were refreshed in spirit, and invigorated in body, by the 'creature comforts' we had met with in the little inn at Meyringen, and so, with brave hearts and buoyant steps, we essayed to cross the Brunig. For some distance our way lay along a fertile valley, with cherries, pears, and apples growing by the roadside in rich abundance, inviting the passer-by to pluck and eat; which invitation we made it our business to accept with a hearty good-will. At length we came to a little grove, and having passed through that, and taken a sharp turn, we found ourselves at the

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commencement of the mountain path, and forthwith began to climb; and what with our incessant chatting, our frequent pauses to gaze at the lovely scenes bursting upon our view, and our frequent stoppages to pluck Alpine flowers, and dispute about their classification, we managed to get very far above the vale, without any sense of fatigue. While thus 'jaunty and fresh,' we met a party of English gentlemen, who looked unmistakeably wayworn, and eagerly inquired whether the Meyringen hotel was much further. One of the party had begun to hobble, as if he were suffering from swollen and blistered feet, and I observed that he had cut a slit in his boot, as if he had been trying to let the pain out at the hole; but his halting gait proved that his experiment had been a total failure. They could easily perceive that *we* were in excellent trim, and perhaps marked some outward and visible signs of the inward and half-concealed chuckle at their wo-begone appearance, and so, to chasten our spirits a little, they begged us to understand that we had above us a terribly rugged path to traverse, which would probably make us somewhat less merry before our day's work was quite done. We received their monitions with becoming humility, but went on with few misgivings, knowing that we had become pretty much inured to this toil, and also that the Brunig was less lofty by a thousand feet than the mountain we had that morning left behind. With comparatively little difficulty we reached the summit, and rested at the toll-house that marks the frontier of the Canton Berne. The cottage was thoroughly Swiss, and we sat ourselves down on a bench in the balcony, feasting our eyes on the landscape, and slaking our thirst with copious draughts of new milk. We started again, and found the descent easy and agreeable, and saw nothing to deter any one from pedestrianising here. We passed through umbrageous groves, and along winding paths, and beneath the shade of many an overhanging rock, where we occasionally sat down and bared our brows, that they might be fanned by the refreshing breeze, and in the dusk of the evening entered Lungern, a secluded mountain hamlet, that seemed to have little connection with our noisy world. Around this spot there are many exquisitely lovely secluded walks, making one feel the appropriateness of Cowper's well-known lines:—

'The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee.'

We made the best of our way to the hotel, and secured beds. While waiting for our supper, we amused ourselves by turning over the leaves of the book, in which, according to Continental rule, the visiters are required to enter their names, and found, as usual, that not a few, when thus giving their signatures, had the *cacoëthes scribendi* strong upon them; some giving vent to their ill-humour, in a few angry expressions at the 'enormous charges and shabby accommodations;' and others exhibiting their wit in bad puns, and their poetic fire in doggerel rhymes; while a few good-natured souls declared they were pleased with everything *out* of the house, and everybody *in* it, and pledging themselves to proclaim far and wide the virtues of the place, if they should ever return to 'Fatherland' again. *We* had lovely weather, a clear atmosphere, and brilliant sunshine. All are not thus favoured, for one entry in the book ran thus:—'No doubt this is a most beautiful country, *if one could but see it*, but here we have been for three days, and have discerned nothing but fogs and rain!' Poor fellow! He must have been 'near akin' to a lugubrious tourist who once sat by my side while going down into Killarney in a shower of rain; not an ordinary shower, but a regular Killarney drencher. 'It always rains here, sir—I knew it would. I have been here three times, and seen nothing—it's an abominable place, sir.' He got off the car at the first hotel, declaring he would go away the next morning, and as we had a shower the next morning, I have no doubt he fulfilled his threat, and will go on abusing poor Killarney to his dying day; but, if he had exercised patience, he would that very day have seen the lakes in all their glory. Well doth Scripture say, 'Ye have need of *patience*,' and 'Let *patience* have her perfect work;' we are often very restive, and always too ready to murmur and complain.

The next morning found us on our way to Lucerne, and the walk along the vale of Sarnen was among the *most* pleasant of our pleasant walks in Switzerland. We had now quitted the rugged and grand, and were surrounded by the

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quiet and pastoral; gentle slopes, wooded hills, and luxuriant meadows, reminded us of the fertile land of England. Some years since, this valley was covered with a sheet of water, called 'the Lake of Lungern,' but by some skilful engineering, the lake was tapped, and two hundred acres of land were recovered for cultivation. We presently passed a road-side burial-ground, with its small church; and were not a little interested by the sight. Every grave was surmounted by a cross, adorned with gilt, and on many of these crosses, painted with some pretensions to artistic skill, were the likenesses of the deceased; so that the graveyard was a sort of picture-gallery of the dead, to which the relatives might come, and vividly recall past forms to their view. We saw some of these relatives kneeling by the graves, and repeating Popish prayers for the repose of departed souls. Other signs of our being in a Popish district were not wanting: pictures of saints were hanging in front of many houses, and crosses and shrines by the road-side were numerous, evidences of prevailing Romanism, and that priestly influence abounded on every hand.

After a walk of three hours, we came to the beautiful Lake of Sarnen; and here we bargained for a boat with two rowers to take us to the other end. This boat was of very primitive construction, and the rowers were a young man *and his wife*. We were informed that it was a standing custom for the peasant women to take their full share in such toilsome work, that they may be prepared to aid the men, if need be, in defending their country against an invading foe. This worthy couple interested us by their civil and obliging manners; and when we struck up several tunes, to try the effect of sound on the water, they gave us to understand that some of our tunes were familiar to them. Their method of rowing was very different to what we had been accustomed to. With us the boatman looks one way and rows another, but on these Swiss lakes, the rowers stand up, look ahead, and push the boat along with great rapidity by a sort of paddle. When we reached the landing-place, they shook us by the hand most heartily, and told us they knew we were priests. We smiled, and gave them our blessing, in the shape of a few extra coins, for their attention and civility. They then directed us on our way, and it was evident they watched to see whether we understood them, for, after getting a considerable distance, we were hailed by a strange voice, and on looking round, we perceived the good woman running after us as if something serious had occurred. She came to tell us we had taken the wrong turning, and would not again leave us till she had walked a long distance to put us in the right track; but it appears she did not do more than *any* person in that canton would have felt bound to do, for they have neither mile-stones nor direction-posts, and every inhabitant is expected to conduct strangers on their way without fee or reward.

The village of Sarnen is pleasantly situated, and is memorable as the spot where, according to tradition, that tragical event happened which inflamed the minds of the people, and led to the revolution in which the celebrated, though probably only mythical, person William Tell played so conspicuous a part. The story runs thus:—The Austrian bailiff, who inhabited a castle here, sent to seize some oxen with which a farmer of the name of Halden was ploughing. Enraged at the insult, and stung by the insolence of the messenger, who told him that 'such a clod-pole as he had no right to such fine beasts,' he fell foul of the man, broke his fingers, and compelled him to 'take to his heels.' The farmer then dreading the certain vengeance of the bailiff, fled over the mountains to a neighbouring canton, little dreaming of the vengeful act to which the barbarous spirit of the bailiff would prompt him. This wretch sent and seized Halden's father, and commanded him to betray his son's 'whereabouts.' On being refused, he grew furious, ordered some irons to be heated, and had the old man's eyes burned out, and then turned him adrift to grope his way, and proclaim his wrong. The results we shall refer to presently, when making further allusion to the heroic Tell. As we passed through the village, we stopped to look at a monastery, where dwelt many a monk, 'all shaven and shorn.' The doors of the chapel being open, we entered, and were soon followed by two pedestrians, with dusty boots, and coats slung across their arms, who came in to kneel before the altar, offer prayers to the Virgin, sprinkle themselves with holy water, and then pass on their way, with lightened, but not *en*lightened consciences. There was in this act of theirs

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at least, a semblance of piety, something that was calculated to elicit admiration. It were well if there were a more *open* acknowledgment of the goodness and care of God amongst those of us, who boast of greater illumination, and a purer faith.

About a mile beyond, we crossed a covered bridge, on which was a painting of 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and underneath were the words, 'Oh, all ye that pass by, is it nothing to you? was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?' A little further on was a shrine, in which we saw a representation of 'Jesus crucified,' with the blood streaming from the head, the hands, and the feet, with this inscription, 'Wonder, O man! Jesus suffered this for thee; pass not by without saluting him.' Shortly after this, we met a number of peasants going to mass, and all engaged in repeating prayers, one of the company counting the beads and keeping the reckoning, that they might know when they had got through the allotted number.

We were now traversing a level path surrounded by lofty mountains, the prospect around and before being most enchanting. Apples, cherries, strawberries, grew in abundance by the wayside, and might be had for the gathering; with the hook of our alpen stock, we brought nigh the higher branches, and found the fruit most pleasant to our taste. In the afternoon, we arrived at Alpnach, on the margin of the Lake of Lucerne. Here we ordered dinner, and ate as if we both wanted it, and knew we should have to pay for it.

Near this village was the celebrated 'slide,' now out of use. It was a sort of trench formed in the mountain side, down which the felled timber was made to slide into the lake. Its length was 2500 feet, and was formed of 30,000 trees, carried over deep declivities, and through various tunnels, a little rill running through it, to counteract the friction occasioned by the descending timber. When the trees were cut down, they were stripped of their bark, and then thrown into this trench, down which they rushed with mighty impetus, and a noise like thunder. By this means whole forests were brought away, and went to form such rafts as those we met when sailing up the Rhine.

After dinner, we again hired a boat with two rowers, and started for Lucerne. The scene was now one of softened beauty. So pure was the water, that both the sky above, and every object on the banks, were clearly reflected therein, as if the whole lake were one wide-spread mirror. The steam-boat, the pleasure-boat, or the passage-boat, might be seen here and there ruffling the surface. Before us was the Righi, and at our left Mount Pilatus, a black and frowning giant mountain, about whose head storms seem continually brewing; and no wonder, if the legend be true, for it is said the mountain is named after that Pilate who condemned Jesus to death, and who afterwards wandered about here with a troubled conscience, and at last drowned himself in the black pool near the summit! On the shores of this lake stands William Tell's Chapel, and the spot was pointed out to us where, as the legend hath it, he and his brave companions joined together in taking a solemn oath to free their country from foreign rule. Tell, exasperated by the tyranny of the Austrian governors, and maddened by that cowardly and inhuman act of the governor of Sarnen, resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of breaking the yoke; and this soon presented itself. In the town of Altorf, the Austrian governor Gessler is said to have ordered his hat to be placed on a pole in the market-place, and then required all the inhabitants and every passer-by to do homage to it. Tell came to the spot, and burning with indignation, he refused to obey. He was promptly seized, and hurried before the governor, who had at that very time got Tell's little son as a prisoner. The tyrant now bethought himself of a scheme, which at once revealed the blackness of his heart and the bloodthirstiness of his nature. He told Tell that he understood he possessed extraordinary skill as an archer, and he wished to put him to the proof. 'An apple,' said he, 'shall be placed on the head of thy son, and thou shalt stand one hundred yards off, and if thou hit the apple both shall be pardoned; but if thou refuse this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes.' Tell was horrorstricken, and implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment; but the wretch was inexorable. The brave lad was brought forward, and he then sought to encourage his father, reminding him of his usual unfailing skill in archery. At length Tell assented to the trial; the lad took his station by a tree, and calmly awaited the issue. Around him stood the soldiers, and behind them the despo-

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tic ruler. An arrow was brought to Tell, he examined it, tried it, and then snapped it in two, demanding his *own* quiver; it was brought to him, and while he was selecting one for immediate use, he managed adroitly to secret another in his sleeve, and then to hide it in his girdle. Presently—though his parental affection well-nigh rendered him powerless—he gave a tender look towards his son, lifted his arm, took a steady aim, drew his bow, and off flew the arrow right through the core of the apple! The lad rushed into his father's arms, who then fell senseless to the ground. As he lay there, the *concealed arrow* came into sight. When he recovered, the governor demanded what that second and concealed arrow meant. Tell boldly replied, 'To pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had injured my son.' At these words, the cowardly ruffian stepped back, as if expecting to be shot *then;* and forthwith revoked his promise of pardon, ordering Tell to be heavily ironed, and conveyed away to a dungeon. Soon afterwards, he ordered a boat to be manned, resolving to take him along the lake to the prison at Kussnacht; but a tremendous storm arose, and the boat became unmanageable; and as Tell knew better than any of them how to navigate those waters at such a season, the only chance of their escaping with their lives was to knock off his fetters, and let *him* steer. This they did. He soon put the boat about, and ere long brought it near to a piece of rock with which he was familiar, made a sudden spring, got on shore, pushing the boat out again on the stormy waters of the lake, and thus made his escape. He then hastened to arouse the various cantons, headed several bands of his countrymen, and conducted the campaign with so much courage and skill, that in a short time the Austrians were entirely routed, and driven out of the country; and thus Switzerland became free!

These gallant Swiss appear to have been men of kindred spirit with those ancient heroes who fell at Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis. They acted with an enthusiasm like unto that of the Greeks, who contended on their classic soil with the haughty Persian, and drove his scattered host across the Hellespont. They were defending, in their way, the cause of liberty, for which they were prepared to struggle till death, and in which they were destined to enjoy a triumph. Gessler's cruelty made his rule insupportable. It is by such means subjects are maddened. All history furnishes us with abundant illustrations of that passage of holy writ, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Human nature seems capable of any atrocity. Where there is irresponsible or unrestrained power, there is too commonly unbridled ferocity, justifying, in such cases, the poet's declaration:—

'There's mercy in each ray of light that mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy in each breath of air that mortal lips may draw;
There's mercy both for man and beast in God's indulgent plan;
There's mercy in each creeping thing—*but man has none for man.*'

With our mind sometimes luxuriating in the present, and sometimes dwelling on the past, as the boatmen pointed us to these memorable spots, we passed rapidly along the lake. As we rounded a small promontory, we observed the rowers look towards the shore, and devoutly cross themselves; on turning in that direction, we perceived a crucifix placed close to the water's edge, designed for the special devotional use of the good Catholics who so often pass and repass this spot. The town of Lucerne now came in sight, and after having had this day such a succession of beautiful scenes as almost made one weary with delight, we sprang from our boat to the shore, immediately in front of the magnificent Schweitzer Hotel. This noble building is of recent origin, and is said to have cost no less than £30,000. It stands on the margin of the lake, with Pilatus directly before it, and the snowy Alps in the distance; and to linger about the vestibule or portico, on a fine summer's morning or evening, is a treat worth taking a long journey to enjoy.

Lucerne is emphatically a Popish place, and the stronghold of the Jesuits. Though its form of government is republican, intolerance and persecution appear to be rampant. The Protestants in the place are, to a large extent, denied the rights of citizenship, and can hold no public office. Yes, here, where the inhabitants are professed republicans and universal suffragists, men walk about with fettered minds. Popery and liberty cannot coexist; they have about as much affinity as an acid and an alkali; they do as well together as water and oil. A *pure* Christianity calls us to true liberty, but *Popery*

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robs man of his birth-right; and there never can be *real* freedom anywhere, unless a man feels himself at perfect liberty to worship God in any way his conscience may dictate, none daring to make him afraid. 'Where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty.' It is a terrible thing when intolerant persons are invested with authority, and such are the Jesuits; and they are supreme in Lucerne. Hence the injustice done to the Protestants there.

After a quiet night's repose, I was awakened, early in the morning, by the jingling of I know not how many bells, and hastily arose, and prepared for a stroll. On turning into the street, I found a number of persons hurrying away to mass, and followed them, and soon crossed the threshold of a spacious church, filled, at that early hour, by a large congregation, who were attending to the doings of about a dozen priests, whose splendid vestments and varied motions were sufficient to attract every eye. Many exquisite paintings and choice specimens of the sculptor's skill adorned the walls; enchanting music resounded through the place, and fragrant incense rose in clouds to the roof. Oh, thought I, how cheering this sight would be, if this crowd had gathered thus early to surround the mercy-seat in the name of the 'one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus!' But it was not so; they bowed to images, they paid homage to the Virgin Mary, they invoked departed saints; they had 'a form of godliness, but denied the power.' That you may see I do not misrepresent these Papists, just look at, and think over, the following extract from the 'Creed of Pope Pius IV.,' which is of the highest authority in the Romish Church at the present day:—'I constantly hold that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the prayers of the faithful; likewise, that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be invocated, that they offer prayers to God for us; and that their relics are to be venerated. I most firmly assert that the images of Christ, and the mother of God, ever virgin, and also of the other saints, are to be had and retained, and that due honour and veneration are to be given unto them.' Such being the 'creed,' we need not be surprised at the prevalence of image-worship, especially among the illiterate. But this creed, and the principles of the New Testament, are as opposite as light and darkness; and, thank God, Britons have access to that book, and can see therein 'the man of sin' stand revealed, and gather an assurance that the Lord will destroy him with the breath of his mouth, and with the brightness of his coming.

The town of Lucerne presents various objects of deep interest. Perhaps the most attractive of these are the covered bridges. These are literally public picture galleries; for among the rafters, which are arranged in a triangular form to support the roof, you find a succession of paintings, many of which afford unmistakeable evidence that they are the production of no unpractised hand. On one bridge I counted as many as 150; on another, 120—half of them coming into view as you cross in one direction, and the rest seen as you return. The series of subjects on one was called the 'Dance of Death;' on another, there were scenes from Swiss history; on another, illustrations of the life and acts of two of the patron saints of Lucerne; on another, a succession of Scripture scenes, from the Fall onwards, through both the Old and New Testaments—thus furnishing, as Wordsworth says,

'Lessons for every heart, and a Bible for all eyes.'

I should think parents find this no unattractive spot as a promenade for their little ones. Many of the pictures have been recently retouched and restored; but such is the purity of the atmosphere, that they seem to suffer but little injury through a long succession of years; for, on the wall of a house at the end of one of these bridges, we saw a large painting, with an inscription intimating that it was first set up in 1413, then renovated in 1647, and once again in 1748, so that it had remained there between 400 and 500 years; and though, when we saw it, it had not been touched for a century, it looked remarkably clear and fresh. On one of these bridges we saw a small shrine, in which was a representation of the infant Jesus in the arms of his mother, and beneath this a doll, intended as an effigy of the Virgin, adorned with a sort of crown, surrounded with a profusion of trumpery tinsel ornaments; all this was enclosed in a network of iron, with an aperture sufficiently large to allow you to put your hand in, and drop a contribution into a money-box, placed there to receive the gifts of the pious. In the vestibule of the splendid church of the Jesuits,

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there are several stone vases filled with holy water, and over one of these there is a well-executed painting of the Saviour, with these words beneath, 'Amplius lava me;' in another compartment there is a picture of Mary weeping, with the inscription, 'Teach me sincerely to mourn.' Near one of the churches there is a fine old pump, around the case of which was painted, in Latin, the words found in Proverbs xx. 5. This is an ostentatious 'holding forth' of the Word of life; but you must not ask for more than Rome chooses to give, and she never gives more than is convenient.

There was one other object in Lucerne which we much wished to see; and finding it was a little distance out of town, we inquired the way, and thitherward directed our eager steps. This was the monument erected to the memory of those brave guards who were massacred while nobly defending the royal family of France from the brutal attack of the ferocious crowd that entered the palace during the dreadful revolution of the last century. These men *would* not quit their post; and, rather than betray their trust, they suffered themselves to be cut down by the infuriated mob. The monument is perfectly unique in its character. It is a huge lion, cut out of the solid rock, 18 feet high, and 28 feet long. He is represented as in the agonies of death, with a spear sticking in his side; but, though thus smitten, he is endeavouring with his paw to protect a shield, on which you discern the royal arms of France. The names of the officers and soldiers who were thus slaughtered are carved on the rock beneath the figure. There is an air of quietude about the spot, that seems quite in keeping with the character and design of this national memorial. Around you there are huge pieces of granite and lofty trees; before you is a small sheet of water, which serves as a barrier to prevent visiters approaching too near; about the rock, many ferns and creepers are growing luxuriantly, and the sound of water continually trickling down, together with the general solitude of the spot, gives a plaintive aspect to the whole scene. The interest was greatly increased by the presence of an aged man dressed in scarlet uniform—somewhat the worse for wear—who, I found, was one of the very few guards that escaped the butchery of that never-to-be-forgotten day. He was the only survivor, but has, I believe, since my visit been called to his last account. He lived in a cottage hard by, and was very willing to give any information that was sought, and just as ready to receive any gratuity which the liberal might feel disposed to offer. Near this spot stands a little chapel, which we entered, and found full of relics; on the altar was a cloth which had been richly embroidered by one of the royal family of Louis XVI., and here mass is often said for the repose of the souls of these departed Swiss guards. Well, after having thoroughly perambulated the town and its environs; after having gazed again and again at the picturesque old feudal walls and watch-towers; after having taken many last looks at the lovely lake and snow-clad mountains, we felt we must 'arise and depart;' so we flung ourselves into the gloomy 'interior' of a diligence, and travelled through the night back to Basle, *en route* to 'Home, sweet home.' And as we had taken 'return-tickets' for Rotterdam and the Rhine, I have nothing additional to offer about the homeward journey, except it be to say, that the nearer we approached our 'sea-girt isle,' the more sensibly did I feel the influence of the well-known stanza:—

'Land of my fathers, thee I love,
I love thee next to heaven above;
And rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults, I love thee still.'

As we descended the Rhine, we had plenty of time to compare notes, correct our journals, and discuss our perils; and one bright afternoon we grew somewhat poetical, and sat down at the cabin table, to give full license to the Muse, and see what her inspiration might produce. I managed to string together the following lines, with which I make my bow to the reader, thanking him for his company and his patience, and hoping he may feel none the worse for the stroll we have thus taken together:—

I've been to the mountains, and drank at the fountains,
Where eagles and chamois are seen,
And cross'd lovely valleys, admiring the chalêts,
And marking the rivulet's gleam.
I have stood by the torrent, where many, I warrant,
Would feel some degree of affright,
Be all of a shiver, or rather would quiver
Like aspens, of which poets write.
I have gazed at the brightness, the unsullied whiteness,
With which the huge mountains are crown'd,

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A glory so lavish, sufficient to ravish
With pleasure the mind most profound.

I have heard with a gladness, subsiding to sadness,
The sound of the mountaineer's horn,
Now waving and sighing, then fading and dying,
As if from a maiden forlorn.

When Sol was oppressive, and heat was excessive,
Far down in the valleys below,
My feet have been tripping, and now and then slipping,
O'er hillocks of ice and of snow.

I have listen'd with wonder, as on roll'd the thunder,
From where the vast avalanche fell,
While mist, now up-curling, then twisting and twirling,
Detain'd me as if by a spell.

Farewell! scenes of brightness, of beauty and lightness,
I often shall think upon you;
Your names I will cherish, and mem'ry must perish,
Before you can fade from my view.

WINIFRED: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLARE departed for the Continent with the dowager Lady Arundel with such extraordinary precipitation, that Miss Peveril, stunned and confused, did not recover from her surprise and bewilderment for many days after the flight; then, indeed, her lamentations were unceasing. What was the meaning of all this? What had been the matter with Clare? And if Clare was ill, why did she go? It was Clare's will and pleasure to do so, I might have replied; and what other reason could be given?

'Well,' exclaimed Miss Peveril, resignedly—'well, I don't understand it, and I don't pretend to. My Clare, doubtless, does all for the best, she is such an angel; but I wish she remembered that her old Aunt Monica only lives in the light of her smile.'

Poor old lady! I felt for her deeply;—she loved my sister with such trusting singleness of heart. I had once pined for such devoted love! Inscrutable are the dispensations of the Almighty—how he tries his creatures through the medium of their tenderest and most salient points. We want faith to meekly bow our heads, and resign our beings into His dear hands—and yet do we not each day repeat, 'Thy will be done?'

Miss Peveril never seemed to heed my presence. I was nothing—nobody. My mother—wert not thou remembered—all thy love—thy gentleness—thy forbearance — and lavish praise? Clare was all in all with her doating relative, and I pitied the old lady from my soul, as she began to realise the dreadful feeling of bereavement and loneliness. Continually she repeated, 'A few weeks will soon pass away—soon pass away;' but when a few weeks did pass away, and Clare, who seldom wrote, spoke not of return, then Miss Peveril waxed impatient and wrathful, and became jealous of the dowager Lady Arundel. On her alone Aunt Monica vented her spleen. 'Clare was too good-natured, too easily persuaded; nor was it wonderful that Lady Arundel desired to retain such an angel by her side, though, to say the least, it was abominably selfish.' This was the burden of the song I listened to for many long weeks. My sister never wrote to me, or even mentioned my name in her short unfrequent epistles. I was nothing to her or Miss Peveril but an encumbrance; and yet the latter grew uneasy if I left her for any length of time, and always exclaimed, on my return, 'Where *have* you been this age, Winny Wardour!' But minor considerations vanished in the anxiety and keen sympathy I felt, on Clare briefly communicating to her aunt that Lord Arundel had asked her hand in marriage, and that she had accepted him. The dowager Lady Arundel earnestly entreated my sister to reward the constancy and devotion of her son, by being united to him without delay. 'And if it is to be, it had better be at once,' added Clare; 'so write without delay, dear aunt, and give me your sanction.'

Miss Peveril's complicated and contradictory feelings at this crisis were often exhibited in an almost ludicrous manner. She was angry with Clare for acting with such haste and independence, but yet she rejoiced in her exaltation, in a worldly point of view, and always ended her prolonged warblings with bemoaning their

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separation. The dowager Lady Arundel became Miss Peveril's utter aversion. Clare was about to become that individual's daughter-in-law, and, of course, in a great measure to be estranged from her aunt's society. This knowledge was sufficient to arouse all the jealousy of a weak but romantic temperament; and, ere my sister's marriage was celebrated and publicly announced, poor Miss Peveril had worked herself into a fit of severe illness and mental prostration, from which she never entirely rallied. My sister's nuptials with Lord Arundel were solemnised in the French capital, and from thence they set off on a southern tour; and while the beautiful idol of Miss Peveril's childless heart basked beneath sunny Italian skies, her worshipper, shattered and broken down in mind and body, wistfully regarded the desolate altar of domestic affection, on which had been offered such precious incense.

It was a hard and a bitter task to watch beside Miss Peveril, she was so thankless, so unjust, so careless of my presence and unceasing efforts to minister to her comfort. I knew that I was doing far more than Clare ever had, or ever would have done, yet her slightest action, and the most careless attention bestowed, were remembered with rapturous admiration and gratitude; while my solicitude and tending were received as from a paid menial, and as a matter of course. Miss Peveril was buoyed up with the anticipation of Lord and Lady Arundel's return to Arundel Castle; but when months rolled on, and they came not, but, on the contrary, hinted at a protracted absence on account of the dowager's declining and precarious state of health, then did she 'turn her face to the wall,' and weeping, refuse to be comforted. Visiters were denied admittance at Violet Bank; and shunning all intercourse with her neighbours, Miss Peveril completely gave way to nervous debility, and became by degrees a confirmed helpless invalid. I wrote to Clare a statement of the sad fact, but she treated my representations as absurd; and in a cold short reply mentioned, that they were not likely again to visit England, while the dowager remained alive. Lord Arundel, she said, was naturally anxious about his mother, and *her* first duty now was to forward *his* wishes. Alas! I too readily passed silent judgment upon my sister, when I remembered the spirit in which other duties had been fulfilled. But smothering these inner whispers with conscious blushes, I asked myself the question, 'Have all *your* duties in life been strictly and religiously fulfilled, Winny Wardour? "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"'

Dear mother,—how I clung for comfort to the old belief, that *now* you knew how much I had loved and lamented you. The mystery of my lost love and happiness remained unrevealed, but my faith wavered not. The sort of dreamy hermit life I led, was far from being irksome or distasteful; the commonplaces of the world had no interest for me; and when I heard that Mrs Bohun had quitted T—— for a distant residence, I did not regret that the only means by which I could hear of Mark Avenel's destiny had ceased to be within reach. There was a melancholy and mysterious fascination in this, and in whispering his dear name daily in my prayers; in heaven we might meet again without reserve, or any obstacle obscuring our full knowledge of each other. He had loved me, he had forsaken me, but faith triumphed, and I never once upbraided him. Was not this faith an especial gift of grace—faith in Heaven—faith in human goodness? I look back to those monotonous years with a sensation akin to awe; they do not seem short to me when I look back, they seem as long as ever they did then. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, one after another—blue skies and cloudy skies—warm days and cold days—sunshine and starlight—wet weather or dry weather—all the same to me, save as I associated the brief history of *our* passion (for ah! he *had* loved me) with these things. In summer, memory carried me back to the quiet cloistered garden, where we used to walk and hold sweet discourse together. I knew all its minute details; the very branches of the venerable cedar were clearly defined in my mind's eye. And so at other seasons, slight threads on which to hang memories so precious were these. The lilac blossoms brought my childhood back—they whispered a tale which others heard not; and many a time and oft I have stood with closed eyes at twilight-fall, to inhale the delicious fragrance, and to dream: to gaze, perchance, on the shadowy distant ridges, where the green hills receded, to see if the good pilgrims were coming, and then to turn

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away with a sigh and a half smile at my own wild folly! The sorrow had come which I knew must come: a strain of distant music at sunset often thrilled my nerves to agony; no possibility of disentangling the confusion and discrepancy of ideas, or of analysing the reason of such. Common sense and fancy were at issue. Even Nurse Topham had ceased to lament, as she once did, 'Miss Winny being shut up so;' for, though nurse did not utter the direct words, yet I was fully aware that she had come to the conclusion that 'Miss Winny's best days were over;' consequently despaired of her matrimonial visions on my behalf being realised. She had more than once said to me, 'that people might be over particular, and refuse offers which afterwards they'd be glad of;' she also remarked, that I looked wonderfully old for my years; and held up for my private inspection long silver threads, 'rather different from the brown flax silk,' said nurse, drily, which I had been so careless of when a child. In the looking-glass I beheld my dark sunken eyes; and I read depths there which made me shudder—depths of suffering, depths of endurance, depths of memory and affection—which no *human* strength had enabled me to sustain.

I never heard the voice of tenderness, or praise, or encouragement, during the seven long years I passed at T—— with Miss Peveril. Clare paid us a flying visit once during the interim, and she, too, was sadly changed. A life of dissipation and extravagance at home and abroad, the vortex of a fashionable world, in which she was willingly and inextricably involved, left my sister no leisure or inclination to devote her time to a peevish, moaning invalid. Lord Arundel, after his mother's decease, frequently made prolonged journeys to the Continent, preferring the freedom of a foreign land to the trammels imposed by custom in his own. I detected false bloom on my sister's wasted cheek; alas! I detected misery also, in her forced laugh and haughty bearing. Communing in my chamber alone, I resolved to speak of the past to her, in an open straightforward manner; to speak of Mark Avenel, and the mystery attending his change of demeanour. Communing alone in my chamber, I resolved to do so; but whenever I came into her actual presence, and encountered her clear cold blue eye, my resolution vanished—my knees tottered—my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—and I dared not speak the name so venerated. I felt assured that Clare would have taunted me, had I betrayed agitation; for my precise and old-maidish ways, as she termed them, afforded her ample scope for continual derisive mirth.

Once I beheld a change darken my sister's usually self-possessed aspect, when Miss Peveril remarked, with irritation, in reply to a request for a considerable loan of money urgently preferred by Clare—'I'm glad that the goodly heritage of the Priory is out of your power, and your husband's, for *that*, I suppose, would have gone to pay your gambling debts long ago.'

'Fool that I was for parting with it,' muttered Clare between her set teeth, an angry flush suffusing her whole face and neck, and her eyes flashing—'fool that I was, indeed! I should not be beholden to you now, Aunt Peveril. But it were folly to regret what is irrevocable.'

Miss Peveril coughed dubiously, but said nothing; however, she ruminated seriously for hours, but her ruminations were confined to her own breast. I knew that ere my sister departed from Violet Bank she had succeeded in persuading her aunt to accede to the request already alluded to.

CHAPTER IX.

No conventual seclusion could have been more strict than ours—shut out entirely from observation, holding no intercourse with the outward world, yet in the centre of a favourite resort for idlers; which latter fact rendered Miss Peveril more resolute and obstinate in denying admission to all applicants. '*She* had real ailments and real miseries! *She* detested all fanciful folks and fashionable loungers, and would have none of them! *She* desired to make peace with Heaven, and to leave the ungrateful world! *She* wanted to see no more of it for ever!' We were shut up together within narrow bounds, surrounded by high walls; the house waxed dingy and out of repair, and the mistress tottered, and seemed ready to fall; yet year after year death procrastinated knocking at the door. I never wished for change or recreation, nor lamented the absence of companions; I never dwelt with discontent on my unnatural state of existence; never remembered with regret that I was gradually becoming wrinkled and grey-headed. Premature age, wasted talents, crushed spirits, and

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withered affections, I was fully sensible of; but I contemplated with enduring and stoical calmness the lot which He had appointed me to sustain. There was no merit in this of my own; it was simply that God granted me the strength I prayed for, and stood so much in need of. Perhaps had I mixed in society, or entered into the gaieties of life, the state of dreamy, monotonous tranquillity might have given place to a forced animation, reckless alike of past, present, and future; for, in my early days, lighted rooms, sweet music, and pleasant company had influence to charm away the dark hour. And life was now one long continuous dark hour—the dim twilight hour rather, when day has set, and the night of repose approaches, so welcome to the weary. I felt sure that a Father's hand was dealing with me, and not chastening for the sole purpose of inflicting pain. True, I could not discern the light: I could not always think of a blessed eternity: but nevertheless, heaven and glory ineffable were assuredly beyond the darkness, though I walked in partial blindness through the wilderness. I grovelled on earth, shuddered at death, and treasured the memory of earthly passion with a tenacity which strengthened with years. Often, with accusing tears, I silently confessed, that, though I wavered in faith towards my Creator, I remained true to the creature, never doubting *his* wisdom, purity, and excellence. The inner life! How imperfectly do I gloss over its intricacies—how impossible to unravel and describe them! I travel over those years one by one—those long years—when peevish lamentations, and moanings, and chidings, and complainings, assailed my ears from morn to night; when I never spoke the name most dear to me on earth, save to God; when I was left in uncertainty if it was numbered with the names of the departed just.

I had watched beside my mother's sick bed; I had received her parting sigh; I had controlled my agonised feelings—no need to dissemble as I watched beside Miss Peveril. I upbraided myself with not sympathising in her sufferings sufficiently, and regarding her closing scene with apathy. Day and night I ministered unceasingly to her wants; and when the flame burned feebly, and flickered in the socket, I guarded it with care and gentleness; not that *I* valued the dim uncertain light, but that it was passing away for ever, no more to be illumined by mortal hands. The dying woman could not bear me out of her sight for a moment. She treated me as a useful machine, and I much marvelled that she had no knowledge of my inner life, though I had been her constant companion. She never imagined I was hurt or wounded by her indifference, and, had I wept, she would have exclaimed, in astonishment, 'What *is* the matter with you, Winny Wardour?' Had I suggested that I pined for kindness and love, Miss Peveril would have taxed me with ingratitude and folly. But I never did venture on such a suggestion—in loneliness of heart performing my appointed pilgrimage.

Lord and Lady Arundel were absent on the Continent when Miss Peveril breathed her last; but their steward arrived in order to make necessary arrangements, and released me from the painful responsibility. My sister also wrote, requesting me to remove immediately to the castle, and to consider it as my future home. Then for the first time I remembered that I was bereft of shelter; for Violet Bank was to be sold, and Miss Peveril's fortune, of course, was all bequeathed to Clare. The future burst upon me without preparation, for I had not contemplated the position in which I now found myself placed. Vainly I looked around for aid. What could I do? Where could I fly to avoid being with Clare? The idea was dreadful, though I did not analyse or comprehend its intensity: Clare loved me not; and memories were too rife betwixt us to permit our gazing on each other's faces with sisterly confidence.

I do not exactly know when or how I first became aware of the surprising fact, that Miss Peveril had remembered me in a codicil of her will, and left two hundred pounds a-year at my disposal, for the remainder of my life, to revert to Clare, or her heirs, on my decease. My heart smote me, in that I sorrowed so little for my benefactress; but with fervent gratitude I returned thanks to the Almighty, who had put it into her mind to provide thus for the destitute. My riches seemed boundless and inexhaustible; while a sensation of freedom and relief caused genial tears to well forth—tears which had been pent up so long. I could take care of poor old Nurse Topham too, and seek an asylum just where I pleased. Where should it be? Far away from Arundel Castle, far away from T——, in some sequestered

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spot, where the dream of life might not be disturbed, and where I might patiently await the revealments of time. 'Wherever my steps are directed, it will not be *chance* that points the way,' I silently decided: 'there is no such thing as chance.'

Nurse Topham, on being consulted, eagerly proposed our taking up a temporary abode, at least, in her native village, which she had not visited since her youth, and yearned to behold again, retaining a lively recollection of its sylvan beauties. It was a great distance off, but that formed no impediment; once on our journey, it mattered not whither we went. Besides, an impulse swayed me which I attempted not to combat against—an impulse irresistible; and, our preparations being completed, we travelled down to Westmoreland, in compliance with Nurse Topham's suggestion, and the mysterious inner promptings which forbade me to turn a deaf ear to her advice. I had no friends to consult, no adieus to make. Clare was highly offended at my declining to reside at Arundel, 'where I could be so useful,' she said. Slumbering pride revolted at this; and, bidding a last farewell to the home where so many years had sleepily glided on, and accompanied by faithful nurse, I addressed myself to the pilgrimage before me. I found the village of Elvinside quite as beautiful and picturesque in point of situation, as nurse described it. It is a scattered hamlet, on all sides surrounded by wooded hills, valleys, streams, and pasture-lands, and the nearest town is some miles distant. We succeeded in obtaining accommodation in a pleasant farm-house, which nurse found belonged to a cousin of her own—the only individual remaining with whom she could claim affinity at Elvinside. Removing from the small market-town to this new home, it scarcely seemed to me like a strange place, or else I was easily made at home; but it was a long time before I could fully realise the fact of being at perfect liberty, and beyond control. From the windows of the little parlour we commanded a delightful and extensive prospect, and a church spire rose up in bold relief against the sky, from a rising ground whereon it was situated, apparently about a mile distant. One evening soon after our arrival at Elvinside, when the west wind blew, and the setting sun assumed that mellow and melancholy tinge peculiar to early autumn—that season 'when hearts are full of bygone story'—the soft slow chime of the sweetest silvery bells I had ever heard or fancied, stole on my enraptured ear, floating on the western breeze, 'nearer still, and nearer pealing,' then dying away, then chiming again. Holding up my finger to impress silence on nurse, I involuntarily gazed on the tapering church spire, almost expecting to behold a seraphic vision, so solemn and mysteriously sweet was the music of those old church bells.

At length nurse, unable to keep silence any longer, whispered, 'Them is the bells of the Hill-side Church, Miss Winny, as we always hear at Elvinside, when the west wind blows; and many's the time I used to ask mother, when I was a little child, when the west wind would blow, and the beautiful music come? Ah, I remember them! they're just the same; they seem to speak, that they do, of those that be dead and gone.' And nurse sobbed aloud.

'They speak a welcome, dear nurse,' I replied, 'when there is no human voice to do so; they welcome us to Elvinside. Listen, let us listen!'

We sat in silence by the open casement; the pale stars came one by one in the sky; the soft sad music rose and fell—rose and fell—and gradually night shades gathered, and all was still. Seldom, I believe, had nurse preserved silence for so long a period; but she had travelled to memory's golden land, and tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks.

Every morning, the first object I beheld was the church spire on the hill-side; it fascinated and enthralled me; nor could I withdraw my gaze from it. 'Will you inquire if there is daily service, nurse,' I said, 'and the pastor's name? I should like to walk there very much.'

'Old Mr Danvers *was* the parson,' responded nurse; 'but in course he isn't *now*, Miss Winny. But I'll go and ask John Topham all about it, though he and his missus don't go to the Hill-side Church, I know; its a'most too far for their old legs.'

Nurse was absent for such an unaccountable time, that I became afraid she was ill; and as I was about to go in search of her, she made her appearance. But no sooner had I seen her face, than I became aware something unusual had occurred, for she looked quite scared and miserable.

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'What is the matter, nurse?' I demanded. 'What has detained you?'

'Oh, Miss Winny, don't ask me, pray don't. It'll only harass and surprise your feelings, as it has mine; though John Topham didn't do it intentionally, honest man, I must say. He's as sorry hisself as anything, though he don't belong to the Hill-side congregation. Oh! Miss Winny, prepare yourself, afore you ask me.'

'What am I to prepare myself for, nurse?' I replied, with forced calmness; for prophetic and wild foreboding sickened me, and I turned faint and giddy.

'For strange news, bad news, Miss Winny. Oh, what a funny life this is, to be sure! Little did I think, when you and I were a-listening to those old bells, that *he* was a-listening too, dear soul! and that he won't listen much longer to any bells on earth; for the bells of the celestial city, as we read of in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' will ring out for him, be sure, when he enters the gates of gold, which he will do full soon.'

'Nurse Topham, do not trifle with me, but speak out distinctly, at once.' I know that these words were uttered by my lips; but my voice sounded hollow and broken, and terrible anticipations of what I was to hear at that moment fell like an ice-bolt on my heart.

'Oh, Miss Winny, I'm sure you'll be so sorry, for I remember how kind he was to you at the Priory—everybody saw that, and what pains he took with you; and how you used to walk together in that queer old garden, where the good men's bones lay a-mouldering. If he hadn't been such a saint, folks would have talked. But Mr Avenel did what he liked, nobody dared make free with *his* name, bless it.'

Not one word could I frame. Nurse met my eye, and cried, 'Good lack, Miss Winny, my dear Miss Winny, you're ill. I'm a-frightening of you to death, so I'll tell you what it is, or you'll fancy something worse.' Something worse—that was impossible!

'Only think, Miss Winny, the twitter it threw me into,' continued nurse, 'when, on asking John Topham who was the parson of the Hill-side Church now, he said, "Why, it's a real good dear gentleman, but we much afear that he's in a bad way, for a friend of his does duty for him this ever so long—a Mr Howard—and *he's* a good gentleman too." But, said I, John, what is the real parson's name? Quoth John, "a name that mony a poor creetur will remember in these parts for mony a day to come, with respect and love. He's a-worn hisself out," continued John Topham, "with study and fasting, and going about among the sick and miserable." Service is every day in the Hill-side Church, Miss Winny, and three times of Sundays, and also on festivals, o' course, just as it used to be at the Priory Chapel. And John says, that Mr Avenel denies hisself a'most necessaries, to give alms, and to adorn the church, which has all been new done up at his expense, and is most sumptuous and beautiful to behold. But now he is so weak, he can't leave the house, and Mr Howard nurses him; but Mr Howard has so much to do besides, that John says he is afear'd Mr Avenel is left too much alone-like; though he don't care for company, at the same time he is thankful and kind to all. But Miss Winny, Miss Winny, speak to me, and don't look so;. I know'd you'd be as sorry as could be to hear this.'

Poor old nurse! her words entered my ears, not one fell to the ground; they entered, and pierced me to the soul. 'So *this* is why my footsteps were directed *here*,' I remember distinctly articulating more than once. Then a horror of great darkness fell upon me.

CHAPTER X.

On recovering, every energy was concentrated to gain speech with Mr Howard, whom I perfectly recollected as an esteemed friend of Mark Avenel's. This was not difficult of accomplishment; there was something beyond this which I had to achieve—to see Mark Avenel—to see him again in a dying state—perhaps even to forget woman's nature, and to ask him why he had changed towards me? This was my first impulse. To let him behold me whom he had loved—altered and greyheaded; to hear the mystery explained which had divided us—to tell him of my trusting faith in his wisdom and goodness. What had pride to do with such love as mine? What infringement of woman's delicacy could there be, in seeking an interview with the dying saint—the beloved of a lifetime? I had never felt angered or revengeful, because he had forsaken me; I had bowed my heart in conviction of unworthiness to become his. Then wherefore should I be so near, and not tell him how I came thither—how the

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hand of God was manifest in this miscalled chance? Mr Howard confirmed the information which I had already received from nurse. There was no hope—Mark Avenel's hours on earth were numbered. Mr Howard remembered my name, but did not recognise my person; my own mother would not, had she been living.

'Will you mention to Mr Avenel, that Winifred Wardour desires to see him?' I said to Mr Howard, not daring to trust myself to say more.

'Yes, indeed I will,' he replied, kindly; 'and I am sure the sight of an old friend will afford him comfort. He cannot come to see you, Miss Wardour; perhaps you will not mind calling at the Parsonage to-morrow morning, when I will apprize and prepare him for your visit.'

How cool and careless appeared these words; yet what else could Mr Howard say?—what did he know of me? I murmured an apprehension of agitation being not desirable for an invalid.

'Agitation?' responded Mr Howard—'doubtless *agitation* would not be well. But I do not apprehend that the mere converse with a former friend can produce that effect. I am sure he will be pleased to see you, Miss Wardour.'

Mr Howard was a worthy, and not an unfeeling man; but to me he appeared hard as iron! To-morrow morning! I dreaded the intolerable suspense and anguish of the intervening time. Perhaps Mark Avenel might not care to admit me; perhaps he did not wish his latter moments to be disturbed by my presence. That evening, however, Mr Howard personally became the bearer of a message from his friend: and my anxious fears lest I might be denied admittance were dissipated by his communication. Mr Avenel had evinced much agitation and excitement on hearing my name. 'Indeed,' continued Mr Howard, 'were it not for his excessive debility and feverish prostration of strength, Miss Wardour, which may account for delirious fancies, I should be at a loss to know why he expressed so much surprise, repeating, "Winifred Wardour, Winifred Wardour—that cannot be her name now; there must be some mistake." But when I assured Avenel that I had it from your own lips, he gazed in my face with a strange, wild expression, which alarmed me for his intellects. He asked to see you, but fainting succeeded the exertion of speaking and essaying to move. We persuaded him to retire; and, in compliance with his earnest wish, I am here, Miss Wardour, to tell you from our dear departing friend, his hope that not another day will pass without your meeting each other, to bid farewell on earth, for Avenel is conscious his end rapidly draws nigh.'

Mr Howard's looks conveyed more than his words, and he regarded me with scrutinising attention; I merely bowed my head, and clasped my hands over a violently throbbing heart. He noticed the movement, and said, with tenderness, 'Forgive me, if I have been too abrupt; and may our pitying Heavenly Father strengthen and support you beneath this trial.'

All night long—and oh, what a dreary, interminable night it seemed!—I lay tossing about on my bed, yearning for morning light, and haunted by the singular exclamation which Mr Howard had recorded as his friend's respecting my name. Why could it not be my name now? In a few hours I should behold his dearest face again, clasp his hands, and, kneeling beside him, pray God to take me too. Silently, secretly, thus I would pray, for I meant to be very composed, and quiet, and friendly; the inward agony I endured should *not* gain the mastery—should *not* betray me, or agitate him.

And all this came to pass. Silently I knelt beside the shadow; for he was a shadow, most sublimated, most spiritual, his dark eyes burning like two lamps. Silently I knelt down beside him, and took his wasted, transparent hands in mine; nay, more—I kissed them, but no tears came to my relief. He did not speak, but continued gazing on me; and at length I gasped, 'Mr Avenel, dear friend and pastor, I come to receive your blessing.'

In broken sentences he replied, 'Do I indeed address you as Miss Wardour? I believed that name was changed long ago.'

'*Changed*, Mr Avenel? What do you mean?' I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise. 'Under what delusion are you labouring? My name is the same as it has ever been. I am still the Winny Wardour whom you left at the Priory—the same in heart, but otherwise changed indeed, as you see.'

'Changed indeed!' he faltered, with a deep sigh, and mournfully pondering my features—'changed indeed! Alas! you have known sorrow, Miss Wardour, since we parted—disappointment and bereavement—I fear,' he continued, with tender delicacy. Our eyes met: he started con-

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vulsively; I knew not what he read there, for I did not mean to reveal a passing thought. 'Think not I wish to pain you, Winifred, or to intrude on sacred sorrows,' he faintly murmured, exhausted with emotion; 'but at this awful hour I must know the truth: I ought to know it, for your eyes speak another tale than that I was led to believe.' What had my tell-tale eyes revealed unconsciously? A burning blush mounted to my temples, as Mark Avenel proceeded in a firmer tone—'When I decided on quitting the Priory, so soon as my duties there were fulfilled, it was with the conviction that you, Winifred, were affianced and attached to another: my informant was your sister.'

'It was false—cruelly, fatally false!' burst from me in uncontrollable anguish and bitterness, as the past became clear to us both at the same moment—clear to him as me.

A fearful spasm passed athwart his wan countenance; he drew me to his bosom, pleading low, 'Forgive me—forgive me—that I ever doubted you—my love—my life!' Wildly—passionately—I replied I know not what. He clasped me closely to his heart, articulated distinctly, 'Mine in heaven!' and, as the encircling arms relaxed their support, with a prolonged gentle sigh the pure spirit fled to Him who gave it.

Ages of unutterable wo rolled over me; and the first light that dawned on my soul was vouchsafed in the form of a dream—a vision of sleep. I beheld my mother and my lover hand in hand, robed as shining angels, and with radiant smiles beckoning to me from their blissful home, to come and join them. I awoke, crying, 'I come, beloved ones! Oh, joyously I come!' But that bright and welcome vision was sent to comfort me long ago; and I can distinctly remember, when I awoke from the long dark night of sorrow, that I felt as if awaking into a world I had not known before—an unreal, a strange world, where I had to enter on a new phase of existence. I can remember, too, the clear impression on my mind was, that between me and my anguish even time could never intervene with healing; but that, if I lived for half a century to come, the unclosed wound would still remain the same. Unconsciously, however, and by slow degrees, precious balm descended gently on my sick heart, and it gradually revived with the blessed assurance that I *had* been loved—faithfully, fondly, passionately loved, as only the noble-hearted can love—to the death. We had been permitted to know each other's hearts in life; we had breathed our vows of faith and love on the margin of the grave; and now—now my lost lover looked down with my sainted mother from heaven, and illumined my desolate path with the sunshine of their smiles. Yes; their hallowed memory was light and life, and strength and hope. How short appeared the probation of the longest life on earth, when throughout a glorious eternity we should be re-united. The crown glittered before me on high—it was yet to be won.

'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me'—these gracious words were written in characters of shining gold, look which way I would. Take up the cross! Yes; and follow him, so that, at the last, I might win an entrance to *their* home through my Redeemer's merits; easy the yoke and precious the cross to my desolated heart! And thus I began my new existence, with all this pitying help to guide and aid me on my pilgrimage; with a broken heart, but certain that He would vouchsafe to bind it up sufficiently, to enable me to perform His appointed work, and no longer to indulge in selfish grief. 'His' poor were around me on all sides; 'His' lambs to be fed and tended in the wilderness. Mark Avenel had worked before me, and I was privileged, indeed, thus humbly to follow out his charitable plans and efforts; an unworthy and deficient labourer after him in the Master's vineyard. By God's grace I have toiled and striven, nor fainted during the heat of the day; and the reward has been—oh, so far beyond my deservings—the reward of a 'great calm,' which by degrees fell on my afflicted soul, and lulled the tempestuous billows to sweet and lasting rest.

I may not aver that I have not known many lonely, unspeakably lonely mournful hours, during this latter-day wayfaring, for I am but a frail, weak mortal; and in the silent watches of the night the dear familiar voices whisper kind words in my ear; while the icy breath of the grave comes between, and chills me with its dread approach. But God is near—I call upon His name at such

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seasons, and He hears me. The day-dawn brings duties and occupations so thickly strewn over every hour, that no time is left for idly giving way to painful retrospection; and twilight, which always brings with it a short respite, also brings the 'footsteps of angels;' and *they* are often with me then, to soothe and to cheer.

I never asked my sister for an explanation of the motive which had induced her to ruin my hope of earthly happiness; I needed not to do so, for the silent revealments of the inner life left nothing to disclose. She has gone to her account; and I thank God, who put it into my heart to forgive her, even as I hope to be forgiven.

I have never quitted Elvinside; there is precious dust beneath the shadow of the venerable Hill-side Church; and the old chimes ever mysteriously seem to re-echo the blessed words, 'Mine in heaven.'

My journey is drawing towards its close, and with content I contemplate the approaching hour, when for the last time I may exclaim, 'I come—I come—beloved ones.'

EVENING.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

It is the sweet—the calm—the holy hour,
When winds are hush'd, and every leaf and flower
Is bathed in balmy dew; and all is mute,
Save the soft notes of some fond lover's flute,
That, mingled with the sound of waters near,
Floats in sweet numbers on the list'ning ear:—
Or save the soothing tones of village bells,
That chime so sweetly in the distant dells.
Scarce a leaf stirs—so quiet is the air—
It seems as though 'twas nature's hour of prayer!
The glorious sun hath set, yet there are still
Bright golden clouds o'er yonder wood-crown'd hill;
And spires, and lofty towers, and turrets grey,
Catch the departing smiles of setting day!
The lovely twilight's rich and purple hue
Is sweetly blended with the sky's deep blue;
While in the East the beauteous Queen of night
Rises among the woods in splendour bright,
Looking with pensive eye upon the stream
Where trembling plays her cold and silvery beam.
How pensive memory with a magic power
Doth call to birth at this sweet tranquil hour
Remembrances of days for ever fled!
Sad thoughts of those now number'd with the dead
Come o'er the soul, uncall'd for; and we see
Each long-lost face just as it used to be.
Oh! often at this hour the form will come
Of her—the worshipp'd idol of our home—
The blessing of our hearts—our joy and pride!
Yes! *even now* I see her at my side,
In all her sweet angelic beauty stand!
I feel the pressure of her soft white hand;
And see again that sunny smile that told,
Too plainly! she was not of *earthly mould;*
She does not speak, and yet I hear a voice
Like heavenly music; and I do rejoice
(So real the vision seems) that she again
Doth dwell among us here! But, when I fain
Would once more fold her in a fond embrace,
And print one kiss upon her angel face,
I hear a rush of wings; the vision's gone,
And I am left—*oh God! how much*—alone!

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF LONDON BUSINESS.

I.—HER MAJESTY'S PRINTERS.

THERE exists not far from the spot made classic by the footsteps of Dr Johnson, a great irregular black block of building, reticulated in a mazy network of close meshes, with blacker alleys and narrow lanes, from which issue all day long, and every day, still blacker streams of printer's ink. Like oak timber that has seen service, the spot is eaten with the torredo chambers of age—perforations which riddle it through and through, yet leave the heart of a harder and closer texture than before. Or it is a heart indeed: an old centre of civilisation. Its narrow, tortuous veins and arteries are the channels of light and life. At every pulsation, wisdom issues her precepts, genius distributes her gifts, intellect sends forth her fire, the comforts of religion flow. Rash people who picture royal roads and rosy paths to the seat of these blessings, learn the delusion they have cherished. If the printing craft be ancient enough to boast a tutelary saint, it is here he holds his court.

By special courtesy, we have been led through every devious way and curious cranny by the resident spirit, whose finger sways undisputed over the busy denizens. One moment traversing an open-air byway, the next we were diving down in nether darkness, amongst steam-engines and workshops. Again, aloft, we alighted in large and airy rooms, sacred to compositors, machinists or pressmen; 'frames,' machines or presses. *Presto*, and we grew bewildered amongst a region of little rooms, and closets, and 'prentice boys. Whether photographs of the busy scenes will please our readers as much as the original did us, be it yours to decide. We will, with your gracious leave, take you a tour, and present you with both positive and negative pictures.

Join us in heart—the heart of the square of which Fleet Street and Shoe Lane form two sides, and Fetter Lane a third. It matters not at what house or block of houses you announce yourself, for every one, however far detached, has something or another to do with Her Majesty's Printers. Maybe you know the iron gate, with the royal arms gilt at top, which you pass to reach the office where acts of parliament and proclamations are retailed to liege subjects of the queen.

Contiguous to this office, five hundred craftsmen, aided by the power of steam, are ever engaged in putting into a cheap and portable form the bulky results of the six hundred and fifty at Westminster. Although parliamentary work is distributed amongst several great printers, yet so great a share comes to the Messrs Spottiswoode, that they are known, *par excellence*, as Printers to the Queen. Senatorial wisdom, heavy enough when dropped from the lip in debate, feels still heavier when done up into reams, and pressing the shoulders of some young canvas jacket at this establishment.

If we may judge the merit of a constitution by the bulkiness of its records, then assuredly one will be convinced of the excellences of ours, by the mere computation of paper and type consumed every year. It needs the economical working of an enormous business to admit of our laws being obtainable at a cheap rate. This fact removes the appearance of an unfair monopoly of the national work by one or two great firms. Without an assurance of long-continued patronage, no firm could undertake the vast and special arrangements the work requires. Government, of course, takes a large supply of every act, or bill, or blue book. As the treasury, however, fixes the price at which all papers are sold, we should be apt to think that the largest customer might possibly become the worst. Private demand varies according to the popularity of the subject. Local acts, which interest but few, are charged a somewhat higher price than others. Under any circumstances the sale is barely remunerative.

We will make no critical survey of this department, but pass on to the more general work, where the printing of government papers only mingles with that of books and pamphlets. This branch is the speciality of Mr George Spottiswoode, whose brother manages the other part of the business. Having, under the obliging auspices of the first, ascended a winding iron staircase, we enter a room where a little hundred of

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compositors are amusing themselves. To one unaccustomed to see them it is an interesting sight. It is interesting to witness a large number of men working together anywhere. Similarity of movement is pleasing to the eye. So here, dipping into their cases as rapidly as a fowl pecks up corn, or Hullah's classes beat time, or we awhile ago played tittat-toe at school, they arrest our interest.

A 'chase' is pointed out to us, filled with pages arranged so as to fall into their proper order when printed. The type is fresh from the foundry in all its silvery brightness. Pieces of metal or wood, which the compositor teaches us to call 'furniture,' is placed round, to fix the matter in its proper position. It has also been 'locked up,' to keep every part tight. The 'form' is now properly 'imposed,' and ready for the press below.

Erudite now in these matters, our attention is called to some beautiful copper letter, which another man has in his case. By a process the inventor does not divulge—though possibly the electrotype has something to do with it—a copper letter is formed at the end of the usual type metal. Its advantage is in the greater durability of the copper, and the clean, sharp edge it retains long after the common type would be useless. To make the whole letter of copper would be much too costly.

A short stay in the compositors' room of a great printer has an interest peculiarly its own. We get a glance at the manuscript, or at the 'revise' of some of our greatest men. To tell the truth, many of them express thoughts far more beautiful than is the handwriting. One compositor heaped wholesale condemnation upon an eminent political writer of the present time, whose patrician scrawl and utter regardlessness of the printer's labour are the abomination of every one into whose hands his 'copy' has ever fallen. No outrageous manuscript was in the office just then, we are told, unless might be excepted some French writing, without stops or accents, and just so legible that in English it would be anathematised. The compositors of the INSTRUCTOR will bear us out, that it is too bad to rob a working man of his time, which is his bread. Those writers who think it plebeian to write so as to be easily read do so. It stands to reason that a compositor, paid by the number of letters he sets, loses money by bad copy; and, 'though,' as our informant at Spottiswoode's says, 'we do get a little allowance sometimes, it is very seldom, and never anything like what we lose by it.'

Outside the door of this room are the stores of type. Cases of letter ready for use are placed in vertical 'racks,' ranged side by side, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, extending round a spacious area, filling up several unimagined corners. Tons upon tons of type are stowed away, but ready and willing at the call of any of the caterers for the world's enlightenment, to come forth and give wings to thought.

Two or three 'forms' are going off to be stereotyped. It is advantageous to preserve the means of extra impressions of a work likely to have a continuous sale—such, particularly, as schoolbooks, which go through many editions without emendations or revision. Even more advantageous is it in the case of works which are printed and published simultaneously in the Northern Athens, the metropolis, and abroad—feats far from being rare. Both these purposes are gained by the thin stereotype metal plates, which may be conveniently packed away after use till wanted again, or multiplied in number, and transmitted any distance. The manager of this section of the works lets us into these secrets, while he produces a few of the new shining plates—a whole form paged and arranged in one sheet, and waiting its turn in the machine-room. Other pleasant technicalities he also expounds. The racks contain every kind of letter and typographical sign used in printed composition. Less than five minutes makes us learned in the theory of 'spaces,' and 'hair spaces,' and 'leading'—names given to the metal divisions between words and lines, and a multitude of other terms, for which we now want to look in the manual.

Typo measures his work in true professional style. Instead of inches, it is how many 'pica m's.' His payments, on the other hand, are computed by the number of 'n's' of the type he may be using that would fill a page.

'Then this is the kind of work you like best,' said we, and pointed to a page or two set up, but having about as many letters as the blank leaves in 'Tristram Shandy.'

'Yes,' he returned; 'we call that "fat." It's a sort of make-up for what we have to do at other times. We don't get enough of it, or we should do pretty well.'

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If the same rule obtains in the typography of the 'returns' ordered by the House of Commons, the 'bills,' 'acts,' and 'blue books,' there must be a pretty good slice of 'fat.'

'You would like all writers to have plenty of paragraphs, and all very short ones, eh?'

'Yes,' the man laughed; 'but we can't get them of our way of thinking.'

Typo says magazine work is very *lean;* so, promising him that we at least would make it as fat as possible, we appeal to our editor's journeymen, to say that we keep our word.

Compositors' cases go out in pairs. A case, we calculate, would hold sufficient type for about three and a half pages of the INSTRUCTOR, when the compositor would have to replenish his case by 'distributing' printed-off matter. A Scottish case has deeper boxes, and holds more letter.

A heap of loose type, we are informed, is *pie*—a species of aliment which makes a juvenile smack his lips, but is the aversion of a compositor. Pie, in typography, is like 'squab' in Devonshire—a mixture of everything in general, and nothing in particular. Printers' pie is composed of the ruins of a 'form;' when perhaps the work was half accomplished, an unlucky accident has upset it, and mingled the letters, and spaces, and leads. A heap of pie is, on the whole, about as good a test of a printer's temper as any one could desire. If anything could ruffle him, it is that. Well the unfortunate wight knows the weary work he has before him, to separate the pieces one by one. It were hard to say which is most difficult, to compose the sheet again, or to compose himself.

Before the impression is struck off, very careful revision takes place. First, the 'reader' marks all mere 'literal' errors, and has them rectified. A 'proof' is then 'pulled,' and sent to the writer, who, if fastidious, as most are, alters, and realters, and lets remain as at first, what has cost so much pains in putting together. Authors, if near when their revise is at the 'correcting-stone,' would sometimes hear worse than blessings invoked upon them for their fastidity and indecision.

Low, monotonous humming and buzzing intimate that we approach the 'reading-boys.' Begging one to continue his duty, he proceeds to the following effect:—

'Though a variety of opinions exist as to the individual by whom the art of printing was discovered, yet all authorities concur in admitting PETER SCHOEFFER (three taps on the desk) to be the person who invented *cast* (one tap) *metal* (tap) *types* (tap), having learned the art of *cutting* (one tap) the letters from the Guttembergs. He is also supposed to have been the first who engraved on copper plates.'

This going on in a rapid manner, with no attention to pause, and in the most grave monotony, is very comical, the taps indicating italics, small capitals or large, as the case may be. The only approach to a rest is the lengthening out of an occasional vowel when an illegible or a hard word is coming, making a long 'the-eh' or a 'to-eh,' instead of 'the' or 'to.' For five minutes he buzzed Greek. Half an hour would have helped us less to interpret the strange sound, than the clandestine peep we took at the paper itself. In particular work, such as the Bible, when the pointing is important, commas and colons, and every other sign, are read off with the text. The introduction of 'com.,' 'col.,' 'quote,' &c., every half-dozen words, would be very edifying to an audience.

Leaving the 'sanctum' of the reader (who understands the boy better than we, for his corrections are marked in the margin as fast as the boy can read), we pass a number of rooms in which embryo typos are learning their craft under the care of experienced men. They are apprenticed, as usual, for seven years, only they are not, as in most other offices, 'out-door,' but 'in-door' apprentices. Kept thus under the constant eye of the master, they grow up steady, intelligent, good men, although at the sacrifice of that liberty youths at times pine for, and which too often, with their less-cared-for comrades, leads to dissipation and reckless irregularity. Out-door apprentices generally are paid half their earnings. At the Queen's Printers, being in-door, they receive their maintenance, and are encouraged to work well by a small bonus for pocket-money, upon every sovereign their work would amount to. The greater portion of their time they can be intrusted only with common work. Lengthened experience and cultivated tact alone make a good compositor.

The downward journey has located us at length in the midst of 'feeders,' and 'takers'-off,' and 'machine-managers.' Presses and machines, all worked by

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steam power, fill another great room. Moving round from the simplest to the most complicated, we are struck with the wonderful economy of labour, and time, and space, brought about by improved machinery, and so requisite in a vast establishment like this. Evidences abound, that the progressive spirit of the age has visited this place as all others. The simple machines are made to strike off copies of two works, even of different sizes, at one movement of the press. Gigantic cylinders, placed opposite, are printing both sides of a large sheet at once. No one can see without admiration the ingenious contrivances by means of which the great cylindrical engines are fed with paper, and then perform every other part of their duty in the most perfect manner without aid. Clutching the expanded sheets, one after another, as fast as the 'imp' can supply them, their greed is insatiable. Tapes wind round the paper, carrying it over and under, in and out, up and down, till the white surfaces present themselves to the 'taker-off,' both sides covered with printed wisdom. Most intelligently does the mechanism adjust itself, and perform its duty. Most skilfully, too, do the 'composition' rollers feed the type with ink, each one of about half a dozen touching a next throughout its revolution, and thus laying the ink on the surfaces more and more evenly and thin, till the thick, black, shining treacle first from the reservoir becomes completely attenuated. Even then the last roller goes over a flat table, still further to distribute the ink, before rolling over the type. All this is done at every to and fro movement. The *multum in parvo* excellence of modern mechanism is seen to perfection in the cylindrical printing engine.

Two boys, and a man to look after them, are required at each machine. The boys are true Londoners—rogues only happy when dabbling in dirt. Some of them are as black as the gentleman upon whom they are occasionally affiliated. To muck themselves from head to foot with ink, though quite needless, proves how hard they have been at work. They are all dressed uniformly in linen suits, some of which must provide poor old mothers at the end of the week work more troublesome than profitable. A few boys show a remarkable contrast to the others; as if with an innate sense of neatness, they keep white and clean in work that would make sweeps of their comrades. Every boy saves a penny a-week for his jacket, and is supplied with a new one twice a-year.

Similar interest attaches to the machine-room as to the workroom of the compositors. At one machine there is working off Chevalier Bunsen's new work on Egypt, the second volume, on which no profane eye has yet been permitted to look. Then the magazines and reviews for the forthcoming month or quarter are assuming their proper form, and we may in anticipation feast upon the literary repast in store for us. Here the people's edition of Macaulay is promising a treat speedily to many readers. At the next press, parliamentary papers are striking off a far less delectable diet. We recognise as an old friend our diamond edition of the Church Service. Bibles of every variety are at other presses multiplying in countless numbers.

There are two holes in each sheet that excite our notice. We are informed that pins pierce the paper when the first side is printed; these punctures guide the lad in fixing the paper for the second side. 'True register' is thus secured—a term which our readers will comprehend, by observing how exactly the letters on one page of the INSTRUCTOR are placed upon those back to back, on the other side of the leaf. Printing has so greatly improved of late years, that, unless these niceties are attended to, readers will grant a book little indulgence.

One great space is cleared away, and strong woodwork and rafters are being placed to accommodate a larger machine than any yet in the establishment. Visiters to any of the great London works are impressed with like sights wherever they go. The tendency of great places is still to grow. Messrs Spottiswoode take in house after house, and cover with bricks every vacant space they can seize. Still the cry is, 'Room! room!' Vulcan roars and hisses with the force of twelve horses, in some Vesuvian abyss below. His grumblings are to be attended to immediately; he has been promised a big brother of twice his powers, for society and a helpmate.

'Doesn't the engine sometimes get out of order?' we ask.

'Yes, it does,' is the response.

'How do you manage then? Does it stop the machines?'

'Oh no, we couldn't stop them; we

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force them to work till the engine gets *in* order. Still, it is for this reason, as well as the small one's inadequacy for the work in hand, that the new engine is wanted.'

Much of the collateral work is done on the premises. Several engineers, lathemen, and other artisans, are employed apart from the printers. Repairs of machines, and even in good part the construction of the steam-engines, are under their jurisdiction.

A great copper is parted off from the steam-boilers, but yet sufficiently near to boil at the same fire, to supply the men with water for breakfast and tea. Men, generally speaking, appreciate a little, better than they do great attention in this respect. Where dining-rooms and culinary appurtenances have been prepared, they have been in a measure failures. Not improbably this arises from the sense of delicacy which prevents men from parading their humble dinners—a similar feeling to that which prevents the poor women from using the new 'wash-houses,' choosing rather their own close room, and waste of fire and laundry needfuls, to half cleanse their poor habiliments. For the apprentices, special arrangements are made, to which we shall have to allude.

Despite the extraordinary encroachments of steam-power, it has not yet entirely superseded the hand-press. Woodcuts, where there are many of them, are still best taken by the last. Even the illustrations of our ever-welcome friend, the 'Illustrated News,' beautiful as they are from their vertical machine, would be far more beautiful taken with the hand-press. This could not be accomplished, for the blocks themselves are, we believe, curved now to suit the printing-machine. We bestow only a glance, in passing, upon a dozen of these presses at work in an ante-room. Wonders of the age years ago, they are now immeasurably eclipsed by their leviathian progeny.

Multifold as are the operations we witness, it would be tiring to describe them all. The sheets are printed wet; it is necessary to dry them afterwards. A room well ventilated, and at the same time heated, is slung with a thousand lines, over which hang the sheets till they are dry enough for 'pressing.' Hydraulic presses are used for this purpose, being so simple in working, yet so powerful in effect. Alternate sheets of mill-board and letterpress are piled up in enormous columns, and submitted to pressure. After some hours they are flattened, and have received a gloss, or cold glaze. The operation is called cold-pressing.

In preparing the paper for pressing, the same economy of labour is seen as before. Two things are always done at once. One great column dwindles down as a workman removes the pressed sheets, and passes the boards towards his mate. Meanwhile another column is rising under the hands of the second man, whose duty consists in making literary sandwiches with the same boards, and fresh sheets from the drying-room.

There has been a cry lately of a scarcity of paper. Demand is grown so vastly, that rags cannot be procured to supply it. Those who fear a catastrophe should visit the Queen's Printers; they will come away with a full belief that paper enough is stored up in the warerooms to supply the world at least for ever. White, massive pillars of paper are the supports apparently to the ceiling. As an area for concealment, we would choose the spacious stowage-room; it would have served the 'Bonnie Prince' better than the Royal Oak. Like great vertical shafts in a mine of rock-salt, the white pillars persuade us of their exhaustlessness. It is the supply of a few months!

Paper is not so good as formerly; really good paper can hardly be obtained. Cotton is used in its manufacture, in the scarcity of linen. As a consequence, the toughness and durability of the old paper is not secured. Machine-made paper is not so good as that made by hand. For writing purposes in government offices, hand-made paper is still used. Paper for printing is almost invariably machine-made, as is also the general run of letter paper.

Now that the sheets have been struck off and pressed, they only await a few incidental operations before they are done up into books, stitched and bound, and sent off, some to their publishers, some to the retail office, some back again to illuminate our Legislature. Great heaps successively vanish through a wicket, and are received on the other side by one who counts them off, sixty to our six. We may meet with them again by and by, in a small room, where a troop of tiny 'gatherers' are at work. They are gathering, at the time we look in upon them, an edition of the 'Book of Common Prayer.'

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Ranged round the sides of a small room are four counters. Upon them are placed, in like-sized heaps, the sheets of the book. Each pile contains sheets distinguished by the letter which is se n at the bottom of the page of a book. Space enough is left in the middle of the room for half a dozen boys to run round one after another in an endless chase. A merry game of 'Catch who can' goes on. To prevent it being quite unprofitable, each boy catches up the sheets in their proper order as he passes rapidly round, and deposits the whole book ready for folding and stitching in a pile with others, at the end of each circuit. Quickly the sheets sink lower and lower under their nimble hands and feet. Thousands upon thousands of volumes they will make ready for the binder in the course of a single day.

'We ought to be a very good people, with so many Bibles printed for us,' we remarked to our obliging conductor.

'We ought,' is the reply, 'but it is grievous to think what becomes of most of them.' Where one does good, there are too many bartered away for frivolities, or even evil purposes. The number that find their way to the pawnshop, especially of those given away in charity, stands in array like a national crime.

A 'collator' then receives the sheets properly arranged. By constant practice he is able to detect a wrong placement, or a double sheet, in hardly any time, and with a jerk to eject it.

Description conveys but half a picture of Messrs Spottiswoode's; there is a moral half. Bare enumeration of facts makes one feel that there is work going on here more than surface deep. The photograph on the mind of a visiter is vivid, deep, and pleasing. We have been impressed, throughout our tour, with the quiet demeanour and orderliness, the activity and diligence, of every one engaged. They work not with the hurry of eye-service, detecting the approach of an employer, but with a steady attention that persuades us of a habit. Not less gratifying was it to see the respectful recognition which our guide met with at every turn, and the earnestness with which now and then he was asked 'whether he had met with accident,' because he walked lamely, and with the help of a stick. Mr Spottiswoode had, in fact, sprained his foot slightly, the pain and inconvenience of which he must have felt compensated for by the sincerity apparent in his men's sympathy.

The simple cause of all this is, that the proprietors of the Queen's Printing Office are gentlemen who feel deeply anxious for the welfare of the workers under their care. There are nearly 1000 men in all at work. In the general printing, 350; in the government department, as we have said, 500; and in an establishment a few miles out of the city, given up entirely to Bibles and Testaments, about 100. This little community is governed by a constitution of so great a liberality, that it makes the chief appear to have advanced even upon the many laws they print. The study of our legislative papers has peradventure enlightened their minds and enlarged their hearts.

Messrs Spottiswoode may be taken as a type—to speak professionally—of a class of masters quite modern in regard for *employés*. They are examples of what was once very rare—eminent master-men, who believe that their journeymen have thoughts and feelings capable of cultivation, and independent of their craft. Too few in their position are regardful of those they employ beyond working out of them what they can.

Here we may see in one part a little room, set off to contain a case of books for the use of the workmen and boys. A librarian is appointed, and a system of rules is carried out with regularity. The management is in the hands of the men themselves. Many of the books have been given by Murray: the whole of his 'Home and Colonial Library.' Longmans also aided with the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the advantages offered by the library are appreciated, from the fact, that the present average number of books in circulation is considerably above a hundred. The great favourites are the weekly periodicals of the best class. Our arts and manufactures are well represented. History and biography, poetry and travels, have illustrations from the pens of the most eminent men. The popularity of the scheme is remarkably great, considering that novels are not amongst the books. Not that the managers are squeamish either. A better selection of books it would be hard to find. Every book is unobjectionable, although neither theology nor romance (and very properly) find a place. The

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peculiar propriety of the mottoes on the catalogue is worth a note. The title-page quotes Seneca very happily, that 'as the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.' Over leaf we are advised, 'to make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower—steal sweets from it, but not injure it.' Such sentences are books in themselves.

We enter afterwards a room arranged with forms and desks, and various appurtenances that appertain to a school-room. 'It is my brother's school-room,' we are told in the quietest manner. The boys in the office give up certain half hours of their spare time to be taught different subjects. They willingly attend their classes, and profit considerably by them. Either one of the proprietors becomes schoolmaster for the time being, or their sister comes to town at stated times each week to officiate. Attendance is voluntary—as far as the term can be used with regard to boys who are *expected* to come. No better coercion can be used with a sixth boy than to persuade five before him to any particular course.

Another school-room, more completely fitted up with maps and requisites of the kind, provides room for eighty boys or more at once. Interest in the working of the classes must be very general, for many of the men volunteer to take certain subjects, and thus distribute the labour. It is the aim, as Mr Spottiswoode incidentally says, to make every one feel an interest in the boys' welfare. Some of the men are very earnest in the matter. A system of rewards, the value of which is determined by tickets of merit gained, is adopted with good results. Examinations also at stated intervals occur, where the boys 'pass' for their degrees, of which due record is kept. This feature has not been established longer than to get a few of them placed in the second list, but, as a very intelligent-looking young man, who seems to take especial delight in this work, remarks to us, 'We shall have some in the third list soon, sir, and they are sure to work hard to get into the fourth.'

It shows what satisfaction the boys have in their studies, that their extra classes are chiefly before working hours in the morning, and after they leave off at night. To encourage them still more, they have in the summer time, instead of books, a run into the fields to enjoy a game at cricket, or they solace themselves with boating. Clubs for both these recreations are established. A field is rented in the neighbourhood of Highgate for their first method of enjoyment, and many a right hearty and merry match is coming off this summer. 'But how can they find time for these things?' we hear asked, very naturally. It was the inquiry that rose in our own mind. At the moment of asking, we were in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the proprietor, one of the private offices. Upon the table were heaped bags and towers of silver coin. A reply to the question came in its appropriate place. On observing the cash, our conductor remarked, 'It is Friday, to-day, I see; we pay the men on Friday afternoon.'

'How do you find that answer? I was told by the chief of a firm the other day, that they had been obliged to go back to the old Saturday night's payments?'

The evidence of one in the position of the Queen's Printer, and master over so many men is very valuable. It was, 'We find it work admirably.'

'Don't the men take advantage of the Saturday, and make holiday: keeping St Saturday instead of St Monday?'

'No,' said Mr Spottiswoode. When the plan was first tried, it was announced that any man who staid away on Saturday would be discharged; but that has been long ago forgotten; the men come now as an established thing, and don't think of stopping away.'

We have no doubt that such would be the invariable result of a fair trial of the plan. It is easy, by regardlessness of the men, to let it become a greater abuse than a Saturday payment. Wives, we doubt not, have felt the blessing of the new plan. Their partners, who could hardly be trusted with the prospect of a Sunday's leisure, dare not venture to break bounds, with a Saturday's work in view. Homes have been a comfort at the end of the week, which once upon a time were the reverse. All the arrangements for the welfare of the employed must have a powerful, unseen, good influence.

Where men are disposed to teach the young by books, they will unconsciously be guarded also in example. Where real earnestness for good is evinced by employers, it must in the end be appreciated by their men.

Quite as incidentally, and as quietly

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as if it were no great thing, we are told, that during the summer the men are given Saturday afternoon for their boating and cricket. In winter, when they could not thus employ themselves, they work on till four o'clock, instead of leaving off at noon. Even in this way they gain several hours over their fellows in the trade generally.

Winter amusements are more domesticated. Some of the rooms give evidence even now of last Christmas gaieties. They are ingeniously hung with garlands of coloured paper, and with rosettes, the work of the young people, who spend a deal of time and labour upon them. Upon their school-room they had lavished all their constructive and decorative skill. It was, we are assured, a really beautiful sight.

During these festive times, one or two concerts have been got up. Everything was done in good style, we assure you, too. The library of Mr Spottiswoode's private house, a fine large room, was used for the hall of performance, programmes of words printed off, and everything as it ought to be. Orchestra and audience, both disposed to please, found—the one, kind critics; the other, performers in their very best. The concerts have hitherto been vocal only. Ambition reigns amongst the musicians to strengthen their next display with an imposing assortment of instruments. Half the last concert was a selection of our best old sacred pieces, half miscellaneous. Amongst madrigals of special antiquity, the choice of which displays much taste, we observed one eminently loyal and patriotic song, invoking destruction to the Russians, and victory to our own arms—clearly a new piece, from the very theme. Her Majesty's journeymen could hardly be other than loyal. Their programme evinces that they quite come up to the mark. In addition to the fierce chorus about Turkey and Russia, and our French alliance, there was a right English 'Health to the Queen and Prince' sung in the course of the evening.

Attentively as we have been shown everything, we are requested now to glance at the accommodation for the apprentices.

'I am not very proud of this part of our establishment, but you had better see all.' So our conductor remarked, as he ushered us through his own private house. Whether he felt proud or not, we thought the youths *must* be proud of their master. After going through the innumerable rooms of an old English mansion, all of which seemed given up to the apprentices, we began to wonder where the private rooms were. We believe that the master has retained very little space for himself. Twenty-six apprentices are in the house, and two or three are coming. Their instruction and supervision seems Mr Spottiswoode's peculiar charge. The dining-hall of his house is arrayed at our entry with the preliminaries of the mid-day banquet. As the 'prentices are the aristocrats of the business, so also there is an aristocracy amongst themselves. The more honourable by length of service take an upper table with 'glass,' and overlook the lower with plebeian 'mugs.' Age as well as acquirements place them in advance of the machine boys. Social position, too, is generally very superior; some of them being from respectable well-to-do families. They don't, therefore, attend school, but receive all their teaching from their master.

At the top of the house, the rooms are parted off to make a range of dormitories. They are well ventilated, roomy, and clean: so much so as to surprise us, considering the densely-built neighbourhood. Contiguous to the dormitories, we push aside the hangings of a doorway, and enter a complete little sanctuary. Family worship is conducted here before business in the morning, and before retiring at night. The tiny church must impress a visiter very strongly. We dare not doubt that real good is effected by the daily meeting of master and apprentices for a holy purpose. The place of assembly is arranged with seats and books, the fac-simile of a church. The service is short, but from its very nature is impressive.

Our readers will recognise in some of these things similarity to Belmont Candle Works, a description of which, under the title of 'Enlightenment and Candles,' was given in the First Number of this Series of the INSTRUCTOR. We remarked the fact, and were gratified to hear that the managers of both places were friends, and that some various arrangements were adopted, the one from the other place.

Mr Wilson of Belmont acknowledges that he received the initiative of much that he has done from the merchant of Bristol, Mr Bridgett, of whom a fervid

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life has been written by the Rev. Mr Arthur, which, though spoiled by the wordy declamation of the Wesleyan extempore pulpit, is graphic, interesting, and fitted to do good. Mr Bridgett, again, attributes all his endeavours after a Christian and a useful life, to overhearing the prayers on his behalf of a pious mother. How little do we know where good may stop! The unconscious influence of a good man is like the fleecy atmosphere round the sun, from which, philosophers say, proceed the bright, warm rays that illumine and cheer an indefinable distance all round.

We know that the example of those we have named, and others, is effecting a great moral change. Printers have been particularly open to the charge of neglecting their employed. Every concession of a master, we have been informed, is registered by the trade, as an extra argument with other masters, to bring about a more general liberal treatment. We regard Messrs Spottiswoode as partial witnesses with respect to the moral improvement of the craft. Their anxiety that improvement should evince itself, and their indefatigability in bringing it about, would tend sometimes, perhaps, to make them give too great importance to the signs. Yet we do not question that vast improvement has taken place. Printers have not always been models of sobriety. Even the remarkably intelligent body of compositors have not always claimed the character. Owing to the exertions and sympathy of good masters, in a great measure, we believe, working men of any craft are a different class to what they were. The great companies, as well as the great masters, are beginning to feel that capital has duties as well as immunities. Throughout our country the feeling is spreading, that the people ought to be educated. If it be really necessary to take the young to work, it then becomes the duty of the employer to see that they are taught. We hail with pleasure such masters as the Queen's Printers. They are the pioneers of a better state of things. In other respects than the appliances for the men's comfort, we observed in Mr Spottiswoode a likeness to Mr Wilson. To listen to his quiet remarks about his brother's doings, what his sister does, what his men do, what his boys do, and the unconscious ignoring of all that he himself does, we are reminded strongly of the Belmont reports, where it is 'Brother George,' but primarily 'the boys and men themselves,' who do everything.

We most surely know that it is the directing hand, chiefly, that toils and never grows flagged. There must be, in gentlemen whose position enables them, if they chose, to revel in luxury, a deep under-current of pure philanthropy, when we find them giving up comfort for a feeling of duty. It is *not* a light thing to live in town to look after apprentices, when one might indulge the delights of a country-house. There is no glory in it. All that can be got out of it is real hard work and constant anxiety. When we hear the present proprietor attribute much to the good feeling between his father and the men in his time, and when we find, above all, that an accomplished lady also enlists in the cause, it convinces us that the benevolent spirit of any *one* of them is hereditary and common to all.

We may well conclude by appropriating a motto from the biographical section of the catalogue, which section, in its turn, appropriated it from Plutarch. Altered to make it applicable to all masters, it would run—'We fill our mind with the images of good men, by observing their actions and life. If we have contracted any blemish, or followed ill custom, from the company in which we unavoidably engage, we correct and dispel it, by calmly turning our thoughts to these excellent examples.'

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EASTERN TRAVEL.—SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTI-LIBANUS—SURGHAYA

'We saw the pacha's turban'd band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering, cleave the folded felt
With sabre stroke, right sharply dealt,
And mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
And heard their Allahs, wild and loud.'—*Bride of Abydos.*

It happened that the inhabitants of the wretched modern village of Baalbec were treating themselves to a holiday during our stay. There had been a marriage in one of the principal families, and the whole population seemed to be sharing in the festivities, which were carried on in an open space near the village. In one part of it several men were dancing, exactly in the manner of the Howling Dervishes, and a little crowd was gathered round them; but a mock fight, carried on by a regiment of irregular horse, offered by far the greatest attraction.

Several regiments of regular cavalry were stationed at Baalbec, and these made a much better appearance than the infantry we had lately seen; but the rapid movements and mimic warfare of the wild and fantastically-dressed Syrian horsemen formed an exciting and highly animated scene. In place of the jereed, each horsemen carried a stout stick about four feet long, and singling out an adversary, dashed furiously after him, darting the rod at his head. Two black men seemed the most perfect in the science, and each was generally pursued at once by two enemies. The skill of these men was wonderful. Urging their horses to their uttermost speed, they kept their eyes turned back upon their pursuers, and when the jereeds flew as it seemed straight at their mark, they avoided the blow of both, and instantly discharged with certain aim a Parthian shaft at their adversaries. During the height of the combat, an imprudent donkey, excited by the tumult, dashed out into the midst of the horsemen, kicking up his heels, and braying delightfully.

'Asses rush in where Arabs fear to tread!'

In an instant every jereed was aimed at the unfortunate brute, and I then saw that skill alone had prevented the men being invariably hit, as every shaft in the field told loudly upon the bones of the luckless donkey. The battle-ground terminated abruptly in a deep ravine; and the horses, trained to stop instantaneously, dashed furiously up to it, and then stopping suddenly, wheeled to the side. The women of the place watched the proceedings in two separate groups. In one, the Moslem females were collected together, rigorously shrouded; in the other, the Christians were assembled, and not only were they unveiled, but, to show perhaps their horror of Mahometanism, their bosoms as well as their faces were almost uncovered. This custom, which is common among Grecian matrons of the lower class, is universally followed by the women of the Lebanon, and to a greater or less extent by other Christian females in the East.

We had among our servants a good-natured blockhead, called Johnaco, who being the brother-in-law of the guide we dubbed 'Beau-frère.' This man had the advantage of never making any difficulties about anything, and answered '*Multo buono!*' to every proposition that was made to him. He at once expressed his readiness to guide us from Baalbec to Surghaya, so that we despatched our mules with Constantine at mid-day, and did not set out ourselves till some hours later. Towards nightfall, it became evident that we had lost our way, and just as it grew dark, we observed our mules defiling along the slope of a hill at the other side of a precipitous ravine, which it was impossible to cross. We could not attract the attention of the muleteers, though we fired whole volleys in the hope of doing so, and at last lost sight of them in the darkness.

Just as we had come to the disagreeable conclusion that we must pass a wretched night without food or shelter on a cold bare hill, we arrived at a spot

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in the ravine which seemed practicable for persons on foot, so, scrambling down it, we left our horses to follow, which they did with the facility of goats, and the docility of dogs.

On reaching Surghaya we were able fully to appreciate the comforts of dinner, and a clean matting spread before a blazing fire, in a very respectable Turkish cottage. The Moslem females of the mountain had none of that aversion for a European woman which those of the cities exhibited. On the contrary, the mistress of the house was charmed to have a European lady for a guest, and showed her delight, by frequently kissing and stroking her hand, and clapping her back.

Curiosity soon brought most of the women of the hamlet to the house, who in turn asked leave to kiss the hand of the stranger, and then pressed it to their brows; many of the elder ones clapping her on the back and fondling her, whilst all of them anxiously examined her dress. They were complete, but gentle and kindly savages.

We left Surghaya at an early hour next morning, having a long day's journey before us. The distance to Damascus, in a direct line, is only thirty miles; but, by the bridle-track (which, however, is a good one), it must be much more, as it occupied ten hours, though we frequently rode at a pretty smart pace. The range of the Anti-Lebanon is less steep, but more barren, than the mountains on the western side of the valley. It is totally uncultivated, and for the most part bleak and uninteresting; an occasional stunted tree, and patches of a prickly shrub—a fierce little plant, which despises soil and defies storms — being the only objects which broke the sameness of bare hillsides. On descending the eastern slope of the principal range of the Anti-Lebanon, we reached the little town of Zebdeni, where a cleft or opening in the mountains admits a small but very fertile plain. Near this spot, to which Arab tradition attaches the unenviable distinction of being the scene where Cain committed the first murder, are the sources of the Barrada or Chrysorrhoas of the ancients. This is generally supposed to be the Pharphar of Scripture. Unlike most of the Syrian rivers, its stream is strong and perennial. Fringed with verdure and embowered with trees, it enters the plain of Damascus by a magnificent mountain gorge, and after flowing through the city, loses itself twenty miles beyond it, in the 'Lake of the Meadows.'

Nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the vegetation in the immediate neighbourhood of Zebdeni, which is all one bowery orchard; but the utter sterility of our subsequent journey was only broken when our path led us to the borders of the river. At one picturesque part of its course, where it flows between precipitous hills, it is crossed by a quaint old bridge, immediately above which are a number of Hebrew tombs, hewn in the higher cliffs. I also observed the broken shafts of several columns strewed about, and a long covered viaduct like a great drain built of stone wound down the rocks, and might have served as a concealed passage from the buildings above to the river below. On climbing up to the sepulchres, I found many of them elaborately cut into well-proportioned chambers, with arched roofs. At this part of the road we met a fine old Druse chief, well armed and superbly mounted. He was attended by a single follower, and, as we had suspected, was reconnoitring the country. It was not the first time this aged warrior had met and conversed with Englishmen, and after salutations according to his own fashion, he surprised us by shaking hands with us. He inquired eagerly as to the position of the enemy, and after assuring us that the Druse were the friends of the English, he went his way. Exactly on the same day of the previous year, Constantine said that the party he was escorting had been met near this place, first by a company of soldiers, who had in their custody a robber chief and one of his followers, whilst they had with them the heads of other two, the ghastly trophies of a recent encounter. Soon afterwards, Constantine and his party met a strong band of outlaws in search of the soldiers, in order to rescue their chief, and avenge their comrades. They asked if they could reach a certain pass, which was subsequently pointed out to us, in time to surprise the military, and started off in the hope of doing so, but the soldiers fearing an ambush, had made a detour on purpose to avoid the place.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DAMASCUS.

'The head of Syria is Damascus.'—*Isaiah* vii. 8.

We journeyed on, and, as we traversed a dreary hill of naked rock, had begun to weary of the way. At length we reached a spot on the brow of the mountain, where a narrow and deep passage was hewn in the cliff, and there was one moment when we saw on every side of us nothing but the cold grey stone, and the next—what a sight!—an ocean of foliage, and an island of minarets! For hours we had looked only upon barren and cheerless mountains, where the eye found no pleasure; and now, all at once, there gushed upon our gaze a scene so strangely fair, that it seemed as if a new and radiant world was mapped out before us.

Edinburgh throned on her hills—Dublin seated on her noble bay—bright Naples—glittering Stamboul,—not one of these seemed comparable to Damascus—'the eye of all the East!'

A thousand feet below us lay a boundless plain, in the foreground of which—embowered in the fairest forest we had ever beheld—stood the world-old city, 'a pearl surrounded by emeralds.'

It is impossible to describe the enchanting effect produced by the infinitely varied and exquisitely blended foliage of that vast wood, which seemed to combine, in the midst of winter, the freshness of spring and the brilliance of autumn. The dark-leaved olive, the bright-hued poplar, the massy branches and rich green of the orange and the citron, were mingled together in beautiful confusion; whilst above the verdant under-wood rose stately trees, around which the vine twined its long branches, crowning them with leafy garlands, which autumn had deeply dyed, but which winter had no storms to wither. To our left, in the dim distance, some misty mountains, beyond which stands Palmyra, closed in the horizon, but in front the glittering sands of Arabia, stretching far away, shone like a silver sea. And on all this a Syrian sunset shed from the golden west an amber light, bathing with one grand flood of glory as fair a scene as earth can show, or human eye may look upon.

Mahomet, it is said, enraptured with the sight, declined to go farther, declaring, that, as there was but one paradise, *his* should not be in this world, and therefore he would not enter Damascus. The wily prophet had, no doubt, other reasons for his moderation; and, as strangers cannot penetrate to its luxurious sanctuaries, we might also have preferred its bowery environs to the stifling lanes of an eastern city; for though Damascus is far superior in point of amenity to Constantinople, it is an eastern city still.

Descending from the mountain, long lanes, lined by mud walls and Indian fig, at the time almost impassable from water, led us through the 'green-wood' to one of the gates of the city, where a troop of mangy dogs were holding a carnival over the carcass of a camel. A massive and pointed archway admitted us into Damascus, just before the gates were finally closed for the night; and we slowly threaded our way amidst the windings of narrow streets, and through the dark and seemingly subterranean passages of an interminable bazaar. It was not without feelings of reverence that we found ourselves in the midst of the most ancient city in the world—a city that was old while the plain upon which Carthage once stood yet remained the solitude to which it has returned—a city that was famous before Abraham entered Canaan, and which Arab tradition has associated with the cradle of the human race, as occupying the spot where the father of mankind was created, and where his bones were finally deposited. The palace of an *Aga* has been converted into a hotel, which still wears an aspect of oriental magnificence. In the centre of the building, the fountain, surrounded by citrons, affords refreshment and shade, and on entering our apartment, we found ourselves in the midst of a spacious saloon, paved with marble, and enclosing a large and beautiful fountain. Two anterooms served as dormitories, and these were covered with carved work and gilding, filled with strange couches, and surrounded by passages of the Koran, written in letters of gold. On clapping our hands, a reverent attendant immediately appeared, with ample turban, long white beard, and flowing robe. The whole place had an air of that mystery and

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eastern grandeur which the stories of the 'Arabian Nights' impress upon the mind of a child, and had it been only to enjoy the romance of the scene, one would have wished himself a boy.

The next day, having made some purchases at the shop of an Armenian, a dealer in silks, the merchant, who spoke Italian, pleased and surprised us by proposing to act as our cicerone. On our accepting a service so politely offered, he closed his shop, and during two days devoted himself to us, and gave us, when we took our leave of him, letters to the Armenian patriarch of Jerusalem, and to some of his countrymen at Cairo. Like most Armenians, our obliging guide was tall and fine-looking; his handsome features gave him an air of intelligence and dignity, and his magnificent attire, one of the grandest in the world, rendered him a person of very imposing appearance.

It is impossible for any town to have an aspect more perfectly oriental than Damascus; and though the costumes of the people are of infinite variety, we did not see, during our perambulations, a single European dress, save that of the Levantine host at our hotel, who wished to pass for a Frank, and had actually stuck upon his head the thing we call a hat; but, to do him justice, the honest fellow seemed to feel that he was doing something very ridiculous. Even the fez has not made its way to Damascus; and, as we passed along, amidst the crowds of the bazaar, and compared their lofty turbans, rich scarfs, and flowing silks, with our battered caps, worn shooting-jackets, and travel-stained attire, we felt how paltry we must appear by comparison; yet, we trod proudly on, remembering, that, however poor our garments, they covered 'limbs that were made in England.'

There are few antiquities in Damascus, and almost the only ones we saw—if anything Roman can be called an antiquity in such a city—were the remains of a handsome temple of Corinthian architecture, the columns of which are lost in the confused buildings of the bazaar; and it is only by ascending to the roof that its ornamented pediment can be seen, and its form traced. A deeper interest attaches to 'the street which is called Straight,' which still remains, bearing its original name; and its character fully corresponds with its designation. The house of Judas, to which Paul was carried, is shown with undoubting confidence by the Christian inhabitants; and they also point out the exact spot in the wall of the city which tradition has handed down as the scene of the apostle's escape in the basket. The relics of St John, discovered in an ancient church, now converted into a mosque, have invested the place with such sanctity, that even Moslems are forbidden, on pain of death, to enter the chamber where they are kept.

We did not fail to visit the khan of Hassan Pacha, the finest thing of its kind in the world. The spacious building is covered by the bold arch of a cupola, and is supported by massy pillars; and here camels stoop down to be unloaded on a marble floor, and drink from fountains of the same material.

No city can be more interesting to a stranger than Damascus, its whole character is so thoroughly oriental; and the customs and the scenes that greet the eye, though perhaps of immemorial date, are all new to the European visiter; and while every street is replete with objects that attract the attention, and every house forms in itself a striking episode in the grand Eastern picture, there are no stereotyped wonders to be seen, and from all hackneyed 'lions' the place is thoroughly free.

CHAPTER XV.

KATANA, RASHEIYA, THE LAKE SAMACHONITIS.

'Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread.'—*Childe Harold.*

There are three mule and camel tracks from Damascus to Jerusalem; but our excellent consul, Mr Wood, who had just returned from a conference with the Druse chiefs, advised us to take a more circuitous route than any of these, as the *mauvais sujets* of the various tribes, taking advantage of the disorganised state of the country, were more likely to infest the roads that offered the greatest chances of plunder.

We left Damascus on the afternoon of the 16th December, and, after traversing the plain for a few hours, stopped for the night at the village of Katana, situated on the outskirts of the mountains. We passed by the spot which tradition has

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handed down as the scene of the conversion of St Paul; but, without attaching much importance to the precise locality, it was solemn to think that we trod that plain 'nigh unto Damascus,' on the way from Jerusalem, upon which there once shone a great light from heaven, exceeding the brightness of the sun, and upon which was performed the last, the most imposing, and, from its consequences, perhaps the most memorable of all the miracles of our Lord.

On arriving at Katana, we were surprised to find the whole male population, old as well as young, Turk as well as Christian, eagerly engaged in a game at '*shinty*,' and shouting in their sport like schoolboys on a village green. We pitched our tents in the midst of a graveyard in the outskirts of the town, and, before morning, we found we had made a very indifferent choice of an encampment. Ever and anon a troop of jackals swept past the tents, screaming in shrill chorus. The dogs of the village answered with fierce howls, and from time to time we heard horrible yells uttered by some large, and to us unknown animals. It was scarcely possible to sleep, and our men kept firing pistols to frighten the brutes, which they declared in the morning were hyenas. Many of the tombs presented a horrible appearance, holes having been dug and mined into them, by wild animals.

Next morning, leaving the usual road, and striking into the hills in a north-westerly direction, we shaped our course for Rasheiya, situated on the northern slope of Mount Hermon. During this day's journey, we followed a mere by-path, which wound along the sides of hills and through mountain passes, which were often romantically beautiful in their lonely grandeur. At one time, while defiling along a valley, the party separated, one half of our number passing on either side of a hill which stood in the midst of the vale. Finding a good many partridges at the place, I fired pretty often, and this, combined with our caravan having divided, caused, as it turned out, great consternation amidst the goat-herds who watched us from a distance. On several summits shots were fired as signals; one man, not very far from us, seemed to become utterly distracted, rushing off at his utmost speed, and screaming wildly. A goat-herd who had at first fled, stopped, on discovering his alarm was a false one. This poor fellow informed us that the inhabitants were living in hourly dread of the Bedouin Arabs, who had during the previous week come down upon them, and swept the country of half its flocks, carrying off several thousand goats. A large herd of these animals were browsing upon the hill which we seemed to be surrounding, and, seeing so many horses in so unusual a place, they at once imagined we were marauding Bedouins; and the man begged me to desist from firing, as the report of a gun was certain to alarm all who heard it.

As we advanced into the mountains, the hills assumed a different aspect from any we had yet traversed; and our path threaded the defiles of steep craggy heights, densely covered with brushwood, composed of an evergreen oak, which formed an almost impenetrable thicket on every side of us. In one of the wildest and most remote of these woody glens, we found the remains of what must once have been considerable buildings, and we rested for an hour in the shade of a small ruined temple. The silence of that lonely mountain wild was broken by a sweet, low, plaintive sound, that fell upon the ear like the voice of a familiar friend. And such it was; for there, on the broken shaft of a pillar, sat the only robin-redbreast I ever saw in the East; and feeble as was his little pipe, it seemed to transport to the Syrian wild the distant home where it had so often been heard. There seems to be comparatively few species of wild animals in Syria, but its ornithology is rich and varied. I observed in the course of our journey almost all our more common British birds, besides a vast number of different kinds, unknown in England.

Before resuming our travel, we were greeted by a wayfarer, the only one we met during our whole journey, save those already mentioned. He was an American missionary, resident at Banias (Cæsarea Philippi), and was then on his way to Damascus. We anxiously reciprocated questions as to the state of the road, and were told that ours could not be called safe for some distance after passing Banias; but our informant had experienced no molestation, though, half an hour before, some very shabby thieves had pounced upon one of his people who had lagged behind, and robbed him of his capote, the only article they thought worth taking.

Towards nightfall we reached Rasheiya, a considerable town pleasantly situated in

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the mountains, and took up our quarters in one of the chief houses. Shortly after our arrival, the emir of the place came to pay us a gratulatory visit, and we prevailed upon him to honour us with his company at dinner. Our guest seemed excessively anxious to accommodate himself to our usages, and the attempt was evidently to the poor fellow a penance of no ordinary severity. It was perhaps the first time he had ever attempted to sit at a table, and his mode of doing so was quite an exaggeration of the awkwardness of a vulgar European. Placing his camp-stool at a distance from the table, he sat on the edge of the one, and stretched timidly out to the other, as if he was frightened for both. He accepted the offer of every dish at the table, thinking it bad manners to refuse any, and, having merely carried a portion of their contents to his lips, sent them off untasted. Two attendants stood behind his chair, with whom he exchanged from time to time looks of wonder and surprise. After dinner, conversation began; and the intervention of the dragoman, to which we had preferred the natural language of gesture when holding intercourse with our gentle hosts at Zahle, seemed quite fitted for the formal discourse of the emir. His people, he said, were the slaves of the English—we could be in no danger in his territory, as every man he had was ready to die for us. He would not hear of our departing next day; he would assemble his horsemen, and amuse us with the practice of the jereed. Hearing that I was a sportsman, he proposed that on the morrow his men should drive the deer on the hills around, and that we should make a great hunting expedition, whilst my wife would 'pass her time delightfully' with the ladies of his harem. Lastly, he said that in a few hours torrents of rain would fall; and that, if in spite of all these reasons for paying him a visit, we should still persist in going, he would close every pass with his warriors, and thereby effectually hinder our departure. Scottish hospitality induced hosts in the olden time to lock up their guests, but closing the mountains was a grand idea; and had not our time been unfortunately limited, we should gladly have availed ourselves of an invitation so pressingly given.

At night, observing groups of persons collected round what seemed fires, kindled in open sheds scattered through the town, I went to see what was going on, and found numbers of women engaged in baking what we had been accustomed to call 'Arab cakes.' An oven in the form of an urn, about five feet deep, was sunk in the ground, and a wood-fire at the bottom had heated to a great degree the sides of the cavity, and the women, with peculiar expertness, threw circular patches of barley dough against the sides of the oven, to which they immediately adhered. A few seconds sufficed for the preparation of the bread, which the women showed no less skill in snatching away from the burning pit.

The inhabitants of Katana had treated us with perfect indifference; but to those of Rasheiya, the lady at least was, unfortunately for herself, a marvel and a show. When we came to start in the morning, we found the whole population had turned out; and the women in particular—who were all unveiled, coarse, and shockingly ugly—were so obstreperous in their curiosity, that to prevent my wife being crushed by the mob, I was compelled to place her, while the mules were being loaded, upon one of the housetops, and mount guard at the head of the stair that led to it. I had no sooner done so, than a stout little Druse, whose immense turban made him look like a dwarf, joined me, thinking, perhaps, that all sentries ought to be posted double. This volunteer assistant marched, or rather strutted, step by step at my side, carrying his gun, which was quite as long as himself, in regular military fashion. Nor was this all the assistance I received. Two old women appeared at the top of the stair with long sticks in their hands, and explained in pantomime that they would keep off the others, if allowed to remain there themselves. For awhile the crowd stood quietly below; but at length an attempt was made to storm the stair, when some of them paid rather dearly for their rashness. The aged Amazons laid about them with such right good-will, that amidst the yells of those in front, and the laughter of those in the rear, the whole were driven down rather faster than they ascended. We, too, though the people were perfectly good-humoured, were glad to gallop out of Rasheiya somewhat more quickly than we had entered it. At the outskirts of the town an accident occurred which forcibly reminded us of the circumstances under which our Lord cast the evil spirits out of the maniac in the country of the Gadarenes. We were de-

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scending a hill, when, hearing wild shouts amidst the rocks above us, we saw, on looking up, a figure rushing towards us with loud cries and frantic gesticulations. We soon perceived that we were pursued by a madman, who was perfectly naked, and in a furious state of excitement. He paid no attention to our Syrian followers, but, coming close up to us, screamed out continuously, 'Save me, you Franks! I am bound in a dungeon! Oh, give me liberty, you Franks!—give me liberty!' We quickened our pace, but the poor creature continued to keep up with us, until he had lost the power of shrieking, and fatigue compelled him to stop.

During most of this day our road wound round the western slope of Mount Hermon, which towered above us to the left, bright in a robe of unstained snow, which shone with dazzling splendour in the sunshine.

Having passed Hasbeiya, a town finely situated on a hill covered with olives, we chose for our nightly resting-place a ruin, which Constantine called a khan, but which appeared to have once been a fortress. The building formed a large square, on the sides of which were many spacious vaults, among which we made choice of an apartment, much to the dissatisfaction of a pair of kestrels, that continued to fly in and out, uttering their sharp, shrill cry.

A stream, beautifully embowered in flowery oleanders, flows past the ruin. We followed in a great measure its course from Rasheiya, where, nourished by the dews of Hermon, it takes its rise amidst the steeps of the mountain, to the spot where it loses itself in the Lake Samachonitis, or Sweet Waters of Merom. This brook is certainly entitled, from its length and its geographical position, to rank as the parent spring of the Jordan, of which it is a direct continuation; but that honour has always been accorded to a much shorter and less considerable rivulet, which flows into the lake almost at the same spot, from a more easterly direction, taking its rise in a circular lakelet called Phiala.

Leaving the Rasheiya, or Hasbeiya river, for a time, we plunged by a fine ravine into the midst of the mountains, by a path which was new to the guide, and not usually followed, and soon found ourselves surrounded by scenery that greatly resembled many parts of the Scottish Highlands. We stopped for our noontide rest near a fresh bubbling spring, one of the traditional sources of the Jordan, which is also identified with the site of the ancient Laish, or Dan, from which some translators have considered the name of the river to be derived. No traces of ancient buildings remain on the spot; but we saw, at a short distance to the east, some of the former strongholds of Cæsarea Philippi, which has resumed its ancient name of Banias—a corruption of Paneas from the worship of Pan.

We were now at Dan; and to ride to Beersheba over the hills of Palestine, is not so easy a matter, particularly for a lady, as it may appear on the map; but, refreshed by the springs of the Jordan, we rose to pursue our journey, when an unexpected difficulty brought us to a stand. It seems to be the rule in the East, at least with such persons as travellers are brought chiefly in contact with, never by any chance to deviate into truth; and it is extraordinary that men who are constantly endeavouring to deceive others, are themselves imposed on with the facility of childhood.

Our muleteers, who had for some days held mysterious converse with every peasant or goat-herd whom we met, now positively refused to proceed a single step farther, declaring that we were advancing upon certain destruction.

I rode hastily back, and was about to convince them that robbers were not the only persons they had to fear, but I was somewhat mollified on seeing the state of abject terror the poor wretches were in; and I found, at the same time, that Constantine had solemnly assured them that they were to stop during the night at Banias. The men were, in fact, running a greater risk than I was aware of, as was proved by an adventure which befell two persons, who, having arrived at Beirout by the same vessel that we did, pursued a route through Syria nearly identical with that which we followed.

Twice during the journey we encountered these travellers, and at Jerusalem we received from them an account of an attack which had been made upon them. After leaving Damascus, wishing to benefit by the numbers of our party, they endeavoured to keep within sight of us, but at Katana their muleteers refused to proceed farther in the direction which we took, and insisted on adhering to the more beaten path. They had not, however, proceeded far, when a large party of Druse rushed upon them with loud cries.

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Remonstrance was useless, and the robbers were about to plunder, if not to murder them, when the travellers, who were Asiatics by birth, but English by adoption, exhibited their passports, and declared they were British subjects. Instantly the Druse bent their heads, kissed the seals of the papers, and assured the travellers they would touch nothing that was theirs; but that the muleteers being Turks, were their open enemies, and that the blood of fallen friends called out for revenge, and that vengeance they would have. The representations and earnest remonstrances of the travellers saved the lives of the Mahometans, but they were stripped naked, and savagely beaten. Their mules were taken, but the Druse allowed the gentlemen to buy them back; and the robbers having, with the utmost coolness, mounted the horses the travellers rode, remarking that they were not their own property, tried if they had been trained to stop suddenly when at full gallop, and finding they had not, and were therefore unfit for Syrian warfare, they returned them.* One of these travellers, a Moor by birth, but a Londoner by residence, illustrated his Cockney adoption by writing to the 'Times' an account of his woes, the instant he arrived at Jerusalem.

It was, however, no longer the Druse, but the bad characters among the Bedouin Arabs, that our party had to fear; and our muleteers were only induced to proceed, on our guaranteeing that the price of their mules should be paid them, in the event of their being taken by the Arabs. During the whole of that afternoon, we were kept in considerable anxiety. It was evident that the inhabitants of the district were living in a state of alarm, dreading the attacks of marauders upon their property; and many a time we saw men on the watch, scanning us from hill-tops, or from behind rocks, and occasionally firing shots as signals to their companions. Once we imagined we were about to have an encounter, as nine very suspicious-looking Arabs, well mounted and armed, crossed our path, but, after halting for some time on first seeing us, they passed quietly on. It may be they had no hostile intent, but we were glad at the time to consider that, so far as numbers went, we appeared stronger than they.

Our path now became much less mountainous, and we traversed a bare but cultivated district, where labourers were at work with rude ploughs, with which they turned up a rich loamy soil. Here, for the first time, we saw those elegant little animals so typical of Palestine, the soft-eyed gazelles. Groups of four or five were browsing on the corn-lands, and started off when we approached them, their gallop being a succession of rapid bounds. They are shy, but not very wary, and are easily stalked. They would make good rifle-shooting, if one could have the heart to send a ball through such slight and graceful forms.*

Syria is a land of many surprises. We had ridden for some hours over low grey hills, when suddenly our eyes were delighted by seeing an expanse spread out before us, green as emerald, and level as a lake. It was the rich grassy margin of the reed-fringed Bahr el Houle, or Sweet Waters of Merom.

Passing some huts, we inquired as to the state of the country beyond, when we received the agreeable information, that we were riding right into a 'robber's nest.' Such was our informant's expression, but, on hearing that his tribe was at feud with those whom he described as being so fierce and lawless, we consoled ourselves by reflecting, that had we been travelling in an opposite direction, we should probably have received a similar account of the people who were thus warning us.

The luxuriant meadow before us was covered with hundreds of buffaloes, the property of the Bedouins, who were just migrating thither; and on the opposite side of the verdant plain we saw their dark brown tents, stretched out in a line that appeared almost interminable. On reaching the margin of the lake, a sight presented itself which, to any observer, must have seemed extraordinary, and to the eye of a sportsman appeared perfectly

* A Turkish *firman* is seldom taken by travellers, as being of no use, but this is a mistake. The horses of these two travellers were taken from them at Damascus for the government, and they were actually told they had been sent for by our party, as it was known I had brought a firman with me from Constantinople, which gave me the power to take any animal not in the employment of government.

* The body of the gazelle is about as large as that of a goat, his colour dun, his head high set, with black spiral-twisted horns, his legs are long, and exceedingly slender. The flesh of the animal, when cooked, is very dry.

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marvellous. The whole expanse of green-sward and marsh was covered by millions of wild-ducks and other birds. I could not at first believe my eyes, that the countless multitudes of living creatures that rose in clouds as we advanced, were actually malards. But so they were; and though our people begged me not to fire, in case of drawing attention to our party, I forgot alike the fear of robbers and malaria, and wading for miles along the marshy lake, blazed away among birds that fairly bewildered me with their variety and countless numbers. Snipe and teal were alike unnoticed and innumerable—malards sprang around me in thousands, and then pitched down again, after flying little more than a hundred yards. The beautiful white egret, a small and elegant species of heron, rose from time to time amidst the reeds. The bird called—though erroneously—the ibis, soared round me, and frequently alighted on the backs of the buffaloes. Pelicans—the first I had ever seen—swarmed in the pools, and though shy on the hill, here they feared no danger; a hundred water-fowl, whose names I knew not, floated or flew past me. Our own bright-hued kingfisher, and a larger species with speckled feathers and large crest, darted amidst the plume-like reeds, or hovered over the streams. Birds of prey of every size were there, from the vulture that sat gorged on some block of stone, to the slight small hawk that shot like light along the grass; but the most common kind was a large dusky buzzard, which, with owl-like flight, hunted slowly over the lake, just touching the tops of the gigantic reeds with his heavy wing, and sometimes lighting upon them. I observed this species of hawk everywhere in Palestine where such reeds abounded; but the only one I shot fell into a morass, where I could not secure him.

What a spot for a Cockney sportsman! So thickly did the birds fill the air, that on firing at one, I repeatedly killed some others much farther off. Many lapwings frequent the plains surrounding this lake, and observing that at least half of their number were of a species differing considerably from ours, I shot one or two, when I was surprised to find a strong horn, in the form of a hook, protruding from the middle joint of each wing. This bird is a common one on the banks of the Nile. Darkness, which approaches so suddenly in the east, recalled me to my companions, who had ridden along the base of the hills, whilst I had waded in a parallel direction, often up to the middle in water, which was actually tepid.

We halted for the night on the slope of a hill that stretched down to the lake, and fixing upon a patch of smooth green-sward, proposed that the tents should be pitched upon it. Constantine, in a state of unnecessary excitement, declared, that to erect tents and kindle a fire on such a spot, was a sure way to invite attention and provoke an attack. 'And where, then, are we to sleep?' we asked. 'There!' replied he, and pointed to what seemed the blank hill side. A few jutting rocks and low bushes concealed the mouths of two grottoes or caverns in the mountain, and so well were the places hidden, that they could not be observed at more than a few yards' distance. Immediately on entering the cave that was to serve as our dormitory, we started back in no unreasonable alarm, for, on stepping under the hanging rock, we found the place occupied by some of the very men of whom we had been so often warned, and whose names had appeared so terrible to our muleteers. Four savage-looking Bedouins of the worst class stood there, with their guns in their hands, apparently as much surprised to see us in their cave, as we were to find them in it. Our dread was only momentary, as we were too strong to have anything to fear from four Arabs armed with matchlocks. After a short consultation at the mouth of the cavern, we opened a parley with the inmates. They demanded a sum for the use of their lurking-place, which, had we paid it, would have almost amounted to robbery. Had we taken the place by force, the robbers would undoubtedly have returned in strength, when we might have paid dearly for our lodging. We were, however, in a position to dictate terms to our hosts, and we did so without hesitation. We told them we would pay for their den as if it was a first-rate hotel, but that they must lay down their arms and remain our prisoners for the night. Placing three of them in a recess of the cavern, and affecting to trust the leader of the band, we told him he must keep watch, during the night, over the safety of his castle, and he was accordingly posted as a sentinel in front of his fellows. The other cavern was alloted to our Syrians, and the horses and mules, some of which were only forced down the steep stair-like entrance after

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the labour of hours. The worst of our grotto was, that we were for a time almost suffocated by smoke, as Constantine insisted on the kitchen being established where the fire would be concealed. I handed our robber-guard his long gun, having taken an opportunity of making it tolerably *safe* for the night; and having our pistols prepared, and my gun with the caps upon it at my side, I promised I should keep watch upon the watcher. And for a time I kept my word. All within the cave was pitchy dark, save where the glimmer of a feeble candle at the farther extremity served to make 'darkness visible;' but the porch was bright with silvery moonbeams, which, streaming in, fell upon the tall figure of our singular protector. The cries of wild animals resounded along the hills, and the tenants of the lake sent forth many a varied sound; but, in spite of the novelty of our situation, it was not long before I joined my companions in slumber. The most weary of the party was yet the most watchful, and she continued for hours to look upon the Arab with half-closed eyes, till at length the object of her attention seemed to turn into a camel, and then the tired eyelids closed, and sleep sealed them till the morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

'All things are calm, and fair and passive. Earth
Looks as if lull'd upon an angel's lap
Into a breathless dewy sleep: so still
That we can only say of things, they be!
The lakelet now, no longer vex'd with gusts,
Replaces on her breast the pictured moon,
Pearl'd round with stars. Sweet imaged scene of time
To come, perchance, when this vain life o'erspent,
Earth may some purer beings' presence bear;
Mayhap even God may walk among his saints,
In eminence and brightness, like yon moon,
Mildly outbeaming all the beads of light
Strung o'er night's proud, dark brow. How strangely fair
Yon round still star, which looks half suffering from,
And half rejoicing in, its own strong fire;
Making itself a lovelihood of light!'—*Bailey's 'Festus.'*

We were in our saddles soon after dawn. The Arab, who had never left his post, accompanied us for some distance with his men, as we judged it was as well to keep them in sight as long as we could. Ammunition is the one great object sought after from travellers by the natives of Syria, and, as we expected, our Arab friends begged hard, at parting, for a little gunpowder, which we took care not to give them. On first straying amidst the Syrian hills with a gun in my hand, I was puzzled by the manner in which I was frequently accosted by the people. Sometimes a man would run towards me, and, suspecting very naturally that I understood little of Arabic, he would earnestly repeat the one word *baroot* (gunpowder). Imagining he asked if I came from Beirout, I answered *etwa* (yes), which, of course, caused him to expect he was about to receive some of the coveted commodity. There are no words that one sooner learns in Syria than *baroot* and *rush* (powder and shot), and even the smallest quantity of our finely-ground 'canister' is much desired to prime the firelocks; the Arab powder being generally as large, and sometimes larger in the grain than wheat.

Leaving the lake, our path again led us into the mountains, which, however, were far from being high, and, though wholly uncultivated, must have been exceedingly rich, as large tracts of ground were covered by a gigantic vegetation. The most common plant seemed to be a species of myrrh; and its branchy but withered stalks, five feet in height, spread in dense masses over large tracts of country, attested the luxuriant growth of the previous summer. Large coveys of partridges, numbering generally from twenty-five to thirty, fed upon the seeds of these plants, which afforded them, at the same time, a most effectual shelter. The individual birds, though of the same species as those I had shot in Greece, were fully double the size, and were quite as large as grouse, to which they were very similar in shape.

Journeying over this district of country to join the encampment of their comrades

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at the waters of Merom, we met numerous Bedouin families, travelling in a fashion truly patriarchal. The head of the house was changing his abode, surrounded by his kindred and his flocks, and all that was his. First came the young men with the camels, some of which carried the wives and the maidens of the family group, whilst the rest were loaded with their tents—the only houses the wanderers ever knew. Flocks of many goats and a few sheep followed, and then came several mules and asses, on some of which rode the more aged women, whilst on the rest were packed the slender stock of furniture and culinary utensils required for their pastoral mode of life. One of the asses bore on its back two large iron pots, slung across it, in the form of panniers. From one of these peeped out the pretty faces of two infants, and in the other were placed a lamb and a kid, both recently dropped on the way. The donkey's tender freight was a perfect picture of innocence. At the rear of the procession, mounted on a beautiful Arabian mare—his head and face protected from the sun by a scarf of yellow silk, bound round the temples by a band of camels' hair, the picturesque head-gear of the Arabs, and carrying in his hand a long and slender spear—rode the patriarch, directing the progress of his people. So journeyed Abraham from the land of his fathers, starry Chaldea.

After having ridden about four hours from our cave in the hill, we came within sight of the Lake of Tiberias, and at noon we dismounted on its margin, and spent the day in wandering by its tranquil waters. Though no sacred associations had hallowed the scene around us, the gentle beauties of the Sea of Galilee would in themselves have had charms sufficient to implant a picture on the memory never to be blotted out.

The hills, receding from the western shore, have left a wide semicircular plain, which was covered by bright verdure; detached trees being scattered over rich grass, gave it the appearance of an English park. On the eastern shore a chain of steep and rugged mountains seemed to approach close to the water, and, stretching along its margin, shut out its southern extremity from the view.

The lake itself rested amidst its hills, like an expanse of polished silver, the only specks on its surface being waterfowl, which,

'Like painted *birds*,
Upon a painted ocean,'

floated almost motionless. Luxuriant oleanders, twined round the lake like a garland, stretched out their fresh green leaves and fair lilac flowers to meet the limpid waters, upon a strand covered with tiny spiral shells. The Lake of Gennesareth seemed to know no winter. The fresh turf we trod upon was bright with anemones, and the feathery trees that studded the plain—beautiful to look on, but terrible to touch—were thorns, covered with small, delicately formed leaves of a brilliant green.

Tranquilly fair as was the scene, it was not till sunset shed upon it that magic light which is the great charm of an eastern eve, that Galilee blushed into loveliness. The rugged hills of Bashan assumed a violet hue, and, softened by gentle shadow, closed in a landscape of rare and glowing beauty. Not unfitting was that placid scene to the peaceful and holy memories attached to it. How often

'Over these acres walk'd the blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.'

On that pure lake, and on these still shores, how many miracles of mercy were performed, and how often were the once famous cities, upon the unmarked sites of which we wandered — Chorazin and Bethsaida—warned of their approaching doom.*

The thousand lilies which, though not

* About forty years after this period, a strange fight took place upon the Lake of Tiberias, if fight it could be called, where the forces were so unequally matched. The unfortunate Jews, hunted from the land by the Roman legions, took refuge on the water, where their invaders, for a time, could not follow them, for want of ships. But Roman energy soon overcame the difficulty. From the woods around timber was cut, and large vessels built, with which the unhappy Jews were soon hunted down. They defended themselves with desperate but unavailing courage, pelting the Romans with stones, for lack of more formidable weapons; but the lake was soon covered with their dead bodies, and a terrible slaughter was made, both on the water and in the surrounding country—those spared being sent, as slaves, to cut through the isthmus of Corinth. Vespasian, Trajan, and Titus, were all present at this action.—*Whiston's 'Josephus.'*

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then in blossom, still clothed the plain with verdure, were growing on the very field which they arrayed in glory when alluded to by our Saviour, in his beautiful illustration of the goodness of God.

I have already noticed the thorn-trees, which were thickly scattered over the plain of Galilee. The species is common in Palestine, and, though very different from what Italian painters have supposed, is presumed to be the tree of which the 'crown of thorns' was made. The branches, being long, slender, and pliant, could easily be plaited; and, as they are thickly covered with small glossy ivy-shaped leaves, a double mockery might be conveyed in a wreath which would greatly resemble the classic crown of victory or empire. No plant can be more treacherous than this gentle-looking tree, as it conceals under every leaf a thorn, curved like a fish-hook, which grasps and tears everything that touches it. Whilst noticing these trees, I may mention what appeared to me a peculiarity in Syrian ornithology. It is the great tendency which the birds have to live, as it were, in colonies, various districts being occupied exclusively by different tribes. Upon the highest branch of almost every one of these thorns sat a butcher-bird; and, in some of them, hundreds of the previous year's nests were clustered together in dense masses, unapproachable from their fence of thorns. I am not aware to what bird the nests belonged. Of the *Lanus shrike*, or butcher-bird, there are upwards of fifty different varieties. The species so common at Galilee was the *Lanus excubitor*, or great butcher-bird, so called from the alleged fact of his spitting his prey—small birds and beetles—upon thorns, before pulling them to pieces with his bill. The back of this bird is ash-coloured, his breast a dirty white, his wings and tail being composed of white and black feathers. I was confirmed in Syria, in what I suspected, from the only butcher-bird I ever shot or saw in Britain—that, considering its size, no animal is more tenacious of life, and the amount of shot they can carry off is extraordinary.

Wherever fig-trees were plentiful, I observed the speckled woodpecker; and groves of olives were sure to be peopled exclusively by jays. Even the Mount of Olives, though the trees are but scantily scattered over it, resounded with the harsh screams of these noisy birds. Goldfinches, larks, and starlings, in flocks, to the numbers of which we have nothing to compare in Britain, almost cover the hills and plains of the open country. The vast assembly of malards at Bahr el Houle I have already noticed; and all the rooks that I saw in Syria were congregated in one vast rookery at Katana. It surprised me, that I never saw that almost ubiquitous bird, the magpie, in the East.

Lastly, the waterfowl, which in great numbers spotted over the surface of the Sea of Galilee, though of many different species, were, without exception, of the colymbus or grebe tribe. I broke the sabbath of the scene with but a single shot, and having wounded one of these birds, which seemed peculiar, I swam out after it into the lake, and it was only then that I was fully aware of its perfect transparency. Looking down, I saw the bottom at a depth of thirty or forty feet, as plainly as if no water intervened, and the poor grebe had no chance of escape, as, observing every movement it made when under water, I had only to be ready to secure it on its coming to the surface. It appeared to me, that, as these birds, when disturbed, trust to diving and not to flight, they might easily be caught by an expert swimmer, owing to the extreme clearness of the lake.

Our people had proceeded to Tiberias without stopping, and in the afternoon our two companions followed them, leaving us still lingering on a spot at once so interesting in its associations, and so fascinating in its beauty. We mounted our horses, just as the sun went down, but soon the moon shone out, bringing with it a silver light, and resting, with all its company of stars, upon 'Deep Galilee,' which lay as bright and still as on that night when its angry waves were hushed, 'and there was a great calm.'

Among the objects that glimmered white in the moonlight was a strange rock, standing near the shore, like a solitary pillar in the lake. A round block of stone, the top of which swelled out into a globe, it very much resembled a gigantic Turkish tombstone, surmounted by its sculptured turban. And eighteen hundred years ago that changeless rock stood there as now, and must often have attracted the notice of One whose slightest mention of it would have rendered it an object of veneration throughout all time! Looking on it, and on the

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turf that conceals every trace of Capernaum, that town where the Saviour so often dwelt, as to cause it to be called 'his own city;' and remembering the uncertainty that hangs over almost every locality and individual spot which tradition has connected with the earthly pilgrimage of the Son of God, I could scarcely avoid the conclusion, that it is something more than accident and mere misfortune, that has thus consigned them to oblivion, or surrounded them with doubt.

The remark may be extended to the objects which have been connected with the worship of Jehovah, or the places which have been associated with the names of his prophets. The Hebrew race remains, a living monument of the past, but the material symbols of their religion have long since utterly disappeared. Let us not say that time has necessarily consigned them to oblivion. The great people who once held the Jews in captivity, have withered away; but the enduring Pyramids, and the mysterious Sphinx, still stand unmoved on the banks of the Nile. The tombs of the kings and priests of Egypt remain unaltered, covered with the records of a remote antiquity; but the sepulchre of Moses 'no man knoweth unto this day.' The fanes sacred to Baal or to Osiris still stand in columned grandeur; but of the Temple of the Most High no stone is left above another. The sculptured gods of the Greeks, the prison of their murdered sage, the graves of their heroes, these, and much more, remain; but where are the relics of the Saviour? where are the earthly footprints of our Lord and his apostles? Are they not lost because of the proneness of man to cleave to some visible object of worship, and to pay that adoration to the *thing*, which is due only to HIM by whom all things were created, and who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?

The plain of Gennesareth does not extend so far to the south as Tiberias, and before reaching that town, the banks of the lake become rugged and steep, and our path led along rocky heights, covered with brushwood, amidst which we heard the piercing cries of the jackals, almost close to our horses' feet. On approaching Tiberias, we found it, to our surprise, surrounded by tents, a regiment of soldiers having bivouacked near the place, and we only discovered our own encampment, after firing repeated shots, which were at length responded to by our friends.

SONNET.

The gorgeous temples of the gods of old
Have fallen, and ruins mark their ancient place:
Olympian Jove hath fled, and left no trace,
To mark where erst he reign'd. No urn doth hold
A relic of the hero's once so bold
To claim supremacy and worship base
From fellow-beings; and the mighty faiths
Of Greece and Rome are laid 'midst offerings cold.
But in their stead hath risen on Love's white wing,
A fair Religion, purer, loftier far:
Within the temple of the heart of man,
It builds its everlastingness as can
No other wild belief, and it doth fling
A glory o'er his trials as day's beaming star.

F. C.

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SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER III.

PICTURE-SEEING.

ANNE'S approaching pleasure was the general subject of conversation the next morning. The family feeling was not unanimous on the occasion—that could scarcely be expected. The children were loudly glad; Mr Dynevor quietly, but unmistakeably pleased; but Helen was somewhat silent, and Anne felt it hard that her mother was evidently annoyed, rather than gratified, at this mark of attention being shown by Mrs Lumley to her eldest daughter, instead of to Helen.

'Why, she scarcely ever saw you in her life,' was the remark with which she wound up a long string of wonderings and conjecturings; 'she knows nothing in the world about *you*.'

'Oh, pardon me, but you are mistaken there,' interposed Mr Dynevor, looking up from his newspaper. 'Mrs Lumley has heard a good deal of Anne—from mutual friends.'

'What mutual friends?'

'Myself—if you will permit me to be numbered in the category—and Mr Avarne.'

Anne coloured a quick, painful crimson, and then coloured again from simple fear of detection. But the emotion passed unnoticed, Helen and the children having left the room, and all her father's attention being occupied by Mrs Dynevor's loudly-expressed disdain, at the first utterance of which, Anne gladly fled into the recesses of her store-closet.

'Mr Avarne, indeed! What nonsense will you put into our heads next, I wonder? as if Mr Avarne had not something else to talk about besides a parcel of young women.'

'That expression is scarcely elegant, my dear,' returned her husband, with his most provoking air of affected gravity, 'and is entirely misplaced on the present occasion. I never accused Mr Avarne of talking about any other young woman but Anne.'

'Of all young women, the most unlikely!' cried Mrs Dynevor, with singular irritation. 'A man like Mr Avarne, who goes into so much society, who sees so many people:—why, he must know everybody of note in London.'

'The more reason he should be able to recognise and appreciate goodness when he meets with it, I think. Much intercourse with the world—by which I mean the "world" of London society—is apt to shake one's faith in its existence, I can tell you. However,' continued Mr Dynevor, growing serious and explanatory, 'Mr Avarne only mentioned Anne's love of pictures when Mrs Lumley was talking about them, and she then invited her to go with her this morning. He also made an observation about some sketches of Anne's which he had seen one day;—very ordinary remarks. I don't think, had you been there to hear, they would have afforded you food for a tithe part of a censure, or for the merest atom of wonderment.'

Mrs Dynevor turned away with an angry and rather inconsequent 'Nonsense!' But her husband settled himself to his newspaper again, with evident deprecation of further argument. Anne might come forth from her sugar and rice with impunity; as, indeed, she was very soon compelled to do, the customary matutinal appeals to her now ensuing.

'Sister Anne, will you mend this hole in my jacket before I go to school?' was Albert's demand.

'May I say my lessons now?' said little Grace.

'Anne, you must see to Rebecca the first thing,' Mrs Dynevor interposed, 'and give her clear directions about the dinner.'

And Helen brought up the rear, by entering with the memorable white dress hanging on her arm. 'Dear Anne, I tore this lace off, last night. Would you sew it on again for me? You will do it so much more neatly than I can.'

'Now, good people all,' cried Mr Dynevor, just as Anne was leaving the room to execute the kitchen duties impressed on her by her mother, 'if you crowd tasks upon Anne in this fashion, she will never be ready by the time Mrs Lumley calls. And mind you, Mrs Lumley is a very worthy woman, for a woman of fashion, and kind-hearted as she is light-headed; but you would find, I suspect, that she

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strongly objects to be kept waiting. I beg that Anne may be dressed an hour beforehand. I particularly wish she should not be hurried.' And his wife's remonstrance was effectually cut short by—'Now I'm going to set to work for the day. Run away, everybody, and let me be quiet,' &c.

Anne had reason to be grateful for her father's interference. Mrs Dynevor might complain, and be reproachful and indignant, but, nevertheless, she always respected her husband's injunctions too much to think of disregarding them. And Helen, whose fair brows were somewhat clouded for a minute or two, when she found not only that her claim on her sister's services was to be postponed, but that on herself would devolve some of Anne's many and various duties for the day—Helen, on consideration, resolved not only to be amiable, but to appear so, too.

She surprised Anne by running up to her room, where she was dressing, with kind offers of assistance. She fluttered about the room, opening boxes, and tumbling the contents of drawers, with a show of zeal that was quite edifying, though, to say the truth, not of great efficacy in furthering Anne's proceedings. But the elder sister was too happy in the kindness, to care much for the help. And, after all, despite every contending hindrance—including little Grace's lessons, which she had resolved on superintending herself, before she left home—Anne was dressed and ready, and, as her father complacently remarked, 'looking neither flushed nor pale, but very much as she ought to look,' some time before the roll of carriage wheels, and a footman's imperative knock at the door, announced the expected arrival.

Mr Dynevor handed his daughter into the carriage, and exchanged a few words with Mrs Lumley before it drove off. Mrs Dynevor meanwhile looked furtively from behind the drawing-room curtains—an example which Helen with lofty scorn declined to follow, although she nevertheless attended with some interest to her mother's descriptive remarks on what she saw.

'Two ladies in the carriage! Who is the other, I wonder? Do you know her, Helen? Thin, and dark, and past thirty, I should think. Who *can* she be?'

'I haven't the least idea; it doesn't signify.'

'Ah, your father is coming in again. There they go. *He* will be able to tell us, very likely.'

At that same moment, Anne was put in possession of the coveted information, by being presented to the lady sitting opposite to her.

'Miss Dynevor—Miss Blackburn.'

Bows were duly exchanged, and Anne glanced quietly at her new acquaintance, who considerately directed her eyes towards Mrs Lumley for a minute or two, so as to permit the inspection.

She was a woman past the period conventionally regarded as youthful; and, indeed, there was something in her face which seemed to denote that her spirit had grown old with the years that had gone over her, and that she was not one of those happy few who, even when they cease to *look* young, retain within the inner and truer self, the best and purest elements both of childhood and of youth. In Miss Blackburn's face there was none of that steadfast and serene calm which is equally characteristic of exceeding wisdom or infinite innocence. The eyes were bright, quick, and searching; the mouth expressive, and restlessly mobile, when not under a control which, however, was somewhat often exercised, resulting in a tightening of the lip, a constraining of the muscles, that did not improve either the symmetry or expression of the countenance thus disciplined. Her voice was like her face. It was not harsh; there was even a wandering music, very earnest and healthful in its occasional tones; yet there was also a jarring inflection which it took too frequently, and an almost total absence of that indefinite something, at once so beautiful and so necessary to the beauty of a woman's voice; the graciousness and gentle sweetness which, because it springs from the spirit of *loving* within her, is of all her graces the most loveable.

'Do you like pictures?' was the abrupt and rather commonplace question with which she turned to Anne. And then, while receiving the inevitable assent, she looked in her face with an inquiring, but not unkindly gaze.

'Oh, Miss Dynevor has a real enthusiasm for art,' said Mrs Lumley; 'which is so rare in these languid times, as to call for grateful appreciation from all quarters.'

'A real anything, when one can but find it, is like water in a dry land, I think,' remarked Miss Blackburn, no longer looking at Anne, and with the pleasanter light in her eyes usurped by a hard glitter,

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which, unhappily, seemed more habitual to them.

'And you are an artist yourself, I have heard, Miss Dynevor,' continued Mrs Lumley.

Anne eagerly and earnestly deprecated the title.

'Do you only draw *a little*, then, after the fashion of young ladies generally?' asked Miss Blackburn, with a smile which would have been more agreeable had it been free from a certain slight but perceptible shade of sarcasm.

'More than "a little" in that sense,' replied Anne, courageously; 'yet little enough when measured by the magnitude of such a name as *artist*.'

'I perceive that your reverence for art is equal to your enthusiasm'—and Miss Blackburn's smile grew more genial; 'the two feelings are not always co-existent, unfortunately.'

Anne looked a little puzzled, a little incredulous—a look which the bright dark eyes were quick to interpret.

'I will tell you more clearly what I mean. The enthusiasm which arises out of reverence is deeper and sincerer, stronger and more lasting, than the vivacious sentimentality which ordinarily goes by the name. Do you agree with me now?'

'I think, yes; except,' hesitated Anne, while her interlocutor bent a keen gaze upon her—'except that you imply so wide a scepticism as to the reality ——'

'Of every-day folks' raptures,' finished Miss Blackburn. 'Exactly so. Think a moment, and you will perceive what a reasonable sceptic I am. How many young ladies who "adore" music, would know Mozart from Jullien? How many who "dote on" the country, would give up a ball or a fashionable promenade for the loveliest scene in nature, lit by the divinest heaven that ever shone? Tell me, now.'

'But,' Anne said, smiling, though feeling painfully that she could not attempt to answer this demand, 'these are only one class; young ladies are not all humanity.'

'The most advantageous species from which to illustrate for your purpose, I think,' returned her adversary. 'So far as my experience goes, I believe women to be more innately sincere than men; and certainly the young, both from temperament and circumstance, are less calculating and less conventional than those who have learned for a longer time the admirable lessons taught in the school of the world. Where will you look for truth, if not among young women?'

Anne was baffled; though feeling clearly that the argument was illogical, she could not demonstrate its falsity. She was silent for a few moments, and at length only said, thoughtfully, 'Then, where do the true and sincere people come from?'

'It would be more to the purpose to inquire where they go to, I think. In what strange nooks do they so effectually conceal themselves?' said Miss Blackburn, with a harsh laugh, which caused Anne to shrink back involuntarily.

But here Mrs Lumley effected a timely diversion by making some casual remark, and the conversation became more general and more lively. Miss Blackburn did not often join in it. She leaned back, and her restless eyes wandered from the passers-by in the street to the quiet, womanly face opposite to her, fixing themselves longest there, although Anne never encountered them once.

Mr F——'s studio was in one of the pleasantest suburbs, quite on the other side of London to the drearier district where the Dynevors dwelt. It was a long drive, and pleasant towards its close, when they passed through some lanes, and beside some fields not yet built upon, and where the wind blew freshly, and the air seemed clearer, and the sunshine brighter.

'Who says we have nothing of nature near London?' demanded Mrs Lumley, triumphantly. 'Look, Miss Blackburn. In the summer, these lanes are green and beautiful; even now, you can see the hedges just beginning to bud. And those trees in the field there!—it is quite a bit of the country.'

'I see two hedges extending for a quarter of a mile, six or seven trees, a field, a garden, and, beyond that, rows of villas, and an infinitely extending distance of chimneys. Do you think this is anything like *nature?* Oh, my dear Mrs Lumley, you might as well call a birch broom a birkenshaw! It is an interminable dispute between us, you must know,' she explained to Anne; 'Mrs Lumley being an ardent upholder of the delights and advantages of a London residence, while I —I have lived all my life in the country, and scarcely count it living to be anywhere else.'

'You love the country, then?' said Anne, interested.

'Yes,' was the curt answer; 'and you

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may give me credit, too,' she added, laughing, 'for being sincere so far, at least, though I see you don't think me entitled to a consideration I refuse to other people.'

'On the contrary,' returned Anne, smiling also, 'I am only too glad that you should be the first to disprove your own doctrine.'

'A doctrine which you don't believe? Well, well; I don't know what right I have to try and infect you with the disease of doubt, any more than with scarlet fever or small-pox. We that have gained that miserable gift of experience, are unfortunately too apt at sharing it with our happier neighbours who have none. If people would be equally generous with their more desirable possessions, it would be a better balanced world than it is.'

Anne did not reply; her eyes were directed towards the garden of the house they were approaching.

'We are arrived at our destination,' announced Mrs Lumley, as the carriage now stopped—'and, I declare—here is Mr Avarne at the gate! This is delightful indeed. How kind of you to come!' she continued, as she shook hands with the gentleman, who had advanced to assist them from the carriage.

'Truly kind, delightful, and opportune,' added Miss Blackburn, with real pleasure evident in her look and voice. 'I was afraid I should not see you again before I return into Sussex. What made you think of coming here to-day?'

'The knowledge that, if I did so, I should meet you,' he replied, with a smile, which comprehended the three ladies, but rested finally on Anne's face, wherein a faint flush had arisen. It passed soon; she was her usual self, quiet and serene, before any one could remark the transient disturbance.

They all passed into the house, and were shown into the studio. There lay, upon the easel, the great picture they had come to see.

'F—— is not here, I find,' Mr Avarne said; 'he was not aware of your intended visit—as I was. But he may be content to leave his work as his representative.'

He placed chairs for them in the proper light to view it, and then, at her expressed desire, stationed himself beside Mrs Lumley, who evinced considerable perseverance, and quite a fresh fund of vivacity, in the effort to engross his attention.

'I've a thousand things to ask you,' she began, after a brief and impatient glance at the painting; 'I couldn't get a word with you last night. Is it true that you are going to join your mother at Florence this spring? No! Well, I thought not. Would you believe it, Lady Ladbroke insisted upon it, said there were reasons—*matrimonial* reasons, too—why you had decided to go. Most absurd I thought it at the time, and told her so. And whom do you think she hinted at as the *fiancée*?'

'I am in a most happy state of innocence; I entreat you not to destroy it,' said Mr Avarne, with scarcely disguised annoyance. 'Don't you think that erect figure on the left there is finely brought in?'

'Very; beautiful effect of colour in the robe. And for Lady Ladbroke, of all people, to pretend to know anything about the matter! Why, she is the merest acquaintance both of Mrs Avarne and yourself.'

'That is really too bad,' observed Miss Blackburn; 'she ought to know that it is the exclusive privilege of *friends* to tell falsehoods about one another.'

For the first time, Miss Blackburn's irony was not altogether disagreeable to Anne; nor, apparently, to Mr Avarne either, for it was with a very kindly smile that he now turned to her from Mrs Lumley.

'Have you written to my mother lately?' he asked. 'In her last letter to me, she complained of your silence.'

'Nay, I am a model of a correspondent, I contend. I always write whenever I've anything to write about; when I haven't, I let pen and ink alone. I wish all my epistolary friends would follow the same plan. Now, I intend writing quite a despatch to Florence when I return home. I shall have all about my London visit to detail, and, besides that, a most rare and precious piece of village news to communicate. New neighbours! Fancy the incursion of a new family into quiet little Hillington.'

'Especially interesting to my mother, too, since, I believe, these new neighbours of yours are acquaintances of her own.'

'Oh, do you know the Grants, then? Have you known them long?'

'A year or two. But Miss Dynevor,' he added, with a certain hesitation—'Miss Dynevor is an intimate friend of the family.'

'Indeed! I am glad to hear that,'

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was Miss Blackburn's comment, 'since there may thus be some chance of our meeting again in the country. I hope, Miss Dynevor, that you are in the habit of visiting your distant friends occasionally?'

Miss Dynevor, ever since the first mention of Hillington, had been particularly intent on the picture before her. She was compelled to look up now, however, and did so, but with embarrassment. She was not unwilling to be interrupted, before she had time to reply, by Mrs Lumley's eager curiosity.

'Grant! Are you talking of poor Mrs Grant, who is in such distress because her son is leaving her? Mr Avarne, do you know anything about it? Can you tell me why he is going to India?'

'I know nothing. It seems to have been a sudden resolution,' he replied, absently.

'I heard that some excellent civil appointment was the temptation. Yet I always thought the Grants were in good circumstances. But does he expect to be long absent from England?' pursued the inquisitive lady, with such a questioning look at Anne, that she was compelled to answer.

'Not more than two or three years, I believe,' she said, in a voice steady enough, but which to a vigilant ear betrayed the effort it cost to keep it so.

Miss Blackburn looked at her with a sudden, half-compassionate glance, which she was quick to remove, seeing the crimson flush it brought into her face.

'Well,' she said, kindly, after a brief pause, 'three years soon pass—as even Mrs Grant, a mother waiting for her son's return, will find. And, after all, *absence* is not the saddest experience in life, by very, very many.'

'Oh, indeed, I can't agree with you, Miss Blackburn,' objected Mrs Lumley, sentimentally; 'to part with those we love, always seems to me the most trying thing in the world. What *can* be worse?'

'Heaven forbid that you should be enlightened, my dear madam!' exclaimed Miss Blackburn, with her hard, cold laugh. 'And suppose now, that, just for form's sake, we look at that which we came to see.'

Anne was glad that now, for a few minutes at least, all eyes were turned towards Mr F——'s 'Queen Boadicea.' She had time to become calm, and to be duly provoked with herself for having ever ceased to be so. But she was happily deceived with the idea that her embarrassment had passed unnoticed, save, perhaps, by the quick eyes of Miss Blackburn, who, she trusted, would think no more of the matter.

Mrs Lumley's taste for art was evidently of a nature that required but little aliment in the way of visual gratification. For three minutes her eyes wandered over the picture, while various interjections, critical and laudatory, issued from her lips. Then she became restless, consulted her watch, looked out of the window to see if the carriage waited, and was on the point of proposing an immediate departure, when a recollection fortunately occurred to her. Her plan! She had a plan, about which she wished to speak to Miss Dynevor, if Miss Dynevor would have the kindness to leave the picture for a moment, and draw her chair to the window. This done, she commenced, her vivacity quite renewed.

'A charming plan, I am sure you will say, and sure to be successful, if I can only get together the party I wish. It is a birth-day festivity, and the parent idea was a pic-nic; only, you see, people who have the misfortune to be born in March can't very well have *al fresco* entertainments on their birth-days. But I am determined to have something more out of the common way than a dinner-party, or a ball, or any London gaiety of the kind; and I want to gather my friends around me for two or three days at Chiswick. We will defy the seasons, and have an indoor pic-nic! What do you think of that?'

She stopped for the answering ecstacy, which Anne supplied, by smiling and looking as interested as she could.

'The scheme is perfect, if the people don't disappoint me. My sister's villa is a very gem of a place, with conservatories and the loveliest gardens, and charming drives and rides round about, should the weather be fine. If not, in the house there are pictures and books without end, and a first-rate billiard table; in fact, everything in the world to make people happy. Isn't that delightful? Don't you like my plan?'

Anne smiled again, and admitted that her description was brilliant in the extreme.

'I'm charmed to hear you say so, my dear Miss Dynevor, for I've set my heart on you and your sister being with us. You positively must favour me so far.

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I entreat you not to tell me you are engaged for the 27th and the two following days. You are not? Now I'm really happy.'

Anne felt all the cruelty of which she was guilty, in proceeding to cloud this newly-acquired happiness; but it was necessary to make the engagement conditional, both for her sister and herself. It must be confessed that her own desire to share in the proposed gaiety was not overpowering; but she remembered the pleasure it would give to Helen, if it were possible to accept the invitation thus cordially made. For Helen's sake, she hoped it might prove possible—a hope which ceased to be so entirely unselfish, when Mrs Lumley, in counting her promised guests, named among them Mr Avarne. Anne blushed quite guiltily, recognising how differently 'the most charming plan in the world' appeared to her then.

During this discussion, Mr Avarne and Miss Blackburn had continued faithful to the picture, before which they remained quietly enough. But Anne safely out of hearing, Miss Blackburn turned to her neighbour with the remark, 'I like that young lady. I don't quite know why.'

'Don't you?' he answered, with a smile which became almost sad when her gaze no longer rested on him.

'No. It is so seldom I "take a liking" to any one, much less to one of the tribe of *demoiselles*. But this is an exceptional case—at least I think so; though one can hardly judge upon a two hours' acquaintance. How long have you known her?'

'Some months,' he replied, bending closer towards some point in the painting which he was examining.

'Indeed! Since you were at Hillington, then?'

'I believe I had met Mr Dynevor before that. Surely you must have heard me speak of Mr Dynevor.'

'Yes; I think I remember. She is his daughter? And where did you meet them?'

'At the Grants,' said Mr Avarne, beginning to fancy his mother's old friend less agreeable than he had ever before known her.

'At the Grants? Ah!'

Miss Blackburn checked the sigh—not so quickly, however, but that her companion detected it, and the half bitter, half sorrowful expression which passed over her face. Strangely enough, it seemed to communicate a deeper gloom to his own. He became very thoughtful, and it was fortunate that Miss Blackburn's humour chimed so far with his, that she never noticed his taciturnity. Upon their silence, Mrs Lumley's lively rattle of words fell like a sharp down-dropping of hail.

'Well, good people all, have you seen enough? What inveterate picture-gazers you are!' she cried, in very honest astonishment. 'Not for the world would I disturb you, or cut short your enjoyment; but —— Miss Dynevor and I have had our little talk very satisfactorily, and I have heard my horses pawing the ground this last half-hour. So, if you are *quite* ready ——'

Of course, thus adjured, everybody was quite ready, and two minutes saw the ladies in the carriage, and Mr Avarne standing by the step in some seeming hesitation.

'Oh, nonsense! You come with *us*, of course,' said the fair mistress of the pawing steeds. 'We are going for a drive; there is plenty of time, and I want to show Miss Dynevor the road leading towards River View. *Do* come.'

Apparently the last entreaty was irresistible, and Mr Avarne got in. Anne had carefully looked another way while the discussion was pending; but there could be no reason now why she should do so. It was only courteous to look pleased, besides being a great relief to look as she felt, which Anne very much preferred doing when she could.

Mr Avarne having decided on accompanying the ladies, appeared resolved also to render his companionship not unwelcome. His gloom disappeared. It was not that he spoke more frequently than before, or with any definite difference either of tone or manner. But there was a change. The subjects on which he talked were bright—were living, wholesome, energising. He saw, and made the others see, the clearness of the spring sky far towards the west, and away from the cloud-hung city, whence they were going. Miss Blackburn's occasional sarcastic utterances met from him with no sympathy, no support. If he could not at once show that she saw falsely the thing whereon she bestowed the biting civilities of her attention, he at least succeeded in impressing the probability that she had as yet viewed but one, and that the least fair side of the object of her censure. In the haven of his geniality and forbearance, all

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found a shelter; even Mrs Lumley's platitudes were met by something wiser than mockery, and her unconsciously apparent worldliness rebuked by something holier than a sneer.

It was a pleasant drive. The two hours it occupied were happy hours to Anne, at least. Quietly she sat, and silent, except when silence might have risked remark; but, whether mute or speaking, ever listening and observant. She could not afford to miss a syllable; she grudged the loss of a gesture or a glance. This was one of her harvest times, wherein she gathered up the treasures of the summer bounty, and garnered them in her heart. How often would they serve for sustenance, in the days when the sunshine should be hid behind clouds—'the days that are cold, and dark, and dreary?' Anne would not trouble herself by seeking an answer to this question, which yet involuntarily occurred to her more than once.

They were returning. They were drawing near that part of the town where Anne lived, already wearing its afternoon robe of fog—yellow, and dense, and suffocating; redolent of smoke and city odours, oppressive and pestiferous to the eyes which beheld, as to the lungs which inhaled it. It was coming back to reality indeed—a cheerless reality, neither so natural nor so beautiful as the dream which had preceded it. Anne woke with a shiver. Never had the unwholesome suburb appeared so dismal to her; never had the narrow streets looked so dirty and squalid, nor the better rows of 'genteel' houses so dingy, tasteless, and angular. The shrill cries of the ragged children playing or fighting with each other—the angry voices of one or two women disputing outside a public-house—the monotonous whine of a beggar on the pavement—and the loud, hoarse shouting of a ballad-singer in the road; here was a fitting accompaniment of sound to all visible environments.

Miss Blackburn was looking round her, with her usual alert air of observation, this time mingled with some deeper feeling of interest and concern. She glanced silently at Anne, over whose countenance had grown a sort of mist too impalpable to be thought of as a cloud, but still shadowing it as a cloud might have done. Mrs Lumley had also been looking about, with the very evident discomfort and revulsion which minds of a certain calibre always manifest when brought into contact with that which is at once strange and physically disagreeable to their perceptions. She was not in the habit of reflecting much before she spoke; whatever was passing in her thoughts, was tolerably certain of finding immediate utterance. It was the case now.

'This is a most unpleasant part of London,' she began, in happy unconsciousness that her companions were all rendered more or less uneasy by her frank declaration. 'I should think it can't be healthy, either; so close, so smoky, and lying so low, too. Do you find it agree with your family, Miss Dynevor?'

'Do people ever find London agree with them, I wonder?' was Miss Blackburn's timely interruption. 'If they do, I pity them. I'd rather die in it, than love to live in it. Ay, Mrs Lumley, to your face I say so!'

'My father likes London,' said Anne, feeling constrained to say something, 'and he is attached to this part of it, from association. We have lived here ever since I can remember.'

'Oh, I am aware of Mr Dynevor's love of London,' cried Mrs Lumley, her ideas thus luckily directed into a new channel; 'he is an old ally of mine on the subject. He quite sympathises with Charles Lamb and me.'

'Do you know I'm sincerely sorry to find you so creditably supported,' declared Miss Blackburn, bluntly. Then turning to Anne, with a softened voice she resumed, 'I hope, however, that you do not share the paternal predilection for a town life?'

'No,' said Anne, impulsively, 'unfortunately, no.'

'Why do you say *unfortunately?*' Miss Blackburn asked.

Anne, looking up, met Mr Avarne's earnest gaze, which was, besides, something more than earnest. She looked down again—agitated, but in such a sort that all things, past, present, and future, were for the moment transfigured. The happiness overflowed—trembled at her lips—shone liquidly in her eyes. It was well she kept them drooped.

'I don't know why I said so,' she answered, faltering. It had been an almost insuperable difficulty to speak at all, and she deserved credit for accomplishing the feat—none guessed how much.

'You could not mean it, I'm sure,' said Miss Blackburn, kindly, explaining in her own way Anne's disturbance of manner. 'And I trust you will demonstrate

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your love of the country by coming very soon to visit your friends there.'

'Oh, yes; I forgot that. Miss Dynevor often stays with the Grants,' observed Mrs Lumley; 'you will see her at Hillington before the summer is over, no doubt. A curious coincidence!'

The carriage stopped at Anne's door. There was no time for more than a brief farewell; for Mrs Lumley appeared to be slightly *ennuyée*, and impatient for new scenes and new faces. Mr Avarne stood ready to assist Miss Dynevor to alight. She found self-possession in time duly to thank Mrs Lumley for the drive, and to receive, with propriety, a more than ordinarily impressive valediction from Miss Blackburn. Then she sprang to the ground, just touching the hand extended to her aid; and, without looking again at the face of the owner of the hand, passed quickly into the house.

'She seems an amiable girl,' was Mrs Lumley's comment, as they drove off, 'although without any of her father's brilliant talent, or her sister's brilliant beauty.'

'Her sister is a beauty, then?' questioned Miss Blackburn. 'It was she of whom I heard my brother speak. He met her at your party last night, did he not?'

'Yes; Major Blackburn admired her exceedingly. He will see her again at my birth-day fête. I advise him to take care of his heart.'

Miss Blackburn made no reply. It became incumbent on Mr Avarne to take the very flimsy ball of conversation from the fair widow, and keep it in the continual and easy motion which best pleased that lady; a manœuvre which he executed with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his companion.

. . . . . .

Anne had learned from the servant who opened the door, that her mother and Helen were out, and her father busy writing. Welcome news to the full heart, to the disturbed mind in which reigned chaos indeed, but the chaos as of a young, new world—untried, unsullied, undarkened.

She fled up to her own room, and locked the door.

Alone with her happiness, it is not for alien eyes to look on its first tears; it is not for human ears to listen to its first utterances. Those tears — those wordless utterances, half thanksgiving and half aspiration, rose as an incense, and returned upon her soul like dew; refreshing, leaving peace, a sweet and ordered calm, and silent thoughts, gentle and loving, infinitely patient, and all-hopeful. Something after this sort, might their dumbness have been translated:—

'I will never—I shall never be despondent again. It is not possible for fate to take this happiness from me. It is mine —mine. *It has been.* It can never be blotted away—torn out. Let what will happen to me—to him, even—he loves me *now!* I guessed—I almost felt it before. I know it to-day. . . . I am strong—I can bear all things, I think. The memory of this past hour will be always close at my heart; cheering it when it is troubled, supporting it when it is sore tried. I am content—oh, how content! Even should there never be another memory to dwell with it; if it always rests isolated, apart from, and different to all around it—a drop of light in an ocean of leaden and cloud-covered gloom — *it* will be there—must be there, unchanged and unchangeable. I thank God!'

And all this gladness present, and anticipation of content and courage to come, with which Anne sallied forth from her chamber, arose out of a look! Verily, it is a piteous thing that a woman should ever be—as she is often, alas!—crushed unto the dust with misery; seeing what a little thing sufficeth to raise her into a very delirium of bliss.

CHAPTER IV.

TROUBLE AT HOME, AND GAIETY ABROAD.

'Anne has been unusually bright these last two or three days, I think,' Mr Dynevor observed to his wife one evening, as they sat by the fire; Helen being away with some friends at the theatre, and the subject of his remark having gone upstairs with the children. 'Always cheerful as her aspect is, it is now something more. She not only looks serene, she looks happy.'

'Happy!' echoed Mrs Dynevor, with an inflection of voice almost as tragic as Pauline Deschappelles' celebrated utterance of the adjective. Indeed, the poor lady had been in a more than ordinarily tragic mood the whole day, in consequence of a combination of various domestic disasters and vexations, peculiarly trying to her spirit. 'I wish I were capable of throwing off my cares and anxieties as easily as other people do,' she continued, jerking her needle so emphatically, that the frail darning-cotton broke. 'Nothing seems to trouble some people. No one

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feels the constant miseries we are suffering under as I do.'

'Would it materially add to your comfort to have a companion in distress, my dear?' her husband asked; 'because, I have no doubt, Anne, or Helen, or I (to whom I conclude you allude, under the dignified disguise of "some people"), could oblige you by getting up a very respectable show of despondency at the shortest notice. I am sure, Mary,' he added, putting aside his air of banter, and assuming a kinder, as well as a more serious tone, 'you are too reasonable, and too affectionate a mother, to feel anything but pleasure and relief in the happy looks of your children.'

'No one can accuse me of want of love for my children,' his wife answered, with something like a sob. 'Goodness knows, if it were not for them, I should not care—I should never grieve.'

'And I know it, too,' rejoined Mr Dynevor, with an effort to smile off her lugubriousness, and his own consequent annoyance. 'But come —— I was speaking of our Anne. I am glad to see the underlying light in her eyes, the elastic spring in her step, the ease with which her mouth relaxes into smiles. She was never so much a girl as now—not at fifteen. It delights me—puzzles me also. What has changed her thus within a week?'

'It is since she went to the Grants. No doubt her visit did her good. And when people feel well it naturally puts them in spirits—young people, especially.'

'Ah, but not Anne. Well or ill, she is always her sweet, quiet, cheerful self. It is mental well-being that shines in her face now. After all, it is perhaps enough to see it, and be grateful, without seeking to penetrate into its cause.'

'But I don't know that,' said Mrs Dynevor, with some vivacity; 'if there *is* a cause, I should like to find it out. And now I remember, Helen told me—Helen has said more than once, that she thinks Anne likes Edward Grant. They were always great friends—it is a likely case enough. And I should be glad—satisfied for her to marry him.'

'Nevertheless,' observed the father, musingly, 'it is rather an odd interpretation of Anne's unwonted brightness—that she loves Edward Grant. In a day or two he sails for India.'

'Yes; but you know he has an excellent appointment there, by which he will make a handsome fortune in a very few years.'

'How do you know that is the case, my dear? How do you know he has this "excellent appointment?"'

'Of course he has. What else should he go away for? People don't go to Calcutta for change of air,' rejoined Mrs Dynevor. 'Nothing can be more promising than his prospects. And I daresay Anne sees that, and is contented. When he returns with a sufficient income, no doubt they will be married. It is much better than beginning life on the comparatively small stipend he would have had here from his profession. Anne is a sensible girl.'

Mr Dynevor was inclined to doubt the justice of the eulogium thus applied, highly as he thought of his eldest daughter's sense. But he said nothing.

'That is it, you may be quite certain,' went on Mrs Dynevor, beginning to be pleased with her own hypothesis, 'and that is the reason of her sudden light-heartedness. You know it is such a comfort to a woman to feel her prospects in life assured. I remember, Edmund, when I was first engaged to you, how happy I was! Ah, dear me! It seemed quite a different world.'

'And were you especially joyful when I had to leave you, that year I went to the Continent?'

'Well, no; I was miserable enough, to be sure. But then, you see, our engagement was so uncertain; it seemed even so hopeless, sometimes. It is a very different case with Anne and Mr Grant. They have only to wait, and may be quite at ease.'

'My dear, all mundane considerations set aside, do you think people who love one another can ever be "quite at ease," with several thousand miles between them? Could you? No! nor your daughter either. Besides, it is impossible that Anne should have engaged herself to Edward Grant, or any one else, without informing her father and mother.'

'I'm not so sure of that, Edmund,' persisted his wife; 'you have no idea how quiet Anne is about things—how silent she can be.'

'When it is advisable to be quiet—when it is right to be silent. But in the present instance it is neither. I don't believe in this engagement.'

'And I feel convinced of it, my dear,' concluded Mrs Dynevor; 'and I'll have a talk myself with Anne about it.'

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'On no account,' peremptorily cried her husband. 'Her secret, if she has one, shall not be extorted or surprised from her. And if, as I believe, your suspicions are groundless, it would be worse than useless to suffer her to see them. Don't say a word to her upon the subject.'

'Well, then, I'll ask Helen. You can have no objection to my speaking to Helen. And she may know, or guess something. I should like to be certain.'

'Speak to Helen, if you wish, though I don't see much use in your doing so. But be careful that Anne knows nothing of your inquisition.'

'I'll take care.'

And, to do her justice, Mrs Dynevor was very effectual in her precautions. Anne remained entirely unconscious of the conjectures respecting herself which were current in the family. Her thoughts and her feelings being at this time more introverted than was usual with her, her naturally acute observation and womanly quickness of perception were, if not blunted, partially sheathed, so to speak. She did not perceive the involuntary earnestness with which her father often regarded her, nor the glances of smiling intelligence which were occasionally exchanged between her mother and Helen. She was happily unaware of the general gaze directed towards her one morning, when Mr Dynevor read aloud the announcement of the sailing of the ship for Calcutta, which, as they all knew, bore Edward Grant on board. Little she guessed the conclusions drawn from her rapid change of colour as she listened; her thoughtfulness afterwards, and the downcast look which her face wore for some time that day.

The misapprehension must have corrected itself before long, but, unfortunately, new and serious themes arose to distract the attention of all. Anne's fears for her father's health were but too soon justified. The day before that fixed for Mrs Lumley's festivity (to which both the sisters had prepared to go), Mr Dynevor was unable to leave his bed; and, in the course of the morning, the usual pain and oppression in the head, from which he suffered after overwork, became so violent, that both in the hope of relieving him, and to satisfy their own anxiety, Anne sent for Dr Rogerson. When he came, his prescription was one given twenty times before, but reiterated now with additional and impressive gravity.

'Rest, perfect rest, mental and physical. My dear Miss Anne,' he continued, turning to the pale and anxious daughter, whom he had known since her early childhood, 'you must watch your father; you must keep him from pen and ink, as you would from poison.'

'I will—I will!' she cried, eagerly and earnestly.

Poor girl—this new sorrow brought with it the sting of remorse. She reproached herself bitterly for the self-engrossment of the last few days, which, she fancied, had prevented her from seeing in time, the symptoms of fatigue and exhaustion which generally heralded her father's illnesses.

If she had, indeed, failed in her usual watchfulness, she at least did her best now to repair the defalcation. With her characteristic quiet decision, she set about the various duties which now it became necessary to fulfil. Her mother, totally prostrated in the first shock of such a calamity as her husband's serious illness, was unable either to direct the household, or to officiate as nurse, with the mingled thoughtfulness and patience, quickness and gentleness, which so nervously sensitive a patient required. It was Anne to whom every one looked for direction, as well as for assistance. And it was not probable that they would look in vain.

The idea of going to Mrs Lumley's the next day was, of course, immediately abandoned. She could have hated herself for the pang of disappointment which she yet found it impossible to repress, although it was perfectly concealed from all observance; so well, indeed, that Helen said to her mother, 'No doubt she was glad to escape the infliction of a gay party, in which she never took much delight. It could be no sacrifice to *her*.' Anne heard the remark, and sighed over her own successful show of indifference.

Helen never pretended to a similar philosophy. She frankly avowed her desire to go, and consulted with Anne on the best means of attaining her wish.

'You know, dear Anne, I can be of no use at home. There is a plurality of nurses already. Why should I not go?'

'If you so greatly wish it,' said Anne, in a half constrained and hesitating tone, 'under the circumstances ——'

'Indeed, Anne, I *do* greatly, earnestly wish it,' returned Helen, with singular impressiveness; 'you don't know; you

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can't guess how much. I have set my heart upon it—there are reasons ——'

Anne might, in all simplicity, have inquired what were these reasons; or, at least, might have hazarded some conjecture of her own as to their nature; but at this moment her mother's voice sounding from the sick-room, summoned her away. And her thoughts being turned into another channel, the details of Helen's mysterious earnestness passed from her mind. She only remembered the fact itself, that the young girl was eagerly desirous of leaving the anxious and disturbed household, for the brilliant festivities at Mrs Lumley's. And such being the fact, the elder sister hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when circumstances led to the gratification of what, nevertheless, seemed an almost unnatural desire. Some friends sent, offering to take the sisters in their carriage to Chiswick, the next day; and the difficulty of transit thus removed, there appeared to be no obstacle to Helen's departure, if she herself saw and felt none.

Mrs Dynevor was too much absorbed in the trouble of the time to take more than a passing share in the discussion; although, had this been otherwise, the result, no doubt, would have been the same. Helen would like to go, and it had been her habit, since Helen's infancy, to indulge her in every practicable matter. Therefore, her consent was inevitable, and once given, nothing more was said to her on the subject. She seemed to think of it as little. All other considerations, even this of her favourite child, were swallowed up in the one overwhelming anxiety. Even her peevishness, her fretfulness ceased to be; the usual sources of irritation appeared innocuous for the time being; it seemed as if they were forgotten or crushed out, under the weight of this heaviest trial of all.

At times like these, she clung instinctively to Anne, as her aid and support under difficulty. Helen was the petted darling of her ordinary life; but when unusual circumstances brought unusual qualities into play, Helen was little solace, and no assistance. She had said truly—and alas! had felt no shame in the avowal—that 'she could be of no use at home.' It was probably less as a loss, than as an unrecognised relief, that Helen's absence would be felt by the harassed and disorganised family. And this, too, although she was not unamiable in her home relations, and was generally liked for her liveliness, her easy good nature, and that demonstratively affectionate disposition which is always sure to be popular—popularity, domestic, as well as public, commonly choosing to link itself with kindred shallowness and superficiality.

But there are epochs which are as the touchstone both to character and to popular estimation of it; and this was of them. So Helen—whose besetting sin was the fault most fatal to the beauty of a woman's character, *selfishness*—fostered by her mother's weak indulgence, till it was entirely ignorant of its own existence—Helen left the home, now clouded more than ever by the shadow of sickness, without any troublesome consciousness of the unloveliness, the unwomanly callousness of which she was thus guilty. She did not, or would not believe that her father's illness was anything serious; and, moreover, she had easily persuaded herself into the conviction, that her peace of mind, the happiness of her whole future, depended on her meeting Mr Avarne at Mrs Lumley's. She *must* go.

Anne had decided upon false premises, that it was impossible her sister could be in love with Mr Avarne. To love, in the higher and holier sense, indeed, was not in Helen's nature, which as yet was too light—too readily and rapidly impressed—to be capable of receiving a deep or indelible impression. But, like most girls, she had her dreams; and she was one of the many who dream of love, and take the vision for the reality. It was natural enough that she should fix on Mr Avarne for the hero of her romance, simply, because he was the only person with whom she came in sufficiently frequent contact. It might always be noted, that, after any unusual experience of society, Helen's enthusiasm palpably cooled; her allusions to Mr Avarne became less frequent, and more measured in their laudation. In one of Helen's temperament, these differences of outward manifestation denoted very faithfully the change in the feelings with which she regarded him. When she had much time to herself, her thoughts were apt to range in the one direction, fostering the species of sentiment she chose to call by a holier name. Much staying at home, and fresh endurances of the unromantic distresses of that home, were sure to bring Helen's state of mind to a crisis. This was the case now. She was flushed with

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agitation, trembling with the excitement of a vague expectancy, as she set out for Chiswick. She had bade adieu to her mother and sister with her usual lavishness of caresses and fond words, and tears, too, always ready of coming to her eyes; but, whether evoked by the pale and anxious looks of those she was leaving behind, or by some sensitiveness more personal to herself, it would be hard to say.

The children followed her to the door, and stood to see her enter the carriage—Albert, his hands in his pockets, and with an air of grim, condescending interest; and little Grace, her eyes widely opened in wondering admiration of Helen's freshly trimmed bonnet and new silk dress, the attainment of which luxuries had been compassed with considerable difficulty, and much ingenious contrivance on the part of all the female members of the family. It was impossible to deny that Helen looked exceedingly attractive. There was about her a more than ordinary degree of that bloom of youth which is almost pathetic in its intangible and mysterious beauty—undefined as a mist, colourless as air, yet radiant and glorifying as sunlight.

'Sister Helen looks like a queen, I think,' remarked Grace, with the true childish idea of regal attributes; 'don't you think so, Albert?'

That young gentleman's knowledge of the world was far too great to permit him to give the anticipated assent. He pondered gravely for a minute or two, as they still stood by the open door. Then, as he drew her into the house with a dignified assumption of fraternal care, he let fall a few sober syllables:—'You don't know much about queens, I expect, Grace. Come in—it's cold.'

And not till the little girl was safely out of hearing, did he relieve his mind by muttering to himself—

'A nice selfish queen, I know; going off to balls, when everybody is miserable. *I* don't like it!'

. . . . . .

The next day, at least, Albert's somewhat prematurely gloomy view of affairs was amply justified. Everybody was miserable enough. The expected improvement in Mr Dynevor's state had not taken place, and the doctor looked graver than ever. He said little at the time, but promised to call again as he returned from his rounds; and left poor Mrs Dynevor thoroughly prostrated in helpless despair by the bedside of her husband, who lay in the heavy, stupified, fevered sleep, which alternated with his more painful intervals of waking restlessness. Anne stood near, pale and tearless, but feeling that inward shivering of the heart which tells us, before we dare acknowledge it to ourselves, that we stand in the shadow of coming danger to the loved.

When the doctor had gone, Mrs Dynevor gave free vent to her grief. Anne came to her side, and gently essayed to comfort and re-assure her.

'Oh, Anne—Anne—your father!' was all the wife kept saying; the tone of her lamentations inconceivably ennobled by the extremity of the sorrow that gave rise to them. 'If only your father were well again, we could bear everything!'

'Be hopeful—let us all be hopeful,' Anne said, while her own *spirit* was sinking within her—'better still, let us have *faith*.'

The words strengthened herself even as she uttered them. And presently Mrs Dynevor dried her tears, and looked up, with a quieter melancholy settled on her countenance.

There was a light tap at the door; and little Grace entered. Her cheeks were dimpled with half-suppressed smiles, her eyes glistening with some childish consciousness of drollery, in strange contrast to the aspect of those in the sick room.

'There is such a funny man downstairs,' she began, and then stopped, her face instinctively drooping, as she noticed the depressed looks of her mother and sister. Everything was forgotten but the quick desire to show sympathy—a characteristic inseparable from simple, unperverted childhood — girl-childhood, especially—and she ran up to Anne with eager kisses and broken words:—

'Oh, sister Anne! Is papa—dear papa—worse?'

'Not worse, dear, I trust; but no better,' whispered Anne. 'Don't cry, or mamma will be sad again. We must all keep as cheerful as we can. What did you come to tell us?'

She had drawn her away from the bedside, and out of hearing of Mrs Dynevor. Grace, in a subdued tone, resumed her mission.

'A man came and wanted to see papa. Rebecca said he was not at home, and I

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was in the passage, and ran and said he was at home, but he was ill, in bed. And the man came in, and said something about my telling the truth, and being a good little girl, *so* funnily, sister Anne, you can't think.'

'What sort of a man? What does he want?' Anne was asking, with a vague sickening kind of fear, when she detected a stir on the stairs outside the door.

'Run to mamma, Grace, and stay with her till I come,' she hurriedly said, and then passed quickly from the room, closing the door behind her, very firmly, the little girl thought.

'Where has Anne gone?' cried Mrs Dynevor, uneasily; 'go and tell her she must not stay away long, Grace. If papa wakes, he must have his sago.'

'I know how to give papa his sago,' said Grace, eagerly; 'I've seen Anne pour it out of the little saucepan into this cup often. Let me do it.'

Her mother consented, and superintended the operation. Fortunately, therefore, Anne was not followed, and they remained quietly in the chamber till Mr Dynevor awoke. As always, his first confused gaze around him was in search of Anne; his first words were an inquiry for her.

'She will be here directly,' said Mrs Dynevor; adding numberless questions as to how he felt, how he had slept, &c. But these asked and answered, the invalid recurred to his own demand.

'Where is Anne? I wish Anne would come.'

'She has gone to see ——' began the ingenuous little Grace. But the disclosure was prevented by the re-entrance of Anne herself.

She looked less calm than usual. There was an indescribable appearance in her face, which any one who knew the circumstances would at once have recognised as compounded half of a shrinking, scared remembrance of something past; and half of dread and apprehension of that which was yet to come. Happily, however, no suspicions were aroused, and, therefore, no observation. Grace, who began a question about the 'funny man,' was easily interrupted, and presently taken aside, and happily established with a story-book on a stool by the fire.

'Sit quietly there, dear, and don't run about or talk, lest you disturb papa.'

And then Anne seated herself beside the bed, and prepared to read the day's newspaper to her father, as she was wont during his illness. She tried hard to steady her voice, to make her utterance distinct. It was beyond her power, however, to continue the effort for very long; more especially as her ears were eagerly strained all the while to catch every sound in the house below.

'I can't hear—I can't understand,' complained Mr Dynevor, at length. 'Mary, will you read?'

While Mrs Dynevor resumed the leading article, Anne constrained herself to remain quietly in her chair, her fingers busied with some needlework, on which it seemed as if her whole attention was fixed. It was her father's deep-drawn breathing that aroused her, and Mrs Dynevor simultaneously looked up, and ceased her measured delivery of the 'Times'' majestic periods.

'Asleep again!' said she, in an alarmed tone; 'how much he sleeps! I'm afraid it cannot be a good sign, Anne.'

'Dr Rogerson said, the more rest he had, the better it would be. It will ——'

Here Albert entered the room, with an odd look of half-frightened mystery in his face.

'Sister Anne—Mr Thorpe ——'

Anne rose quickly from her seat.

'I'm coming, Albert. I'll speak to you directly.'

'What is the matter? For heaven's sake, tell me what is the matter?' cried Mrs Dynevor, with vague terror.

'Hush, dear mamma. Don't let us wake my father. I will tell you all in a minute,' whispered Anne, her courage and presence of mind returning to her. 'Albert has been to fetch Mr Thorpe. I thought it best, since he knows about papa's affairs. He will arrange—he will settle —— Oh, mamma, compose yourself! For all our sakes, be calm!'

It was some time before Mrs Dynevor could be calm. She would know all; nothing must be kept from her; but when Anne, in obedience to the injunction, proceeded to explain to her, in a low tone, all that she herself knew and comprehended, the overwhelmed lady could only burst into incoherent expressions of misery and despair.

'Your poor father so ill; and now this new calamity! What is to become of us, Anne? Tell me—tell me—what is to become of us all?'

'Speak lower, dear mamma,' pleaded

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Anne, anxiously; 'the children are here, and it is better that they should not know.'

There was a pause. The afflicted Mrs Dynevor really strove to command herself, and at last began to shed her tears in silence. Anne, standing beside her, regarded her with a sad and troubled gaze, which sometimes wandered to the children — Albert alert and inquiring, but puzzled; and little Grace, with her innocent eyes raised in utter wonderment of what was going on.

'And now,' said Anne, presently, when her mother appeared to be restored to something like composure, 'will you see Mr Thorpe, mamma, or shall I?'

'*I* see him? Oh, my dear, how can I see him? What could I say ——'

'Then I must. He ought not to be kept waiting longer. But—but'—hesitated Anne, shrinking a little from the solitariness of the encounter—'if—you would just go into the room with me, mamma, it would be easier.'

'Oh, I cannot—I cannot,' cried Mrs Dynevor, quickly. 'How can I leave your father?'

'True—true,' murmured Anne, almost in compunction. And with no further hesitation, she left the room.

When she returned to it, about an hour afterwards, her father was awake, and talking to Dr Rogerson, who, according to his promise, had again called to see him. Mrs Dynevor sat by, but started up with uncontrollable anxiety as she caught the eye of her daughter. A look quieted her, and she resumed her seat. Anne approached the bedside.

'There is an improvement here within these three hours,' said Dr Rogerson, with a cheerful smile; 'our patient will soon slip from our hands, Miss Anne, if all goes on well, now.'

He turned to leave the room as he spoke, and by a look drew Anne and her mother after him.

'He is certainly better,' said he, when they were all gathered outside the door; 'and will continue to improve, I trust, daily—hourly. But there is something yet to be done, to insure his complete restoration. Immediately he is strong enough to bear a journey, he should be removed to the sea-side. The fresh bracing air, the quiet of the country, will do more to strengthen him than fifty physicians, and all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall to boot.'

'But it is impossible!' began Mrs Dynevor, almost in a shriek.

'No—no—no!' cried Anne, hastily entreating her silence; 'nothing is impossible, if it be necessary to my father's health.'

'I assure you of its necessity,' the doctor returned, gravely. 'Mr Dynevor may—will, no doubt—get better, as he has frequently done before from similar attacks, so as to resume his ordinary avocations for a time. But it will only be for a time. No permanent good will be effected, but by vigorous means and a radical change, such as I have advised. It is not the first time I have made the suggestion,' he added, with some emphasis, 'but I was never so convinced, as now, of its serious importance.'

'Since that is the case,' said Anne, quietly, as he left them, 'we will lose no time in conveying my father to some country place on the coast.'

'How can we? What are you thinking of? What do you intend to do?' cried Mrs Dynevor, bewildered, and half stupified.

'Listen to me for a minute, dear mamma,' replied Anne, in a low voice, 'and I will tell you.'

. . . . .

That same morning opened brightly on Mrs Lumley's gay party assembled at River View. Helen looked forth from the window of her pretty chamber, on a scene, clear, sunshiny, and spring-like, although the bright fire burning within the room was sufficiently welcome. Helen found it pleasant to sit beside it, during the half-hour that would elapse before the breakfast-bell summoned the various guests down-stairs. And the half-hour passed in retrospection and meditation.

First, she recalled all the incidents which had as yet characterised her stay. These were not many. Last night there had been music and dancing, chess and acted charades. She had taken part in many of these amusements, but somehow, without deriving any great enjoyment from any of them. Mr Avarne was there when she arrived, and she could not help noticing, with some wonder, his look of blank disappointment, as she made her sister Anne's excuses to Mrs Lumley. He came up to her afterwards, and talked for a little while; at first, on indifferent subjects—then about home, but without naming Anne, an

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omission, the infinite suggestiveness of which Helen had not yet learned to understand. After that, he had left her, and she had seen him, during the evening, either playing chess or bending over a book in some quiet corner of the room. Mrs Lumley rallying him on his unusual gravity, he had joined in the general conversation, with all apparent ease and *enjouement*. A very keen observer might have detected the effort it was to him; how forced was his gaiety, and how absent he sometimes was, in spite of himself. Helen was not that acute observer, although she watched him closely.

That she had the opportunity of doing this, showed that she herself had not been so happily engrossed in the society around her, as she possibly anticipated that she should be. And, in fact, among the many brilliant beauties whom Mrs Lumley had gathered together, Helen's attractions, if not absolutely overlooked, did not meet with the ready admiration and general homage which she had delightedly experienced more than once before. She felt in some degree *de trop* among the groups of graceful girls and surrounding cavaliers, who, all more or less intimate with each other, talked and laughed together about things, places, and persons that were entirely unfamiliar to Helen. It had been a real relief to speak and be spoken to by one whom she knew so well as she knew Mr Avarne. It was more than a relief, it was positive happiness, when, late in the evening, he came up to her again, and seated himself beside the table where she had stationed herself, drearily enough, to look at some prints. She was blissfully unconscious of the melancholy aspect she had worn; and still less was she aware that it had aroused Mr Avarne's notice, and sent him to her side with an instinct of something more like compassion than he would have chosen even himself to recognise. It was not unnatural, therefore, that Helen should see nothing in his manner—always peculiarly and chivalrously courteous to women — but that which afforded her complete and almost undisguisable delight.

But as she sat, musing on these past incidents in the cold light of the early morning, they did not wear quite so rosy an appearance as she could have wished. She was not able to free herself from a certain doubt and anxiety, about what she hardly cared to comprehend too clearly. The possibility that Mr Avarne cared for Anne—albeit it had strangely and wilfully occurred to her before, more than once—was to be rejected with the utmost disdain. It was out of the question—out of all likelihood, she said to herself, with almost angry decision. And even if he did so—to assume for a moment such an utter absurdity—Anne was in love with Edward Grant; that was quite certain.

Yet of this, Helen in her inmost heart was *not* quite certain, although she had originally suggested its probability, and she knew that her mother implicitly believed it to be the case.

'She is perhaps actually engaged to Edward Grant,' Helen said to herself, firmly—half-defiantly; 'at any rate, it is absolutely sure that she never cared for Mr Avarne.' And Helen was sincere in this belief, at least. Anne had guarded her secret well. 'Supposing he loved her, it would be entirely hopeless. The sooner he knows that, the better. That is ——' and she corrected even her thoughts, with a provoked impatience; 'it would be so, if it were likely that he is at all concerned in the matter.'

Thus she mused; her musings ending as they began, in uncertainty on all points. She passed down-stairs, prepared to enter on the ceaseless whirl of gaiety, the business of the day, with a vague uneasiness clouding her mind, and a feeling of restless discomfort, which for awhile made her almost wish to be at home again. Ah, that *home!* For the first time, the thought of the trouble she had left there smote her with real pain. The expression of her face was quite sad as she came into the breakfast-room, wherein most of Mrs Lumley's guests were already assembled.

The hostess, enthroned on a sofa at one end of the long apartment, was surrounded by a laughing circle, to whom she was proposing and explaining various plans for their amusement.

'Where is my secretary? Mr Levison, please to put down the list of names for this riding party. Miss Dundas, you shall have my own "White Lady;" she is as gentle as a lamb, and as obedient as —— Ah, Miss Poole, you and your sister have yet to give your decision. Now, ladies and gentlemen,' continued the animated lady, with a dramatic wave of her handkerchief, 'give your votes! Are you for riding, driving, or walking? for the billiard-room or the library? the

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boudoir or the gardens? Wilkie and Gainsborough in the picture-gallery? or ——'

'Battledore and shuttlecock in the saloon?' suggested her secretary, wickedly cutting short her somewhat ostentatious catalogue.

'Oh, it is no use proposing *that* amusement,' pathetically interposed the languid beauty lounging on an adjacent ottoman; 'our prime *aide* in all those sort of things is unhappily not present. Sir Charles Hamilton kept it up for 1720 times without stopping, last year, at General Gray's.'

'I'm so disappointed Sir Charles couldn't come to me,' explained Mrs Lumley; 'but he said he was going to Paris ——'

'He is such a charming man,' resumed the young lady; 'so clever! The best *valseur* in London, and writes the loveliest poetry.'

'He has just published a volume of verses,' said Mr Levison, gravely, 'which no doubt prevents his being amongst us to-day.'

'Oh—I wish ——' began Mrs Lumley.

'Everybody wishes the same thing, my dear madam,' remarked the secretary, dismally, as he sharpened the point of his official pencil; 'but he *would* rush into print.'

'And all his friends are very sorry for him,' apologetically added a cynical-looking gentleman, one of Mrs Lumley's literary 'lions,' who stood by.

Into this buzzing throng Helen entered, and, half abashed, gladly took refuge in the recess of one of the windows. She did not perceive that it was already tenanted, until Mr Avarne rose from behind the heavy curtain and greeted her. Then they both looked out upon the smooth lawn, with quaintly shaped *parterres* embossing its surface, and the belt of evergreens, and tall, leafless trees, which shut in the domain on that side.

'There is not much food for speculation in garden scenery like this,' observed Mr Avarne, smiling, after they had remained for some time in silence, 'or else I am particularly dull in finding it. I can only offer you a remark on the weather. I think we shall have a fine day. Don't you?'

Helen answered, laughing and blushing. Her companion looked at her young, fresh face, with evident kindness, and a frank admiration which it was impossible not to feel.

'Which of these exploring parties in search of pleasure do you intend joining?' he presently said, after a second pause, during which the talking and jesting from the farther end of the room had distinctly reached them. 'Do you ride?'

'No. I never was on horseback in my life. I think I should be afraid.'

'In that case, the experiment had better be left for a future occasion. You will find plenty of amusement in other directions.' There was again a brief silence. He resumed, suddenly, 'But I wonder you don't ride. I think I have heard your sister say that she ——'

'Oh, yes! Anne is very fond of riding. Edward Grant is a first-rate equestrian, and he used to give her lessons when she was staying with them.'

Mr Avarne's countenance remained unchanged; but it was some minutes before he continued speaking.

'The Grants have already established themselves in Sussex, I believe,' he said, somewhat absently; 'they were to start on the day that Edward sailed. Their removal to such a distance will be a great loss to your family—will it not?'

'I don't know,' returned Helen, with a hesitation that her companion did not fail to perceive, and to interpret in his own way. 'I think—that is—Anne was the only one who saw much of them; and now, I suppose ——'

To this sentence, when it had finally floated off into silence, no reply was made. And, just then, Mrs Lumley sailed up to them, her approach announced by the rustling of silks, and the jingling of chains and bracelets, as well as by her busy clattering tongue.

'Oh, there you are, are you? Now, I wonder what treason you have been plotting in this safe concealment?' was her greeting, as she shook hands with Helen, and smiled her most fascinating smile at Mr Avarne. 'Don't you know I've been needing you every minute, to help me in my arrangements? I'm in the greatest distress! Major Blackburn has failed in his promise to come, as you see. Mr Levison declares he has an engagement in town, which he cannot possibly get off; and two of my dancing young men have disappointed me altogether. Here is a combination of annoyances! We shall actually be reduced to a state of the most pitiable necessity—of partners. Not enough to make up our double quadrille this evening, to say nothing of the polka, which is never danced well unless there

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are several couples. Isn't it lamentable? Miss Dynevor, I know *you* will sympathise. But—Mr Avarne?'

He bowed, with grave politeness.

'Can't you help us? Condescend for once—now do! I know you *can* dance if you choose. Will you, on this especial occasion, to oblige me? One polka!'

'I thought you knew, my dear Mrs Lumley, that my education has been neglected, and I can't execute that dance if I would. Also, that my taste is so naturally vicious, that I would not, if I could. You perceive I am in a dilemma. It seems to me a hopeless one.'

'Oh, you are a very provoking person with your dilemmas. Won't you do anything to help me out of mine?'

'All that is possible, or even impossible;—you cannot doubt me,' Mr Avarne declared, with a vigorous assumption of gaiety.

'Well, what I ask you is *not* impossible.'

'Therefore,' he answered, with easy logic, 'it is far too poor an offering for such a shrine as yours. Anything in the world *but* dancing—or leap-frog, indeed—both of which exercises I eschewed with jackets and marbles. If any good could be done by wishing, I would wish myself only ten years old again, for your gratification. At that age, my dancing was the admiration of all my friends. At that age, I could have performed the college hornpipe for you, with all the steps. It is really a pity.'

'Well, I will have done,' said Mrs Lumley, laughing, in spite of her vexation. 'You are altogether impracticable, and breakfast is waiting. Will you conduct Miss Dynevor to her seat?'

But, in defiance of her own declaration, throughout breakfast a perpetual running fire of entreaties and reproaches was kept up against Mr Avarne, by his persistent hostess; a species of aggression which he endured with an infinite equanimity, that only his careful good-breeding prevented from assuming an aspect of indifference. As they all rose from the table, however, he appeared to be suddenly smitten with an accession of sensibility. When Mrs Lumley called him to her side, in order, as she said, that she might place before him '*six* good and sufficient reasons why he should, could, must, and ought to comply with her request,' he fairly beat a retreat.

'I own myself out-worded already,' he said, as he unfastened one of the French windows which opened on to the lawn, 'and so I'll even leave my character among my friends, and fly to that blue shadow I see behind the trees, which looks marvellously like a violet bank. After afflictions of this kind (and I'm sure you'll give me credit for feeling your displeasure to be one of no ordinary bitterness), we always take refuge with our mother nature. She gives us consolation, which you must see by my wo-begone face how terribly I need.'

The last words came through the re-closed window, and then they saw him cross the lawn, and disappear through the evergreens of the shrubbery.

Mrs Lumley laughed.

'One might as well think of turning back the sea, as of inducing Mr Avarne to do what he has once resolved against.'

'*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, I think,' observed the languid Miss Dundas; further adding, with dignified decision, 'I confess I don't admire people who affect such recondite tastes and prejudices.'

'But Mr Avarne is—is so clever,' said Mrs Lumley, whose good-nature, in prompting her to defend her friend, really found itself at a loss how to do so—no uncommon case under similar circumstances, and with minds of such differing calibre.

'Yes; so I believe. But these clever people positively assume to themselves such importance, that it is almost unbearable. It becomes a question, whether we should not be better without them. Let us give up our cleverness, and exchange it for the capacity of being agreeable.'

'But for those who have not either article, my dear Miss Dundas, there can be no possibility of such a barter as you ingeniously suggest,' interposed Mr Levison, with a serious air of solicitude; 'and what would you propose doing in such a case? I feel personally interested in your reply, as I perceive you are at this moment remarking to yourself.'

But Miss Dundas, uncertain whether or not she was being furtively quizzed by the incorrigible young barrister, turned away in haughty silence. However, there was not wanting a tongue to take up the question of Mr Avarne's character, which he had advisedly said, he 'left among his friends.'

'Avarne is what I call a regular

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prig,' elegantly observed a gentleman, apparently not long emancipated from the school-room, in whose face was precociously visible all the least estimable traits of *mannishness*, without either the dignity or the nobleness of real manhood. 'I can't think where he picks up all his extraordinary ideas on various subjects. I only know he is getting so much too good for this wicked world, that it—it is absurd. It makes one feel quite uncomfortable to be in his company. Upon my honour, I never see him come into a room, without beginning to consider how I can best and soonest get out of it. And I know several fellows who say the same thing.'

'Is that really the case, Jekyll?' inquired Mr Levison, much interested. 'If so,' he went on, in a meditative undertone, 'this accounts, in part, for society's excessive demands on Avarne. I always thought he was madly sought after. It seems he "contrives a double debt to pay"—

"Is wise himself, and keeps the fools away."'

'Exactly so,' assented the unconscious youth, who, merely catching the other's tone of voice, fatuously concluded the remark was one of agreement with his own. 'And then the way in which he stalks into a room, looking as if he were afraid of knocking against the ceiling.'

'You have noticed that? I must say I don't like tall men,' chimed in a vivacious young lady, who sat near, 'it is so difficult to dance properly with them. I daresay that is why Mr Avarne won't dance.'

'Very likely, poor fellow,' said Mr Levison, gravely. 'He *is* very tall. It is decidedly a vice, but—a pleasant one, shouldn't you think?' he added, deferentially appealing to the rather diminutive Mr Jekyll. 'Miss Poole, may I challenge you to a game of billiards in the next room?'

During the discussion thus abruptly ended, Helen had retired to her window, with a book. Mrs Lumley came up to her, and talked for a few minutes, but, with her customary volatility, soon flitted away to another of her guests; and before the young girl had half unravelled the tangled skein of her thoughts, chancing to look up, she found she was alone. Sounds of talking and laughter were audible from the next apartment; occasionally, too, a figure passed under the window, or a group of two or three gathered on the lawn, as if basking in the genial sunshine; while others walked about the shrubberies, curiously examining the trees, and hazarding fanciful speculations as to the names and nature of many of them.

'I'll go out, too,' thought Helen, by and by, with a not unnatural yearning after a more cheerful companionship than her own thoughts afforded her. But she stopped in her progress towards the door, for at the moment Mr Avarne entered with letters in his hand. He held out one to Helen.

'These have just arrived by post,' he said. 'I saw them in the hall as I passed through from the shrubbery, so I took possession of yours and my own.'

Helen opened hers; it contained merely a few lines from Anne, written, as she had promised, the evening before, and saying that their father was no worse, and that the doctor was coming again that night, &c. While she read it, Mr Avarne, holding his yet unopened letters in his hand, took up a book, looked at it, and finally glanced at her. There was in his face much of that quiet, settled, almost stern repose, which denotes a resolution taken—a decision arrived at; it may be, after some thought and doubt, uncertainty and struggle, but *fixed* now, and unalterable.

'No bad news, I trust?' he asked, as Helen refolded the note.

'Oh, no. It is from Anne. Papa continues much the same as when I left.'

'You must be very anxious,' he presently resumed, 'and but little in the vein for all this gaiety around you.'

The tears started to the young girl's eyes: a variety of feelings sent them there, yet none of them were what he supposed.

'Your sister, too,' he went on, with a very slight wavering in his voice—'it must be a trying time for her.'

'It is,' said Helen, earnestly. 'Poor Anne!—she is so good and so uncomplaining always.'

'Yes, she is good,' he repeated, half to himself; 'and,' he continued, with a faint smile, 'I have noted that trial and suffering are almost always co-existent with goodness. The blessedness of sorrow could hardly be more clearly shown than in the lives of many of those around us, whom we are accustomed to look upon with most sadness and compassion.'

There was a pause. Mr Avarne was the first to break it. He spoke now in a voice firm and distinct.

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'I am afraid,' he said, 'that, in the case of your sister Anne'—the tones unconsciously softened at the name—'there may be other reasons—there may be other anxieties oppressing her, besides the heavy one of her father's illness. You will forgive my asking a question, seemingly an impertinent one, but justified, believe me, by the warm interest I take in—in your family. Is she—your sister—engaged to Edward Grant?'

'Yes, I believe so. It is not ——'

At her first word, he turned aside—he had heard enough; and at the moment Mrs Lumley fluttered into the room.

'Has any one seen Mr Levison? Where is Mr Levison? And, my dear Miss Dynevor, will you join us in our drive? There is a seat vacant in the barouche. Mr Avarne, what do you intend doing with your morning?'

'You must pardon me, but I have received letters which I believe it will be necessary for me to answer,' he replied, withdrawing farther into the recess of the window, and proceeding to read his correspondence.

'That is tiresome,' pronounced the lady, the least shadow of a frown passing over her face. 'But, Miss Dynevor, you will come with us? We are all ready.'

And Helen was hurried away to don her out-door attire. When she returned to the room, Mr Avarne was no longer there; but Mrs Lumley, to three or four surrounding friends, was loudly lamenting something. What it was, Helen at first could hardly understand.

'Certainly, it is most unfortunate. Poor fellow!—he is so attached to his mother. He will be off at once, of course. I believe I'm the most unlucky creature in existence. My poor birth-day will turn out a failure, I see. But poor, poor Avarne!—I'm really distressed for him. Perhaps, when he arrives at Florence, it will be too late, after all. It is dreadful to think of. So well he bears up, too! You'd hardly think anything was the matter, to look at him—except for his paleness. Poor fellow, he is going directly —this instant—to catch the first packet. And Mr Levison going to leave us too! Oh, it is a sad business altogether!'

From all of which disconnected grief Helen at length gathered the truth—that Mr Avarne's letters were from Florence, and informing him of the dangerous illness of his mother, to whom he was thus suddenly and painfully summoned.

And so it fell, that on the night which followed this same morning, while Anne sat alone in her chamber, for a brief rest after the wearying pangs of that miserable day, and while she found a sweet peacefulness in the thought of him who she knew loved her, and whom she loved —ah, how well!—*he* was pacing, with restless strides, the deck of the vessel which was bearing him swiftly from England; with many agonies struggling at his heart—one so bitter, that it made itself felt, even while he cowered beneath the consciousness that death was perhaps even then letting that fall which would shadow all his future life. The bitterness of that agony taught him how closely —more closely even than he had known —had this love, which he must now renounce, twined amidst the very fibres of his heart; so that like tearing away life was the effort at rending from it that which had grown to be the dearer part of itself.

Anne smiled a gentle smile to herself, the first that had lit her face that day, as she thought, 'I shall see him again, soon. I know he will come when he learns I am in trouble.'

While he, after sore strife, had grown calm, and, seating himself at the bows of the steamer, looked up to the clear night sky, glittering coldly with stars, and said to himself, 'Peace will come soon. I have not the worst pang, of thinking her unworthy. Innocent, unsuspicious as a child, she is—she has ever been. Not a look, not a word, not a gesture, can I charge with having deceived me. Thank Heaven for that! I may still look up to her—pray for her—love her. Good, pure, true woman! Noble Anne, though not *my* Anne!'

There might have been something pitiable in the mutual self-deception of these two, who loved one another, but that each, though thus widely separate, less by distance than by circumstance, derived comfort from the thought of the goodness of the other.

The darkness is not utter, while such a light lingers. And for the rest, love, and faith, and patience, bring all things to a right issue in God's good time.

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ART AND ARTISTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE EXHIBITORS.

BY ALTEN MALER.

THE artists of Paris are so numerous, and are considered so politically important, that the successful overthrowers of successive governments have considered it politic to notice their claims and influence, both in speeches and in more substantial encouragement. How differently the artists of London fare at the hands of the British Government, it requires not words to say, because the indifference, or rather neglect, with which, as a class, these artists are treated, speaks louder and more convincingly than the combined reprobation of many voices. The reasons for this difference of governmental treatment are not far to seek, and the results have become patent to the simplest understanding. In France, art is not looked upon as a thing to be encouraged only after all other claims and pleasures are secured, nor are its professors looked upon as a species of questionable gentlemen—men to be tolerated and *patronised*, if they become eminent and behave themselves: art is considered essential to respectability and happiness by the people, while their governors have been wise enough to see in it a large and inexhaustible source of national wealth; and, therefore, artists are justly considered as politically important as barristers or second-class legislators. In Britain, the minerals imbedded in her soil, and the energy which has distinguished her industrial children, have been the mines from which wealth and greatness have hitherto been drawn; and the abundance of the yield thus secured has enabled our statesmen to neglect, if it has not taught them to despise, those other sources of national wealth, which France, and Germany, and Italy, have more or less successfully found imbedded in the liberal encouragement of art and artists. The night of this national folly is, however, all but over, and we now see the purple streaks of a dawn which is ushering in a day of better omen for our country, when art and industry shall be joined together, like husband and wife, and when our statesmen shall be taught reverently to decree, that what God has joined for the elevation and progressive civilisation of the world, they shall no longer put asunder, either from ignorance or neglect.

The artists of Britain have looked long, and have worked patiently and laboriously towards this end, and few general readers have any idea of the numbers of those who are longing for the better time for art and artists in this country. In April, we laid before the readers of the INSTRUCTOR some of those advantages which had sprung from the establishment of Academies, and we spoke of the legitimate influence of the annual exhibitions of such associated bodies of artists. The general principles were there illustrated by a detailed history of the rise and progress of the Royal Scottish Academy, and its then open exhibition. Before glancing over the pictures now exhibiting in the Royal Academy of Arts, it may be interesting, as well as instructive, to gather some distinct idea of the means by which the great London Exhibition is from year to year sustained, and the numbers of those who might from time to time be drafted into its ranks, did not a spirit of exclusion and monopoly throw its blighting influence over all the actings of that illiberal body.

Whether or not the Royal Academy should be remodelled so as to admit a larger number of members, or whether a society which does so little for the liberal promotion of art, should, not only through the prestige which the nation by Her Majesty and other sources confers, be enabled to draw and devote some £7000 a-year from its exhibition, but should also be the object of annual parliamentary grants, and a free exhibition room;—these are questions which have, during the last sixteen years, formed the subject of more than one parliamentary inquiry. The reports of these parliamentary committees or commissioners have been the reverse of favourable to matters remaining as they are at present, and the tide of public feeling seems to be again gathering against the exclusive character of this wealthy and irresponsible body. But there are two sides to every question, and

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did space permit, we should attempt to show that both parties in this controversy have a large amount of truth on their side; and that, while each see their own truth, neither appear capable of appreciating that of their opponents. There can be no doubt, but that an institution might exist, with great advantage to art, whose membership should be limited to forty, the present number of Royal Academicians, or any other reasonably select number; and that such a body ought to have some public advantages held up as prizes before the eyes of honourable ambition, to stimulate genius in a toilsome, and often, in its higher walks, a poverty-stricken path. But then, to make such a body tolerable to artists, or endurable to a sense of justice, the forty men elected to national honours and rewards ought to be, beyond all grounds for cavil or suspicion, those who stood out from all competitors, as the first men in their profession. Were this the case, both honour and national reward would be given ungrudgingly. But, from the institution of the Royal Academy down to the present day, the majority of its members have always been professors of mere respectable mediocrity; while men of higher genius, but more independent minds, have been branded with the disgrace of exclusion, in order that soulless courtiers might be raised to the national position of first-rate artists. They exclude Pyne, almost the only landscape painter left in England, to make room for a first-rate journeyman like Lee; and George Harvey, a genuine historical painter, that a mere copier of lay-figures, and the contents of wardrobes, like Egg, may in time be decorated with the title of R.A.; just as their predecessors expelled Barry, whose lectures now constitute one of their chief prizes to students, in order to satisfy the dozen-and-a-half of nobodies, whom his genius rebuked and overshadowed; or as the same coterie elected Bartalozzi, the engraver, against their own express law, to gratify the paltry resentment which the then Earl of Bute had indulged towards Strange, one of the world's greatest engravers, and for whose exclusion the law against engravers was made only a few months before. There are hundreds of artists equal, and many superior, to the majority of the present Royal Academicians, and in this age, a body whose claims do not evidently rest on the basis of superior merit, cannot expect unquestioned enjoyment of exclusive national privileges. This method of the times the Royal Academy has already experienced oftener than once, and its experience of this spirit of equity and fair play, in behalf of all artists and art, is likely to increase rather than diminish.

Nor can it be otherwise, even although the Royal Academy was looked upon as a mere London institution. In the metropolis, there are a number of different associated artistic bodies, but one has all the national honours and rewards. The Society of British Artists, the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, and the Exhibition of the National Institution, have all been forced into associated existence, as a kind of self-defence against the associated power of the Academy; and these bodies represent a still larger number of artists beyond their respective pales. Even before the intrigues of Dalton, the king's librarian, ended in the getting rid of a bad lease, and worse speculation in print-selling, by the establishment of the Royal Academy in the print-selling premises, the London artists had been associated for mutual benefit; but the opening of the Royal Academy's exhibition in 1769 was the death-blow to that association, although the number of artists were few, and the exhibitors meagre, estimated by its number of pictures. In 1784, for example, the number of academicians was 23, while the exhibitors, non-members, were only 229, and this before any of the other societies or exhibitions had a being. But in 1836, when the first parliamentary committee sat upon the position of the Academy in reference to general art, the academicians had been increased to 40, with 16 associates, and 6 associate engravers, the latter having no vote nor voice in any matter connected with the Academy (!), while the non-member exhibitors had increased to 600, and the revenue from the exhibitions had reached the sum of £5000 a-year. Besides this, all the other societies and exhibitions had been called into existence, and these may be safely stated as being together four times as large as the Royal Academy was in 1784. The probability is, professional artists of respectable standing have multiplied twenty-fold since the institution of this Academy; and one in every twenty is to become the recipient of national honour and bounty, denied to all the rest, although equally deserving.

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This is not endurable in a free state, nor permissible in the commonwealth of mind. In 1851, the non-member exhibitors at the Royal Academy had increased to 726; and some of the best artists in the country were prevented, from a just regard to their own reputations, from even offering pictures for exhibition, for fear that they should be treated as was Raeburn's celebrated 'Boy, and White Pony.' That picture was said to have been hung in the centre room, but it was found to 'kill' everything around it, from the luminous brilliancy of its sunlight and shadows; it was then, at the instigation of portrait-painters, removed, and removed, until it landed in the staircase, not because it was the worst, but because it was the best specimen of true colour in the rooms. Its depth and strength revealed the feebleness and raw paint by which it was surrounded, and therefore it required to be cast out; but the crowds which collected in the staircase showed that such treatment of a great picture had little influence over those who could appreciate the higher style of art. The Royal Academy would not perhaps venture on anything so barefaced now; but it is still notorious, that eminent pictures, not by their own members, and likely to detract from the geniality of those whose position is the 'line' independent of merit, are regularly consigned to the little dark closet known as 'the coal-hole,' or are so pushed out of sight as to make their merits undiscoverable by the most enduring patience. Artists of eminence cannot afford to have their reputations thus dealt with. If all were judges, the danger would be less, but the overwhelming majority of patrons have more money than knowledge. They estimate an artist's position by the situation of his pictures, and never think of purchasing what they cannot see, or of praising what has been stamped with the disapprobation of the hanging committee. This dread greatly limits the non-member exhibitors, at the Royal Academy, from the higher class of artists; and this it also is which has called into existence the other associated artistic bodies, all of whom embrace men of distinguished eminence in their respective branches of art.

That these 'outside' societies were not called into existence without a grave dread of the responsibility incurred, and an absolute necessity for their establishment, is well known to the whole world of art; but as there is nothing so offensive to monopoly as free competition in trade, so in art. The Royal Academy did what it could to render these unauthorised exhibitions as meagre, and therefore unstable, as possible. In the case of the exhibition of British artists, for instance, it was stated by Mr Hofland before the select committee, that the late Sir Thomas Lawrence and others had been consulted before any public steps had been taken to organise that society. And about what was Sir Thomas consulted? About the probability of a time coming when genius alone would have secured admission to share in national honours and advantages, which would have been a question which a large body of excluded artists were fairly entitled to put to the representatives of an organised monopoly? No. 'But,' says Mr Hofland, 'we waited on Sir Thomas Lawrence, the president of the Academy, Mr Philips, and almost all the influential members, and told them that if they could give us any pledge or hope that there would be sufficient room allotted to the Academy to enable it to give fair and full exhibition to the works of art sent annually, we should defer our society, or not form it; and they said, they saw no prospect of giving such a promise, and under that understanding our society was formed, because there was a large body of persons without any chance of coming before the public, unless they had an institution of their own.' This shows that the organisation of these extra societies was a matter of first importance to a large body of artists, whose professional existence was staked upon the necessity of getting a chance of exhibiting their works, which was not afforded at the Royal Academy. Mr Hofland does not throw the entire blame upon that body; he speaks as if want of space had something to do with the then position of affairs; and so it had. But he also hinted, as distinctly as politeness would permit, that a *fair* as well as a full exhibition of the works of artists was equally, if not specially, desiderated; and the former has always been more difficult to secure than the latter. Sir Thomas Lawrence did not pretend that what these artists sought was unreasonable, or that they were not entitled to have their works exhibited along with many of the academicians; and, perhaps, no individual academician would now pretend that these other exhibitions were uncalled for

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either by the interests of art or artists; but their practice is that of all monopolists, endeavouring to crush that competition, which, however necessary, they cordially hate, by laws as intolerable as they are insulting. They could not give these artists space, but they decreed, not only that their members should join no other society in London, but 'whoever exhibits with any other society at the time that his works are exhibited in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, shall neither be admitted as a candidate for an associate, nor his performances received the following year.' This law is, we believe, unparalleled for its tyrannical intention, and aims at nothing less than crushing all artists and exhibitions, except that to which these monopolists belong. Every artist is anxious to become an R.A., because, then, his fortune is made from the ignorance of the public, who suppose that all who bear the title must reasonably deserve it; but the Royal Academy, that cannot promise to exhibit any artist's pictures, excludes him from the chance of what has become a civil right, for daring to seek for his works elsewhere, that publicity which it refuses to give. And the academicians are equal to their word. They did expel Barry for venturing to say, that money bestowed on salaries and pensions to the members, would have been better and more appropriately spent in gathering a collection of good examples for the students. And Northcote barely escaped expulsion from daring to exhibit with, and thus patronise those 'British artists,' whom the Academy could not accommodate either with fair play or space. So has it been with many artists since, who have been excluded from that position which they would have adorned, and who were kept out by what Reynolds called 'the low politic combination in the Academy' —a body of mercenary mediocrity, which proved itself as powerful to 'constrain' him, as it has been ever since to rule or disgust all those whose sympathies for genius ventured to expand beyond the Royal Academy. The artists of Britain have now, however, become too numerous, and public feeling too enlightened, to tolerate such conduct on the part of any public body; and the Academy, aware of this, have been endeavouring to seek and maintain the position of being a private society maintained by public funds—a position altogether untenable for forty men to occupy in a nation, to the exclusion of as many hundreds as they number units.

In 1850, there were 2995 artists who exhibited, but who were not members of any academy or associated body of artists in Great Britain; and if to these be added the 357 members and associates of local academies, or associated societies, we have a total of 3352 artists, whose fate may be said to hang in the estimation of the nation, on the decision of 40 of their compeers, the majority of whom are not so conspicuous for their genius as for their position. This comes to be a very serious matter for the professors of an art so susceptible of deprecation or applause as painting is, in (as regards pictures) our less than half-educated nation; and it becomes an equally important social question, whether, in such circumstances, free competition in art be not as advisable as free trade in any other profession. The Royal Academy have generally had the majority of the best London artists among them; but a national institution should either be open to all the artists of Great Britain and Ireland, in fact as well as in theory, or it should cease to be protected, nourished, and strengthened from national funds, or by national means. The Academies of Dublin and Edinburgh, especially the latter, are in a different position; and powers which may be expedient for one association, which gets no state support, become unendurable and mischievous in a nationally supported institution. Even first-class London artists have, however, been excluded from its very commencement. Northcote said he had been solicited by Sir Joshua Reynolds for many years to become an academician, but would not consent, because he saw Romney's success, who also spurned to receive honour at the hands of men inferior to himself, and Northcote declared himself, with Dr Johnson, only anxious for those honours which men could neither give nor take away. But Sir Joshua's importunity at length overcame Northcote's scruples. 'After many years,' says he, 'I was overcome; but when I wrote my name, I was much humbled, as I had determined never to put myself in the position of being refused by those I thought inferior.' But so anxious were they to get Northcote, that they allowed him to put down his name long after the regular period had passed; but the feeling of degradation he endured is nevertheless unmistakeable, for he continues—'And when

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I mentioned the names of certain academicians of very mean abilities (not now living), and asked Sir Joshua, if he thought that I could receive as an honour that which had been given to them, he shook his head, and lifted up his hands and eyes.' And so might men now ask, if J. Noel Paton, or Hunt, is likely to receive honour from that which had been conferred on Elmore, Egg, or Frank Stone, although the last is among the best of these associates, or half-members, who, as testimony before the parliamentary commission declared, required to become crouching sycophants before they had the slightest chance of being raised to the dignity of full privates in that select corps.

But if the Royal Academy was really promoting art better than any of its unassisted competitors, the exclusive privileges it enjoys would be less regretted, as its exclusiveness would be less felt. It is not, however, realising the end for which it was established, notwithstanding the means at its disposal. It has what is, or ought to be, the best school in Britain, but which is not turning out a single man rising above respectability as an artist. At first, the keeper—that is, the head master—was to be 'an able painter of history, sculptor, or other artist properly qualified'—that is to say, he was to be a man imbued with a high sense of art in its higher departments, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of form and of the human figure. But that law was soon altered, and these qualifications were struck out, perhaps as a hit at Barry, the greatest genius then among them. When Fusili was made keeper, he declared the students 'a menagerie of wild beasts.' 'Yes,' said one of the students, 'and Fusili is our keeper.' There were some evidences of genius among them then, and the professors did their duty, with credit to themselves and advantage to their pupils, although many of the highest names in modern British art were not students at the Royal Academy. But zeal was succeeded by indifference. It was stated before the select committee, that for seven years there had been no lectures on architecture; and when the late celebrated Turner did lecture on perspective, which was not half so often as he ought to have done, it was not unfrequently that you might hear him telling the students to draw from A to B, while the board with the example was turned upside down. The gross negligence in this professorial department resulted in this, that out of 300 lectures which ought to have been delivered by the five professors within a given time, only 189 had been read, some of them in the negligent style already indicated. This conduct naturally told upon the progress and quality of the students. The highest prizes remained, for at least two years, without a competitor considered worthy of the honour; and never were the opinions of Hogarth, Fusili, Barry, Vernet, and a host of others among painters, supported by Payne Knight, Adam Smith, Dr Waagen, &c., among literary men and thinkers, against all such institutions, more likely to become a public opinion, than during these years of indolence and idleness. But then the people only saw the effect among boys; we unfortunately have lived to see these boys become men: and now, as the natural consequence, that yearly exhibition, which was supported by the strength and enriched by the genius of Turner, and Wilkie, and Bonnington, and Constable, and Newton, and Calcot, and Lawrence, is reduced to the condition of depending on artists, many of whom these great men would not have intrusted with the dead colouring of their pictures. But besides these lectures, and what may be termed the common drawing-school from the antique, the Royal Academy has also a class for studying the living model; and great has been the wrath of some at the regulations adopted by the Academy in respect to this class. But these objections partake more of the libertine than the artist, and they are, upon the whole, one of the wisest specimens of academic wisdom. At the same time, it is not to be denied, that a clever youth would have his mind more matured if the study of nature and the antique could be combined. Dealing with circumstances, however, as they are, the arrangements of the Royal Academy are perhaps as good as they could be made. The last branch of education offered is the study of the ancient masters abroad. 'The Royal Academy will in time of peace enable a student, from among those who have obtained gold medals, to pursue his studies on the Continent for a term of three years.' The youth so elected may be a sculptor, painter, or architect, but these are to be taken in rotation, and the sum devoted to this object is £80 for outfit and travelling expenses, and £130 annually for expenditure. As a proof of

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diligence and progress in his profession, the student sent abroad must, within two years, send over an original work of his own, under pain of having his annual amount withdrawn, should the council deem such a step advisable. These are the means adopted by the Royal Academy to secure a creditable succession of British artists; but whatever be the theory, and however well the means may apparently be adapted to effect the end, the annual exhibitions of this and other associated artistic bodies too clearly reveal the melancholy fact, that they have not effected their purpose. Nor is the Royal Academy the only failure in this respect, although it is the most conspicuous.

The Irish and Scottish Academies have their classes and life studies, and in London alone, there are several academies in which artists study from the living model, besides that in connection with Trafalgar Square. The Society of British Artists have one to which ladies are admitted to study from the draped figure, but the success of this life academy among the associated British artists is even less than that of the Royal Academy among its students—that is, if the respective exhibitions are to be taken as any kind of reliable test. Poor and feeble as that of the Royal Academy is, compared with what it was ten or twelve years ago, yet, compared with it, the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, as respects figure pictures, presented a mere series of daubs. Happily they were few in number; but in that exhibition there were heads of hideous women and stage-struck gentlemen hung upon the line, which the hanging committees at Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or Birmingham, would have placed in very different situations, without doing any violence either to their own judgments, or to the pictures, as so-called works of art. The strength of the Society of British Artists is to be found in landscape; and in this department, Pyne, Boddington, Williams, Gosling, and Woolmar, this year appear as their strongest men. But, besides these two life academies connected with associated bodies, there is the Artists' Society for general study from the life, with a staff of lecturers on perspective, costume, anatomy, and chemistry, as applicable to the fine arts; and in this society, one cause of that conventional sameness so painfully visible in all the London exhibitions is partially accounted for. Besides a 'model,' this society has also a 'wardrobe,' and as many of the leading artists are connected with it, this 'wardrobe' forms, in fact, the staple costume of every year's exhibition, so far as those are concerned who have acquired no wardrobe of their own, or those who are under the necessity of applying to it, when their own stock does not meet their occasional wants. For instance, if an artist wants to be historical in the Plantagenet line, he has his choice of a lady's dress and suit of armour of the time of Elizabeth, with five swords, claymore, cross-bow, musket, cutlass, cartouch-box, and pistols. And in nearly all pictures of early English history exhibited, these faithful servants from the wardrobe may be found, in one form or another. Should an artist's genius tempt him to try the Puritan period, after pondering over the greatness of Cromwell, or the inflexibility and prowess of his Ironsides, he finds that the wardrobe contains one suit armour (Charles I.), a cavalier's dress, soldier's do., and lady's do.; and ten to one but these constitute the entire drapery of his figures, jostled about to secure variety, in a style which would have made the most stolid Puritan start at the anomalies exhibited. As it is with history, so is it with social loves and domestic sorrows. There is one dress for each subject, and as all the members are entitled, so all take the use of it, and hence the everlasting sameness of appearance in so many of their pictures. Here, then, are three public life academies in London, besides many private ones; and yet, from them all, there has not come a figure picture this season to any of the London exhibitions, which might not have been painted although life academies had not existed for the last ten years. In the Royal Academy, the best pictures are those by Maclise and Hunt; the former having been done with study from the life for many years, as his 'Marriage of Strong Bow' shows, because there is scarcely a figure in that vast canvas which is not to be found in higher type in some one or other of the artist's earlier, and, upon the whole, better works; while Hunt has cut all academies save his own studio, and the quality of his work fully justifies the wisdom of his decision. At his two pictures, the 'Light of the World,' and the 'Awakened Conscience,' the multitude stare and pass on; but there is a power in them which will compel thoughtful men to pause and wonder—although, in style,

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these pictures are no more 'pre-Raphaelite,' than they are pre-Lawrenceite. There are also some good portraits, and one highly creditable landscape; but, take it all in all, in spite of schools and other means adopted to make artists, the exhibition of the Royal Academy is the poorest this generation has yet seen, and the only hope of the country is, that the dawn succeeds the moment of deepest gloom.

MEMORANDA BY A MARINE OFFICER:

OR, GLASSES FROM LIFE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

SUPERVISED BY ABEL LOG.

GLASS XXIX.

FAIRLY AFLOAT.

THE first lieutenant, notwithstanding that I had flatly called him a fool the night before, and flourished a sabre in his face, treated me with marked kindness, and, in compliance with his promise to my grandfather, seemed disposed to befriend me in every possible way. As I was about to turn in for the night (you never talk of 'going to bed,' or 'retiring to rest,' on board ship, but always 'turn in' and 'out'), he took hold of me by the elbow, and said, 'Drummore, your brother middies are sure to play you some trick or other by and by, when you are napping, and you had better bear it with a good grace, as a youngster just joining the service is generally considered fair game and a fitting butt for the buffooneries of the oldsters. They will most probably cut your hammock down by the head, and if they do, let your laugh be the loudest of any, and declare that the joke is a capital one. Perhaps, too, they will carry away your pillow and blankets, or some other nonsense of the kind. Well, look over this once, but if they attempt it a second time, tell me, and I think I can suggest a remedy.' So, thanking Mr Ladslove for his kind counsel, I wished him good-night, undressed myself, and leaping gaily into my hammock, tried to get to sleep; for I thought, as I was to be cut down, the sooner it was done the better, and then there would be an end of it. It was by no means an easy matter to get to sleep, however, for in the berth next to mine were a couple of noisy drunken pilots, who fell to loggerheads about the bearings of a certain sand-bank or shoal off the French coast, and the depth of water usually found upon it. One said that it was so and so, and so much, and the other said that it was nothing of the kind; on which the first pilot got upon his legs, and nearly smashing the table with his fist, said he had known it (or knowed, I forget which), man and boy, for thirty years, mayhap before the other was born, and, consequently, that his testimony must be infallible; and the second pilot, jumping up, and smiting the table too, roared intelligence across it, that his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather, and all his male ancestors nearly as far back as the flood, had been pilots before him, and did they not unfortunately happen to be defunct, they would corroborate his statement in every particular. Here the first pilot (by the noise and scuffle that ensued) must have made a grapple over the table at the second pilot, and the second pilot must have knocked down the first. As I was afraid they would be doing each other some grievous bodily harm, therefore, I rushed in to stop the fray, and finding them heels uppermost, threatened to call the master-at-arms, and have them reported, if they didn't keep the peace, and quickly mend their manners. I then returned to my hammock, and soon fell asleep.

I fancied that I was at Hazelcopse. My grandfather sat in the old arm-chair by the fireside, taking his usual after-dinner nap, handkerchief over head; but with that strange mingling of fact and fiction, sense and absurdity, so common in dreams, there seemed to be dangling from a fishing line, in close proximity to his nose, that identical basket of plump cherries which Bazeley had whipped so dexterously into the frigate's top. On the opposite side of the room sat my mother, busily cutting out flannel waistcoats and brown Holland pantaloons for a whole tribe of red-skin warriors, who were all, in a particularly nude state, looking fiercely through the window that opened upon the lawn, and making hide-

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one gestures indicative of extreme impatience; and among the rest, I thought I saw Snake-in-the-grass, in a pair of my father's well-waxed top-boots, sitting on the sun-dial, and nursing the peacock. Wilhelmine occupied her accustomed ottoman by my mother's feet, and was stitching at the everlasting sampler. But the design seemed queerly altered. She was working in the ghastly face of Dr Herod in white wool upon a black ground; he looked just as he looked the night of the great bonfire at Littleweasel, when he came to the study window, and saw himself being carried in effigy round the garden and play-ground. I sat at a side-table, going through a Greek lesson with Mr Skelton. Mr Skelton told me to put a certain tough irregular verb through its tenses, and I modestly declined. He called my father, and complained of my idle conduct and pert answers. Whereupon my father rushed furiously into the room, and, picking up the heavy lexicon (it seemed about three feet long, and the thickness of an ordinary door-step), knocked me flat upon the floor with it. Crash! bump!—my hammock had gone by the head.

'Capitally done,' cried I, as Bazeley, Buchanan, Hampson, Marten, and half a dozen other of the delighted middies, ran laughing off; 'very cleverly managed indeed. We shall see one of these days whether you can all take a joke as good-humouredly as you can play one.' The next morning the man who lashed up my hammock and carried it to the nettings, observing by the severed clews what had taken place, spliced them again neatly, and brought me a stiff piece of black, well tarred rope, about an inch and a half thick, which he called a colt, and said, as it would be Mr Marten's watch from eight to twelve that night, perhaps I should find something of the kind useful. He hinted that Mr Marten, who was a great bully, and celebrated for his practical jocularities on young greenhorn midshipmen, would be sure to cut the clews again, and if I slept with one eye open, I might catch him in the act, and quilt him well, and by so doing render a signal service to my messmates, as well as the service in general.

There was a droll little adventure which befell one of the midshipmen this morning, that amused me very much. Buchanan, the young gentleman who had made the tender inquiry after my grandmother, was by no means notorious for his early rising, and Mr Winkworth, the second lieutenant, had hinted more than once, in a very plain manner, that some unpleasant consequence would accrue to Master Tom from this over indulgence in the pleasures of the hammock, if he persisted in it. Accordingly this morning, on finding that Buchanan had not turned out betimes, Mr Winkworth caused him to be lashed up in his hammock, and conveyed to the quarter-deck, where he became the laugh of the whole ship's company. I shall never forget the droll figure he cut, with nothing but his head just peeping out from the blankets. He looked exactly like a young freshly-hatched ostrich about to emerge from the shell, or one of those absurd things called a toby, which they set upon the floor, and push about to please children. 'Upon my word, Mr Buchanan,' cried Captain A——, walking round and round him, and laughing, 'this will not tell much to your credit some day, when you come to furnish matter for your memoirs; pray, how is it, sir, that you cannot turn out with the rest? Mr Winkworth tells me that he has more trouble with you than all the other midshipmen put together.'

'Very sorry, sir,' said Buchanan, with great gravity—he attempted to bow, and nearly overbalanced himself in the process—'but it is a family weakness; it runs in the blood, I think. My father was never an early riser; my grandfather used to take his breakfast in bed; and one of my uncles by the mother's side often slept till the dinner-cloth was laying; and not unfrequently till the first course had been removed. Will you oblige me by allowing Mr Drummore to rip me up with his dirk—in other words, to crack this incommodious shell, and suffer me to emerge.'

'On condition that you conduct yourself better in future, sir, certainly,' said Captain A——, who liked a joke, and seldom snubbed his midshipmen; 'but if there are any more complaints from Mr Winkworth, I will clap a label on your neck, and ship you off, stitched up just as you are, to your friends; so beware—take him away!' and the two tars coming forward, Buchanan was pushed off again, rocking about ludicrously, and looking more like a great fat toby than ever. 'He is an impudent, brazen-faced dog,' I heard Sir David say; 'and I can't

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make up my mind to be seriously angry with him.'

Master Buchanan was indeed an impudent dog; I think I never met with a more impudent one. His father had sent him to sea because he did not know what else to do with him. I learned some little of his private history from his schoolfellow, Harding, whom I spoke of as having come to spend the day with him; but of all that he told me I can now only recollect one little anecdote, which was connected with his school career, and which, for want of a better, I give. The master of the school was an old gentleman named Watts, a clergyman and magistrate in a small country town on the borders of Warwickshire. Tom, I need not tell you, was an idle boy, and shirked his lessons, so Mr Watts used to flog him upon an average about three times a-week. Such chastisement not being attended with any improving result, however, Mr Watts determined to try what solitary confinement would do, and shut Tom up in the stable. But the key had no sooner been turned, than he thrust his head through the hayloft window, and gave vent to some queer sounds so closely resembling the cry of one of the animals in an itinerant menagerie, that the neighbours begged to have him removed forthwith, and the old gentleman transferred his refractory pupil to the coal-hole. To relieve the monotony of this new incarceration, Buchanan imitated cats so cleverly, that Mr Watts was obliged to remove him again, this time to an upper room, which was occupied by another refractory young gentleman, who had a difficulty in conquering a rather tough passage in his 'Propria quæ maribus.' Here Buchanan and his friend, having smuggled in bat and ball, got to cricket, and, in performing the runs, made such a prodigious tramping and clatter upon the floor (the room was just over the old gentleman's study), and kicked up otherwise so infamous a racket, that Mr Watts was fain to order them both down into the kitchen; where, as it happened to be towards the close of the week, *Mrs* Watts was superintending the ironing of the young gentlemen's linen, and not contributing largely to the comfort of the servants. She was just stooping to rub an iron on a mat, and had her back to Buchanan, who, thinking to amuse the maids, leaned forward and gave her a gentle push, which precipitated her under the dresser. The old lady arose, highly indignant, and challenged him to do it again. 'Certainly, madam, if you will put yourself in the same position,' said Tom; and as she was foolish enough to oblige him in this particular, the insult was repeated. So Master Tom Buchanan was publicly horsed the same evening; on which occasion Mrs Watts, it is reported, figured as boatswain's mate; and the next day he was despatched with a long foolscap-sheetful of bitter complaints back to his father. The result is known.

I told you that I nearly got drowned one day off Deal, and promised to explain how it came about. Mr Ladslove had given me a commission of some importance to execute for him on shore, and I was just about to man the cutter and pull off, when I saw one of those long narrow boats, common upon the Deal coast, with a party that had been inspecting the frigate, about to pull off also; so I jumped in among them, and left some cool directions for the jolly-boat to be sent for me by and by. In the hands of a Deal boatman, these little ricketty coffin-like craft are not dangerous, but in other hands they are highly so. A young master's mate of the ship had prevailed on the owner to let him steer, promising not to let her get broadside on to the heavy surf; but just as we were within about pistol-shot of the beach, she came broadside on, and over we went. I was a good swimmer, and rose immediately, but was grappled by somebody, and went down like a lump of lead. I remember fancying that I had been seized by a shark, and feeling the water bubbling in at my mouth, and hearing something like the ringing of bells, and then I knew nothing more till I found myself lying, with my head a little raised, on a sofa in a small neat room, and an old gentleman, in a white apron, rubbing my chest with flannel, and breathing at intervals into my nostrils; and an old lady, in a wonderfully high turban, chafing the soles of my feet, and occasionally shampooing me under the arms. I had been rescued from a watery grave by an honest grocer, named Sole, and carried to his house, where he and his wife were now performing the kind office of resuscitation. I remember, too, just as I was showing signs of life, hearing a stout neighbour (something in the marine store and ready-made clothes line) advising Mr Sole to hang me up by the heels, and let the water that I had swallowed run out; and I recollect Mr Sole saying that was all

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nonsense, for I had most probably not swallowed half a tea-spoonful, which is really the case in accidents of this kind. As my clothes had to be dried, the good-natured grocer then bade his wife bring down his Sunday suit, and I was put into it. The flapped waistcoat reached quite down to my knees, and the coat-tails swept the carpet as I walked about the room, while the sleeves overreached my finger-ends by at least eight inches, and gave me the appearance of a grim veteran who had lost both arms in battle, and been left to flap through the remainder of his days like a seal. I went some few years afterwards to look for my old friend the grocer, but, alas! learned that business had not prospered with him, and he had hung himself by his neckerchief to a hook in the cellar!

GLASS XXX.

I SMELL POWDER.

I was heartily glad when at last the frigate, with her friends, the I—— and all the gun-brigs and bomb-vessels, got under way, and stood gallantly over for Boulogne. How my heart beat when the drum first beat to quarters, the decks were cleared for action, and a jolly broadside from the old commodore sent the splinters flying from some new works that the French had just erected to annoy us! 'That will spoil their night's work, I fear,' cried Captain A——, reconnoitring with his glass; 'we will stand a little closer in yet, Ladslove; that last shot fell a long way short. All ready there? FIRE!'

What a deafening roar! what a rattle! How the good ship's timbers shook under it, as a loud cheer from the I—— told us that we had done some execution. Then one of the gun-brigs' blood got up likewise, and then another, and then one of the bomb-vessels, and we soon began to pitch in the shot and shells in admirable style, and the ebony vault above us was lighted up with long luminous parabolas of yellow fire. And then the French batteries suddenly opened upon us. I could see the shot coming. They looked as black as ink. I saw several strike the water just under our bows, and then one, a two-and-thirty pounder, went clean through the mainsail.

'They're improving a little in their gun practice, sir,' said Mr Ladslove to Captain A——, with a laugh.

'So I perceive. I fear something has gone wrong with the commodore,' returned Sir David, directing his glass towards the I——; and in an under-voice, 'Poor fellow! yes, one of the lieutenants, I think—they are carrying him below.'

As Sir David spoke, a shot came through the frigate's side, sending the splinters in all directions, went between his legs, and passed out at the other side into the water. 'Close shaving, gentlemen—close shaving, upon my word!' he cried, and then, in a most deliberate manner, he swept the line of batteries with his glass, as though to see to which of them he stood indebted for the compliment.

You will naturally inquire the nature of the service that I was rendering to my captain and country just at this period of the engagement. I must confess that it was a very slight and unsatisfactory one. I was acting as a sort of aid-de-camp to Sir David. If there was a message to be carried to any of the officers, I carried it; if there was a man having a leg amputated in the cockpit, I was sent to inquire how he bore it; if Sir David wanted a memorandum made of some particular thing that occurred, I made it; if Sir David wanted his snuff-box fetched from the cabin table, I fetched it, and he always thanked me in a civil and marked manner for the politeness. 'But what of that?' said I to myself; 'this is an inglorious occupation; this is by no means a distinguished service; anybody could carry a message, anybody could run for a snuff-box—this will not do!' So I walked aft to the captain, and touched my hat. 'Beg your pardon, Captain A——,' said I.

'Well, sir, pray what more can I do for you?' And at the moment a shot from the batteries went between us. Had we been a little closer, it must have carried away our two noses. It is all nonsense to say that the wind of a shot can hurt you. I have had them almost touch my head and shoulder, and felt nothing more than I have when a cricket-ball has passed me. 'Well, sir,' inquired Sir David, sarcastically, 'can I serve you in any way?'

'Yes, Sir David. I am proud to carry any messages you may feel inclined to trust me with, but I should feel extremely grateful if you will give me a change of occupation—something a little more active.'

'Upon my word, young gentleman—

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upon my word—I never did hear of such a precious piece of impudence! Did I not tell you your duty, sir, and is not that enough for you?'

'Yes, Sir David, you did; and I am very sorry if I have been so unfortunate as to displease you; but it occurred to me, that if I was to be cut off presently by one of those round shot (mind your head, Sir David; here comes another of them), it would be more agreeable to my grandfather to learn that I fell in fighting my country's battles, and not in carrying messages into the cockpit. I hope you will not be offended, sir.'

'Humph! you want something more active, do you?'

'If you please, Sir David.'

'Perhaps you would like to take the command of the ship.'

'Anything that is agreeable to yourself, Captain A——.'

Here he tucked the glass under his arm, and, turning to the first lieutenant, spoke to him quietly. Mr Ladslove, in his turn, wheeled suddenly round, and gave a queer puffy kind of laugh, as though he was blowing something away; at the same time looking at me with his eyes very wide open, and his eyebrows considerably elevated. I was not aware that I had said or done anything at all extraordinary. Captain A—— then took me kindly by the elbow, and said, 'Mr Drummore, in consideration of your superior talents and long standing in the service, I have the honour of placing you over these four guns. Be good enough to see that the men do their duty; and, should one happen to fall, instantly replace him with another. Did I not send you for my snuff-box?'

In the heat of action, I had forgotten to deliver the snuff-box, and now produced it from my pocket. Sir David took a calm pinch, looked at me steadily, and walked away; but returned and said, 'Drummore, you will dine with me today; we must have a little serious conversation.'

'Shall be most happy, sir, I am sure,' said I, removing my hat again.

He looked serious, frowned, appeared about to add something more, smiled, and directed his glass to the batteries.

It was an unusual piece of condescension for a captain on his quarterdeck to parley thus with one of his midshipmen, and I only relate it as the exception to the rule. I knew little or nothing as yet of naval etiquette, or what was due from a subordinate to his superior. I had an idea that a midshipman—providing he was a gentleman—had a perfect right to offer an opinion to his commander, and even now and then exchange a pleasantry with an admiral. Mr Ladslove told me better, and I took an early opportunity of going privately to Sir David, and apologising for my presumption.

After watching the proceedings of the tars for a little time, I began to think that I could point and fire a gun myself, so taking the blazing match from the hand of one of the men, a fine fellow by name Tom Trueman, I cast my eye coolly along the piece, and, applying my fire, knocked some heavy splinters (so they told me) from an angle of the enemy's works; but they made a quick and fearful retaliation, for the smoke had scarcely cleared away, ere Tom Trueman, the tar from whose hand I had taken the match, and who was just sponging the gun, had his head carried completely from his body by the next shot that they fired, and dropped dead at my feet. I ran to the colour-chest by the mizzenmast, drew out a union-jack, covered the poor fellow with it, and ordered two of his messmates to bear the body to the main-deck.

Blood!—drip—drip—drip, all the way along as he went, staining the milkwhite planks, and calling loudly for vengeance.

'Direct your fire to yonder round tower,' cried I to my men; 'I saw a puff of smoke come from that quarter the moment before poor Tom fell; knock it about their ears!' I had scarcely spoken when another shot went through and through the frigate's sides, and a second man, struck by a splinter, fell within a yard of where I stood. I had him carried into the cockpit. He was obliged to have his right arm amputated at the shoulder, and died twenty minutes after, from loss of blood. This ended the fighting for the day, and may serve as a specimen of what went on for several months. We kept cruising about, standing off and on, and amusing ourselves with shotting and shelling the batteries, and getting shotted and shelled (sometimes pretty warmly) in return; occasionally losing a man or two, and now and then having a spar knocked away, and our rigging a little damaged. We took care not to venture too close in under the guns of the batteries, and the French fleet, like a

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fresh hatch of young chickens, in their turn, took especial care not to venture far from the parental wing. Once or twice they pretended that they were going to sally out upon us, but they showed us their heels the moment we offered chase, and then the batteries began barking away again like so many angry old mastiffs, so that I suppose, after all, they were merely manœuvring to bring us within range of their heavy guns. It was very pretty pastime and exercise, upon the whole, however, and I sent a long account of it home, for the edification of my mother and grandfather, and the amusement of Wilhelmine, Constance, and Vanderdecken.

By the by, I must not omit a little anecdote connected with my aid-de-campship, and which occurred during my first action. Captain A—— sent me to Mr Winkworth on the main-deck, to beg that he would handle his powder a little more briskly; by no means an agreeable communication from a midshipman to an officer, more particularly in the present instance, as Mr Winkworth evidently disliked me already, so I thought it expedient to give the message a pleasant turn. 'The captain's compliments, Mr Winkworth,' said I, touching my hat, 'and that last broadside did you great credit.'

'Ha! my compliments, Drummore, and say that I pride myself highly on his approval.'—'That told very capitally,' soliloquised I; 'now, I have no orders, it is true, but I can't do better than go forward and say something of the same kind to Mr Seago on the forecastle. There is nothing like being on good terms with these fellows, and upon my word they are blazing away upon the whole famously.' Without more ado, therefore, I went up to the third lieutenant, and said, 'Captain A—— was quite delighted with that last broadside, Mr Seago, and hopes all is going on well. Can I convey any message back for you?'

'Thank you, Drummore. Say, I am not a little proud to find that I have earned his good opinion; take care, there is a shot coming!'

It did come, sure enough, crash through the bows, capsizing a gun-carriage, tearing up the deck-planks like a great gouge, and mortally wounding several of the men with the splinters.

Sick?—not at all. I felt a little qualmish the first day, it is true, for it blew a gale, and Bazeley annoyed me a good deal by bringing a piece of fat pork, tied to a string, and dangling it before my eyes. Buchanan, too, made a hideous exhibition of some mellow-looking soup, with a quid of tobacco (probably a windfall from the cook's waistcoat-pocket) floating richly in the centre. It nearly upset my stomach, but I made a strong effort, ate a large platter of lobscouse, and was never troubled with nausea after.

It was the night after I had dined the second time with the captain. I was lying wide awake in my hammock, thinking of Sir David's kindness and good advice, when I heard stealthy footsteps approaching. I guessed immediately that Marten was coming to cut me down. I felt him put his face over towards me, to learn whether I was asleep, and then I heard him open his knife. I thought it better to let him cut the clews, as then there would be a clear case against him, and I got myself ready to spring up at a moment's notice. The knife passed through the lanyard, the hammock fell, and bounding out, I grappled him by the throat. I had kept the colt under my pillow, and now belaboured him unmercifully with it. Marten roared out lustily, and the sentinel at the gun-room door, as well as the midshipman who was about to be relieved by Marten (for it was his middle watch), ran in to see what was the matter. I told them in a few words, and we were ordered on deck, where the lieutenant of the watch inquired again the particulars of this indecent riot, and it was only by great favour shown to Marten (for I begged the offence might be overlooked), that the master-at-arms did not make a formal report of it to the captain. The lieutenant said Marten was very properly treated, and he hoped it would be a warning to him not to play off his senseless jokes on young midshipmen in future; upon which I thanked Mr Seago for his politeness, and returned to my quarters.

The next morning, as we sat at breakfast, Marten, sore at having been thrashed by a junior, offered me several gross insults, and at last I flung the biscuit tray at him. He jumped up, and declared that he would have instant satisfaction. I said very well, he should have it, and though I was the challenged party, he might take his choice of weapons. He said pistols would of course not be available, as they would make too much noise; and he regretted that he had not brought

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a pair of small-swords to sea with him. I told him I had a very pretty pair of small-swords in my chest, and could accommodate him.

'Gently, gently,' cried Buchanan; 'do not spoil the sport by any indiscreet haste; let us keep the thing snug; clear the decks for action here—give them room, gentlemen!—produce the swords. Drummore, I will act as your second; Marten, name a friend, if you please, that we may arrange preliminaries.'

Marten called on Hampson. Hampson was perfectly cool, as it was not a matter affecting his own safety; and consented at once.

We threw off our jackets, turned back our sleeves, and set to work. Marten was a big fellow, and tolerably cunning of fence; but I had been taught the art by my grandfather, who once pinked a colonel of hussars, and this colonel of hussars was considered one of the most skilful small-swordsmen of his day; so I was more than a match for Marten, and put his thrusts aside with perfect ease. 'Scratch him! scratch him!' whispered Buchanan in my ear; 'quick! there's somebody coming!—ha, he has it!'

'Mr Drummore, your sword, if you please,' said the first lieutenant, throwing open the door; 'Mr Marten, yours. Consider yourselves both under arrest; gentlemen, follow me.'

The black man, Pompey, had run in to the captain, and told him that two of the midshipmen were killing each other, and as he was talking to Mr Ladslove at the moment, he despatched that gentleman to quell the riot.

He marched us in to Sir David A—— who was, or appeared to be, in a great rage; but he cooled down presently, and after hearing both sides of the case, and severely reprimanding all parties concerned, sent us every one to the mast-head—Marten and Hampson to the fore, and Buchanan and I to the main, where we had the pleasure of surveying the French coast, and enjoying the fresh breeze till sunset, when we were ordered down. Sir David said he hoped it would be a lesson to us. 'As for you, Mr Buchanan,' cried he, 'you ought to have known better, sir; and as for you, Mr Hampson, I fear you are much fonder of seeing others fight, than taking an active part in it yourself; you will have to alter your conduct very much, before you regain my good opinion, young gentleman.'

I must introduce Mr Honeywood, the ship's surgeon, to your notice. He was a middle-aged man, with a merry blue eye, a round face, and sandy hair, which was getting rather thin over his organs of benevolence and veneration. He was a good-natured creature, and never without some droll tale to make you laugh. He had a funny little dark hole or closet near his quarters, which he called his surgery, and on a shelf in it were two mortars, a heavy bell-metal one, and a smaller made of glass, with which I could see that there was some queer story connected. One day, Sir David being poorly, he sent me to Mr Honeywood for a couple of pills, which were to be prepared in the glass mortar. 'Mind, the *glass mortar*,' said Sir David, 'with my compliments.'

'Why is the captain so particular about having these pills made up in the glass mortar, Mr Honeywood?' asked I.

'Oh, there is a vast difference between the character and properties of these two mortars,' replied he, taking up the pestle of the smaller one, the better to illustrate his explanation. 'I will show you their respective significance. Listen; as I stir this one round (it is glass, all my patients like to be served with this mortar), you perceive it says, "Ringle tingle, linger and live; ringle tingle, linger and live;" while the other (here he altered his voice to a deep bass, caught hold of the great bell-metal mortar, and gave it three severe turns, and then a tremendous thump with the heavy pestle) plainly says, "Rumble tumble, die and ——"

'Drum beating to quarters, Maurice; don't you hear it?' cried Bazeley, running past me, with only one arm in his jacket; 'we are going to have another peg at the batteries. Hark! there goes a broadside from the old commodore!'

I remember being very much affected by a circumstance that occurred during this day's brush with the batteries. One of the five-and-twenty or thirty tars over whom the captain had given me the command was an extremely handsome youth, a perfect model of manly beauty, with a face of aristocratic paleness, and whiskers and beard black as ebony. I could not help looking at him, and admiring. Poor fellow! a shot came, and cut him completely in half. I had him carried quickly away, lest the sight should dishearten the other men. I heard them launch his body overboard, a moment after, and saw several of his messmates with tears in

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their eyes, and I believe my own were not dry, as I ordered another man to fill his place.

I have made no allusion to my kind old friend Mr Macpherson, the first lieutenant of marines. He was a tall man, with a head as round as a bullet, and stiff straight black hair, kept very closely cut, and standing erect like a brush. He made overtures of friendship the moment he learned that I was a good chess-player, and used often to shut himself up with me for hours together, in his neat little cabin. He beat me sometimes, but I had the majority of games, and when he lost, he invariably made it appear that he could have won easily, had he set himself seriously about it. 'I cannot play to-day Maurice,' he would say, when he saw things going against him; 'my head is not in a fit state; you will be sure to beat me.' One day his spirits were low, and that threw the chances in my favour; another they were too high, and that prevented him settling down to the game; another time his thoughts wandered, or he had the fidgets in his leg. I could never get him to acknowledge that he was quite up to the mark for play, unless he saw a probability of my being checkmated, and then he was wonderfully well and lively. Once we almost quarrelled over a snug check that I gave him in a corner. He said, of course he could have prevented it, if he had thought of interposing his knight, and a mere goose might have done that, I suppose, couldn't he?

'Yes, but you did not do it, Mr Macpherson.'

'No, true; I know that very well, you young blockhead; but if I had moved my knight there before you took the pawn, where would your game have been?'

'Then I should have brought down my queen to the corner square, sir.'

'Ay, ay, but I should have captured her with the castle.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr Macpherson, that would have exposed your king to a check from my other bishop.'

'Bishop or no bishop, sir, I had much the best of the game, till you came down upon me with all your pieces in that stealthy way;' and his hair stuck up upon his crown more pertly than ever.

He declared, that for my exceeding impudence he would not play again with me for a fortnight. An hour afterwards, however, he sent in for me. I desired Pompey to say, that, as the evening was dull and damp, I was sure Mr Macpherson would not be in spirits for chess. Mr Macpherson replied that he was in spirits, and I was to go to him without further parley. I sent again, to hint my suspicions that Mr Macpherson might be suffering under his usual difficulty of collecting his thoughts; and then in came Mr Macpherson himself, quite red in the face, boiling with wrath, and led me off by the collar.

But the catamarans. We had sent most of them on board the I——, and the commodore had made several attempts to blow up a few of the French flotilla, though most of these were unsuccessful, I believe. We had heard a loud report more than once, it is true, and fancied that something grand had been done; but the men who went with the infernal machines had never returned to relate the particulars, so that we were in the dark as to whether these catamarans were a clever invention or not. At length Captain A—— resolved to try the effect of one himself; and accordingly, one dark night, the third lieutenant, a midshipman, the coxswain, a couple of marines, and eight hands, with the desperate fellow who was to work the catamaran, jumped into the cutter, and pulled stealthily away in shore. The captain leaned over the frigate's side as they left, and wished them good luck, but I heard him mutter—'An ugly service, by Jupiter! I hope none of you will get caught.'

'Hallo! what have we got under this boat-cloak, Mr Buchanan?' asked the lieutenant, as I slowly emerged from its folds. 'Drummore, you are a mutinous young rascal, and always in some scrape or other. I will report your conduct, sir. What business have you here?'

'I beg your pardon, Mr Seago. I was anxious to witness the operations, and ——'

'Were you indeed, sir? Very good; we cannot conveniently send or take you back, so you must remain with us, but you will consider yourself under arrest.'

'Thank you, Mr Seago; I am much obliged to you.'

'Silence, sir, if you please.'

'Certainly, Mr Seago, if you wish it;' and I gave Buchanan a thrust in the side with a rusty old cutlass that I had brought off with me from the ship.

We pulled away for about half an hour. I looked back to the frigate, and fancied I could trace her spars against the sky.

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Presently we were challenged by somebody just overhead, and I heard the click of fire-arms; we were close alongside the old I——.

'Who goes there?'

'Friends.'

'Heave to, friends, and give the countersign.'

The sentry passed the word to a midshipman, the midshipman passed the word to the lieutenant of the watch, and the lieutenant of the watch, looking over the side, exchanged a whisper or two with Mr Seago, when all was pronounced right, and we were suffered to proceed on our dangerous mission. A minute afterwards, we found ourselves under the bows of one of the gun-brigs, and we were challenged again, but in a softer tone. We explained ourselves a second time, and continued to creep in shore. By and by we came to the mouth of a sort of creek, which led into the harbour where the French flotilla lay at anchor.

'Now for it,' said Mr Seago; 'the tide is rising, Fouché, and will carry you up nicely; away with you!'

Fouché was a scoundrel-looking renegade Frenchman, and his plans of procedure were these:—The catamaran—a long ugly thing, like a coffin, filled with combustibles—which we had in tow, was set adrift, and Fouché, lowering himself into the water, and taking the infernal machine by one end, pushed it along before him. In this way he was to approach one of the French vessels, where two or three lay together, and, silently fixing a screw into her side, attach the catamaran, set the machinery (a sort of clockwork) in motion, and then swim as fast as he could back to the mouth of the creek, where we would wait to pick him up. Some minutes would elapse between his setting the clockwork in motion, and the explosion of the catamaran, so that, if Fouché was brisk in his movements, he would have plenty of time to get out of harm's way. We sat silently resting on our muffled oars. 'There it goes!' said Mr Seago, as a deafening report filled the air, and a sudden flash lighted up the harbour and whole line of coast; 'now, Fouché, I don't care how soon we pick you up, for the batteries will be opening upon us, if you are not quick;' and sure enough, presently, bang! bang! bang! went the great guns; pop! pop! pop! went the little ones; crack! crack! crack! went the musketry; and whiz! whiz! whiz! came the balls, pattering into the water all around us. 'The devil take you, Fouché, if he has not got you already; what do you keep us waiting here for?' muttered the lieutenant, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. 'Give way, my lads, or we shall be regularly riddled in another minute; pull off a little; Saunders, you're hit!' Poor Saunders, a smart mizzentopman, said it was nothing, but he grew faint, and we had to lay him down in the bottom of the boat. 'Confound you, Fouché! how much longer are we to wait?' Fortunately for us, the darkness was intense, and we were quite invisible to the enemy; though they appeared to know pretty well where we lurked, for the shot continued to rain about us, and the shore seemed alive with boats and men. 'Give way, my lads!' cried Mr Seago, 'something has befallen him; he has exceeded his time by twenty minutes; Fouché is a good swimmer, and, if he lives, can reach the ship easily—give way, all!'

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Gibbon's Rome. Vol. II. London: H. G. Bohn.

THE present edition of Gibbon is to consist of six volumes, of which the one before us is the second. What a boon to have this invaluable work, with numerous and learned notes, for one guinea, and in such clear and beautiful type, too! It is suited to any library, and doubtless will find its way into thousands throughout the land. A few weeks ago, a dreadful onslaught was made upon this same volume by a London critic. The editor has replied to that attack; and, though he admits that some errors may have crept into the work (none of them, however, seriously affecting the sense), he satisfactorily shows, that the critic is more seriously at fault than the author he criticises so sharply, thus proving again the truth of the old adage, 'Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.'

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We have no desire to mingle in the melee; but we cannot for a moment hesitate to say, that we consider Mr Bohn to have been ill-used. His works should and will retain the confidence of the public, notwithstanding this anathema.

Memorable Women: the Story of their Lives. By Mrs. N. Crosland. London: D. Bogue.

The eight lives contained in this volume are remarkably well written, and, both on account of the style and subject-matter, will amply repay a careful perusal. The ladies are—Lady Russell, Madam D'Arblay, Mrs Piozzi, and Mary L. Ware, Mrs Hutchison and Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller and Lady Sale. It is perhaps the highest praise that we can accord, when we affirm, that the author has proved herself equal to her subjects.

Our Refuge. By Rev. James Young, Dunfermline.
The Present War. By the Rev. G. Jeffrey. Glasgow: D. Robertson; and sold by all Booksellers.

Concerning the multitude of war-sermons at present pouring from the press, we may use the language, 'their name is *Legion*, for they are many.' Their character, too, is curiously diversified. Some are great guns, and no mistake; others are the smallest of small blunderbusses. Some, to vary the figure, are rams' horns of bold and martial blast; while others are silver trumpets, as small as sweet; and others still scarce attain higher than penny-whistles, or jew's-harps, piping, alas! to men, but they do not dance, or mourning unto them, but they do not lament.—The two sermons, the titles of which we have put at the top of this notice, are about the best we have read on the subject of the present war. Mr Young's discourse is highly useful, practical, and full of excellent thought, expressed in easy and elegant language. A quiet but deep vein of piety pervades it, and, altogether, it proclaims the author a refined, able, and accomplished man. Mr Jeffrey's, too, is quite worthy of his rising reputation. It is earnest, honest, graphic, and written with all that fervid eloquence, that hurrying rapture of feeling, so characteristic of its warm-hearted author. We had the pleasure, the other evening, of hearing him speak on the Hungarian question, in the Glasgow City Hall, to an enthusiastic audience, who cheered him very warmly. His reception confirmed all we had heard about the feelings with which he is regarded in the capital of the West, and particularly by the young, ardent, and progressive Christian spirits in that city. He bids fair, in other fifteen or twenty years, to take up the position now so worthily occupied by Dr William Anderson, as the leader of the Christian liberalism of the West.

Dante; Mantell's Geological Excursions, Isle of Wight. London: H. G. Bohn.

Wright's 'Dante' is very well known. The present edition has the advantage of a brief memoir, and notes; and is copiously illustrated by Flaxman. It is one of the most valuable volumes of Mr Bohn's illustrated series, and merits an extensive circulation. 'Mantell's Geological Excursions' contains both an admirable description of, and furnishes a lively guide-book to, the Isle of Wight. Its appearance at this season is opportune.

The British Patriot, or the Song of Freedom. Glasgow: Thomas Murray.

This is a little poetical brochure, written, we understand, by a relative of the illustrious author of 'The Course of Time.' It is evidently the production of a youth who has studied the 'Pleasures of Hope' still more carefully than the sombre strains of Pollok; but he is a youth of very considerable promise. Many passages in the 'British Patriot' are commonplace enough, and many good ones are spoiled by carelessness, but others are instinct with genuine spirit, and we give him a distinct *Perge*.

Life and Adventures of Joseph Spindle. Written by Himself. Cupar-Fife: Whitehead & Burns.

This memoir is not written by Joseph Spindle himself, but by a much cleverer fellow. We cannot, however, conscientiously rank it with his happier productions. Its wit and humour are abundant, but tainted too often with coarseness and levity. It wants the bonhommie, and pathos, and poetry of Galt and Delta, in their 'Annals of the Parish,' and 'Mansie Wauch.'

History of the Anti-Corn-Law League. By Archibald Prentice. Vol. II. London: Leask.

A second of Mr Prentice's most interesting and carefully compiled volumes.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

'The Dying Soldier' (London: J. Hatchard & Son), by the Rev. W. Sinclair, M.A., Leeds, is a tale founded on facts, and will be found very pleasant reading.—'A Manual of Family and Occasional Prayers,' by the same author, is published so cheaply, that it must be a great boon to those among the poor who require this kind of assistance.—'The Cyclopædia of Sacred Poetical Quotations' (Messrs Groombridge & Sons, London). These Nos. are full of choice passages, culled from many writers.—'Summer Sketches and other Poems' (London: J. Chapman) contains some genuine poetry, couched in verse not always smooth.—'Vital Statistics' (London: King), by Mr Jossling, F.S.S., is an able, curious, and valuable pamphlet.—'The case of the Manchester Educationists' (London: J. Snow) is a thick pamphlet, by Dr Hinton, showing great pains and great power on the part of the author; but of course we do not intermeddle with the controversy.—'The Tables Turned' (London: W. Walker) is a clever paper on table-turning, and provides some material for serious thought.—Mr Edward Cheshire's 'Results of the Census' (London: J. W. Parker) has reached its fourteenth thousand, and deservedly so. It is a valuable paper, and should be extensively circulated.—'New System Illustrated of Fixing Artificial Teeth' (London: Hope & Co.), by A. Fitzpatrick, surgeon-dentist, is a feasible thing, and is accompanied with a beautiful engraving, illustrative of the new as compared with the old system.—'The Leisure Hour' for April–June contains the usual well-selected variety of papers, and the continuation of the deeply interesting story, illustrative of Australian Life. We observe that the London Religious Tract Society have commenced the weekly issue of a new penny journal, intended to supply Sunday reading especially. May such laudable efforts meet their appropriate reward—public support.—'The Doom of Popery' (Dundee: Middleton), by George Gilfillan, is a lecture characterised by the qualities that distinguish the author's best efforts.—'Debility of the Skin, Baths and Bathing' (London: Routledge), being No. I. of a series of essays on the decline and restoration of the general health, by Dr Piggott, is a sensible production, and especially suitable at the present time.—Mr C. Brady presents to the public a valuable pamphlet on the 'Improvement of the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes (London: Stanford). It was read before the Royal Dublin Society.—Dr Roth's 'Letter to the Earl of Granville on Gymnastics as a branch of National Education' (London: Groombridge & Sons), treats of a subject to which too little attention has hitherto been directed.—'Jesuits and Jesuitism' (London: H. Wooldridge) is an extract for the times, from Mr R. Montgomery Luther, by the hand of the author.—Mr Buckingham's 'Coming Era of Practical Reform,' No. 4 (London: Partridge & Oakey), is a valuable history of the temperance reformation; and, but for certain extravagances (see p. 572), we should have given it our entire approbation.—'Milloure, and other Poems,' by W. T. M'Auslane (Glasgow: J. M'Leod), is a creditable production. The sentiment is always good; some passages are fine.—'Newcastle as it is' (Newcastle: T. P Barkas) is a most searching and masterly exposition of the social evils of that borough, and presents certain remedial measures on the basis of temperance.

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GERALD MASSEY.

It is curious to reflect, that while the respective supporters of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems were rending each other—when Galileo was muttering, 'Still it moves,' and the faces of his priestly inquisitors were gathering a darker scowl—the old earth silently rolled on its everlasting way. In like manner, while our modern critics, dissatisfied with the definitions of Aristotle and Bacon, are making abortive attempts to declare dogmatically what poetry is, the orbs of song continue to rise and shine in primal beauty above the clamour and smoke of critical war. It is indeed a consoling thought, that poets cannot choose but sing; for were they to shut the floodgates of emotion, to fold their wings and possess their souls in patience, until all critics had agreed upon one grand comprehensive definition, poetry would soon be numbered among the extinct arts, the glory of man would decay, and the shrine of beauty become desolate. Had the world, in fact, suddenly stood still at midnight, and refused to move until Galileo and the anti-Copernican cardinals had settled their dispute, the darkness would not have been more dense, or the consequences more disastrous. But such a state of things, if not absolutely impossible, has happily at present no immediate chance of realisation. Ever and anon, we see a beautiful spirit emerging from the general mass, who is impelled by a power, seemingly superior to his will, to let his light shine before men, although none can analyse that light, or tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. The elder orbs, whose spheral music murmurs in our dreams, and whose relict glory still irradiates our hearts, have been passing away in swift succession; and while we wave them a tender farewell, let us also welcome with joy the advent of new stars, fresh from the hand of God, tremulous with excess of beauty, and melodious as the far-heard hymn of the pulsing sea.

Among these rising poets Gerald Massey occupies a conspicuous place. He has sprung from the stern soil of poverty, and the dews of heaven have nurtured him there. Few English poets have been born in circumstances so unpropitious, have struggled so bravely in the 'world's wrestling-ring,' or have attained such eminence at so early an age. The trials through which he has passed, and the sufferings he has endured, would inevitably have crushed down the energies of a less aspiring and passionate heart. He has already experienced greater hardships than Bloomfield, and at an earlier age. The life of a farmer's boy is pleasant, though laborious; but think of poor Massey toiling in a silk manufactory, at eight years of age, from five or six o'clock in the morning till half-past six in the evening, seeing nothing but dingy walls, and patches of yellow sky through dusty windows, while the splendour of summer was soaking the fields, and birds were merry in the old greenwood—hearing nothing but the grinding and groaning of iron wheels, while other children were 'murmuring near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own.' Well might the poet say of this period of his life:—'Having had to earn my own dear bread by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived—none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin, with the stamp of God upon it; and, in like manner, as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society, to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity, so blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.' He went up to London, at the age of fifteen, as an errand-boy. Bloomfield, at a similar age, was labouring along the alleys of

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the metropolis, under packages of shoes. 'As an errand-boy,' continues Massey, 'I had, of course, many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery, the anomalies of our societary state and politics, and the circle of my being rapidly outsurged. New power came to me with all that I saw, and thought, and read. I studied political works, such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, which gave me another element to mould into my verse, though I am convinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party-political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal—the politics of eternal truth, right, justice. He must not waste a life on what to-morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life. It was scarred and blood-burned into the very core of my being. This little volume of mine is the fruit thereof.' *

We are almost disposed to think, that were it not for revolutions and political commotions, poetry would lose all its power, and pine away into a mere amusement for the frivolous. It is the nursling of the storm; it flowers into richest beauty after a deluge of blood; it receives vigour and vitality from the agitations of the world. When we think of man, indeed, dwelling in a home that is hung amid the stars, with mysteries swimming around him of every form and hue, and himself standing there the consummate mystery of creation, we may deem it impossible that poetry, which alone gives adequate expression to the deepest emotions of the heart, can ever pine and die. Can poetry die, we exclaim, while love breathes and burns, hope waves her golden hair so beautiful, sorrow droops in gloom over the white embers of joy, death sits muffled and motionless in our summer-bowers, and brings all the daughters of music low? Can poetry die, while beauty bursts in flowers from immemorial burial-fields, floats amid the golden isles of sunset where no billows break on the tremulous strand, sings in the voice of valleys that make melody to God at dawn, and comes hand in hand with spring, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills? A single glance at the poetical literature of the last century will be sufficient to show that it is indeed possible for poetry, in certain periods of inaction, to lose all its noblest characteristics—its power, its pathos, its passionate utterance—to be no longer the oracle of beauty or the interpreter of truth. The poets of such eras, or those, at least, who possess the accomplishment of verse, live in a state of aimless and dreamful ease. They are destitute of the earnestness that is the life-blood of poetry. They do not feel that they are alive in a living world, and trill their vapid songs, blind to the glories that girdle them around, deaf to the musical march of the everlasting stars. Those only attain the perfect stature of poetic manhood, and stand forth glittering in full poetic panoply, who have breathed the hot breath of political excitement, and received an irresistible impulse from the awakened soul of the world. The life surged into them from without, not only fills their hearts with a warmer blood, but intensifies the vision, and deepens the faculty divine. They acquire, consciously or unconsciously, a power and an insight impossible to those who are born in periods of comparative passivity. The genius of Milton, no one can doubt, was strengthened and sublimised by the commotions of the puritanic age, in which he acted so conspicuous a part. Goethe, too, owed much of his living power to the period of his birth, when the most momentous events were agitating the earth. In one of his conversations with the German Boswell, he showed that he was fully conscious of the many advantages, the results, and insight he gained by being a living witness of the Seven Years' War, the separation of America and England, the French Revolution, and the whole comet-like career of Napoleon, with the events that followed his downfal. It was the same revolution, and the same subsequent commotions, that gave an impetus to the noble band of British poets who arose about the beginning of the present century, and who went down among men with steps 'godlike to music, like the golden sound of Phœbus' shouldered arrows.' Those great movements which agitated every order of society, naturally imparted the largest amount of life and vigour to the most impressible minds. Men are so closely connected together as parts of a whole humanity, that the effects

* The Ballad of Babe Christabel: with other Lyrical Poems. By GERALD MASSEY. London: David Bogue, Fleet Street. 1854. Third Edition.

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of a revolutionary struggle are never confined within the limits of a single state. One throb of new life makes the whole world kin; one great heaving of a nation's heart stirs in sympathy the universal heart of man.

The poets who drew their inspiration from the great French Revolution were fast melting away like a summer cloud, when, with the suddenness of Minerva's birth, France, Hungary, and Italy arose, 'clad in complete steel,' and communicated fresh pulsations of life to the young minstrels of the new generation. The ringing of the tocsin of liberty struck a stronger music from their hearts. Sydney Yendys, in his stirring drama, 'The Roman,' preached by the mouth of the eloquent and patriotic monk, Vittorio Santo, the downfal of the Austrian domination, the unity of Italy, and the restoration of the Roman republic. Mrs Barrett Browning heard beneath her Casa Guidi windows a little Italian child singing, 'O bella Liberta! O bella!' and that simple strain became the prelude of her noble republican poem. And Gerald Massey, who, as we have seen, lived in a hot political atmosphere, unfurled his banner, emblazoned with passionate protests against the inequalities of society and earnest appeals to eternal justice, with laudations of liberty, and glory-wreaths for the martyrs of the Hungarian tragedy. Even his poems that are not political, are possessed for the most part by the same fresh and fervid spirit of life. He is emphatically the creature of his age, and his poetry reflects alike its deepest love, its ardent aspirations, and hatred of oppression.

Massey appears before us in a twofold aspect and character. His love-lyrics and poems exhibit a jubilant fulness of imagination, rich sensuousness, pathos the most touching, and delicacy the most refined; while many of his songs of freedom and progress, are streams of blood, mingled with fire, fierce and passionate invectives, dowered with the 'hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.' Here he seems to wear the seraphic look of Shelley, with his eye full of trembling sensibility, and wrapt in the worship of Love incarnated in Beauty; and there he stands forth, clad in Elliott's mantle of fire, with the foam of wrath upon his lips, and defiance burning on his brow. Seldom, indeed, have we felt the force of contrast so much as when perusing this volume, and finding a little lyric, delicate as the dawn, and musical as murmuring waters, placed side by side with one of his fiercest protests and appeals. We could only compare it to a beautiful child nestling peacefully in the bosom of a blood-smeared warrior, at the close of a battle-day. Freedom was the poet's glittering bride, until love poured all the Arabian heaven upon his nights, and awoke a more melodious chord in his heart. It is in his love-poems, accordingly, that his genius is most richly developed. But earnestness is the pervading element, the unifying spirit of all his strains, whether dedicated to beauty or to freedom. He has been too stern a worker to sing without a motive or an aim. He speaks from the heart to the heart. He is alike earnest in his love, his worship, and his scorn. We do not find in him any of these metaphysical tendencies that are so prominent in Bailey and 'Balder;' he does not hang throbbing like a star over the great deeps of thought, and it is on this account that we may confidently predict for him a wider popularity. For the toiling millions 'Balder' is a blind guide, and 'Festus' a second apocalypse—a revelation that reveals nothing to them—but they will feel the power or pathos of Massey's appeals to the heart.

The poems that may be classed under the head of 'love,' though last in order of composition, demand, by the divine right of superior beauty, to be criticised first, in preference to the political lays. The 'Ballad of Babe Christabel' is the longest and most artistically perfect of the poet's productions. The story is the simplest that could be conceived, yet around it he has woven a gorgeous web. On a merry morn of May, when the fields were flushed with flowers, and the rose-buds were opening in concert with the opening dawn, a child was born in the home of the humble. In lonely beauty she grew, pale as a flower that loves the shade, and takes no tint of the fervid day; her mother's joy, and her toilworn father's vision of delight. They looked hopefully to the future, when she should round into the bright consummate form of womanhood, and sit like a glory in the 'seventh heaven' of some happy heart. But her face, with its depth of meaning and spirituality of expression, seemed to belong rather to a child-angel than to a creature of clay—to one who had wandered unawares out of Paradise, and was eager to return. And so in her pallid beauty she

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entered the cloud of death, and was received up into heaven. One May dawn she had fallen into a trance—the deep trance of life—and at midnight the dream was dispelled—she awoke again in her own bright world. Such is the simple tale which the poet has glorified with radiant imagery, imbued with the finest pathos, and adorned with touches of tenderest beauty. The verse is formed on the model of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam;' and in delicacy of description, in subtlety of melody, and artistic construction, it would not have been unworthy of the Laureate. The opening stanzas, descriptive of a May morning, have all the rich and refined sensuousness of Keats. We think we are listening once more to the author of 'Endymion,' when Massey sings of rosebuds drinking the 'fiery wine of dawn, with crimson stains i' the mouth' —of honeyed plots, 'drowsed with bees'— and of green nooks, 'rich with violets, that bloom in the cool dark of dewy leaves.' But the finest part of the ballad is the lament for the loss of the beautiful being, who for a brief season brightened the flowers amid which she grew, made the sunlight around her holy as moonlight, and vanished from earth when all was dark underneath, and overhead the stars lit up the illimitable deep with their torches of tremulous flame. This we shall quote entire, as it is the finest piece in the volume, although it must lose some of its beauty by being parted from the poem.

'With her white hands clasp'd she sleepeth; heart is hush'd, and lips are cold;
Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary way I go;
Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry norland wold,
With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widow'd nest my heart sits moaning for its young that's fled
From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join her starry peers;
And my light of life's o'ershadow'd where the dear one lieth dead,
And I'm crying in the dark, with many fears.

All last night-tide she seem'd near me, like a lost beloved bird,
Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind and rain;
And I call'd across the night with tender name and fondling word;
And I yearn'd out through the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, 'Eyes cannot see her; they are blind with tears of pain;'
And it climbeth up and straineth, for dear life, to look and hark,
While I call her once again; but there cometh no refrain,
And it droppeth down and dieth in the dark.'

The last stanza is of itself sufficient to prove the author to be a poet of original power. The straining and climbing up of the heart in an agony of grief, and its final despairing fall, when no soft murmur steals from the familiar lips of the loved and lost, were never described with more accuracy or pathos. The moral of this fine ballad forms the burden of many of Massey's lays. He has ever the balm of Gilead to offer as a solace for sorrow. The strings of the heart, he tells the mourner, make sweetest music when 'swept by suffering's fiery fingers.' Misery, he tells the forlorn, is but a momentary mask that happiness wears. Even his gloomiest pictures of the down-trodden degradation of the many are fringed with a radiant light. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is his cheering cry to the desperate and the disconsolate.

The four poems, 'To my Wife,' 'Long Expected,' 'Wooed and Won,' and 'Wedded Love,' are rich gushings from the golden fountain of the heart. The sons of God who in the elder time were lured from heaven by the beauty of the daughters of men, could scarcely have expressed the potency of their love in language more luxuriant and passionate. Instead of being a worker from childhood, we might almost believe from these poems that Massey had ever summered in the warmest smile of heaven. There is a giddy rapture—an oriental voluptuousness in his love. His bride appears to him to be the incarnate beauty of the universe. All that is rich and lovely in nature finds its counterpart and consummation in her. The radiance of morn and sunset, and the soft gold of the summer night, are but prophecies of her superior glory. Her silver laughter pulsates the air with music rich and resonant; her mouth is a fragrant fount of sweetness; her eyes are the purest that ever reflected the liquid light of noon; her heart is a heaving sea of love; and her lips might 'light a soul to glory with their kiss of fire.' He walks in the rare sunrise of her love and beauty; he sings and summers in her smile, and shall feel no sorrow while her heart bends over him like

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a heaven. Blessed, surely, among women must be the beautiful bride who can thus draw forth from her poet-husband expression of love more rapturous than the lover is wont to bestow upon the maiden-empress of his heart! The poet enjoys an everlasting dawn, and the mother, like the maid, is 'flooded up in flowers.'

Shelley speaks of those who are 'cradled into poetry by wrong:' but it was the fervour of Massey's love that first made him a poet. It stirred his soul to its lowest depths—quickened and sublimated all the sensibilities of his nature. If even the most commonplace being is for a season lifted up above himself by the sudden awakening of this passion in his heart—if he who formerly looked with eye so leaden and lustreless upon earth and heaven, becomes of imagination all compact, and feels a charm he never felt before, in the air and the sunshine, we may readily conceive how much more powerful would be its influence on the sensitive soul of Massey. It awoke the 'sleeping beauty in his heart's charmed palace,' and made his life flush and flower into sudden manhood. Poetry then became the necessary language of his aroused emotions. It possessed him, body and soul—it burned in his blood, and panted in his breath. Thus we find that in these poems he transfers the intensity of his feelings to nature. The May-greenery *glows;* the quick sap *dances* through the trees; May-roses *yearn* in at the lattice; and the stars yearn in heaven. All objects, animate and inanimate, seem to be partakers of his passion, and sharers in his joy.

Now, we can easily imagine some cynical, elderly critic, with green spectacles, who hates Hafiz, and slurs over the Song of Solomon when searching the Scriptures, smiling a grim sardonic smile over these fervid raptures of the poet. 'Here is another fine madman,' we seem to hear him exclaiming, 'who wishes the world to believe that his wife is more beautiful than Cleopatra, more loveable than Cordelia, and more heavenly than St Sophia, while in all probability she is as plain-looking as Jean Armour, and with all means and appliances at hand would make but an indifferent cook. Could she sew a button on this frenzied poet's shirt of fire, or bathe his temples with vinegar after a fit of inspiration? But not content with representing his wife as the realised ideal of womanhood, he must shed abroad his insanity over the whole universe, and tell us that the stars are all languishing with love—that the winds of heaven are all panting with passion—that the roses of summer are perpetually pouting, like his own mouth, for a kiss—and that even the hearts of the mountains are heaving to some heart beyond! Why, is not this indeed midsummer madness? and should not most of our modern bards be banished to Inchcruin, where nobody will disturb their dreams but lunatics like themselves?' This old man eloquent may be regarded as the representative of the crabbed club of critics; but however cynical may be their sneer, and however loud may be their laugh of derision, those who can appreciate true poetry will ever feel the passionate life of these poems 'running along their veins like fire.'

We notice next the exuberant imagery that radiates over the lines, as bickering hues upon the dove's neck burn. The poet's heart seems unsatisfied, until he has exhausted nature of similitudes. The flowers of his fancy are crowded together; and, as Walter Savage Landor remarks, 'almost overthrow the vase containing them.' This richness of flowerage is one of the peculiar characteristics of modern poetry. Our most promising poets bear, in this respect, a closer resemblance to Keats and Shelley, than to Wordsworth, whose poems may be likened to the mountain solitudes amid which he mused—high, calm, contemplative, beautified at intervals by a simple wild-flower, by the light of a solitary star, or by the sunset glow of a castellated cloud. Imagery pulsates like an aurora over the pages of Tennyson, of Bailey, of Smith, of Yendys, and here, again, we find it veiling the poems of Gerald Massey, in a 'shower of shadowing roses.' Now, while we do not object so strongly as some of our artistic critics to such exuberance, believing that images are as real as thoughts, and have frequently a fine suggestiveness, still we think that the latter poet is too enthusiastic an image-worshipper, and that he has, to some extent, marred the beauty and unity of these poems, by allowing his fancy too unfettered a range. His reason seems to sit in a car, like Juno, drawn by peacocks with their purple-starred plumes. Many of his images are apt and beautiful; but in some places there is a confusion of figures.

The sunny sensuousness to which we

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have already referred, is finely manifested in such passages as the following:—

'My muse! that moveth swathed with holier light,
Throned on the regnant heights of womanhood,
In all thy summer beauty, warm as when
I look'd out on the sunny side of Life,
And saw thee summering like a blooming vine,
That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice,
By the ripe armful with ambrosial smile.'

Again,—

'Love rays us round, as glory swathes a star,
And, from the mystic touch of lips and palms,
Streams rosy warmth, enough t' illume a world.'

This characteristic attains its climax in the 'Bridal'—a poem so full of warm, voluptuous, yet delicate description, that it might have been written by an oriental poet who had basked in the sun of the Syrian summer, wandered among the gardens of spices, and dreamed on the mountains of myrrh. We seem to have been suddenly transported into an Eden world, where the skies are more beautifully blue, the stars are more lustrous, the flowers are coloured with richer hues, the air is laden with balmier odours, and hearts cannot lose the intense fervour of love. The poet lifts into the region of the ideal the marriage of Strength and Beauty, and imparts to it a deeper charm, by opening the poem with a description of another bridal—the bridal of Earth and Morn. This union of the blushing dawn and the glory-crowned earth, is but a magnificent prelude to the higher human union that is to succeed. How rich the following description:—

'Alive with eyes, the village sees
The bridal dawning from the trees,
And housewives swarm i' the sun like bees.

Silence sits in the belfry choir!
Up in the twinkling air the spire
Throbs, as it flutter'd wings of fire.

The winking windows burn and blush,
With colours rare as flow and flush,
Through summer sunsets bloom'd and hush.

But enter; lordlier splendours brim,
Such mists of gold and purple swim,
And the light falls so rich and dim.

Even so doth love life's door unbar,
Where all the hidden glories are,
That from the windows shone afar.

Love's lovely to the passers-by,
But they who love are region'd high
On the hills of bliss, with heaven nigh.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims,
With rainbow-robe on dainty limbs,
The bride's rare loveliness o'erbrims!

The gazers drink rich overflows,
Her cheek a livelier damask glows,
And on his arm she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,
His being doth so bud and bud,
He wanders an enchanted wood.'

The richness of the references to nature in this and other poems of Massey suggests the remarkable fact, that the poets who from childhood have been confined to cities, or whose days have been spent away from the cheerful light of heaven in shops and factories, are almost invariably the most intense worshippers of outward beauty. There is a warm blood-flush, and a trembling sensibility to the loveliness of nature in their poems, which we do not find to the same extent in the productions of those poets who, like Wordsworth, dwell ever in close communion with woods and waters and heaven-kissing hills. The casual glimpses they obtain of the shows of the world, are glorified by the imagination, which broods and gloats over the pictures reflected in the mirror of memory. The quiet love of nature that lives and moves so silently in the heart of the rural poet, becomes a panting passion in the souls of their brother bards, who are seldom permitted to behold the object of their adoration. The craving for beauty refines and intensifies their sensibilities, so that the fragrance of common flowers becomes to them an *arrowy* odour—the marigold *burns* in the marsh—the wall-flower blushes with *cloudy fire*—and the cradled summer deep resembles that 'sea of glass and fire whereupon the angels walked.' But this intense nature-worship is not without its attendant evils. It is apt to make the poet lose sight of his proper vocation, and to deaden his ear to the still sad music of humanity. The world, in its grandest or loveliest aspects, ought to be regarded merely as the setting for the human picture. The Greek and Roman bards were right, after all, when they preferred faces to flowers, and made nature serve as the handmaid of humanity. They believed, and justly, that the proper study of mankind is man. And, since Christianity has, in these latter days, given a new dignity and importance to humanity, should not our modern minstrels feel that there is more poetry in the city than the country—more poetry in the roaring tide of

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human beings on the crowded street, than in the majestic sweep of the mightiest river that rolls in proud beauty to the sea? The face of a beautiful child is more delightful than the dawn, and a sorrow-laden eye is more suggestive than night with all its stars. The poets of the preceding generation seemed, for the most part, to love nature more profoundly, and to contemplate it more closely than man. Wordsworth, indeed, listened to the beating of the humblest human heart, and developed the inherent dignity of the humblest human form. But he, too, kept himself apart from the rushing tide of being, and his religion appeared often to consist simply in the contemplation of natural beauty, in the worship of moors, mountains, and eve's one star. Byron, again, confessed in 'Childe Harold,' that the hum of human cities tortured his heart; but the leaping of the live thunder from Alp to Alp, the hiss and howl of homeless streams, and the far boom of breakers on the shore, filled him with a wild delight. Shelley was a 'phantom among men, companionless' — he fled from the stony wilderness of streets to the lone sea, and the seclusion of solitary streams. And Keats, filled with a presentiment of his early death, clung to the beautiful robe of his mother earth with the convulsive grasp of one who is soon to be torn away from her for ever. Thus, the city is almost a fresh field and a pasture new for our living poets; and in this, the 'age of great cities'—the age when men of all classes, of all characters, of all creeds, are crowding together as if impelled by some irresistible instinct—where could a richer harvest of poetical materials be found? Are there no materials for poetry of the highest kind in the living roar of the streets by day, and their dead desert-like stillness by night; in the misery that appears, like a dark shadow, amid the gaiety and splendour; in the sob-stifled song of the broken-hearted, mingling with the loud laugh of revelry; in the long lines of lighted streets, that seem stretching on and on into infinity; or in the stars looking down so holy and calm, above the restlessness of the heaving human sea? Gerald Massey has already sung his 'Song in the city;' and few are better fitted than himself for treating this subject with the vigour, the beauty, and the pathos it demands.

The love-lyrics in this volume are in some respects superior to the unrhymed love-poems. The blank verse, notwithstanding its rush of feeling and imagery, is somewhat spasmodic in its movements. It is not filled with that long-lingering majestic melody which we ought ever to find in this form of verse. The imagery of the lyrics is choice and refined, the feelings are delicately expressed, and there is a melting beauty at times in their music. Here is one that murmurs melodiously as a shell on the sea-shore:—

'Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and love was lord below!
Every vein of earth was dancing
With the spring's new wine!
'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying,
Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, sweet! a-maying
In the merry, merry May.

Little heart! it shyly open'd
Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripen'd
To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten
And it blooms so dear,
Though a many winters whiten,
I go maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying,
Blessings on the day,
When I met you, sweet, a-maying,
In the merry, merry May.'

'A Maiden's Song,' which want of space prevents us from quoting as a companion lyric to the above, is a dewdrop of love from a maiden's heart, pure and beautiful, and reflecting heaven. Nothing could be sweeter or more delicate than some of these simple songs. They are full of soft and soul-like sounds—free from mawkishness of sentiment, and the cold commonplaces of affected passion. Massey reverences woman, believing that she is the finest revelation in the human form of the heart of God—believing that her body is truly the consecrated 'temple of the Holy Ghost,' and he magnifies the meek but mighty power of love, as the regenerator of the world. In such pieces as 'The Poor Man's Wife,' he sings of the strength that slumbers in the flower-like female form—

'And shows us how divine a thing
A woman may become.'

Between the lyrics of love and the lays of freedom, we stop to particularise the noble lines on Hood. They are brimming with blessings for him who wept melodious tears, who married to immortal verse the

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wail of the broken heart, and who poured his soul 'in music for the poor.' Hood—the silent sufferer, the genial and heroic man, who, like Cervantes, made others laugh while the spirit within him sat moaning in the shadow of a great grief—Hood was just such a poet as we might have expected to draw forth Massey's warmest expressions of love. The grand opening of the poem, and the exhibition of Hood's glorious wit, we cannot choose but quote:—

'Tis the old story!—ever the blind world
Knows not its angels of deliverance
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
It stones the martyr; then, with praying hands,
Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
And calls sweet names, and worships what it spurn'd.
It slays the man to deify the Christ;
And then how lovingly 'twill bind the brows,
Where late its thorn-crown laugh'd with bloody lips—
Red, and rejoicing from grim murder's kiss!
To those who walk beside them, great men seem
Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars.
As dying limbs do lengthen out in death,
So grows the stature of their after-fame;
And then we gather up their glorious words,
And treasure up their names with loving care.
So Hood, our poet, lived his martyr-life!
With a swift soul that travell'd at rare speed,
And struck such flashes from its flinty road,
That by its trail of radiance through the dark,
We almost feature th' unknown Future's face—
And went uncrown'd to his untimely tomb.
Certes, the world did praise his glorious wit—
The merry jester with his cap and bells!
And sooth his wit was like Ithuriel's spear;
But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain
Of tears melodious, that are worlds of love;
And rainbows that would bridge from earth to heaven,
And light that would have shone like Joshua's son
Above our long death-grapple with the wrong;
And thunder-voices with their words of fire,
To melt the slave's chain and the tyrant's crown.
His wit?—a kind smile just to hearten us!—
Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life
That flash'd o'er precious pearls and golden sands.
But, there was that beneath surpassing show!
The starry soul that shines where all is dark!
Endurance that can suffer and grow strong—
Walk through the world with bleeding feet, and smile!'

The songs of freedom and progress—poems, of the inferiority of which to his love-lays Massey is himself fully conscious—have yet a sufficient quantity of fire and vigour about them to merit attention. They are valuable as indicating that deep hatred of oppression which smoulders in the hearts of the toiling millions—a hatred which governments seem rather anxious to intensify than to remove. What kind of verses might we expect a poet to pen whose childhood, with all its delightful dreams, had been suddenly crushed down by the millstone of toil, whose soul had been pierced by the iron of poverty and aristocratic scorn, and into the very core of whose being the commotions of the Continent had been 'scarred and blood-burned?' Would it not simply be such verses as this new poet of the people has written—such lays as, 'The Lords of Land and Money,' 'Our Fathers are Praying for Pauper-pay,' 'They are but Giants while we Kneel,' 'The Men of Forty-eight,' and 'A Welcome to Louis Kossuth?' It is not to be expected that the workman-poet of this age will content himself with finding a solace in nature for all the miseries of his lot, or will refrain from thundering his anathema maranatha into the ears of tyrannical taskmasters, or of an insipid aristocracy. Rather would we hear an Elliott, like an enraged eagle, screaming out his burdens of wrath against bread-tax-winners, and Massey calling upon democracy to arise from the dust of degradation, and avenge the wrongs of centuries, than see a poet so far degrade the God-given gift within him, as to fawn upon a patrician patron, and extol the large magnanimity of the man who rewards his eulogiums with a supercilious smile. A few of the songs before us certainly savour somewhat too strongly of the Faubourg St Antoine; but Elliott blasphemed an octave higher, and showered his curses, like serpents of fire, with a more unsparing hand. Some of the verses, again, are written more in sorrow than in anger; they are drops wrung from a bleeding heart. In others, the poet counsels and warns, like a brother, his fellow-workers, and calls them out to the worship of beauty—out from the den of darkness and the city's soil of sin, to the billowing corn-fields and the silence

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of the solitary wood, where 'stands magnificence dreaming, and God burneth in the bush.' He bids them remember that mind is might—that only by keeping holy the heart and cultivating the intellect, shall they be able to overcome their degradation, and lend new glory to the world on which they dwell.

Better than the songs are two poems in blank verse—'New Year's Eve in Exile,' and 'Peace.' In these we find not a little of the strength of 'Hyperion,' as in other poems we found the lusciousness of 'Endymion.' The first describes a meeting of the flower and chivalry of many lands in the country of their exile. They hold a solemn festival, while others are quaffing the brimming beakers of joy, and the New Year's bells are ringing a jubilant peal. The poem contains many powerful and passionate lines, and wings of flame flutter within the heart of the prophet-poet, as he pictures the dawn of freedom burning the consolidated gloom of centuries. 'Peace' is a production of a similar stamp. It reminds us of the noblest passage in Mrs Barrett Browning's last, longest, and best poem. How full of fiery life is the exordium, which must astonish Mr Pease, and arrest Elihu Burritt in the composition of a new Olive Leaf!

'Yes, peace is beautiful; and I do yearn
For her to clasp the world's poor tortured heart,
As sweet spring warmth doth brood o'er coming flowers.
But peace with these Leviathans of blood,
Who pirate crimson seas, devouring men?
Give them the hand of brotherhood—whose fangs
Are in our hearts with the grim blood-hound's grip?
Would'st see peace, idiot-like, with smirk and smile,
A-planting flowers to coronal Truth's grave?
Peace merry-making, mind the funeral-pyre,
Where freedom, fiery-curtain'd, weds with death?
Peace mirroring her form by pools of blood—
Crowning the Croat in Vienna's fosse,
With all sweet influences of thankful eyes
For murder of the glorious Burschenschaft?
Peace with oppression, which doth tear dear friends
And brothers from our side to-day, and comes
To eat *our* hearts and drink *our* blood to-morrow?
Out on't! it is the tyrant's cunning cant,
The robe of sheen flung o'er his deadly daggers,
Which start to life whene'er it hugs to death.
I answer, War!—war with the cause of war—
War with our misery, want, and wretchedness—
War with curst gold, which is an endless war
On love, and God, and our humanity!'

Enough has now been said, and quotations sufficient have been given, to prove that in Gerald Massey we have another new poet of rare promise. Whatever amount of odium his political lyrics may have raised against him in certain circles, he is destined to be dear to the heart of the people. His faults, on some of which we have tenderly touched, lie on the surface, and can easily be amended. In fact, they will gradually drop away as his genius expands to the full measure and stature of poetic manhood. He has already quenched the lurid fire of his revolutionary strains, and soon we may expect to find him curbing his riotous fancy, reproducing less frequently images and thoughts from favourite poets, and attaining greater depth and clearness of vision. We give a welcome to this poet, all the heartier that he was born and bred in a poor man's hut, for the Scottish bards most deeply reverenced and loved are those whom the Spirit of song found sitting by the cottage hearth, when she awoke the slumbering music of their souls; and it is our warmest wish that Gerald Massey may yet occupy that place in the affections of the English people, which Robert Burns occupies in the hearts of the peasantry of the North.

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EASTERN TRAVEL.—PALESTINE.

CHAPTER XVII.

TIBERIAS—LABIETH—NAZARETH.

JULIET.—O, comfortable friar!'—*Romeo and Juliet.*

NEVER did a morrow more completely disappoint the hopes that were formed of it, than did that which succeeded our arrival at Tiberias; and seldom were good resolutions and amiable intentions more utterly scattered to the winds, than were those with which we felt ourselves overflowing, softened by the gentle scenery that had delighted us during the day. There was a talk of reading the Sermon on the Mount upon the traditionary hill where it was delivered; and many other pious suggestions were made, befitting the hallowing scenes around us. In place of realising any of these, a series of provocations and petty misfortunes drove the Mount of the Beatitudes out of our heads; and, judging at least from myself, I fear the doctrines there inculcated were equally forgotten, as not the least serious of the losses which I sustained during the day was that of my temper.

We had scarcely retired to rest, after arriving at Tiberias, when the yells of unnumbered animals resounded around our tents. Troops of jackals, more clamorous than those of Katana, were replied to by a chorus of dogs within the town, which made us look upon Constantinople as a model of canine quietness; and close to where we slept, or rather attempted to sleep, we heard the sound of strong jaws crunching and crashing the bones which some monsters were devouring. Morning showed us a melancholy scene. Near our tents lay the carcasses of two camels and a horse, the chief causes of our savage serenade during the night; and before us stood the most dejected of inhabited towns, the once magnificent and still sacred city of Tiberias. The wretched houses are surrounded by a wall, which, as well as the larger buildings of the place, still exhibits the rents and ravages of an earthquake, that sixteen years before had laid the town in ruins. One or two scraggy palms, the mere skeletons of trees, bend their melancholy forms above the mud huts, and seem to mourn over the desolation they look down upon.

Our horses, which had hitherto stood the journey bravely, now suddenly appeared jaded and fagged; and one poor brute could scarcely move, on account of the point of his curiously shaped shoe having been driven into his heel. To have him shod, we entered Tiberias, and found the smith smoking his chibouque at the door of his forge. This saint quietly informed us, that, let the horse suffer what it might, he would not touch him, though he belonged to the Sultan himself. He was a Christian, he said, and the day was a *fête*, on which he would do no work, though we gave him a thousand piastres. I felt much more inclined to make him stand in need of a thousand *plasters*, but it was not an occasion where force could be employed. The sun shone fiercely down, and the street was close and stifling, whilst a crowd of people collected round us, staring impertinently, smoked in our faces. Provoked at being robbed of the little air there was, I swept the barrels of my gun round me, using it like a scythe, and smashing one of the chibouques, sent the smoker limping away. The blow was much harder than I intended, and at the moment I expected a 'row,' but, on the contrary, the action was greeted with loud applause. 'The dog of a Jew!' they cried, 'you served him right.'

Having wrenched off the twisted shoe with the pincers of the sanctimonious smith, we extracted ourselves as quickly as we could from the foul hovels of Tiberias, and after having wasted some time in visiting a Roman bath, we started on our journey to Nazareth.

Our companions took it into their heads they would first ride to Mount Tabor; and having asked Beau-frère if he could guide them thither, they started, on his unhesitatingly replying in the affirmative. Not long after, we were surprised by seeing our friends coming up behind us at a gallop, when we had imagined they were far in front of us; but nothing daunted, they started again, when Jonacho ultimately landed them in *cul de sac* among the rocky hills, where they were com-

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pletely 'pounded,' and the final failure of their expedition was the only grain of comfort I had during this disastrous day. *Dans les malheurs des nos amies il y' a toujours quelque chose qui nous plait.* After a last look upon the sweet Lake of Gennesareth, in which some fishermen were drawing their nets, wading in the water (for boats have disappeared), we slowly ascended the heights above Tiberias, and pursued our journey in a westerly direction to Labieth, a scattered village, pleasantly situated amidst groves of fig-trees and gigantic hedges of the cactus.

We halted near a well in the midst of a green vale, a short distance from this hamlet, and, sheltering ourselves from the sun, watched a scene in which Eastern life was pictured in one of its fairest and most romantic aspects. The damsels of Labieth had just come forth to draw water. They were all unveiled, and wore around their brows, and platted in their long hair, an amazing number of gold and silver coins, their marriage portion, and probably the whole wealth of the wearers. Anklets and many bracelets were strung round their well-formed limbs and bare arms, whilst long earthen jars balanced on their heads, together with their loose robes, gave them a stately and dignified appearance. Around the well, a numerous caravan had rested. Dark-visaged men, clad in bright dresses, were stretched upon the grass, and many camels were scattered around. Some were drinking water which a village maid was drawing for them, as did Rebecca at the well of Nahor for the camels of Abraham. The graceful girls moved silently, with light, untrammelled step, the weary Arabs slept upon the bright grass, the camels, freed from their burdens, ruminated in peace. Boundless and cloudless the pure blue heavens hung above a scene, strange, still, and fair, as traveller could wish to gaze upon, and *perfect* as limner could desire to paint.

Towards sunset, we approached the brow of a hill, and on gaining the summit, we found we had almost arrived at the conclusion of our journey for the day. A deep rocky basin lay below us, the shelving sides of which, worn and ribbed as if by the sea, resembled not a little the interior of a Roman circus, though more elongated in shape, and of course much larger. On the northern slope of this valley —sun-scorched, and, save a few stunted olives, bare of trees—stands Nazareth, the humble home during nearly all his earthly pilgrimage of the Saviour of mankind. A rich canopy of golden clouds hung above the town, and the bottom of the vale is fertile and green; but, in spite of these beauties, the grey, naked rocks upon which Nazareth is built give it an aspect of dreary sterility. One-half of the population is Christian, and the Latin convent is the largest edifice in the town; but beside it is a mosque, from which—conspicuous above all the buildings of the place—rises one tall minaret, the sole emblem of Mahomet which profanes the city of the Saviour; and here the cross and the crescent seem to contend for the sovereignty of Nazareth.

Just before reaching the summit of the hill, an accident occurred, which at first sight appeared sufficiently alarming. Among the horses of our caravan there was one loaded with a pile of soft materials, upon the top of which one of our people, an obliging Greek, was comfortably ensconced. Thinking that a change to such a seat might be a relief to a lady tired with long travel, I suggested an exchange, and the Greek was in an instant on his feet, when the owner of the horse churlishly refused to allow any one else to mount him. Many petty provocations during the day had at length rendered my arm as well as my temper somewhat impatient, so, seizing the ungallant Turk by his long bare vulture-like neck, I shook it till his turban rolled on the ground, and he gasped out that it would give him the greatest pleasure if his horse could be in any way useful. This man, who had always been disobliging, now became obsequiously polite, assisted my wife to mount, and, gathering the first flower he saw, presented it to her with a profound reverence. Perhaps in the East 'the yellow hair' of the plant may have a peculiar significance, but with us the peace-offering would not be considered either the fairest or the most fragrant of flowers, as it was a common dandelion. If, however, *Ibrahim* felt secret resentment for his shaking, there was a dramatic propriety in the revenge which he speedily received. In passing a rock, the horse made a sudden spring, his rider grasped at the rein—there was none—and seizing a sheep's-skin, which gave way when it was laid hold of, down she came, her face striking full upon the bare rock, and for

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a moment she lay senseless and covered with blood. It was sad to have nothing for it but to place her again on her horse and travel on; but at the convent of Nazareth, Father Joachim attended her with such skill and care, that in less than three days his patient was able to resume her journey, restored in strength, though swathed and bandaged like a daughter of the faithful.

And blessings upon those kindly monks of Nazareth! Who that has ridden by day over the hills of Syria, and slept at night in stifling Druse huts, or encamped amidst the hyenas, dogs, and jackals of Katana or Tiberias, but would rejoice in the quiet and simple comforts of the convent? But who that arrives there sick or wounded would not bless this oasis in the moral desert, and thank the Providence that placed him under the gentle care of Father Joachim?

A stately, fine-looking old Spaniard, a graduate of Salamanca, is this disciple of Æsculapius and St Dominic; and it was not without sorrow that we bade farewell to one who had been so completely a friend in need, nor will his patient soon forget the venerable monk, who brought with him at every visit, as well as skilful advice, fresh flowers and kindly smiles.

The note-book of the convent bore ample testimony to the skill of Father Joachim and the kindness of the monks, and proved at the same time the savage state of the country in the neighbourhood of Nazareth. Had I doubted the propriety of being properly armed while travelling in Syria, the narratives left by travellers in this book would have convinced me of its expedience. One of the most recent entries was the grateful acknowledgment made by an Englishman for the refuge and succour which the convent had afforded him. While crossing the plain of Esdrælon with a single attendant, he had been attacked near Jenin by three ruffians armed with clubs. His native guide fled at their approach; and after being rendered insensible by blows, he was left for dead by the robbers, who had first stripped him of every vestige of clothing. In this state he was found, and brought to Nazareth by a wayfarer, who was perhaps literally 'a good Samaritan,' as Samaria, the neighbouring district, still contains a remnant of that ancient people.

It is evident that these men, armed only with clubs, dared not have attacked even a single Englishman, if properly supplied with pistols, and the chances are much less of encountering large bands of robbers than small parties of marauders.

Like other Roman Catholics in less venerable situations, the Christians of Nazareth have their relics and sacred localities to exhibit. The house of Joseph and Mary, hewn in the rock, the chamber of the Annunciation, the table-stone upon which Christ broke bread with his disciples after his resurrection, and the rock from which the Jews intended to have precipitated the Saviour, are all pointed out with unhesitating confidence. The rock table is a lozenge-shaped block of limestone, worn smooth by the touch of pilgrims, who are said to receive a seven years' indulgence after visiting it.

A passing glance is all one feels inclined to bestow upon monkish marvels which have no evidence to support them, but the eye rests long and earnestly upon the unchanging features of nature, the rugged mountains, the natural caverns, the bare white rocks, every stone of which must have been a familiar object to Him, who for upwards of thirty years condescended to sojourn in that little secluded valley; and there was a thrilling pleasure in wandering over hills His feet must so often have trod. From one of the heights I obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country, not the least interesting object being Acre, situated beyond the promontory of Mount Carmel, and, though twenty miles distant, the houses and even the boats in the bay were distinctly visible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLAIN OF ESDRÆLON—JENIN—NABULUS.

'The kings came and fought; then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo.'—*Judges* v. 19.

It had been our wish to arrive at Jerusalem before Christmas Eve, but this was prevented by the accident which had occurred. Our two travelling companions, however, continued their journey, and reached the holy shrines in time to witness the ceremonies; and, contrary to what we had at one time feared, we were

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enabled to follow them, after so short a delay, that we reached Jerusalem on the morning of Christmas.

We bade farewell, with gratitude and regret, to the hospitable inmates of the convent, and our first day's journey being a short one, we slowly wended our way over the girdle of rocky hills that surrounds Nazareth. The environs of the town were silent, desolate, and lone; and the only animals we saw were two, which could not long have been numbered among living creatures. One of these was an old horse, a mere anatomy. With drooping head and glazing eyes, the poor brute stood as if in sleep, whilst three grey crows, perched on the high ridge of his back-bone, quietly awaited the moment of their still breathing perch becoming carrion. A little farther on, our passage between two cliffs was almost barred by an aged camel, which had lain down to die. With its neck stretched out, and its head resting on the ground, it crouched in the attitude of a hare in its form, and our horses could scarcely be persuaded to pass it, the rather that it happened to be milk-white, an unusual colour.

After surmounting the narrow ridge of craggy heights, we found ourselves upon the wide plain of Esdrælon, a perfect level, completely surrounded by hills, and forming one of those noble amphitheatres which nature has scattered amidst the mountains of Syria. And since the earliest times, how many great events and stirring scenes have occurred within the circle of these hills! A thousand battles have swept across that plain, which, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar to those of Napoleon, has been chosen as a fitting field for strife. Around it have been the dwellings of prophets; and there, from the miracles of Elijah to those of a mightier than he, have 'many wonderful works been done.' * Every object upon which the eye can rest is pregnant with interest, or reverent from association. To our right rose the mountain range of Carmel, on which, before assembled Israel, Elijah discomfited the eight hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and of the groves; and from whence, too, at his prayer, the cloud was descried which, though no bigger than a man's hand, was to dispel the famine from the land. Upon our left stood Mount Tabor, the traditional scene of the Transfiguration, a dome-shaped hill, standing apart from the rest upon the plain. It was from this mountain that Barak, at the command of Deborah, went down with his ten thousand men, and overthrew the host of Sisera, with his nine hundred chariots of iron; the chief only escaping, to die by the treacherous blow of a woman. There, too, are situated Endor and Nain. A third mountain was conspicuous in our front; it was Gilboa, where Israel's warrior monarch—his host and his sons lying slaughtered around him—fell despairing upon his sword. The highly dramatic character of Saul's whole career, but particularly of the closing scenes of his life, struck me forcibly as I rode over the ground. The great, but guilty hero—conscience-stricken, and quailing before his enemies—the dark sorceress of Endor—the phantom of the prophet—the prediction of approaching doom—the crash of the battle—and then the wounded king falling in silence upon his own sword, are all grand and terrible pictures of fear, vengeance, and despair. What a glorious tragedy would not Saul's history have made, in the hands of him who drew Macbeth! *

The plain of Esdrælon is also called the valley of Jezreel, from the royal city of that name, which was situated between Endor and Gilboa. It was thither, along the level plain, that Jehu 'drove furiously,' when he went to wreak the judgment of God upon the wicked but queenly Jezebel. And beauty, too, dwelt here; for when 'a fair damsel was sought throughout all the coasts of Israel,' the fairest was found at Shunen, a village of the plain. Sadly changed is that valley now. The chariots of the Canaanites have disappeared, and no others have come in their place. The fertile soil is untilled; and the only village I observed on the plain was the most melancholy spectacle I ever beheld in the shape of human habitations. We rode up to what ap-

* Among the many names of the plain of Esdrælon is that of Megiddon; and this famous field of strife is destined, according to those who literally interpret the Apocalypse, to be the scene of a yet more famous fight than any former one. In the opinion of these interpreters, it is here that the battle of Armageddon is to be fought.

* The ambiguous answer of Elisha to Hazael, regarding the death of Benhadad, the Syrian monarch, and the prediction that he should 'be king hereafter,' together with the subsequent murder of his master in his sleep, seem to have suggested some of the chief incidents in the tragedy of 'Macbeth.'

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peared, at a distance, to be the remains of a large tumulus—a considerable circular mound of earth flat at the top. On reaching it, we were astonished to find that it was a group of human dwellings clustered together, and so rudely constructed, that it was difficult to say whether the inhabitants had built huts, or had merely mined into the earth. The whole place seemed one vast heap of sand, from holes in which, miserable-looking women and children peeped out as we approached. Around these *burrows* were many cone-shaped mounds of clay, one-half of which were tombs, and the other half bee-hives, huddled indiscriminately together. No tree or plant, or any vestige of verdure, grew near the place, and the inmates having withdrawn into the interior, a troop of mangy dogs, and the skeletons of several asses strewed around, were the sole indications that the confused mounds before us constituted an Arab village. I am not aware to what degraded race these 'burrowers,' as I designated them, belong, but, from a notice of them in Layard, I imagine they are an ancient and distinct tribe, long resident in Western Asia. Mr Layard describes several such villages on the banks of the Lake Wan in Kurdistan, which were identically the same as those described by Xenophon, when he traversed that part of Armenia. Mr Layard is unusually lively, and not less exact in his description. 'It is not uncommon,' he says, 'for a traveller to receive the first intimation of his approach to a village, by finding his horse's fore-feet down a chimney, and himself taking his place, unexpectedly, in the family circle through the roof.' But Esdrælon can still 'blossom like the rose.' Towards its southern extremity, the land became cultivated; and, in the evening, we pitched our tents at Jenin, the ancient Ginæa, a thriving town, situated at the extremity of the plain, well watered, and surrounded by luxuriant groves of oranges and lemons, amidst which several groups of palm-trees are pleasingly interspersed.

Just after nightfall, some women came to our tents and asked for a light, which, having got, they went to a number of tombs close by, and placed lamps at the heads of many of the graves, which shed a glow-worm light over the lonely spot.

The conical tombs I have noticed on the plain of Esdrælon were the only ones of that description I observed. The graves of the Arabs are mounds, such as our own, at the head of which the clay rises up in the form of a cup, in which is planted an aloe, the emblem of patience. The graves at Jenin differed slightly from these in form, a cavity for a lamp being left in the elevated portion of the mound, in place of the usual hollow for a plant.

As early as four A.M., we were awakened by the loud and continued cries to prayer, uttered by the Muezzims from the minarets; and, profiting by the piety of the Turks, as well as by the shrillness of the jackals, we were ready to resume our journey with the first dawn of morning. Thinking it still practicable to arrive at Jerusalem on Christmas, we resolved to proceed as far on our way, before resting for the night, as would enable us to reach the city at an early hour on the *following* day. To enable us to make forced marches, we took leave of our baggage, and, accompanied only by Constantine, we travelled as fast as our now thoroughly weary horses were able to carry us. Having followed the course of a pleasant valley, which led us into the midst of the hills, we came unexpectedly upon a curious discovery which had just been made, about the distance of a mile from Jenin. This was a spacious tunnel leading *right* into the mountain-side, and extending so far as it could be followed in the direction of Jenin. A number of labourers were occupied in clearing the mouth of this place, which was, in form, not dissimilar to a railway tunnel. The roof was vaulted, and where the rock was defective, the arch was completed by masonry. A deep clear well was situated near the mouth of the tunnel, and after following its course for about a hundred yards, I was stopped by water and darkness. Numerous indications of former buildings are discernible in the neighbourhood of this subterranean passage, but whether it was merely connected with these, or had formed a secret passage to Ginæa, I had not time to consider.

Our ride during this day led us through scenery beautifully varied by mountain and plain, interspersed with frequent villages, and clothed with wood, which was only too uniformly olive, and therefore sombre in its hue. Many of these groves were destitute of fruit, which had probably been gathered, but others groaned under a load of black clusters, and the ground below them was thickly strewn with the shining stores.

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Many of the natives whom we met, fully bore out the description I had read of them in the travellers' book at Nazareth. In appearance and character, they totally differed from the inhabitants of all the other districts of Syria through which we passed, and more murderous-looking rascals I never saw. Strong, tall, bony, lowering ruffians, they reminded one of the illustrations of Bill Sykes in 'Oliver Twist.' They were all half naked, and each carried in his hand—fortunately the only weapon he had—a monstrous club, which he could not pretend was for any other purpose than violence. They uniformly passed without any salutation; but never exceeding two or three in number, they had no fancy for an encounter with two men bristling with pistol-barrels.

Towards the afternoon, on surmounting a hill, we found ourselves descending the deep and beautiful valley which separates Mount Ebal from Mount Gerizim, and in which stands Nabulus, the Shechem of the Bible. Few towns can compare in beauty of situation with this ancient place, which has been famous in sacred story since the days of Abraham, and which became the capital of Israel upon Jeroboam's choosing it as his residence. Sheltered from the sun in a delightful glen, and embowered by the thick foliage of pleasant trees, Nabulus is situated on the slope of Mount Gerizim, the steep sides of Mount Ebal being so near and so full in front of it, that when the 'blessings' and the 'curses' were pronounced in the vale below, as had been commanded by Moses, the responsive 'Amens!' of the tribes of Israel, ranged on the sides of the two mountains, must have rolled in grandeur along the whole valley, and have echoed from hill to hill. As was doubtless the case in the days when Jotham addressed to the men of Shechem the parable of the trees, Nabulus is surrounded by the orange, the citron, the almond, the pomegranate, and the vine. The lower slopes of the valley are covered by many fruit and forest trees, over which an occasional palm lifts its tall head and long drooping branches. A number of shady nabbok trees stand on a terrace, in front of the northern gate of the town, and on reaching them, we were immediately surrounded by a clamorous crowd of mendicants, who seem to have a vested right in the shadow of these trees. Constantine assured us they were lepers, and that it was necessary to satisfy them with a little money. They came around us, each exhibiting some deformity—distorted joints, hands without fingers, and feet without toes—but though mutilation is one of the ultimate signs of leprosy, I was inclined, at the time, to imagine that they derived the name from traditional association, and that the maimed and diseased paupers of Nabulus still haunted a spot which the lepers of Shechem had occupied from immemorial time. I have since, however, had reason to believe that these persons were really afflicted in the manner they were represented to be. Nabulus seems to have been in a great measure rebuilt, and the solid masonry of its stone houses, together with its comparative cleanness, give it an appearance of strength and comfort which eastern cities seldom have. No change, however, has been made in the character of the streets, which are narrow lanes between high dead walls, frequently arched over at the top. A mob of rascally Mahometan boys endeavoured to annoy us as we rode through the town; and, besides hooting, had begun to pelt a little mud, when several respectable Turks dispersed the ragamuffins, rebuking them severely, and threatening them with their sticks.

After a very short delay in Nabulus, we continued our journey, and about the distance of a mile from the town, we reached one of the least impeachable of the sacred antiquities of Palestine. Where the valley opens towards the south-east, stands a small building resembling a Turkish tomb, built over 'Jacob's Well,' beside which the memorable conversation between our Lord and the woman of Samaria took place. The antiquity of this well, which is hewn deep in the solid rock, does not admit of question, and as its situation corresponds with the mention made of it in St John, there seems to be no sufficient ground for rejecting the tradition which has identified the place. Admitting this to be the Well of Jacob, it follows that the fertile land around it is 'the parcel of a field' which Jacob bought from the children of Hamor, and which, it would appear, he had afterwards to reclaim by force from the hands of the Amorite. This was the portion which Joseph received above his brethren, and a short distance from the well is a tomb, said to be that in which his bones were deposited after being brought from Egypt.

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Contrary to the arrangement of the morning, Constantine now remarked that we could go no farther that day, but must return to Nabulus; and fierce was our colloquy by the side of Jacob's Well. 'I thought you knew every foot of Syria?'—'Not in the dark. In half an hour the sun will be down.'—'But the moon has to rise.'—'We are certain to be shot.'—'I thought all danger of robbers was over.'—'Yes, while it is light, but we shall be fired on from the first house where we attempt to stop during the night.'—'Very well, let us go.'—'Then, my blood be on your head, and that of my children, who will starve if I die!' So saying, or rather screaming, our guide started off at a gallop. He had shortly before told me there was no danger in Samaria, and had boasted, moreover, of having himself shot the chief robber in Galilee. In truth, we were soon in darkness, and had begun to repent of not giving the man his own way, when the moon rose above the hills, full and bright, shedding around our path a light so soft and silvery, that we were content to bear with its uncertainty, on account of its shadowy beauty.

As Constantine professed to know of no possible quarters for the night, we fell into conversation with a peasant, the only wayfarer we overtook, and it was ultimately agreed we should accompany him to his home. For hours this man trudged sturdily and silently on, leading us, we knew not whither, though still, as it seemed, in the direction in which we wished to go. At length he left the beaten path, and led us over hills, and through woods, till we began to wonder if it was not some sprite or goblin that seemed to flit for ever before us in the moonlight. Being almost faint with thirst, we halted on the brow of a hill, covered with fine olives, whilst our conductor went to fetch water from a spring he knew to be near. As we rested under a tree, a large and savage dog rushed furiously towards us, snapping his horrid fangs within a few inches of our persons. Though probably the property of no one, I yet disliked to shoot him, but his ferocity left me no alternative, and, raising my gun, I silenced him for ever, just as he seemed to have made up his mind to fly upon us. Refreshed by the water, and still more by the assurance that we were close to the end of our journey, we resumed our march, but coming almost immediately to the edge of a deep ravine, the sides of which were covered with shelving rocks, we could not venture to trust ourselves longer on horseback. We had already ridden over crags that seemed sufficient to stagger even Syrian horses, but the precipitous bank before us appeared utterly impracticable. The horses, however, plunged into the valley without the hesitation of a moment, and stepping, leaping, and scrambling from rock to rock, reached the bottom without a stumble. Here our guide called aloud, and presently two donkeys trotted up to him, and having transferred a burden he carried from his back to theirs, drove them before him. After climbing the opposite bank, an operation which frequently required the assistance of our hands as well as feet, our horses following like dogs, we reached the top, where stood a group of three or four mud huts, in one of which we were to rest. It appeared, that in constructing the house advantage had been taken of a thick and branchy pine. Its stout trunk stood in the centre of the room, and the branches spreading out at right angles from the stem, some twelve feet from the ground, supported the roof, which, like the walls, was composed of clay. After our evening meal, we would gladly have wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks and slept, stretched as we were beside a blazing wood-fire, but the inmates of the neighbouring cottages made their appearance, though midnight was already passed, and, seating themselves round us, stared in our faces with the most barbarous curiosity. Never before had we encountered such unmitigated savages. One of the men from time to time dashed his hand into the dishes from which we were eating, stuffing his mouth with the food, whilst the whole party treated us like some curious animals that had been newly caught. At length the production of chibouques put a period to my powers of endurance, and I succeeded, partly by remonstrance, and partly by force, in expelling the whole of them from our resting place, and we remained 'monarchs of all we surveyed,' though not sole occupants, as a horse and some goats reposed at one corner, and two cows quietly ruminated in another.

Long before the dawn of morning, two young women came into the house, and having lighted a lamp—an earthen vessel, of the ancient classic form—they sat down opposite each other on the floor, and

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began to grind corn between two stones. No change has taken place in this simple mill since the earliest times; and the scene and the sound were the same that are taken as illustrations of daily life by Jeremiah and by our Lord. In person, the women were fine specimens of the peasant damsels of Samaria. Though too robust to be graceful, their tall and well-formed figures, clad in the most simple drapery, had, if not a dignified, at least a stately appearance. Their dress consisted of one single robe of coarse white linen, which, hanging loosely upon them, followed the outline of their persons, which it scarcely conceaded, and was fastened at the waist by a crimson sash. Like the women of Galilee, their arms were covered with bracelets and armlets. On each wrist was a circlet of massy silver, with an opening in it like a horse shoe, and closely resembling the ancient bracelets frequently found in Ireland. On their heads were a multitude of coins; and on going to rest, they had made no change whatever in their attire, but had slept with all their ornaments, as well as their slight dress, upon them. At another of the huts at which we stopped, a mother most pertinaciously forced her daughter on our notice, explaining that she required more coins in her hair to make up her dowry, and telling us, if we would add a few to the number, the maiden would immediately be married.

My biblical reflections were often rudely banished in Palestine; and just as the 'two women grinding at the mill' had turned my thoughts on the sacred past, by 'the glad sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle,' I was brought back to the present by the movements of one of the damsels. Stopping her work, I observed her glance towards me with an anxious, cunning expression. Pretending to be asleep, I then saw her snatch the only article that had been left within her reach—a poor box of lucifers—and pitching it cleverly into an empty water jar, she resumed her grinding, and the low song with which she accompanied it.

CHAPTER XIX.

JERUSALEM—BETHLEHEM.

'A power from the Unknown God;
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.

. . . .

So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem.
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.

. . . . . .

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazon'd as on heaven's immortal noon
The Cross leads generations on.'—*Shelley*.

Glad to breathe again the free air of the hills, we left our mud cabin on the mountain top at seven A.M., and reached Jerusalem at half-past four in the afternoon. After riding about two hours, we entered a much more sterile country than any we had hitherto traversed, and as we advanced into Judea, the desolation became complete. The hills were mere heaps of stones, the ruinous cottages mere heaps of mud, and, with the exception of an occasional prickly oak, that bold climber of mountains, no particle of vegetation relieved the cheerless aspect of yellowish limestone rocks, which were only occasionally covered by patches of scanty soil of a similar colour. Wretched as was the appearance of the country, that of the inhabitants was still more miserable. We saw only dejected peasants, clad in sheepskins, and almost one-half of them were possessors of but a single eye; but, looking upon the treeless waste that glared around them, the chief wonder was how they had not lost them both. The women, probably, from being less exposed to the sun, were nearly exempt from this calamity.

In the higher districts, barley was cultivated, the patches of soil being, in the language of Isaiah, 'digged with the mattock;' but, as we approached Jerusalem,

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the ground, though still exceedingly stony, improved in quality, and olives and other trees began to appear. Here, too, ploughs were to be seen in operation, and the soil was scratched, if not furrowed, by a very primitive implement—a stick, curved at the end like a fish hook, being dragged by an ox, or sometimes by two feeble starvlings. A peculiar curse seemed to rest upon Judea, and the land of Ephraim. Animal life had disappeared with vegetation, and the stillness was as complete as the desolation. At length, on emerging from a scattered wood of ancient olive-trees, the sacred city stood before us. Jerusalem occupies the brow of an eminence, and reaches to the verge of two deep valleys, which skirt it on the east and south, but viewed from where we stood it appeared built upon a plain. Completely surrounded by a high wall, the domes of the mosques and churches are just visible above it, and the minarets are too few to break the heavy appearance of the city. Unlike most Eastern towns, it is encompassed by no pleasant wood; the dead walls stand out stark and bare upon the ridge of a long low rocky hill; and no city can have a more harsh and unpleasing aspect than Jerusalem, as seen from its northern or western approach. And yet, seldom has the spell of association stood so well the test of reality; and the city where David lived, and the Saviour died, needed no adventitious circumstances to rivet the attention, or to awaken deep emotion in the heart. Upon the waning crescent I had ever before looked with a sort of respectful compassion, as upon the emblem of a great thought, expiring only with the unchanging race who held it; but a feeling almost of wrath swept across my mind, when I saw the moon of Mahomet glittering in pride of place above the rock of Calvary, and the greatest and the holiest of all truths—the doctrine of the atonement—thus authoritatively denied upon the spot where it was accomplished.

The day following our arrival being Sunday, we attended divine service at the English church, a new and handsome building, said to occupy the site of the house of Cleophas. Surrounded by Moslems, Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Kopts, and Jews, we longed to hear at Jerusalem the language of England, and the lofty ritual of its church, and truth compels me to confess that we were bitterly disappointed. Miserably aping a cathedral service, we listened to a chaos of discordant sound, intended to pass for chanting. A crowd of Greeks, which curiosity had gathered at the door, doubtless considered the performance a bad imitation of their own nasal achievements; and the motto of the hymn-book that lay on the table seemed a silent protest against the murder of the service. Upon the back of the little volume was written, 'Praise God with the understanding.'

We were present at the ceremonies performed at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Every one has instinctively imagined for himself the hill of Calvary, the garden, and the sepulchre newly hewn in the rock, and unless fully prepared for it by previous information, the shock which all preconceived opinion receives on entering this church is indeed a rude one. In the midst of the city, and hemmed in by other buildings, a confused edifice, composed of heterogeneous parts, comprises within its single wall the scene of the crucifixion, and the tomb of the Saviour. How mortifying to find the most sacred spot on earth degraded into a paltry show! At the door sat three Moslems, the custodiæ of the place; and, as we entered, the chief of these welcomed us with a profound reverence, and smiled with the most comic and sarcastically civil expression I ever saw on the face of a Turk. Three processions—Roman, Greek, and Armenian—were making at the same time the tour of the church, stopping at each sacred spot to chant a service appropriate to the place, and the several strains often mingled in jarring rivalry with each other. A Roman Catholic monk volunteered to act as our cicerone, and the industry or the zeal of the various sects has left nothing to be imagined. The spot where stood the cross—the rent rock—the stone where the body was anointed—the holy sepulchre—the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, were all faithfully pointed out to us by our guide. Besides the golden socket which marks the position of the cross, two others indicate the precise spots where the thieves were crucified; and it was with some surprise that I heard our undoubting monk confess, that he did not know on which it was that the penitent malefactor suffered. Recognising among the crowd of pilgrims some of our Russian fellow-passengers from Constantinople, I envied the simple faith that enabled them, on bended knee, to kiss so

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fervently each rock and stone to which tradition has attached a sacred memory; but belief was chased from the sanctuary by the miserable monkery which has so cruelly disguised 'the place where the Lord lay.' As men often 'believe what they wish to be true,' it is not uncommon to assent to a popular belief in the identity of a famous locality, while you yet stand upon the spot, and then doubt comes again as soon as you have left its precincts. With the Church of the Holy Sepulchre it is precisely the reverse. The fierce and skilful assault which Robinson has made upon the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has done much to impress Protestants generally with the belief that the edifice does not occupy the site of Golgotha at all. Shocked by such rival mummeries as we had witnessed, and impressed by the apparently improbable situation of the places, certain writers, without thinking it worth while to reason on the subject, can only afford 'to blush' at what no serious mind can regard as other than 'a lying wonder.' Now, in spite of the credulous ignorance of the monks, and the learned scepticism of Robinson, it does appear to me that the identity of no famous spot in sacred history, and few in profane, rests upon such sure and solid grounds as that of the Holy Sepulchre.

Volumes have been written upon the topography of Jerusalem, and so many conflicting opinions have been expressed, that we are driven to the conclusion that little can now be established by a mere superficial inspection of the ground. The levels have been materially altered by the debris of ages, and the relative positions of many buildings have been changed by time and the shocks of war. But the historical proof seems to be as clear and irrefragable, as the inferences drawn from a geographical survey are perplexing and contradictory.

I cannot here enter into an examination of the arguments which have been adduced on either side, but I shall give a brief summary of what appears to me to be the most prominent facts connected with the history of the church.

The crucifixion of our Saviour took place, according to common chronology, in the year 33. Nine years after that event, as we learn from Josephus, the northern wall of Jerusalem was extended by Agrippa; and though we cannot assert that Golgotha was at that time included in the city, there are reasonable grounds for supposing that it was. In the year 70, Jerusalem was taken by Titus, but its destruction was by no means complete, and we have direct testimony that many of its chief land-marks were purposely preserved by the conqueror. The Christian inhabitants almost immediately returned to the city, and were permitted to establish themselves there under the episcopal superintendence of Simon, who, being the son of Mary and Cleophas, was the cousin of our Lord. From this period to the revolt of the Jews, A. D. 131, it is utterly impossible to suppose that so important a locality could be disregarded by the Christians, or forgotten by the other classes of the community. The Jewish rebellion was crushed by Hadrian, and that emperor, wishing to obliterate all traces of what he conceived were the superstitions of both Jews and Christians, erected a temple to Jupiter where the holy of holies once stood; and dedicated another to Venus on the spot where the crucifixion took place. This fact is stated by Eusebius, who was born about a hundred and twenty-seven years after the event; and it is repeated by Sozomen, a historian of the fifth century. Earlier writers are, it is true, silent on the subject, but the statement is supported by tradition, and is impugned by no hostile testimony whatever. It may be remarked, in passing, that, if the attempt of the Romans to obliterate the site appears calculated to defeat its object, it would seem that a fatality had attended their efforts in connection with the sepulchre, as the precaution they took to prevent the Saviour's body being stolen, became a remarkable proof of the truth of the resurrection.

For a period of 190 years from the suppression of the Jewish revolt (and the alleged erection of a heathen temple), to the foundation of the church by Constantine, Jerusalem had always numbered among its inhabitants a large society of Christians, chiefly Gentiles, who were governed by Gentile bishops. Latterly the Christian religion became triumphant, and was adopted by the state, as well as by vast numbers of the people. If all knowledge of the site of the holy sepulchre was ever lost, it must have been during this interval of time. The supposition is, to say the least, extremely improbable. The scene of any remarkable execution, whether of a martyr or a malefactor, is deeply impressed upon the popular mind.

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In 1778, a German writer describes Tyburn as being distant about two miles from London, is there any chance of its site being disputed in 1978, because it will then be in the centre of the city? Though Jesus had never been deemed divine, or had proved a false prophet and no true Messiah, is it likely that the spot where so mysterious an impostor was publicly executed would be speedily forgotten? Or would the remembrance of the crucifixion of the 'Good Magician,'* the scene of which event an earthquake stamped with its ravages, lightly pass from the minds of men? The Jews who persecuted him were not likely to forget the spot which witnessed the death of 'The King of the Jews;' and how much more would the Christians fondly cherish the spot where the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, accomplished his mission upon earth. In the year 326, Constantine, having access to all the records, plans, measurements, and statistical facts regarding Jerusalem, which the admirable civil administration of Rome had most undoubtedly collected and preserved, fixed upon the ruins of the temple of Venus as the spot where the Saviour died and was buried—cleared away the rubbish, and brought to light a tomb hewn in the rock. Of this there is no question, and it has never been disputed that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupies the site of the edifice erected by Constantine.

Dr Robinson brings no positive proof to bear against the identity of the site. After seeking to impugn the evidence by which it is supported, he proceeds farther, and declares that it cannot by possibility be Calvary, asserting that the spot was included within the ancient wall of Jerusalem. This, however, is a mere conjecture of the American divine, which he fails to support by anything entitled to the name of proof, and it follows from his hypothesis, that the Christians of the third and fourth centuries were as ignorant of the gospels as of the topography of Jerusalem. Had so monstrous a blunder been committed, the Jew and the Pagan would have gladly exposed it, and the error would not have remained undiscovered for fifteen hundred years.†

The same spirit which has disfigured the rock of Calvary by an absurd minuteness of detail, has filled the modern city of Jerusalem with wonders more than apocryphal in character. The Latins and Armenians have each a spot of their own where 'the cock crew,' whilst doubtless the Greeks have a third, and in the seemingly modern wall of the Via Dolorosa, is a small hole, said to have been made by the cross striking against, when our Saviour staggered under its weight. Yet this broken stone brought me nearer by eighteen centuries to the day upon which it is said to have been struck, than Golgotha itself, disguised as it is by gold, and marble, and monkish mummery. Upon accidentally looking into the opening, I observed that it was filled with the vilest expectorations, and I found that fanatic Turks and bigoted Jews—particularly at such holy seasons as Christmas—never pass the spot without spitting upon it! So did their fathers upon Him that bore the cross. Near this place is a doorway, pointed out as that at which, according to tradition, Christ asked leave to rest, when the young man said, 'Go on! go on!' and became from that hour the 'Wandering Jew,' whom fable represents as still ceaselessly roaming the world with unresting foot.

Jerusalem, though covering a number of irregular eminences, slopes generally towards the east, till it reaches the brink of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, along the verge of which runs its massive wall. At the bottom of this vale is the bed of the brook Kedron, but the 'latter rains' being withheld, the channel of the stream is almost invariably dry. Immediately beyond the Kedron, opposite the centre of the city, stand a few ancient olive-trees, the massive and gnarled trunks of which attest their venerable antiquity. This is the garden of Gethsemane, and right above it is the Mount of Olives, the highest hill in the neighbourhood. From the summit of the mount, by far the best view of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country is obtained, as you look almost down upon the city, which slopes towards you, presenting the appearance of a sea of domes, with the Mosque of Omar built upon the site of the temple, the most prominent object in the fore-

* It was thus that our Saviour was frequently designated by the Jews.

† For many of the facts stated above, I am indebted to a pamphlet by Mr Finley of Athens, the accomplished historian of the Byzantine Empire, whom I have also to thank for verbal information on matters connected with the East.

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ground. But the whole environs of Jerusalem are barren, desolate, and burned. The dusky foliage of the olive scarcely relieves the eye, as it wanders over bare limestone rocks, which glare white in the sun, and look as if scorched by fire. The eastward view extends far away over the hills of Judah, and amidst them is seen the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, which, though twenty miles distant, appears surprisingly near. Many of the most interesting events recorded in the New Testament having occurred in the valley which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, the scenes identified by the lasting features of nature are less doubtful than those within the city.

From Gethsemane, our Saviour must have seen the 'lanterns and torches' of the soldiers sent to apprehend him, as the road from the city is full in front of the garden. Close by is the traditionary scene of the martyrdom of St Stephen. The Pool of Siloam, and the Fountain of the Virgin, remain unchanged by centuries. They are large cisterns, partly built and partly hewn deep in the living rock, which is worn smooth by the bare feet of Jewish maidens, pressed upon them for ages; and, though five hundred paces distant from each other, they are connected by a subterraneous passage.

Many sepulchres are hewn in the base of the Mount of Olives, the most striking of which is called, though erroneously, the Tomb of Absalom. The rock, instead of being caverned, is cut away, and carved into a lofty columned structure. In the same valley are also placed the legendary tombs of St James and of the Virgin; but the most interesting sepulchral monument near Jerusalem is that called the 'Tombs of the Kings,' some distance to the north of the city. A large quadrangular excavation forms, as it were, a vestibule to the sepulchre, which, penetrating the rock-hewn wall by a narrow entrance, expands into chambers more spacious than any other we saw in Palestine, though not reaching to the twentieth part of the extent of some of the Egyptian tombs. The most interesting feature in this sepulchre is the remains of architectural ornament, particularly an entablature above the entrance, on which roses, grapes, and other flowers and fruits of Palestine, are represented in rather elegant sculpture.

Second only in lasting interest to Jerusalem, is that village to which the names of Ruth and of David would have given a charm, had not all minor associations been forgotten in the birth-place of the Saviour.

Bethlehem is prettily situated upon the brow of a hill, four miles to the south of Jerusalem, and the ride thither is the most pleasing in the neighbourhood. Passing the hill of Zion, it leads along a smooth road frequently shaded by olives, amidst which flocks of sheep and goats were browsing, and where barley, as in the days of Boaz, is still the chief object of cultivation. The aqueduct by which Solomon brought the matchless waters of Bethlehem to the capital, is still in a great measure entire, though there is no longer any fountain adequate to supply it; and on our way, we passed the tomb of Rachel, over which Sir Moses Montefiore has recently erected a handsome structure.

The principal building in Bethlehem is the ancient Church of the Nativity, in the vault beneath which is the grotto shown as the stable of the Inn of Bethlehem. Descending a narrow staircase, we entered a chamber gorgeously decorated, and dimly lighted by lamps, which burn eternally. Upon one side, a golden star, in a marble recess, marks the spot of the Nativity; and opposite to it is the manger to which the infant Saviour was conveyed. Our two companions, who had arrived in time to mingle in the ceremonies of Christmas Eve, saw an imitation child—a doll!—lifted by the officiating patriarch, and laid in the manger.

When we visited the place, a few pilgrims, happy in the simplicity of their faith, were devoutly kissing the sacred spots; and I observed one Russian woman, who had carried her infant from her far distant home, place the child, almost by stealth, first on the spot where the Virgin bore her son, and then carry it to the manger, pressing its innocent little face against the holy marble, and uttering over it a mother's prayers and blessings.

There is no doubt that Bethlehem still occupies the site it did when the Saviour was born, but that this grotto is indeed the stable, is supported by none of those proofs which appear to me to substantiate the claims of the Holy Sepulchre. Caverns in the East are frequently used as stables, and Joseph and Mary being temporary visiters of Bethlehem, at a period when it was crowded, might have occupied even such a cave as that over which the church has been built; but its situa-

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tion, twenty feet below the surface of the rock, renders it unlikely that horses were ever kept in it. Yet immemorial tradition has sanctified the spot, and the church has received a more certain, though less sacred distinction, in being the abode of St Jerome, and the scene of his literary labours.

Another grotto, at some distance from the church, is pointed out to the traveller as the house in which Joseph and Mary lived, when they received the warning to flee with the young child into Egypt. This cavern, which has at least the air of antiquity about it, has escaped the embellishments of the monks; and our cicerone assured us, that the smoke on the walls was caused by the fire of Mary's kitchen. If so, a comfortless abode must they have had.

The hill upon which Bethlehem stands is cut into terraces, and pleasantly planted with fruit-trees, but its amenity ends with its situation. Of all the writers of Eastern travel, none are less given to 'twaddle' than Kinglake, the author of the dashing 'Eothen,' yet even he can sometimes join in 'tuneful chants;' and when visiting Bethlehem, his eyes must surely have been touched with the 'juice of love-in-idleness.'

I confess that, after journeying amidst the shrouded or the shrivelled dames of Syria, I rode to Bethlehem, nothing loth to see 'a gushing spring of fresh and joyous girlhood,' which, I doubted not, must be perennial, as I knew that, though the 'romping girls' that sported there some sixteen years ago were sober matrons now, their daughters still were there, and, doubtless, heired the graces of their mothers. Such was the 'sweet Bethlehem' I expected to find—a filthy village, its recent buildings crumbling from the rudeness of their construction, was what I saw, 'and rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,' what I found.*

* 'The people of Bethlehem are said to be remarkable for their ferocity and rudeness, which, indeed, is the common character of most places accounted holy in the East.'—*Kitto.*

JULY WILD-FLOWERS IN NORTH DEVON.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

T'wards haughty Hillsborough, when the sun
  Of July sheds its evening light
On the wide stretch of surging seas,
Let me thus wander forth at ease,
And gather, ere the day be done,
  Wild-flowers, all fair and bright.

With 'battlemented calyx,' see
  The yellow buds on towering spikes
Of Agrimony, spicy-leaved;
While lilac Scabions, deftly weaved
Into a web to trap a bee,
  The eye with flossy beauty strikes.

With roseate blooms like winged things,
  Restharrow twists amongst the grass,
Where cheerfully the Bird's-foot lotus
A carpet, balm'd with Thyme, has wrought us,
Which bee-enamouring odour flings,
  To chain our footsteps ere we pass.

In couches sweet of yellow, shaped
  Into a thousand tiny stars,
The Ladies' Bedstraw spreads about;
Whilst modestly peeps in and out
The lovely Centaury, pink-draped,
  And downy Hawksweed boldlier flares.

Cull tenderly yon tender thing,
  Whose lemon-tinted buds are rare—
A Mouse-ear of no vulgar kind,
Though neighbours near it, you may find
Stonecrops, whose affluent juices wring
  Existence from the rockiest lair.

And fairer still, with anthers gay
  Of purple, Stonecrop-white, that grows
Profusely in the mountain-clefts,
Near which the wasp commits new thefts
From Bladder-campions, that display
  Inflated cups 'neath bushy Sloes.

Where Brambles thrive, and throw about
  Their stinging whips and thorny thongs,
With graceful fronds full many a Fern
Feathers yon brook, whose waters turn
And twist, like serpents, in and out,
  While the lark sings its latest songs.

ILFRACOMBE.

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A BALLAD.

BY JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

A cottage stood beneath a hill,
In which a widow and one child,
Far from the busy scenes of life,
With earth seem'd reconciled.

The mother had a saintly soul,
And many an act had proved her kind;
Those hearts must needs have sympathy,
Whose children have grown blind.

And when I saw that child's sweet face,
This sun-striped earth was hid from view;
No more the fairy-tinted flowers
Might greet those eyes of blue.

Those eyes no more might see the wealth,
The golden wealth of July noons;
Nor, in heaven's starry wilderness,
The chasten'd march of moons.

And yet she was not blind from birth;
The darkness stole up like a night,
And, overtaking her life's morn,
Drank up the dancing light.

And then, instead of waving boughs,
There came a mocking noise of leaves;
And, in the place of harvest fields,
A rustling in the sheaves.

It was upon that edge of spring,
Which kindles into summer time,
That I first saw this angel child,
And mother half divine.

Between a stately sycamore,
And a sweet-scented hawthorn-tree,
The little darling listening sat,
With flowers upon her knee;

Sat listening to her mother's voice,
That read out, softly, storied truth
Of her who glean'd the scatter'd corn:
The simple-minded Ruth:

And how Naomi loved the girl,
Who, by her side, resolved to stay,
To wipe the hot tears from her face,
And cheer the lonely way.

And ever and anon the child
Rose up to kiss her mother's cheek,
While the kind widow look'd more love
Than she could ever speak.

And often when she took her girl,
And laid her in her little bed,
The spotless angel dream'd about
The tales her mother read.

Next morn, she whisper'd, 'I have seen
In God's great home those angels stand;
And when *our* spirits enter heaven,
They shall go hand in hand.'

. . . . . .

Again I saw that lovely cot,
That seem'd to nestle in the trees,
Amid the music of the birds,
And murmuring of bees.

The valley held a rich, brown mist,
And sunbeams tipp'd the village spire;
And the old mountains standing round,
Seem'd clad in hazy fire.

For they were shagg'd with flowering furze,
That gave the air a golden glow;
While the red sky held all the wealth
Autumnal eves can show.

And there, beneath the same old trees,
I saw, oh God! the same dear child;
But ah! that pale face seem'd to say,
'This heart has been beguiled,

Beguiled by angels'—kindred things;
'My soul is going heavenward now;'
And childhood's native majesty
Sat crown'd upon her brow.

And the same smile play'd on her lips,
And the old glory on her head,
But, where the rose of health had been,
A lily lay instead.

In that young heart, no dread remorse
Dare hold its awful jubilee;
And no dark fiends, with spirit eyes,
Might that fair angel see;

Yet, as she knelt upon the grass,
With thin hands clasp'd upon her breast,
As if the little angel's heart
Were hurrying into rest,

I knew that her pure life was held
By some transcendent mystery,
And felt, that out of angel-world
Her soul could not be free.

And as I gazed upon the child,
The wind, that gently stirr'd her hair,
Brought quickly to my startled ears
This strangely-worded prayer:—

'O Thou that givest life to flowers,
And teachest music to the bird,
Give strength unto my falt'ring faith,
And let this prayer be heard.

Take me, O Lord, from this dark world,
So stain'd with crime, and wet with tears,
And let heaven start out from his face,
Who smiled away my fears.

Yes! take me, Lord, unto thyself,
Far from this world with sorrow riven;
And let a mother's sainted soul
Come up with mine to heaven;

For men have hard and cruel hearts,
And all the earth is wrapp'd in night,
While thou, O God! art full of love,
And heaven is peopled light!'

It was an old man's privilege,
To stand and listen to that prayer;
But it was love, and love alone,
That kept *me* waiting there.

And when her little voice had ceased,
And she sank down so low and faint,
Love led me to the frail girl's side,
To kiss the budding saint.

And when I loosed her claspéd hands,
And ask'd her if she wish'd to die,
A spirit-blush ran up her cheek,
And died upon her eye.

She said, 'O, sir, yon sunny world,
That came out glowing like a spark
From a great group of leaden clouds,
Has grown upon the dark;

Has widen'd out upon the night,
All through the last, long-staying year;
And now, as each warm day retires,
It seems to come more near.

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Its vales are full of lovely flowers;
It has a sky of tender blue;
And often, through grey clouds, the stars
  Come struggling into view.
And now,' she said, 'I hear its winds,
And near me I see angel bands;
And nearer still the daylight falls
  Upon white waving hands;
And I must go, I cannot stay
Within this dark and sultry night;
O yon must be God's paradise,
  For heaven is peopled light.
Above a hill of fire, I read
A promise written in the dawn;
And peering through the crimson clouds,
  Are faces I have known.
And one tall angel I can see,
The centre of a little band,
And he is holding out a crown,
  And beckoning with his hand;
While others shake the tree of life,
Till dewy drops fall off in showers;
And I can see the grass beneath
  Burst into purple flowers.
And some are playing on their harps;
But rainbows hid these from my sight,
Till from his radiant brow there came
  An overflow of light;
And now I see,' but here her head
Sunk slowly down upon my arm;
As though some sudden, shooting pain
  Had taken off the charm.
But, as I gently lifted her,
And bore her t'wards the cottage door,
She whisper'd softly in my ear,
  'I see them now once more.'
I told the darling, that it was
The earth transfigured that she saw;
And that the mode of bliss in heaven,
  On earth we might not know.
But still she spake of spirits near,
And things 'which none but blind girls see,'
As if they only ate the fruit
  From some forbidden tree.
'And oh,' she said, ''tis not the earth,
For all things here are wrapp'd in night,
And daylight there is bright with wings,
  And heaven is peopled light!'

. . . . .

Once more set free from distant toil,
When six short months had pass'd away,
I sought, with half reluctant step,
  The well-remember'd way,
Which led me to the silent vale
That held a cherish'd form of love—
That little girl whose angel-life
  Reach'd up to life above
In visions which in beauty rose;—
The tender offspring of desire—
To thrid the dull and dreary night
  With crimson skeins of fire.
The voice of spring was in the winds,
And her green promise lined the way;
And flowers were smiling in the grass,
  Up at the smiling day.
The trees had shaken loose their leaves;
The hills had got a crimson glow;
And narrow slips of deep blue sky
  Look'd out through clouds of snow;
And birds were hurrying out their songs,
Into a soft and balmy air;
The heart of earth seem'd wrapp'd in peace,
  Like man's heart after prayer.
And yet my breast held secret fears,
Lest I should miss that angel's form;
Whose fragile life took tend'rest moods,
  Like rainbows in a storm.
I thought about her failing strength,
And her strange talk of mystic gleams,
That shot athwart her trembling soul,
  And mingled with her dreams.
For when she was shut out from earth,
And made sole dedicate to God;
Her darken'd life burst into bloom,
  Like Aaron's sapless rod.
The way was long; and, ere I reach'd
The quiet valley's wooded breast,
It was the holy vesper hour:
  The sun was in the west.
And, leaning on the orchard gate,
I strove to reason off my fears,
Till hope, quick growing in my soul,
  Threw light upon my tears;
For I could see the widow's form;
And on her knee the same old book;
And, when her lips had ceased to move,
  She cast a sideward look
To where, behind the hawthorn-tree,
Last year I saw her daughter kneel,
While visions of God's paradise
  Across her heart did steal.
And quickly to my anxious breast,
That look, which bore a mother's love,
Came hurrying down the watery waste
  Like Noah's burden'd dove!
And striding o'er the open land,
And giving freedom to my eye,
I call'd aloud the darling's name;
  The widow heaved a sigh.
I ask'd her for her angel child,
And—pointing to an empty chair—
She said, 'I could not read *this* book,
  Unless I saw *it* there.
And oh! I miss my daughter's form,
Low-kneeling down among the flowers,
Whose voice of pleading tenderness
  Did sanctify these hours.
And in that chair where she once sat,
There is a blank and dreary space,
And when that vacancy is fill'd,
  It is by Heaven's grace!
For, often through these twilight glooms,
I've seen an angel sitting there;
And, when I plead for peace, a voice
  Says "Amen" to my prayer.'
That night, beside a grave of flowers,
Which no rude hand would ever touch,
Beneath a name that few would know—
I read upon a carved headstone,
That seem'd to shrink, it was so low,
But white as is the driven snow—
  'The girl that knew too much.'

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COTTON, SLAVES, AND SLAVERY.

A CURSORY glance at the history of the world, from those distant ages of antiquity, whose only memorials are the ruins of Babylon, or the palace-mounds of ancient Nineveh, to the busy commercial present of A.D. 1854, would lead to the supposition that slavery was either a political or an economic necessity—an hereditary evil, so to speak, among the nations of the earth, only extinguished amid the crash of falling empires in the Old World, to re-appear in a future epoch, and in another form, in the more recently discovered territories of the New. Of its universality among the ancient nations, there can be no doubt. Almost every great city, every great work of antique civilisation, the pyramids of Egypt, the rampart walls of Babylon, the temple of Jerusalem, and the city of ancient Rome, were all built by the forced labour of slaves; while we may consider the state of serfdom in the feudal system of the middle ages in Europe to be the connecting link between slavery in ancient and in modern times, existing, as that system unquestionably did, at the time of the discovery of America in the fifteenth century. And, when feudality was extinguished in Europe by the combined influences of advancing civilisation, and commerce, and increasing population, we have only to cast our eyes on the map of the New World, to behold the seeds of the same dire evil germinating in the Spanish colonies of the southern main, to eventually take even deeper root in those settlements of the north, which were the nucleus of the present United States. Widely, however, as slavery may have differed, in these successive epochs, in form as in practice, yet, to our thinking, the original cause, the corner-stone on which it has reared its hideous front among mankind, has been always the same—it is less a political than an economic and social necessity, originating in the scarcity of labour. For, although there is reason to suppose that the ancient empires of the East were numerously, though, probably, not densely peopled, yet the want of mechanical skill, which caused all their stupendous public works to be done by the labour of men's hands, necessitated the employment of immense bodies of workmen. Slavery, in the remote times of which we speak, existed in the patriarchal form, as described in the Old Testament. The more odious features of the system, the legalised traffic in human flesh, the forcible abduction of thousands of innocent families from their native continent to the shores of the New World, are atrocities which have been engrafted on it in comparatively modern times. That labour, the great desideratum of every colony and new country, should have been, as it still is, the want of America, whose trackless solitudes offer to every man the prize of independence, is neither matter of novelty nor doubt; and that, misled, as we firmly believe, by erroneous notions of the greater cheapness of slave labour compared with free, the slaveowners still cling to their 'peculiar institution,' in days like the present, when that scarcity, from the tide of emigration and other causes, is admitted to be rapidly on the decrease, is another fact too well known to need repetition at our hands. But, against this prejudice, strengthened by long-established custom, we believe that the exertions of the abolitionists in America, and of honest, though not always, rightly judging sympathisers at home, have but small chance of success. That, however, which the will of man is sometimes most resolute to maintain, the slow, though not imperceptible effects of circumstances often tend to abrogate. Of all changes which have distinguished this nineteenth century from its predecessors, none is more remarkable for the rapidity of its progress in the present, or more pregnant with important results for the future, than the alteration which is taking place in the condition of that great class of our countrymen whose daily bread is won by their daily labour. Steam, the miracle worker of modern times, which began by curtailing their modes of employment at home, has ended by opening up to them more extensive and lucrative markets for their labour abroad. While the political convulsions of our day explode in air, like the loud but profitless explosions of a volcano, productive of no permanent result, this far mightier social revolution, which is gradually upheaving the masses in the social scale, resembles the rising of those fair islands of the Pacific from the deep, which

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are the slow but surer work of time. It is a process which is developing the Australian bush and the Canadian forest into the republics and empires of a future age. And, though irrelevant to the subject of our essay, we may remark, that this silent revolution, as it has been aptly termed, will be as productive of change in the condition of the working man who remains at home, as in that of him who emigrates abroad. Already it bids fair materially to alter, if not eventually to reverse, the present relations of employer and employed, and to derange with new and embarrassing fluctuations the *statu quo* in the market of labour. Without participating in the fears of those who foretell that famine, lawlessness, and disorder, will be rife among the heterogeneous community assembled at the diggings, or that ruin, and a state of collapse in the money market, will be the result of the gold mania, we may safely draw the inference, that considerable numbers of their daily increasing population will eventually weary of a toilsome, and frequently unsuccessful, search for a metal, the very abundance of which must ultimately cause it to deteriorate in value, and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture. It would seem, indeed, the design of Providence that the glittering metal should be found in the rivers of Australia, or imbedded in its rocks, in order that the toiling millions of England should be lured to cross the wastes of ocean in its pursuit, and be thereby the means of converting this magnificent country into another seat of empire for the Anglo-Saxon race. Of the mildness and salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the variety of produce it is found capable of growing, no traveller or colonist has ever yet returned, without speaking in terms of unqualified, and often enthusiastic admiration. Australia appears, indeed, the paradise of the working man, where, for the first time in the history of the world, the Eastern metaphor seems likely to be realised, which depicts every man as sitting under his own fig-tree. We could not, if we would, stay the torrent of emigration which is flowing from all parts to its golden shores; but it is well worth our while to consider, how, as population increases, and the gold-seeking mania wears off, to be succeeded by a desire to embark in other speculations, or more settled employments, we may direct that labour into channels profitable to those at home as well as abroad. It is the natural characteristic of this vast and fertile insular continent, that it will grow the productions of the tropics, as well as those of the temperate zone. Wheat, maize, and almost every description of grain—coffee, sugar, flax, and tobacco, with several varieties of the grape, are said to thrive. According to the testimony of the well-informed, though somewhat eccentric, Dr Laing, who has devoted the labours of a lifetime to the colony, Australia also contains the future cotton field of the British Empire. In his elaborate and well-written History of New South Wales, Dr Laing describes the eastern coast of Australia, for about six hundred miles of latitude, to be suitable in every respect of soil and climate for the cultivation of the cotton plant; and further informs us, that the district in question possesses the advantage of ten or twelve rivers, all navigable for steam vessels, by which its produce could be conveyed to the coast. He procured nine different samples of cotton, grown at his instigation in various localities on the eastern coast, which were pronounced by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to fully equal the American cotton. One of the cultivators of the samples, a Mr Douglas, calculated the cost and profit of the experiment, which was only attended with one difficulty, that of getting the seed separated from the cotton. The produce was 920 lbs. of rough cotton, or of cotton in the seed, to the acre, a quantity which, at the usual rate, would yield one-fourth, or 230 lbs. of clean cotton, which, at 2s. per pound, would amount to £23 per acre. Dr Laing considered that, deducting even 25 per cent. from this amount, there would still remain a handsome return to the cultivator for his capital and labour. He also suggests that the mechanical difficulty of getting the cotton cleaned might be removed, by having that process performed in a single ginning establishment, worked, perhaps, by steam-power, for the whole cotton-growing district, and superintended by persons accustomed to the business. The doctor also informs us, that four acres under cotton were calculated by one of the cultivators to be sufficient to maintain an English labourer and his family. For the correctness of this calculation we cannot, of course, vouch, but other travellers and colonists confirm Dr Laing's statements

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as to the facilities afforded by the soil and climate of Australia for its growth. Mr Sidney, in his History of the Three Australian Colonies, includes cotton among their indigenous products, but adds, that, under existing circumstances, it does not pay for cultivation. We have seen, however, how the chief obstacle to its being remunerative, that of getting the cotton cleaned, might be obviated. Among other evidence, Dr Laing gives that of a magistrate stationed in the future cotton-growing district, who describes the land to be amazingly fertile, and of such an extent, that the valley of the Richmond river, by which it is traversed, would contain the whole surplus population of Great Britain, without infringing on the rights of the squatter. But all who have read Dr Laing's works are familiar with the evidence which he brings forward, from ministers of the gospel, officials of the crown, and settlers in the colonies, of the capabilities of the soil and climate of Australia for growing cotton.

That free labour costs less than that of slaves, is an economical truth which few now will be hardy enough to dispute; but how far the calculations of Dr Laing, though framed, we observe, since the discovery of the gold fields, will apply to the present state of things, we cannot undertake to say. But recent advices from Melbourne, we may remark, make known a fall both in the wages of labour and the price of provisions; and there are other indications to show that the present is an exceptional state of things in the colony not likely to last, and which, indeed, the lapse of a very few years will, we confidently predict, see materially modified. It may be assumed that the state of transition so much dreaded by a recent writer (Mr Stirling) will be far less felt in the colonies than at home. As a necessary result of the coming reaction, real property will increase in value in the colonies as at home, and the possession of land be more eagerly sought after, from the probable depreciation in value of the precious metals, and the fluctuations of the money market in less tangible securities. Agriculture in Australia will then regain its former popularity. When that already not distant epoch arrives, we believe that the then numerous population of the three colonies, combined with the unrivalled variety of their produce, and the salubrity of their climate, will present a field of speculation to the capitalist at home, as well as the colonist at the antipodes, unprecedented for its extent, variety, and security. And what article of its multifarious produce will be more certain to find a profitable market at home, than the one which employs two millions of our population, and the capital and industry of the second city of the British Empire? Manchester, we doubt not, would return an affirmative answer to our question.

Turning now to another portion of that mighty empire, we find the cotton plant a naturalised inhabitant of the vast plains of Hindostan, and wanting only greater facilities of carriage from the interior to the coast, to become probably the most profitable article of export from British India to England. It is calculated that the expense of cultivating the cotton plant there would not amount to one-sixth of the cost of employing slaves; nor is it the least inducement to adopt this plan, that it could be grown by Europeans. Desirable, however, as this might be, we confess we should be more rejoiced to see a profitable source of employment, like the cultivation of cotton, opened more freely to the depressed and poverty-stricken native population. A heavy responsibility devolves upon us with regard to them. We only express our honest conviction, when we affirm that no class of Her Majesty's subjects deserve more consideration at the present crisis. If we looked for a parallel case to the condition of the ryot, or native cultivator, we should, we fear, only find it in that of the Irish corn-acre tenant, before the tide of emigration and recent legislation had contributed to develop some elements of improvement in his lot. It would be diverging from the object of our brief essay to discuss the condition-of-India question, which has been of late so prominently before the public; but we cannot but express our conviction, that, unless the government of India is administered on a different system, the resources of that country will continue to be insufficiently developed, and its export trade with us consequently not increase in a ratio proportioned to its capabilities. We have seen it stated on authority, that the importation of East India cotton exceeded, in the year 1819, that from America in the same year. It is needless to lay before the intelligent reader the figures which prove the immense difference now exhibited in the quantity of

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cotton imported from these countries, the balance being, as is well known, enormously in favour of America.

But approaching events in India warrant us in anticipating an improved state of things. The time draws near of the expiration of that most gigantic monopoly of modern times, the East India Company; for although many powerful influences combine to retain it in a modified form, still it is impossible that it should long brave the force of public opinion, that bears so strongly down upon it. Come what time it may, the change will give an immense impetus to the trade which this country carries on with India. Without speculating on details, it can scarcely, we think, be a matter of doubt, that the modern principles of economical science will form a principal element in any scheme of government that may be formed for British India. An increase of our East India trade, proportioned to that which has been the result of their adoption here, may then be confidently anticipated. But, for these increased facilities of trade, especially the conveyance of merchandise, roads and railroads from the interior to the coast are imperatively necessary. Although a considerable number of lines are now projected, some of which are in process of formation, the great cotton field of India is as yet unmarked by the engineer. In these districts, the cotton plant is a drug, for want of a cheap and expeditious mode of transit to the coast for shipment. It is calculated that a line eastward from Bombay to Oosurawuttee, in the centre of the cotton-growing tract of country, would effect this greatly-to-be-desired object. Much expense, delays, and consequent injury to the cotton in its removal to the coast, would be thus avoided. Secure of a market, from the improved mode of transit, the cultivation of cotton by the natives would receive such an impetus as would probably soon double the quantity at present exported. We do not, however, disguise our conviction, that for these great undertakings a more lavish display of enterprise would be probably required, and possibly a different mode of procedure, to that now applied to some of the railways in course of formation. It would be perhaps unreasonable to expect that degree of energy and enterprise to be exhibited during the rule of a bureaucracy, perhaps anticipating dissolution, or at least the certainty of change. Meanwhile the problem of who shall govern India stands like the Egyptian sphinx of old by the wayside, challenging inquiry and a speedy solution of the enigma; and we commend the question to the earnest consideration of all; for on the answer which shall be returned depends the future of British India, and the increase of an important branch of our commerce with its wide territories. But, whatever the precise nature of that answer may be, we doubt not, that, under sound principles of political economy, we may see our Indian empire, like our other colonies, thrown open to that English enterprise, capital, and engineering skill, which have constructed so many miles of railway, and astonishing public works at home and abroad. We shall then have no fear that India will not send us ample supplies of cotton.

If we glance aside to another smaller and less known dependency of the British crown, we find that cotton of the finest and best quality is now grown at the settlement of Natal. Mr Barter, who lately published a book of travels in that colony, entitled, 'The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal,' represents the cotton plant there to be perennial, though an annual elsewhere, and further informs his readers that it can be grown to any extent, the climate being as well suited to its growth as that of Georgia. It ripens throughout the year, but the principal harvest is from January to the end of March. Several companies have been formed for its cultivation on a large scale, in order the better to enable the growers to meet the expenses of shipment; and it is also in contemplation to introduce coolies from India, that they may get a more certain supply of labour. We may, therefore, rank Natal among the cotton-growing colonies of Great Britain; and from the systematic way in which the cultivators conduct their experiments, there appears every chance of their proving successful.

One more instance of the practicability of procuring ample supply of cotton from our own colonies, and we have done. In those islands, the gorgeous luxuriance of whose tropical vegetation inspired with such wonder and admiration the philanthropic Patterson, and the earlier discoverers of the Western World, where the hideous institution of slavery once reigned supreme, and traces of its

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baleful influence still remain, the productiveness of a neglected and imperfectly cultivated soil is a fact admitted by every colonist and traveller. There are symptoms now to show that a portion at least of the colonists of these islands, ceasing to repine after the privileges of the past, are accepting the greater responsibilities of their present position, desirous of improving the advantages still left to them in the bountiful gifts of nature. Recent communications from Trinidad make known the cheering fact, that the experiment of growing cotton has been lately tried there with complete success, and it is believed, that, with adequate capital for the remuneration of skilled labour, the plant could be cultivated there as cheaply as elsewhere. It has also been ascertained, that the free coloured inhabitants of the United States would be very willing to emigrate to Trinidad, to engage in the task of its cultivation, provided they were insured a permanent and profitable settlement on the island. No doubt can be entertained of their fitness for the employment. If we have placed Trinidad last on the list of our colonies whose climate and soil have been found favourable to the growth of cotton, it is not because we think the less of its capability for furnishing us with it. On the contrary, from the tropical climate, the great advantage held out of obtaining the labour of practised hands for its cultivation, and the facilities afforded by our rapid steam communication with the West Indies, we are disposed to believe that Trinidad may prove one of our finest cotton fields. We end with that beautiful island our survey of the colonies which, we believe, that enterprise and perseverance on the part of our colonists, combined with some judicious and liberal encouragement from those who, having embarked their capital in the cotton manufacture, are so deeply interested in procuring ample and certain supplies of the raw material, may convert into the future cotton fields of Great Britain.* On this latter subject, we may be allowed to offer a few suggestions. The principle of co-operative association is all-powerful in our times. When there are Australian, New Zealand, and a variety of other colonisation companies afloat, why should there not be any for the cultivation of colonial cotton, if practicable, formed on the principle of growing the plant under the American prices? If the existing scarcity and high wages of labour in Australia offer at present a bar to the scheme, or the transition-state of India in political matters render immediate action there unadvisable at this juncture, there remains Natal and Trinidad. In the latter spot land is cheap, and the class of persons said to be so peculiarly well fitted for the cultivation of the cotton plant are near at hand, ready to emigrate from the neighbouring continent. Another. Where the plant is already grown, why should not the manufacturing body encourage its cultivation by giving prizes for the best samples of colonial cotton, like the agricultural one, who yearly reward the best producers of *their* staple commodities, cattle, poultry, vegetables? No great risk would be incurred by the latter plan, which would at all events excite competition.

That the foregoing remarks are not altogether uncalled for, will be admitted by all who are acquainted with the risk and uncertainty of obtaining the whole of the immense supply now required by our mills from America. It is said that the quantity at present consumed probably amounts to as much as forty thousand bales per week; and that, since the passing of the free-trade measures in 1846, it has been increasing at the rate of little short of ten thousand bales per week. Of this immense amount, there is seldom more than two months' supply in hand, and from natural causes, such as any failure in the crop, it is obvious that America cannot always be relied upon to entirely satisfy the present enormous demand. Nor can it be for a moment supposed that this amount, large as it is, will remain stationary; on the contrary, it is evident from its rapid increase since the working of the free-trade system, that under favourable circumstances for the supply of the raw material, it is susceptible of augmentation to even an indefinite extent.

Our suggestions of the many different modes in which we believe that supply may be increased have, as will be at once evident to the reader, a twofold object; viz., the practical abolition of slavery by a process which will develop the resources of the most extensive colonies ever pos-

* We cannot consider the attempts recently made to grow cotton in Ireland, as sufficiently decisive and satisfactory to warrant us in ranking that country among the future cotton fields of the British Empire.

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sessed by a nation. Our remedy for the hideous evils of the system, now newly baptized as 'involuntary servitude,' lies in half a dozen words — *Make slavery unprofitable, and it will cease to exist.* Obtain our supplies, or even only a large proportion of them, from other quarters, and the value of the slave to his owner on the cotton plantations is at once reduced. It is, we consider, in the power of England, and, excepting America, of England alone, to give a death-blow to this atrocious system, for she is the principal consumer of the produce of the plant which is reared and watered by the groans and the tears of the slave; the American factories at Lowell and other places absorbing a comparatively small amount of the crop. Three ingredients go to the composition of the remedy—time, energy, and some facilities given on the part of government with regard to waste lands in the colonies, and more especially the public works of India.

Having indicated what we honestly believe to be the only practicable means of extirpating slavery by any third party —that is, neither by the slaveowners or the slaves themselves—we come next to the consideration of what may be the end of slavery, if the holding of slaves, from the lack of competition in the principal article he is employed to cultivate, continues profitable to owners, traders, and all concerned in the nefarious traffic. The qualities of the negro character form necessarily an important item in taking this view of the subject. Very little discrepancy, on the whole, may be observed in the descriptions given us of it by those who are unbiassed in their judgment. Seldom gifted with any great powers of intellect, though it is more than probable that these, if developed by culture for successive generations, might ultimately reach the European standard, he is distinguished by simplicity, docility, the quality of passive obedience, or rather, we might say, that of long-suffering; while the absence of the impetuosity and fiery passion of the Celt, and the sturdy self-reliance or self-governing principle of the Anglo-Saxon, would seem to mark him out as likely to become subject to some dominant and domineering race, wherever he may be. To these qualities, it cannot be surprising that long years of tyranny and ruthless coercion should have added, in some few cases, the ingredients of craft and treachery. But who, we ask, will deny that craft and treachery are not peculiar to any race or nation, but are the offspring of cruelty and oppression wherever exhibited on the face of the globe? But no other race on that wide surface have endured such protracted wo, such unmitigated oppression, as that of the negro. The discovery of the New World, which brought power and riches to Europe, inflicted upon Africa the doom of slavery and exile, upon generations of her children yet unborn. It has been endured for the most part with an unresisting submission, which never yet won a single concession from their enslavers; and when in some few instances tyranny has aroused rebellion, it has been punished with a severity which owed its origin not to justice, but to a spirit of fiendish revenge. Who has not read (we are not speaking of works of fiction) accounts, which have found their way into American newspapers, of tortures inflicted in punishment on the negro which have made one's blood run cold? We have observed such instances within a very recent date. Whether the slave of pure negro blood will ever originate a rebellion against his yoke, is with many a matter of doubt, though the name of the brave, but unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture has found a niche in history with the martyred patriots of Europe; and rarely, indeed, has it happened that, strong and mighty in the consciousness of a righteous cause, there has not stepped forth a leader from the ranks of the oppressed. But if, disregarding special instances, and taking our ground on more matter-of-fact considerations of race and national character, we decide that the negro is *not* formed by nature to lead on his fellow slaves to deeds of daring and of desperate resistance against their oppressors, we must not forget in our calculations the existence of another large and increasing portion, *not* of pure negro blood—the mulattoes, quadroons, and other mixed races, in whose veins runs an Anglo-Saxon current, too often that of those who hold them in degrading subjection. Here, indeed, is a fact often slurred over as of little importance by the upholders of slavery, but pregnant, we believe, with momentous results for its future. For, looking back on the world's history, what influence, not excepting that of government or religion, has been so powerful as that of race?

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We are told, it is true, by some writers, that these people, considering themselves from the accident of colour superior to those of undiluted negro blood, treat them with contempt; and that, on this account, it is improbable that they will ever make common cause with them against their owners. The gradations of this aristocracy of colour, say they, from the pale olive hue of the handsome quadroon, to the deepest tint of nature's plebeian black, represent castes almost as strongly marked as are the differences of rank in England.

That feelings of this kind do exist, we are far from disputing, but, though the maxim, *divide et impera*, may be sometimes acted upon by their masters, and the prejudice find encouragement from society, we entertain, for our own part, a conviction that it will give way before a perception that their interests are the same, and be merged in a yet deeper feeling of hatred against their common oppressors. Herein lies, we believe, the chief danger with which slavery is menaced from within. Akin in blood, temperament, and character, the half-breed quadroon has seen and felt in his father's house the galling insults and unjust distinctions made between him and his more fortunate legitimate white brothers. He is treated like a tame puppy, alternately petted and kicked — allowed a certain amount of personal liberty, yet denied in all things to have a voice in the settlement of his own fate. Soon, probably, the day comes when even the few privileges of boyhood he is deprived of. Indifferent in life to the fate of his hapless illegitimate offspring, his father dies without emancipating him; the lawful heir succeeds to his possessions, and with no legal claim on a brother's affection, or even his sense of justice, he is sold by him into slavery, with as little compunction as the other slaves on the estate. Yet he is, in blood, in sensibility of disposition and capacity of mind, one of those who thus arbitrarily dispose of his fate, and he carries with him into slavery the same scorn and bitter detestation of it which they in his place would do, with the proud and bitter consciousness that in name alone he is a slave, and that he is as much entitled to freedom as are those who deprive him of it. Is it probable that he will always pursue the short-sighted policy of holding aloof from his companions in misfortune, and never join with them in striking a blow for their common freedom? Does the infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins render him callous to the woes of his mother's race? or the tinge of African, on the other hand, deprive him of the feelings of his father's free-born ancestors on the subject of slavery? And what reason have we to conclude, because the darkest of the children of Africa are commonly found submissive to their lot, that they have no wish to reverse it—no pinings after liberty, after lost families and friends? Oppressed nations in Europe have appeared as passive, till the fated hour struck which gave them opportunity, leaders, perhaps defeat, or only a short-lived triumph. The impulsive Neapolitans stirred not till aroused by the fisherman Masaniello, and even the stern indomitable Romans submitted to patrician tyranny till they found a Cola di Rienzi.

The natural ability and aptitude for education possessed by the mixed races is admitted even by their enemies. Although nature is said by naturalists to abhor a hybrid, it is nevertheless a fact, that the mixed races not only largely increase, but that they are often gifted with personal, as well as mental advantages, of no common order. The effect of the amalgamation would certainly appear in some cases to bear a greater resemblance to the engrafting of the warmer temperament, and livelier, more susceptible organisation of Spain or Italy, on the colder and more stolid Anglo-Saxon character and constitution, than what we should expect from the mingling of the two distinct types of the Negro and European races. But, without further speculating on the often disputed question of the traits of their idiosyncrasy, we may state our belief, that the existence of such races under a different mode of treatment, might be made a powerful means of civilising the whole black population, and be a bond of union and peace between the two races. Born of the two extremes of society—the unprotected slave, and the powerful owner of the soil—they would appear to constitute the natural link between them. Yet this, we fear, we must admit to be a Utopian dream, in the present relations of the black and white populations of the United States; and so long as the institution of slavery continues to spread corruption like a festering sore in the moral character of the white, and to keep the minds of the black in a state of either brutish

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ignorance or childish imbecility, it will remain the same. We resume, instead, our considerations of what may be the part played by the mixed races, in the future history of their native land. It cannot be expected, that, with their mental and bodily qualifications, it will always be a passive one. Of the side to which their sympathies will ultimately incline, we have already expressed our opinion; and no one, we think, will differ from us, who are cognisant of the oppressions under which they labour, in common with those of a deeper tint, and which are felt as more galling by them, from the greater sensibility and intelligence they are found to possess. No one can deny also, that, from their increasing numbers, they form a formidable element in the population of the United States. They appear chosen, indeed, by nature to act as leaders to the negroes, in any attempt to cast aside the chains of slavery, destined to give to mere brute force a directing intelligence, and to rouse into action the *vis inertiæ* of their less sensitive negro brethren.

It will be seen, from the foregoing remarks, that we belong to those who believe in the probability of a revolt on the part of the slaves, and of one or more attempts made by them to gain their liberty. We admit it. It cannot be otherwise, in the ordinary course of things. Every nation, every government carrying within its bosom so gigantic an evil, so monstrous an injustice, will be brought to a terrible reckoning. Everywhere history shows the oppressed class taking some fearful, though perhaps tardy revenge. The power and splendour of the monarchy of France, in the time of Louis le Grand, were the foundation of the debt, discontent, and anarchy, which laid it low in that of Louis XVI. The text may be thought a stale one, but history furnishes us with a dozen more, could we find space to quote them. Popular vengeance resembles the gathering of a Swiss avalanche, slow, gradual, in the beginning imperceptible, but certain, terrible, and overwhelming. Instead of crowns and kings to be immolated, there is in America the Moloch of the cotton trade to be laid low. Because Manchester wants 40,000 bales per week, and Lowell also some, how many human souls, souls immortal, though cased in ebony, a mere fraction, it is true, to the said 40,000 bales—how many immortal souls, repeat we, have appeared from time to time at the bar of heaven, since the hideous iniquity existed, to protest against the forced labour which destroyed them body and mind, that they might be produced? If the comparison were not too trite and hackneyed for our pen, we might say that the social condition of the southern states, undermined by slavery, resembled the thin superficial crust of a volcano, of which no man can say when the flame and ashes may not burst forth. Yet it is highly probable, we think, that such an outbreak would not assume any very formidable shape at the beginning, and that it would, with facility, be subdued. Want of skill and combination, perhaps, of the implements of warfare and of leadership, with the advantage which the civilised white man always has in war over the ignorant demi-savage, will probably contribute to give the slaveowner an easy victory. But the 'snake which is scotched is not killed.' For once the miserable despised slave will have tasted the sweets of revenge, and, like the tiger cub after its first draught of human blood, he and his fellows will stealthily watch their opportunity to slake their thirst for it. Feelings will only become more embittered on both sides. The recollection of long years of cruelty and injustice, of a childhood of neglect torn away from the maternal bosom, and of a manhood, crushed by oppression and toil passing the powers of nature—all these things, we say, will be branded too deeply in the hearts and brains of the suffering slaves, to be banished by fear, or forgotten in the lapse of time. Lynch law may reign. The enraged masters may hang, torture, or hunt and shoot, like wild animals, all they can find, for the quality of mercy would indeed seem on these occasions unknown to the generality of American slaveowners; but, in very desperation and despair, attempts of a similar nature will be repeated; and may probably become more formidable. Our apprehensions (for what well-wisher to the United States would not prefer seeing this vexed question settled in a peaceable though just way)—our apprehensions, we repeat, are not of a well-organised or successful revolt on the part of the slaves, but of an intestine war between the two races—of extermination on the part of the whites, without mercy on that of the blacks; a long, deadly, harassing, guerilla warfare, resembling that of the Jacquerie in France, where, secure in the wild fastnesses of their country, the

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serfs waged war against the feudal lords of the soil. Nor do we think, in such a revolt, that the whole of the slaves would take part. The aged, infirm, and cowardly, with the greater part of the women, would probably remain passive with their masters, but the number of those in a state of outlawry and rebellion would receive constant accessions from the courageous and disaffected, which, supplying the place of those taken or killed, would prolong the contest. The consequences of any outbreak of this kind to the cotton trade would be manifestly unfavourable to the sending of the large supplies now required by England. It would be obviously impossible to rely with any certainty on securing the whole of the crop, when a considerable part of the employers and employed were at open feud, and engaged in deadly warfare. We doubt, in such a case, whether a sufficiently large number of able-bodied slaves could be imported from the two northern slave states, Kentucky or Virginia, to supply the deficiency; for the ripening and getting in of the cotton crop is simultaneous, and the labour at those times almost without cessation. The partial but disastrous disorganisation of the slave states which would thus ensue, our readers may form some idea of. Should the refractory slaves be not brought into subjection, some of the plantations might be thrown out of cultivation. Whether, indeed, the planters, overseers, with the rest of the scanty white population, would be able, unassisted, to subdue the slaves, and keep them down, under the circumstances we have predicted, we think a grave matter of doubt. It is probable that they would find themselves compelled to apply to Congress, not only for additional powers, but also for some regular force. The freest country in the world would thus eventually come to resemble the most despotic—Austria and Russia—having itself an Italy or a Poland within its boundaries, in the shape of an irregular horde of outlawed slaves in perpetual revolt against all constituted authority. Of the dangers which would menace popular institutions, we need not speak. Perhaps the most serious result of the establishment of any regular military force would be the great increase in the expenses of a government, the wise economy and simplicity of whose pecuniary arrangements is not the least of the blessings now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United States. Nor is it probable, we think, that the numerous section of its inhabitants living in the north would submit to this and other evils resulting from the continued denial of emancipation. Will they, in such a juncture, come forward to demand freedom for the negro, or the separation of the north from the south? We should be thought perhaps too presumptuous a prophet, did we carry our hypothesis farther, and speculate what might be the answer to such a question. Perhaps in that day it will be found that in the New World as in the Old, the true interests of employers and employed, whether black, yellow, or white, are the same.

Anticipating, therefore, that much social disorganisation, and disturbance of the relations of commerce, must ensue, if the institution of slavery, in all its native hideousness, is longer maintained, we believe that England would do wisely, if she followed our advice to literally sow the seeds of future cotton harvests elsewhere. Every state in the Union, whether it be a slaveholding one or the reverse, we hold to be implicated in the moral guilt of slavery, if it tolerates the enormities of that infamous system among the rest; and warning them of the result, would earnestly exhort them to be 'up and doing,' to check the frightful growth of the evil.

Especially have we no words strong enough to express our abhorrence of the principles of those American clergymen, who, with the words of Christ upon their lips, but his spirit afar from their hearts, attempt to justify and defend it. Priestly hypocrisy and selfish truckling to the power of Mammon can no farther go. Could we believe in the doctrine taught by the ancients, of the transmigration of souls, we should think that the spirit of Ignatius Loyola had returned to earth, to breathe congenial Machiavellisms in politics and religion through these gentlemen, and to corrupt with Jesuit casuistry the once honest and right-minded Protestantism of America. They would endeavour to reconcile us to the torture of the lash, prostitution, immorality, and every evil which attends slavery, on the plea of necessity, expediency, and the authority of the Holy Scriptures. Was there ever the murder of a heretic perpetrated by the Inquisition, which could not, nay, *was* not, defended on precisely similar grounds? And was there ever a time, even in those dark besotted ages of priestcraft and superstition, when *all* men believed in the dictum of the priests, and

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none were found to contend on behalf of justice, humanity, and the rights of man? Such men were to be found then, such men, we believe, are to be found now, though the persecuted beings to be protected belong to the despised race of the negro, and the scene of their sufferings is that model republic, whose far-famed Declaration of Independence informs us, '*All men are equal on the soil of the United States.*' How many of her statesmen will abide by that declaration now? How many among them will combine to render it something more than a braggart boast, 'an empty sound signifying iniquity now is, stultified by slaver the fo pious men could not be fo em body of Sodom and Gomorrah produced? them from destruction, st too trite an said before, that many more ight say tha forthcoming on the floor of Cern states, propose emancipation. But, in led the our assertion may be contradicted, we of the question to as many of our trans-atlantic brethren as may happen to read our remarks, Are there, in Congress or out of Congress, a majority of earnest and energetic men, able and willing to do this work?

SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER V.

A CONFIDENCE.

SATURDAY morning arrived. Mrs Lumley's birth-day festival was at an end, and Helen, compelled to the plebeian conveyance of an omnibus, left the luxurious associations of the past few days, and returned to her sober, dingy, and sorrowful home.

She was gloomy enough herself. She found the contrast between the two scenes ineffably painful. The London street was so close, unwholesome, and unclean; the appointments of the house itself appeared so sordid and so little tasteful. The very light that entered at the windows was dim, and of a different order from that which had shone upon the decorated apartments at Chiswick.

She entered the little back parlour. Some unusual confusion was visible here. The books were gathered together on the table, leaving the shelves bare; and large, legal-looking papers were scattered about, with pens and ink, as if recently referred to. With only a passing notice of all this, Helen sat down, dispiritedly, on the nearest chair, and languidly untied her bonnet strings. Little Grace running into the room, disturbed a sufficiently dismal reverie, which had nearly resulted in a flood of tears—tears of sheer despondency and egotistic unhappiness.

'Oh, sister Helen! I thought it was you, and I ran down-stairs to see,' cried the little girl, kissing her, though with a face more serious than usual.

'Where is Anne? Take care, child, you're treading on my silk dress. And where is mamma?'

'They are both up-stairs in papa's room. Oh, we have all been so busy since yesterday morning, you can't think. Do you know, Helen, we are going away?'

'Going away? What nonsense are you talking, Grace?'

'Indeed, sister, it is true. Anne will tell you so. Anne said to me and Albert this morning, that very soon she hoped we should be in the country. And not to Herne Bay, or Broadstairs, or anywhere that we have been before, but to quite a new place. It will be very nice, I think; don't you?'

Some reply was on Helen's lips, but it was checked by the entrance of Anne into the room. Had Helen been less self-engrossed than she was at this moment, she could not have failed to be struck with the appearance of her elder sister. In spite of a certain outward cheerfulness, Anne looked worn and almost haggard; with that peculiar expression of *disquietude* which is the characteristic accompaniment of troubles such as those by which she was now encompassed. To these worldly woes belong none of the refining elements of sorrow generally, and therefore, to solace them, never come the intervals of peace, and of that serenity of sadness which even they who suffer most deeply sometimes know. These miseries are of the earth, earthy, and never rise beyond it or above it. It seems as if a special curse lay upon even the trials created by man, and by man's ordinances.

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fe ; waged wa- flictions which come instant from
at e soil. N hallowed, and we feel them to be
on t, that the t under the first shock, or during
e part. The st bitterness, *afterwards*, when,
with the gre the noise of the storm, we hear the
ould probabl voice saying, 'It is I, be not afraid.'
nasters, h he sisters embraced—Anne with a
tate of ving glance at Helen, and a brief in-
eive quiry as to the pleasure she had had.

'Oh, don't talk of it; it's past, and I suppose I must drop down to the old humdrum existence again. The place looks more uncomfortable than I ever saw it, I think; everything seems so strewn about.'

'Yes,' rejoined Anne, gently; 'we have been in much confusion since you left. Papa's illness—but thank Heaven he is better—he is much better, Dr Rogerson says. Oh, Helen, we can bear everything cheerfully, cannot we, now that worst anxiety is removed?'

'I don't know what you mean, Anne,' said Helen, aroused, and almost alarmed by her earnest manner; 'what has happened—what is to happen?'

Little Grace was despatched up-stairs on an errand, before the elder sister proceeded to answer her.

'Really, you are quite enough to frighten any one, with your mysterious look and awful manner,' pursued Helen, peevishly.

'Dear, I am very sorry my look and manner should be so unfortunate,' said Anne, with a sore effort at a smile, 'for to frighten you is the very reverse of what I wish or intend. I must re-assure you. What I have to tell is not terrible, and all the pain of it is now over, I trust. Papa's illness only brought his affairs to a crisis a little sooner. Mamma and I have consulted with Mr Thorpe, and—and the furniture here is to be sold—and we are going to live in the country. Dr Rogerson says, that entire change of air and scene is necessary to papa's health; this is the only way in which we can attain it for him. And we think, also, that it is a wise arrangement in other respects.'

'Live in the country!' was all Helen could repeat as Anne paused; 'and where, then?'

'I have written to Mrs Grant, to ask her if there is any place near Hillington that might suit us. Her answer will arrive, I hope, to-morrow, and if it is favourable, we shall leave London immediately that the necessary preparations are made. The sooner my father can be removed into the country the better, the doctor says.'

'To Hillington—near Mrs Grant?' ejaculated Helen, still in the echoing mood, but this time with a degree of nervousness, and a colour that came and went quickly.

'Yes; we think it best to go where, without being generally known, we yet have friends. And the air of Hillington, which is situated near the coast, but not exactly upon it, is the best adapted for my father.'

'And what—what does papa say to all this?'

'Oh, dear papa, with his love of London, is of course very unwilling to leave it. Nevertheless, he sees the necessity—the advisability, on all sides, of our doing so. But he declares that he will return, directly he has finished his book.'

'So it is quite decided we are to go, and soon?'

'Quite. Everything, as far as is possible, is already arranged.'

'And there will be a sale here?'

'Yes.'

'How very unpleasant!' said Helen, with a little shudder. 'I can't bear the idea. Everybody will hear of it, and there seems something so—so—I don't know exactly how to call it—almost shameful——'

'Nay, dear, nothing shameful,' returned Anne, warmly; 'nothing could be so, that my father thought it right to do. But surely you do not need such an assurance in this case.'

'Oh, I know—of course—it is all proper enough. What I mean is, one loses *caste* by these kind of things. Although, as you say, it is nothing shameful in itself, many of our friends will feel ashamed of us in consequence.'

'I am sure, then, that we can return the compliment, and feel very heartily ashamed of them,' said Anne, blushing, as her thoughts instinctively leaped to one friend, above the rest, of whose sympathy and earnest approbation she felt sure.

'It isn't pleasant to be looked down upon,' observed Helen, gloomily.

'It rests with and in ourselves, not with other people, whether *that* shall ever be,' said Anne, proudly; 'extraneous circumstances may affect our position in *society*, but we must be false to ourselves, and to a diviner stand of right and wrong than is conventionally current, before we can be really degraded. Nothing but disgrace is shameful; we may reserve our blushes for the dishonest and the untrue.

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Therefore, if we begged for crusts to-morrow among men, we should still rank with the highest before Heaven.'

'Well, I hope people will see it in that light,' said Helen, with but a vague comprehension of her sister's meaning; 'and, after all, as we are going away from London, it doesn't much signify what they think or say. We shall not be troubled by them;' and she sighed profoundly.

'Are you sorry to leave London?' asked Anne, noticing the sigh, and somewhat marvelling thereat.

'Sorry? Yes—that is, no. I don't much care,' returned Helen, rising abruptly from her chair, and folding her mantle, and smoothing her bonnet-strings; 'it signifies very little to me whether we go away or remain here.' And she sighed again, as she prepared to leave the room.

'One moment, dear Helen,' said her sister, gently detaining her; 'you will be as cheerful as you can before mamma and papa? They are both easily dispirited, you know, and we have all need of our liveliest energies just now. Don't let them think you sad or desponding.'

'Ah, Anne, it's easy to talk,' Helen replied, with a kind of calm superiority, 'but if you knew, you wouldn't talk about being cheerful. I need all the consolation that a loving family—a happy home, could give me; and what do I find?'

There was an almost theatrical inflection in the tone with which she uttered these words, and turned away. Anne, with true womanly perception, although unconsciously recognising the dramatic element in her sister's manner, could also see, and separate from it, the real dreariness which she was feeling. She sprang towards her, with words of loving sympathy, but Helen was now shedding tears too bitter, arising from a combination of feelings too utterly unexplainable, for the offered sympathy to be welcome. She escaped from the gentle embrace—gave no answer to the tender questionings—and ran swiftly up-stairs to her own room.

Anne remained, pondering gravely. It appeared that a new anxiety was to be added to the many already harassing the family. For Helen to be sad, for Helen, usually so gay, to become habitually depressed and cheerless, would, Anne knew, be a constant and heavy sorrow to both her father and mother. And Helen was not used to control or even to conceal her feelings. Whenever she was vexed, she became cross; if troubled, she wept, or at least looked miserable, more miserable, perhaps, than she felt. On the other hand, if pleased, she was frank in her manifestation of pleasure, and her liveliness went far to communicate itself to all around her.

In the midst of Anne's ponderings and conjectures, her mother's voice summoned her to the sick room. Mr Dynevor had just awakened from his morning's sleep, and the newspaper must be read aloud to him, as usual. Anne had proceeded with this duty for some time, when her mother, after a temporary absence from the room, re-entered it with a face portentous of vexation, and consequently impending complainings.

'"*Indecision is the vulnerable heel of this Achilles of the state, and we are bound to protest against those who have as yet been fickle in everything but falsehood, constant to no characteristic but inconstancy, and resolute only in a vacillation which promises to be as dangerously persistent as it is wilfully fatuous.*"' Anne read, with suitable emphasis, and then paused to take breath, naturally exhausted in the cause of polysyllables.

Mrs Dynevor took advantage of the interval, to whisper to her, 'Anne, what is the matter with your sister? I went to her door, and found it locked. I insisted on going in, and—she was crying—and with such a face! Eyes red and swollen. I never saw such a thing. What in the world has happened?'

'What is it? What are you talking about?' cried Mr Dynevor, with true masculine impatience of whisperings.

'Nothing, nothing; I spoke to Anne,' replied his wife; and with a significant glance at her daughter, she turned to another part of the room.

'I wish you would not be so mysterious,' murmured the invalid; 'it annoys me. Go on, Anne, to the next article.'

Anne recommenced. But, added to her own anxiety, her mother's continual restless movements, and frequent looks towards her, disturbed her almost past endurance. Never had the pompous periods of the 'leader' appeared so wordy, or its peroration so lengthy and wearisome. The end at last reached, she was thankful, indeed, to be released for the present from further exercise of voice and patience.

'I'm tired, now,' said her father, 'and doubtless you are so, too. When is Helen to be home? She ought to be here, to

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relieve you a little, at such a time as this. It appears to me that you are looking ill, Anne. You have been too much confined to the house these few days past, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, papa, never mind. We shall all become quite robust and blooming when we are in the country,' said Anne, cheerfully.

'Shall we?' he returned, with a lugubrious air. 'Is it possible that anything besides birds and vegetables can live and flourish, while Regent Street and Pall Mall are beyond a half-hour's drive? No, Anne, I shall wither, deprived of my habitual gas-light; I shall droop and pine, removed from my native fog. You will see.'

'I shall see you inspiring health and strength from the fresh, free air, and expanding like a flower under the bright, wholesome, country sunshine,' said Anne, as she arranged his pillows. 'Oh, we shall be so happy in that pleasant little cottage we are to have. We will all be happy!' she repeated, trying to raise her own sinking courage by the repetition of the words.

Mrs Dynevor, with angry haste, crossed the room, and beckoned her aside.

'I do wonder how you can be so unfeeling, Anne,' she said, in uncontrollable bitterness, 'talking about *happiness* when your poor sister seems ready to break her heart. It is all very well for you, no doubt. You know your own affairs—they are satisfactory enough, I daresay. But you might have some consideration for those who are less fortunate; that is all I have to say.'

And highly admiring her own eloquence, Mrs Dynevor turned to stir the fire with a vigorous emphasis, that afforded a safe outlet for her indignation. Anne's spirit was already too much depressed to rise under the injustice; it only wounded her to tears, and fearing her father should observe them, she left the room.

'Anne looks pale, poor child,' remarked Mr Dynevor as the door closed upon her. 'And the brightness we observed a week or two ago, has now quite left her face. It is no wonder, though; she has had much to try her.'

His wife knocked a huge lump of coal to pieces, speechlessly.

'Nevertheless, through all her anxiety (and Heaven knows she has had enough!), I have been thankful to notice a sort of underlying peace and serenity, such as I never perceived in her before, even when our troubles have been less grave than now.'

'You observe every change in Anne's face, I do believe,' said Mrs Dynevor, impatiently, yet with a certain relenting of visage, notwithstanding.

'Yes. I am anxious over her—and anxiety makes us watchful. She is a good child, Mary. She has been a comfort in our sorrows—a helper in our cares. I don't know what we should have done without Anne.'

'It is true,' murmured his wife, in a subdued tone.

Poor Mrs Dynevor! A mind imperfectly regulated, rather than absolutely faulty in itself, was the origin of most of her mistakes and shortcomings. The right chord struck, her feelings were not so falsely strung as to fail to answer to it, cold, unjust, and even callous as her irritable and fretful temperament too frequently caused her to appear. Thus, her husband's judicious words recalled to her many instances of her elder daughter's goodness, and thoughtfulness, and unwearying patience, during the last two or three trying days; instances which, from their very frequency, had become so much a matter of course as to pass unnoticed.

'Yes, it is true,' she said again. 'I don't know what we should have done without Anne.' And she subsided into silence; an instinctive sense causing even her complainings, usually so garrulous, to be dumb on the subject of Helen.

Anne, knowing that the usual refuge of her bedroom was already occupied by the mysterious distress of her sister, had carried her own tears down-stairs, where inevitable employment soon dried them. There was a catalogue to be made of the articles they intended carrying with them into the country—Grace's writing lesson was to be seen to—and beef-tea for the patient up-stairs to be prepared. In these various occupations the time passed quickly; and—let those who never tried the experiment nevertheless believe in its truth—it is impossible to be greatly depressed, while we are actively busied in the performance of duties, be they large or small. Passive endurance, or idle indulgence of sorrow, are alike fatal to the health of the soul they corrode; and the rare cases where the former is all that is left to the sufferer, are the most forlorn and pitiable of all. But they are rare indeed, for duties surround us like a moral atmosphere. Where is the life,

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however sorrowful, however lonely, which is wholly without them?

So, while Anne found peace, Helen, in paroxysms of restless discontent, alternating with sullen and silent gloom, passed the greater part of the day locked in her chamber, refusing admission alike to the repeated claims of her mother and the gentle entreaties of Anne.

Evening was come on—the children were at play in the garden, and Anne was working by the window, and thinking — thinking that another day was nearly past, and the wished-for step had not drawn nigh—the well-known, well-loved voice had not greeted her ears. Nay, she had not expected it; she was not *disappointed*. But it would have been pleasant, had the long dreary day been sweetened by but one moment of his presence. And it was nearly a fortnight since she had seen him, or even heard of him, save for trivial, occasional tidings. And Helen—Helen who had seen him so recently—had said no word; and, engrossed as she evidently was in her own sadness, it was impossible to ask questions, even at so safe a distance from those she longed to hear answered, as to escape all risk of detection.

Thinking thus, while her busy fingers continued to ply her needle in the fading light, Anne was startled by a slight rustling in the room, and turning round, saw that Helen had entered, and had thrown herself into a chair with a movement eloquent of hopeless dreariness.

Anne put down her work, and was at her side in a moment.

'Dear Helen, I am glad you have come down. Mamma has just been here—she is anxious about you.'

'I have seen her,' returned Helen, in a low tone; 'I have begged her to let me alone—to take no notice of me. And you—you must do the same.'

A gentle kiss on the drooped forehead of the young girl was at first the only reply. Presently Anne added, 'It is rather hard, dear, to us who love you, to see you sorrowful, and yet to "take no notice." It is more than hard—it is impossible. Don't you feel that it must be so?'

'I don't know — I can't tell,' returned Helen, restlessly turning away from her; 'I only feel that it is hardest of all to—to—suffer.'

'To see our beloved suffer, is worse,' said Anne, simply.

'Is it? Then I am very sorry for *you*, if you love me,' cried Helen, with a harsh laugh; 'you must be very unhappy. My misery is nothing to it—nothing.'

She rose abruptly from her chair, and paced up and down the little room. Anne followed her, and although more than once repulsed, persistently kept her arm round her, in an embrace that was irresistibly controlling, the while it was most tender. She yielded to it at length. Stopping short in her vehement and rapid motion, she looked for one moment into her sister's sweet, sorrowful face, and then, flinging her arms round her, burst into a passion of tears—tears in which regret, shame, disappointment, remorse, all had a share.

'Oh, Anne! help me—take care of me!' was her instinctive and almost involuntary cry—'I am so miserable!'

And Helen truly *was* miserable, but from other causes than those she assigned, and would continue to assign, even to herself. The ingenuous, simple womanliness of Anne's character, which was so visible in her every look and tone, shamed the weak and erring younger sister, who, although unconscious of the full extent of the ill she had done, felt self-convicted of wrong, both in feeling, in thought, and in deed. Not in the innermost secrecy of her soul did she for one instant acknowledge to herself that miserable conviction: but it was there, hideous although hidden, eloquent although dumb. All derelictions from the right bear this penalty about with them to those not already hardened; even the most wilful self-deceiver can never utterly ignore that dark consciousness — the existence of which is proved by the very efforts made to thrust it out of sight and of remembrance. Happy they who have no such secret chamber in their hearts—a sealed sepulchre, the entrance to which is avoided — fled past — shrunk from; as frightened children in the dark shrink from the closed room where death has been. But in the sensitiveness of the offender's conscience there is hope: There was something hopeful in Helen's exceeding wretchedness.

She had stepped from the broad elevation of truthful and straightforward rectitude, whereon alone a woman can tread securely, fearlessly, and proudly. When a woman stoops to selfish plotting, be the *diplomacy* ever so apparently harmless, she forfeits the best and dearest

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of those womanly characteristics which are at once so beautiful and so powerful. For no true dignity remains in the soul which must perforce feel shame in its inmost communings with itself; and a simplicity as unsuspecting as it is pure—a truth as frank as it is uncompromising, are qualities instinctive to feminine nature, the absence or destruction of which can be supplied by no others. One step descended in the scale of high *morale*, which it is, or should be, a woman's highest 'mission' to preserve, is an intrinsic degradation to be compensated by no triumphs of intellect, however brilliant, however imposing. If she must be either one or the other, rather be a woman, a fool, than an *intriguante;* and oh, righteous mother! pray that your little daughter may grow up an idiot sooner than she should live to learn ready-lipped equivocation, and to tell a lie without blushing.

Helen at least was no practised manœuvrer. But her first unpremeditated exclamation was not repeated. Even while Anne led her to a seat, and then hung over her in sympathy, none the less loving that it was silent, Helen essayed to recover herself. She dried her tears, no longer rested on her sister's supporting arm, and began to assume an aspect of resigned and melancholy composure.

'There—I will not be so foolish again,' she said, finally.

'Are you sure it is foolish? Ah, Helen — dear sister — whatever is your trouble, let me know it—let me share it.'

'Don't—don't. Leave me to myself.'

'Such reserve is unnatural in you—unjust to me,' Anne went on; 'ever since we were little children, you have always come to me and told your griefs. You used to say no one soothed your sorrow as I could. Let me try now.'

There was no answer to this; but Anne thought she detected a convulsive sob, and the slender figure of her sister shook as with suppressed emotion. But it was growing too dark to distinguish her face.

'Let me try!' said Anne again, laying her cool hands on the young girl's burning forehead. 'Think that we are children once more—that you have come to me for consolation in some passing trouble. Do you remember when your bullfinch died—poisoned by the spider you gave him for food? Poor Helen! how broken-hearted you were when you told me.'

'And you gave me your own canary, to console me,' said Helen, raising her head. There was a brief pause; then she laughed, a sharp tuneless laugh, as she added, impulsively and excitedly, as if scarce knowing or caring what she said, 'I wonder you should seek the office of comforter, Anne. It cost you dear, you see, years ago.'

'Nay, Helen; your peace could hardly be purchased too dearly,' Anne replied, with a calm tenderness that insensibly soothed the passing feverish disturbance.

Helen did not speak, but bent her head again, and covered her face with her hands.

Anne slid down beside her; clasped her round closely, firmly. The stubborn hands at length relaxed, fell, and Helen's weeping face hid itself on her sister's shoulder.

'Anne—oh, Anne!' she cried, amid sobs; 'I am so unhappy! I can never be happy again.'

'Do not say that. Take comfort.'

'I cannot. I never had a trouble such as this. Oh, Anne—I do not know how to tell it—I cannot tell it, even to you!'

'You shall not, if it pains you,' whispered Anne; 'only, if I could help—counsel you. If I could do you any good, Helen.'

'No, no. There is nothing—nothing. It is so different ——' Her broken words ceased abruptly. In a calm tone she said, 'Anne, can you not guess?'

In her turn the elder sister was strangely agitated. But the thought was yet indistinct—unbodied—that made her tremble.

'You—you love somebody. Is it so?'

'That is not all.' She hid her face again, and yielded herself anew to the loving arms that encircled her. 'I love—hopelessly. He does not care for me, and he is gone away. I may never see him again.'

'Ah!' Anne said—a brief, instinctive cry. The next instant, she chid herself for the egotistic apprehension. Was there but *one* in the world, whom never to see again would be anguish?

'He does not love me,' Helen went on, restlessly breaking from Anne's embrace. It relaxed with singular readiness, although quite unconsciously to the elder sister, who only waited in a sick breathless agony of suspense. The young girl was quick to perceive, and to interpret.

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'You despise me! You are ashamed of me!' she cried, impetuously, starting to her feet.

'No—no—no! Come to me—tell me all!' Anne drew her back, and clasped her arms round her in a passion of self-reproach and generous love, which there could be no mistaking. Helen was satisfied, and with reason.

'There is no more to tell. Is it not enough?' she said, with fresh tears which fell on Anne's cheek, smiting them chillingly.

'And who ——?' the words were just breathed—no more.

'Ah, you cannot fail to guess *that*. Who is there, but one, of all we know—whom not to see for months—for years—would cause me a single pang?'

'It is—it is Edward Grant!' cried Anne, in a strange frightened, fluttered tone. And for a moment she was possessed by the conviction. Only for a moment.

'Edward Grant!' Helen repeated, shrinking back with the sudden recollection, and an indescribable feeling at hearing the name thus uttered, and by her. 'You—you mistake. How could you think that he—that I—when—when I had seen—known—Mr Avarne!'

There was an utter silence for some moments.

'You don't say anything,' said Helen, timidly.

She was very calm and quiet now. A certain earnestness possessed her: she fully believed in the reality of all she had said and indicated. And truly, she suffered. But ah, poor Anne! who gauged the extent of all heart-pangs by the keenness of her own.

She clasped her sister yet more closely; though trembling exceedingly, so that Helen could not but notice the unusual emotion. A sore struggle was passing in Anne's mind. Deep as was the misery of what she had just learned, there was an added anguish, a selfish one, as she was bitterly conscious. But oh, she felt so suddenly made poor—left desolate—now that she knew he was no longer near her; that he was away, how far she could not tell; but were the distance great or small, there was no possibility of her seeing him—hearing his voice. It was as if the secretly hoarded treasure of her life had in an instant changed to withered leaves. Unhappy miser, whom the first shock of the loss seemed to have stunned.

'*Do* speak, Anne,' entreated Helen, trying to look into her averted face; 'you frighten me—you make me yet more unhappy.'

'Oh, no, no! I will not, I will not!' cried Anne, roused by the apprehension. She remembered that her sister need not suspect the double misery she was enduring. One might be spared a part at least of the inevitable pain that awaited the other. Helen would not imagine, perhaps might never know! In the first bewildered abandonment of her grief and sympathy, Anne looked on that last possibility almost with contentment. Rapidly these thoughts passed through her mind; and the necessity of exertion rendered her calm. The duty of self-restraint placed itself before her, and Anne was used never to shrink from duties, however difficult, however painful. Thus, when next she spoke, it was nearly in her usual tone—quiet and clear.

'What can I say to you, dear? It is very, very hard. You are so young—you are not used to sorrow, my poor darling!'

'Anne, I feel ashamed. But is it—can it be wrong!'

'To love —— a good man? Be proud, not ashamed!' cried the elder sister, with a sudden flash of the spirit inexplicable to her listener; 'truly to love, is no shame; worthily to aspire, is no shame. If it be vainly—hopelessly, it is sad—it is blighting—it is desolate—but no shame!'

'Besides,' hesitated Helen, 'I—I thought he liked me—once.'

There was no reply to this. She resumed—leaning her face to Anne's, and toying with her own unfastened curls of long, bright hair:

'He used to come so often. He always talked a good deal to me—and listened to my singing, and—and sometimes, Anne—he looked—I thought—as if—as if ——'

She stopped for a moment, and the sentence remained uncompleted. But the shaft quivered in Anne's heart; ay, though she drew it forth, indignant at herself for being pierced, the wound was there, and throbbed as with a poisoned agony.

'Was it quite right in him, Anne, do you think?' Helen asked, desperately; self-deceived as much as deceiving—nay, more; and restlessly craving solace for the vanity to which already so much had been sacrificed.

'We cannot—we should not judge,' was Anne's murmured reply.

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'You give me no consolation,' said Helen, sighing; 'but indeed I hoped—I expected none.'

'Would it console you to believe *him* unworthy?' asked her sister, wonderingly.

'I don't know—I can't tell. Oh, Anne, I am so miserable. It seems to me as if anything would be better than this misery. Bear with me; pity me.'

'I do, Helen. I do.'

'Think—remember—that he is at this moment far away from me. I have nothing to hope for, perhaps I shall not even see him again for years. It is not likely he will soon again return to England, however events may happen.'

'He has left England, then?'

'Yes. Did I not tell you? He has gone ——'

The door opened—the two children came in from their play.

'Is that you, Anne?' cried Albert, his quick eyes penetrating the gloom of even the darkest corner of the room, where the sisters were; 'when are we going to have tea? and here's the fire gone out, I do think! Grace and I have been in the garden these two hours, and I can tell you we are very cold and hungry.'

'Dreadfully cold and hungry,' corroborated Grace, with a shiver. 'It is seven o'clock. Please, sister Anne, let us have a fire, and tea.'

'I am very sorry,' said Anne, compelled to come forward to their aid; 'it was careless of me to suffer the fire to get so low. But it is not quite out—it will soon burn up again,' she added, stirring the sullen-looking coals into a small blaze as she spoke; 'and, meanwhile, had you not better run down, both of you, to Rebecca—warm yourselves at her fire, and tell her to bring the tea? That will be the best plan.'

'Why—if it isn't Helen!' exclaimed Albert, thus announcing the result of his furtive investigation of the mysterious-looking figure half-concealed in the dimness. He rushed towards her with brotherly ardour, mingled with boyish curiosity. 'Helen, how d'ye do? How have you enjoyed yourself? What's the matter?

The final question of the triplet was not an unreasonable one, since Helen, for all answer to the two first, had pushed him from her; in the act revealing her face reddened and swollen with tears, and her hair hanging about it in disorder.

'Don't speak to Helen just now,' said Anne, gently drawing him aside; 'she is not well.' And she led both the children to the door, with some difficulty evading Albert's busy questions, and Grace's wonderment. Then she went back to Helen.

'Dear, mamma will be coming down to tea, and the children will return, presently. Will you go up to our room, or stay here?'

'Oh, I can't be alone. I am miserable alone.'

'Then you will make some effort to be composed, dear Helen? You will try to look and speak more like your usual self? For your own sake, as well as for mamma's, be as cheerful as you can.'

'Cheerful! Oh, Anne,' cried Helen, bitterly—reproachfully, 'how can you expect—how can you ask—knowing as you do ——? Well,' she added, after a pause, with an air of meek resignation, 'I'll try, as you say, to be *cheerful*. It is easy enough to *say*—it is very well for those who only look on ——'

Anne would not hear the rest. Her unchanging sweetness only felt such unkindness to excuse and forgive it. She *knew*, she said to herself, how sorely her sister must suffer. She knew, also, that grief is ever hardest to bear while it is new, and we are not inured to it. Afterwards, the burden, sunk into its resting-place, ceases to chafe, and only subdues or crushes.

It was a dreary evening that followed. They sat in the invalid's room; the children charged to be quiet, and an unnatural restraint pervading, not only them, but all the party, excepting Mr Dynevor. He was lively enough, and talked until he was fatigued, happily unobservant of the absent and preoccupied manner, the downcast looks, of more than one of his companions. Helen, at first, sat brooding over a book, which, as Albert by and by loudly announced, she had placed before her upside down. When thus accused, she laughed with an ostentatious attempt at merriment, which Anne quickly checked. The thoughtful elder sister then provided her with some needlework, over which she might reasonably be as still and silent as she chose, without provoking remark. Only her mother occasionally looked up at her favourite daughter, gazed intently at her for a minute, and then resumed her occupation with a heavy sigh. Anne had to answer all of her father's observations which needed reply, and, besides, felt constrained, even more than

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was needful perhaps, to endeavour in every possible way to divert his attention from the silence and sadness of her mother and sister.

Poor Anne! how gladly she welcomed the first indication that that weary evening was drawing to a close.

'What o'clock is it?' Mr Dynevor asked, yawning. 'I am sure it must be late—I'm so sleepy.'

But, on consulting the timepiece, it proved to be only ten.

'Is it possible? I am sorry to have insinuated such an incivility to my companions. Helen, my dear, what hours did you keep at Chiswick?'

'I—I don't know. What did you say, papa?'

'You are *distraite*, I perceive. Is that the last new fashion among the brilliant circle you have just left?'

There was no reply. He resumed, in a sort of desultory spirit of banter, 'A word in your ear, Helen. Don't trust too entirely in Mrs Lumley's *ton*. I'm afraid it is somewhat apocryphal. She is not a woman of fashion yet, except by ambitious anticipation; just as a whiskerless young ensign, newly gazetted, is a general—in embryo. I merely speak in parental anxiety, to preserve you from the affliction of making a mistake in such a vitally important matter. Do you know, I think you may dare to be natural—I think you may even venture to answer a question intelligibly, without much fear of violating *les bienséances*.'

Helen, now engaged in lighting her candle, burned her fingers, an occurrence which might account for the expression of mingled anger and distress that her face had assumed. Anne came to the rescue.

'Dear papa,' said she, smiling, 'your question is enveloped in such a cloud of sarcasm, that it is almost unrecognisable. I don't wonder at Helen's bewilderment. Have you hurt yourself much, dear?' she added, turning to her sister, and, at the same time, screening her from the invalid's sharp scrutiny. 'Hadn't you better run up-stairs, and put your hand in cold water?'

'No—yes—I think ——' stammered Helen, by this time drowned in tears, the usual issue with her of any confliction of feeling. Her want of self-control was so absolute, that it was vain to attempt assisting her in maintaining a show of composure. She bade a hasty good-night to her father and mother, and then escaped from the room.

Mr Dynevor looked infinitely annoyed. 'Helen's taste of gaiety has not rendered her very mirthful, apparently. The homœopathic principle holds good with her, it would seem. What is the matter with her?'

'How can you be so unfeeling?' his wife began, in a torrent of tearful reproach.

Anne entreated her silence—fortunately with success.

'Poor Helen is thoroughly tired,' she then explained to her father; 'she is not at all well, papa. I assure you it was a great effort for her to sit up at all, this evening. She is quite worn out.'

'With dancing—with talking—or with what?' inquired Mr Dynevor, half ironically, but in a softened tone, notwithstanding. 'These sort of ailments would really form an interesting study. I'm afraid there's no cure for them except patience and good-humour. But they are rare drugs—not easily procurable.'

'Helen will supply the one, and you the other, papa,' said Anne, with resolute cheerfulness, as she kissed him.

'Which—you must say which!' laughed her father, detaining her. 'Look at me, and say —— Ah, child!' his voice fell—his gaiety vanished. Anne could school her words—her tone—her manner, but not her face. It smote the father's heart to the core, when he saw the countenance perforce turned towards him. It was not that she was so pale, her eyes sunken, her lips livid. All this had been before. But he detected the absence of that inscrutable something, which had, hitherto, through all the pallor, shone out of that poor face, that was now trying to smile upon him to the last, in an effort at serenity more pathetic than tears.

His own eyes moistened as he looked, and then folded her in his arms. Anne dared not give way to the sobs which his tenderness caused to rise rebelliously in her throat. She dared not weep—natural and blessed as the relief would have been. So she gently released herself from his embrace, without speaking, and without suffering him to say more.

Her mother followed her from the room.

'Helen has gone. What is the matter with Helen. Is she ill?'

Anne gladly seized on the last question to answer, and satisfied her on the point.

'I must have a talk about it—I must

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speak to her,' announced Mrs Dynevor, with a decisive look.

'Not now—not to-night, dear mamma,' cried Anne, alarmed; 'she is so tired—so depressed. Indeed, it will be best to leave her quiet.'

'I see how it is. I am to be shut out from my own daughter's confidence,' said her mother, plaintively, as she turned away; 'I am to know nothing, but be anxious, and ignorant, and silent ——'

Anne interrupted her with an affectionate 'good-night' kiss.

'I don't blame you, Anne,' she went on, with subdued fretfulness; 'I daresay you think it is all for the best. You had better go to your sister. I suppose *you* are in her confidence. You are happier than I am. Good-night.'

Helen was lying down, as if in utter exhaustion, when Anne entered the room. In her long white dressing-gown, with her luxuriant hair falling about her shoulders, she looked, at least, equally picturesque and miserable. Her sister paused, and gazed upon her fair face, with a feeling in which admiration involuntarily mingled with pity. Now that the transparent eyelids were closed, the well-formed features looked more than usually delicate and symmetrical; and there was something of the pathos belonging to a higher grade of beauty communicated to hers, by the contrast of its youth and its evident sadness.

She lay thus, still and silent, for a long time, taking no notice of Anne's gentle endeavours to arouse her. At length the elder girl remonstrated:—'Helen, dear Helen! it is not well for you to remain thus. Let us both go to rest quietly, and gain strength if we can. Rise, dear. Speak to me.'

Her entreaties, many times repeated, succeeded finally. Helen slowly unclosed her eyes, fixed them on her sister, and then again buried her face in the pillow.

'You are very cruel. Why cannot you allow me a little peace?'

'You shall have peace. Peace always comes—even to the unhappiest—where there has been no wrong. You are good and innocent, my sister Helen, therefore you need not ask in vain for peace.'

She spoke thus, in raising her sister from her recumbent position. But Helen still turned away from her, deriving no comfort from her words.

'For my sake, if not for your own, arouse yourself, dear. This torpor unduly indulged is almost as bad, nay, worse, than positive, active despair. Neither is right. It is not *right* for you to give way thus.'

There was a firmness in Anne's quiet tone that unconsciously influenced the weak girl. She rose in a sort of sullen submission.

No more was said. Anne tried to speak on ordinary subjects, once or twice, in order, if possible, to remove the wretched constraint she herself felt to be so undesirable; but, as she met with no encouragement from Helen, and received no answer but deep-drawn sighs, she soon gave up the effort—useless as painful—and relapsed into the silence which was indeed very welcome to her—ineffably sorrowful and apparently comfortless as her thoughts were.

Both the sisters were long wakeful, and Helen, at first, seemed very restless. But at length she submitted to the arm that sought to encircle her, and laid her head quietly upon her sister's breast.

'I think I shall sleep now,' she said presently, in a low voice.

Anne kissed her in silence, feeling an almost maternal instinct of tender compassion and protecting love rising to her heart, as she held her in her embrace.

'I wonder,' whispered Helen again, after a pause—'I wonder—I wish I knew —where he is now. Can he have arrived at Florence, do you think?'

'At Florence?' repeated her listener, quickly. 'Did he go there?'

'I told you; you must have heard me say so. He started on Thursday morning—the very day I arrived at Mrs Lumley's.'

'It must have been a sudden journey,' Anne faltered, and could say no more.

'Yes; he set off immediately. I only saw him for an instant. You know the doctor's letter gave but little hope of poor Mrs Avarne.'

'His mother! His mother—dying?'

'She is seriously ill; he seemed afraid. Oh, Anne, if you had seen his face! He must love his mother very much. I should like to know if she is better,' said Helen, in a half dreamy tone, which betokened growing sleepiness.

Anne could not answer. The knowledge of *his* sorrow overcame the brave spirit that would not succumb to griefs, however bitter, of its own. She could not even attempt a more than passive disguise or restraint. It was fortunate that Helen said no more, but soon fell into

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the usual sound sleep of youth and weariness combined. Anne had just strength to remain motionless—silent—almost breathless, it seemed, till then.

But *then*—burying her face in her hands—she wept tears of intense, passionate anguish, such as she had never shed in her whole life before.

PRELUDE BY EGERIA.

[FROM A FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF POETRY.]

Far, far away, amid primeval trees, [feet,
And silver streams that wend with ling'ring
And wild-flower gardens, and Eolian breeze
Laden with nature's music, wild and sweet;
Where sunlight, underneath the green-robed
boughs, [gleam
Comes soft and tender, like the twilight
Of some fair fairy region, that o'erflows
With rainbow fantasm and beauteous
dream—
Meet haunt for an inhabiter divine,
And sacred soul of Poesy, 'tis thine.

If there with thee I have been taught to dwell,
Afar among the visionary bowers,
With aëry voices and romantic spell;
And lived to taste of thine immortal rills,
And perfume of thine amaranthine flowers,
Did longing sigh to drink my spirit fills;
Would that my quicken'd spirit might outpour
The nurturing divine redundant there—
The high-revealing, lofty-thoughted lore,
I sought to inbreathe with its vital air;
In bright expectancy, as meekly flows
The cadence of my 'rude unpolish'd verse'
Unto some searching wanderer, as he goes
Life's barren sands along, it may rehearse
Some words of cheer; speaking of dauntlessness,
And earnest strife in pursuit of the right,
And how, made strong in combat and distress,
The soul attains tranquillity's calm height;
Speaking of hero spirits, who before thee,
Through gloom and trial, and through sore
heart scars,
Wended thy patterns in the road to glory,
With hope that never fail'd amid the stars,
From confidence in the eternal right,
And strong necessity of justice; telling, too,
Of lovely things, like cherubims of light,
That glad our daily paths—of friendship
true—
Of beauty, confidence, and heavenly truth—
Dear memories of by-gone happy hours,
And fairy scenery of early youth,
Restored to after-life's cold wintry bowers,
Like thoughts of paradise that aye retain,
The spirit innocent and happy:—telling
Of love—and if that longer I would fain
Delight to linger on the note, whose swelling
Relates of Him; it is, that he hath might
To conjure heaven earthward from above,
To dwell awhile, and offer foretaste bright
Of that prepared home, where all is love.
Of death, too, telling, not of the decay
And darkness, hopeless parting sorrow—
But glorified by faith's celestial ray, [row,
The cherubim, whose conduct thou wilt bor-
To guide thee to that far immortal shore,
Where tears are dried, and partings are no
more.

Thus would I fain discourse, and bid thee
deem
Of themes of song, not as gay rainbow things,
Which glad with melody some youthful dream,
Like silver-throated birds on glancing wings,
That hover o'er some summer morning slumber;
But verities, whose import all is rife [ber;
With grave reality, their founts which number
Among the deep and solemn things of life.
And then, sweet listener, if that I but win
Thy willing ear—think of me as a voice,
Whose notes, like some melodious echo din,
Nought other tutelage do recognise
Than nature's; would that they might woo
One sad heart from its heaviness awhile,
To vibrate with emotion pure and true!—
One spirit sick with world-pervading guile—
That they might but bestir, with words that
tell
Of truth and beauty, and foundation deep,
'Neath all this outward ill's pervading spell,
Within th' eternal heart of things they keep;
That so on wings of hope it straight may speed
On to exertion joyful, healthful, bright.
Some baffled lone aspirer in his need,
Whose earthly hope and trust have sunk
in night, [whose tone
That they might cheer, with whisperings,
From music of some other blessed land
Would joy to be caught; for aye hath gone
No sweeter song from poesy, than hand in
hand
When wends she with divinest piety,
Conversing in immortal lofty strain;
And then, in my unnoted destiny,
I shall not sigh that I have lived in vain.

Think of me as a voice, sweet listener!—
One who would joy to breathe sweet music
round thee,
Thy heart with dear associate tones to stir,
As love doth stir it, when sweet spells have
wound thee;
One thou mayest never gaze on, in the dim
And holy-haunted shade where song doth
dwell,
Invisible; there wisdom's sacred hymn—
Her spirit's chords unto its deep-toned swell
Endeavouring to attune; who, if desire
Could make the might of inspiration strong,
For sake of thee would joy to respire
Breathings, which would be oracles of song.

H. B. M.

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ARCTIC RESEARCHES.—THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE North-west Passage is discovered. The entire continent of the two Americas has been circumnavigated. The existence of the long-suspected, unfrozen, Polar Sea has been all but proved. More than a million sterling has been expended in Arctic research during the last four years. These facts point to the present as a fitting time to take a glance at what has been effected in compensation for the enormous outlay thus incurred; for, whatever be the particular result, there can be no doubt that, as a general consequence, any future expedition into the Arctic seas will be prosecuted in a different spirit, and with a different intention from those hitherto projected. The line of research will be considerably narrowed, the object sought for will be more clearly defined, and the means used will be more adapted to the circumstances, than the limited experience of past days enabled the adventurers to provide.

Nearly three hundred and sixty years have elapsed since the first attempts were made to find a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The continent of America was not the object sought when Columbus and Sebastian Cabot made their celebrated and arduous voyages to the West; and the continuity of the land from north to south was no sooner demonstrated, than English navigators began to seek some passage to the western side of it, other than that through the tropics and round Cape Horn, or by the Straits of Magellan. A passage westward to China and the East Indies was the great desideratum with them, and no labour was in their estimation considered too great, if as its fruits such a passage should be discovered. Accordingly we find Cabot himself, immediately after his discovery of the North American continent, pushing northward and westward as far as Hudson's Bay; and such an immense opening as that was well calculated to inspire hopes of a successful termination to their search. But Cabot died without going farther in that direction. Nearly a century passed before any other noteworthy attempt was made to penetrate westward, and at that time Frobisher attempted to extend the researches of his predecessors. It does not appear that he did more than find another passage into the same bay, through the strait now known by his name; and about the same time it became known, or at least was currently believed, that no outlet to the westward existed in the bay; whereupon the sturdy mariners of those days grew somewhat irate, and fastened upon that noble sheet of water the ignoble cognomen of 'pudding bag.' Future expeditions, therefore, were directed more to the northward, and before the close of the sixteenth century, Davis had discovered and given his name to the great strait which terminates in Baffin's Bay. Early in the seventeenth century, Baffin explored that great northern bay, since which time it has been called by his name. On the western side of it, he discovered the large opening now known by the name of Lancaster Sound, but did not examine it. Its existence, however, was quite sufficient to revive the almost extinct hopes of a westerly passage, and hence we find, after a century (the eighteenth) spent in fruitless efforts to penetrate westward in a more temperate climate, and northward direct to the pole, attention was again directed to Lancaster Sound; through which all recent endeavours to navigate the Arctic Sea have been made.

The first of these modern expeditions to the north-west was that under the command of Captain Ross, and simultaneously with that was another to the north-east, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, under Captain Buchan. They were instructed to pursue their respective courses over the pole to Behring's Straits (from which point their projected routes coincide), and thence into the Pacific Ocean. The latter was checked in his progress by the ice, immediately on entering the Polar Sea; but Ross succeeded in exploring the northern part of Baffin's Bay, and returned with a conviction that no outlet existed from that bay to the Polar Sea—a conviction proved by Captain Inglefield in 1852 to have been without sufficient foundation. Then, trying Lancaster Sound, he proceeded some distance in that direction, and was compelled to return before he could ascertain whether it was open or not. The most valuable result of this expedition was the more accurate knowledge we thereby

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attained of the shores and actual position of Baffin's Bay, which was brought within narrower limits than had been before assigned to it.

In the year 1819, Lieutenant Parry, who had accompanied Ross in his recent voyage, was sent out by the British Government to Baffin's Bay, with instructions to explore Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward. He succeeded in adding much to the geography of these regions, having reached as far as the 110th degree of west longitude. The northern shores of the passage were found to be much broken, and consisted apparently of a number of islands, some of the principal of which are now well known on the maps as Cornwallis, Bathurst, and Melville Islands. But the southern shore was very imperfectly defined, and till the last few months has been a *terra incognita* to all but a stray Esquimaux or two who may have occasionally wandered there. It should, however, be noted, that when Parry left Melville Island, he made an attempt to get somewhat farther west, but after discovering the shore of Banks' Land, was under the necessity of returning through Davis' Straits, and arrived in England towards the close of 1820. A glance at the map will show what an immense stride was made by this expedition towards the navigation of the Polar Sea. In truth, the distance travelled westward from Lancaster Sound, and that travelled eastward by former adventurers from Behring's Straits, were so great, that their discoveries almost met under the same meridian, leaving but a short passage in a direction north and south to be discovered. That short passage, however, was never traversed till last year (1853), as we shall presently show. Still, the success of Parry's expedition was well calculated to inspire confidence, and so it did. For, in the year following his return, he and Captain Lyon were employed by the Admiralty to renew his researches. But little resulted from this attempt, beyond an examination of the bays and inlets in the north-east of the American continent.

While Parry and Ross were making these expeditions, Captain Franklin (the now lamented Sir John) was making his way overland to the north coast of America, through the Hudson Bay Company's territories. He went down the Coppermine River to the shores of the Northern Sea, and explored a considerable extent of its coast line. Deficiency of provision rendered his return inevitable, but it was not effected till he and his party had suffered great privations and hardships. He arrived in England in 1823.

In 1824, Parry and Lyon renew their efforts. They enter Lancaster Sound, and pass to the southward into Prince Regent's Inlet. Being overtaken by storms, their ships were disabled—one so much that they were obliged to abandon it, and they returned to England the following year.

Captain Franklin, in 1825, again undertook an overland journey to the northern shores of America, with the intention of passing down the Mackenzie River, and thence westward towards Behring's Straits. Meanwhile, Captain Beechy sailed round Cape Horn, and thence to the north, to discover a passage round the Icy Cape, or through Kotzebue Sound, both at the north-west extremity of America. By these two expeditions, together with Franklin's former one, the entire northern coast from Behring's Straits to Coronation Gulf was determined. And it was during his observations in traversing this coast that Franklin became convinced of the existence of a north-west passage, by observing the currents and the state of the masses of ice which floated down to those regions. Very little has been added to our knowledge of this track from that time, till the remaining unexplored portion was traversed by Captain M'Clure, in 1851–2.

And now the Admiralty determined to give the *north-east* passage another trial. For this service the indomitable Parry was again selected. He proceeded to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Lapland, where he took on board reindeer and ice-boats. He reached Spitzbergen in May, 1827; from thence went northward 292 miles in thirty-five days, during which it rained almost all the time. The ice being much broken, and the current towards the south, he could not make way against it, and was compelled to return, which the current and the ice greatly facilitated. At 81° north latitude the sea was so deep, that with 500 fathoms no bottom could be found. Parry arrived in England in the autumn of the year in which he set out—1827.

Such was the enthusiasm of that period, no geographer could rest till something more was really known respecting these regions; either that the passage

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sought did not exist, or, if existing, that it might be traced out. But the Admiralty were unwilling to incur any further responsibilities at that time; and hence the investigation was left to private individuals. Captain Ross was prepared to prosecute further researches; and Mr Felix Booth, sheriff of London, rendered him such liberal assistance as enabled him to enter on another voyage. It proved a very unfortunate one; for his bark was so injured before he reached the shores of America, that he was obliged to repair it on the coast of Greenland before he could proceed. Despatches announcing his departure from that place reached England, and then no more was heard of him for four years, during the last two of which the anxiety of the nation on his account was intense. He spent two winters in the southern extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet, two of the severest on record, the temperature on one occasion falling to 90° below zero. Compelled at last to abandon the ship, he commenced a foot journey over the ice, and after walking three hundred miles, arrived at Leopold Island in Barrow's Straits. Owing to the severity of the climate, the ice did not break up during the summer, and they were compelled to spend another winter on these inhospitable shores. At length, in the summer of 1833, the party was picked up by Captain Humphrey, of the Isabella of Hull; the self-same ship which Ross commanded in 1818. He arrived in England in October, 1833, and the satisfaction evinced by the nation, on receiving intelligence of his arrival, was sufficient to show how sincere had been the anxiety before expressed. This expedition resulted in the determination of the locality of the Magnetic Pole, and the discovery that no passage westward existed south of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits.

The enthusiasm of navigators subsided for awhile after this very untoward effort; and twelve years elapsed before any very vigorous effort was again made to accomplish the same object. But, at the commencement of the year 1845, Her Majesty's government having deemed it advisable to make a further attempt, Captain Franklin was appointed to the command of an expedition with the Erebus and Terror, the latter under the command of Captain Crozier. Franklin was instructed by the Admiralty to make the best of his way to Lancaster Sound, and push on to the westward as far as Cape Walker (lon. 90° W.). From that point he was to proceed southward and westward, in as direct a course towards Behring's Straits as was practicable. Supposing a westward course impracticable, he was instructed to enter Wellington Sound, and go northward in his second summer.

In pursuance of these instructions, Franklin left England in May, 1845, and arrived at Whalefish Island, near Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, in July. From this place letters from the officers, and a despatch from Franklin, were sent home to England. All were well, and the whole company in excellent spirits. This was the *last intelligence received from* the expedition. As they were crossing Baffin's Bay, they were spoken to by a whaler, the Prince of Wales, Captain Darmett; and this was the *last sight obtained* of them. Since that time, the remains of an encampment have been discovered at Cape Riley, on the eastern side of the entrance to Wellington Channel; and, as it has been satisfactorily ascertained that those remains were from articles supplied at Her Majesty's dockyard, and that no other party then exploring those regions had left them there, it has been inferred that Franklin must have been detained at this point, although no notice of the circumstance has been deposited on the spot. This is the *last trace*, however faint and uncertain, of the missing squadron, and was discovered August, 1850, about five years after their departure from the coast of Greenland.

When the Erebus and Terror had been above twelve months from home, without any intelligence arriving as to their whereabouts, some anxiety began to be felt as to their safety, and Captain Sir John Ross communicated his thoughts on the subject to the Admiralty. A considerable ferment was soon observable in the public mind, and their lordships at length decided, that if no intelligence of the missing ships arrived by the close of the autumn in 1847, they would send three several searching expeditions—one by Lancaster Sound, another through Behring's Straits, and another through the Hudson Bay Company's territories—to the Northern Ocean. To these, others were subsequently added, by the aid of private benevolence or otherwise, till the bare mention of them is quite bewildering to the memory. And, as the chief officers of the various expeditions have published the result of their

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labours, we have had during the last three years such a mass of information on Arctic subjects, as has never before fallen to the lot of the travel-reading public.

As might be expected, in such a mass of writing on a single subject, there is much repetition of facts already known, and great similarity in the accounts which different writers give of like incidents and phenomena: remarkable instances of affection in the polar bear towards her cubs; icebergs like floating mountains of glass; hair-breadth escapes from being crushed to atoms; midnights literally bright as day; besides these, a great portion of those works is devoted to details of the natural history and geology of the polar regions, and are too minute and exclusively scientific to afford any gratification to the general reader. But, after all this pruning and lopping, there remains a considerable amount of geographical and other information, which cannot fail to interest all who give it the slightest attention.

Foremost of these points of interest undoubtedly stands the now demonstrated North-west Passage, and next to that, the evidence that has been gathered relative to the existence of an open unfrozen Polar Sea. We shall devote the remaining part of the present paper to these two topics, as they form convenient nuclei round which to group such other details as we may wish to introduce.

To Capt. M'Clure belongs the honour of having made this discovery. After the three expeditions just referred to had been prosecuting their researches about two years, and Sir James Clark Ross had returned to England, the Admiralty resolved that a still more vigorous search should be made; when the Enterprise and Investigator vessels, which had just returned from the north, were again fitted up, the latter being put under the command of Captain M'Clure. He left England in 1850, and in the autumn of that year was coasting along the northern boundary of the American continent from Behring's Straits eastward. He made one or two attempts to push at once to the northward, but was stopped by the ice, and found, by his own observation, and the information afforded him by the natives, that the ice was almost continuous from Icy Cape to Coronation Gulf, throughout the whole year, at a short distance from the land. Here and there a narrow lane of water would present itself, but it rarely proved to be of great length, and not unfrequently led him into the 'pack,' so as to render his extrication difficult. It would appear that the heavy ice rarely approached or receded from the shore further than at the time when M'Clure was passing, and the average distance then was about forty miles, the intervening space being occupied in winter by a lighter kind of ice, called 'young ice,' or 'pancake ice,' which disappears during the summer months, and leaves a passage for large vessels, varying from five to forty miles in width.

On reaching Cape Parry (about 71° N., 124° W.), September 6, 1850, high land was observed in a direction N.E. by N., apparently near fifty miles from the ship. Captain M'Clure immediately made for it, with the intention of passing up the western shore, as it had the appearance of a large island. The pack was found resting on the western banks of the island, which led him subsequently to determine on making an attempt to push northward into Barrow's Straits on the eastern side, since there was clear water before him there as far as the eye could reach. Arriving at the southern extremity of the island, the officers landed, and took possession of the country with the usual ceremonies, in the name of Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; calling it Baring's Island, in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Leaving this most southerly point, it was necessary to go farther to the eastward, before the land permitted a northward course. On the 9th of September land obstructed their passage farther eastward, but left an opening to the northward, which was just what they desired. They had now Baring's Island on their left hand, and new territory on their right, which they named Prince Albert's Land; before them an open strait, up which they were pushing their way, and which they called Prince of Wales' Strait. On the following day (September 10) they had got so far up this channel as to be within seventy miles of Barrow's Straits; where they hoped, if the water continued as open as it was in their present position, to arrive in another day or two at most, and so complete the passage so long sought. That pleasure was to be delayed for a time; for a few miles further brought them among shoals of ice, through which they endeavoured most perseveringly to work their way. Occasionally making head a little, and soon after drifting back

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twice as far, their progress amounted to a mere nothing. Exposed to these and similar vicissitudes for a whole month, and determined not to relinquish one inch of ground they had attained, except by direst necessity, our brave adventurers were finally frozen in, and housed over for the winter, by the 10th of October, 1850.

It was now pretty certain that the ship was fixed for the next nine months at least, and it remained for the expedition to contrive the best plan of making use of the time that must intervene before they could again set sail. They were naturally anxious to ascertain whether the channel in which they were then ice-locked led to the already explored Barrow's Straits. With this end in view, a party left the ship for the neighbouring Prince Albert Land, and having in due form taken possession of it in the name of Her Majesty, they ascended an eminence, to see what evidences there might be of a continuous channel thither. But the distinction between land and water was too much obscured by ice and snow to admit of any satisfactory conclusion being drawn. Then, setting out on foot to determine this question, M'Clure and his party, after several discouraging misadventures, had the gratification of pitching their tent on the shores of Barrow's Straits, October 26, 1850, and declaring the sea-passage discovered. As he had made his late unsuccessful attempt to sail through the Prince of Wales Strait at the close of the season, he hoped, by repeating it at the commencement of the next, to accomplish that object, and therefore decided on waiting patiently till the return of summer liberated him from his icy prison in 1851, employing the remaining part of the winter in the organisation of searching parties to explore the neighbouring lands, the principal results of whose labours were, an examination of the north-east and southern sides of Baring's Island, and a very decided conviction that Franklin had not been wrecked in, or even visited, those seas.

On the 7th of July, 1851, the ice began to decay, and in another week the Investigator was afloat, although still surrounded, and unable to get northward. A whole month was spent in fruitless efforts to do so when the ice did give way, and then M'Clure, since he had failed to pass through this strait at the end of one season and the commencement of another, determined to shape his course southward, double the southern extremity of Baring's Island, and try his fortune along its western shores. He formed this resolution on the 16th August, 1851, and in three days found himself at the north-western extremity of Baring's Island. At this point he was beset again by the ice for nearly a month, but the temperature then again unexpectedly rising, he was enabled to advance towards the eastward, along the northern side of the island; about the middle of which he discovered a commodious bay, which, in gratitude, he called the 'Bay of Mercy,' and there was frozen in for another winter. Excepting a short line of coast, Baring's Island had now been circumnavigated and explored. The northern side was found to be identical with that land discovered by Parry several years before, and which he had denominated Banks' Land; and as this tract of land is laid down in most maps, it will enable the reader to determine roughly the position of Baring's Island (of which Banks' Land is obviously a part), since its southern extremity is immediately opposite Cape Parry, also marked on almost all maps of North America.

During the winter of 1851–2, Captain M'Clure went across the ice to Melville Island, and there deposited a despatch, containing particulars of his whereabouts. He also found a despatch which had been left there the year preceding by Lieutenant M'Clintock, and a rock with an inscription on it, by one of the officers under Parry in his expedition thirty years before. The remaining part of the winter was spent, as best it might, in shooting parties, or whatever afforded the most agreeable amusement, and most healthful exercise.

The summer of 1852 was too short, and its temperature too low, to liberate them from the ice. They consequently had to look forward to another winter, without moving an inch from their position in the Bay of Mercy.

It was while lying in the Bay of Mercy, during the winter of 1852–3, that Captain M'Clure decided on sending home several of the weakest of his men by way of the Hudson Bay territories, partly for their own sakes, and partly with a view to make the provisions of the ship last longer. But events were about to transpire which entirely altered their plans. Captain Kellett, early in 1853, had advanced from Beechy Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, to Melville

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Island, and had despatched parties in various directions to form provision depots, one of which, on its return through Winter Harbour in that island, had discovered the record left there by Captain M'Clure in May, 1852. On the 10th of March, 1853, Lieutenant Pim and Dr Domville, with several men, set out for Banks' Land and the Bay of Mercy, to find Captain M'Clure; several mishaps retarded their progress, and it was not till the 19th of April that M'Clure, under the conduct of Pim and Domville, arrived at Melville Island. In his enthusiasm, Captain Kellett thus writes:—

'19th of April, 1853.—This is really a red-letter day in my voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by my heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day, our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward. All went out to meet them, and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Doctor Domville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings to you, when he told me that *Captain M'Clure was amongst the next party.* I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes. No purer were ever given by two men in the world.

'M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's reaching the Harbour of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryatt, were he alive.'

The end of all this was, that Captain M'Clure, with about thirty volunteers, resolved to stand by their ship Investigator, to see if the ice broke up in the course of 1853, so as to liberate them, and if it did not, they determined to try again in 1854. As a consequence, the Investigator and her sturdy crew may be still in Mercy Bay; and, should their deliverance not be effected this summer, the vessel will be deserted, and all the men will make their way on foot to Melville Island,' and thence by some other vessel to England. Meanwhile two of M'Clure's officers—Lieutenant Cresswell, and Mr Wynniall, mate—with the sickly part of the crew, have already returned, after having for the first time completely circumnavigated the entire American continent.

The existence of an *open sea* in the vicinity of the north pole has been a subject of earnest discussion among physical geographers for a long series of years. And now that some more light has been thrown on the matter, it may not be uninteresting to collect the arguments used in support of the theory declaring its existence, as well as to recapitulate the evidence which recent investigators have contributed in confirmation of that theory. So early as the beginning of the present century, doubts were expressed by eminent navigators as to whither the ice which had obstructed their progress was so continuous as had till then been believed; and opinions gained currency among one class which were warmly combated by another, till two parties were established, the one denominated the *polists*, and the other the *anti-polists*. As we are now merely adducing evidence of an open polar sea, it is only necessary here to state the opinions of the polists, together with the circumstances which led to their belief in that rather anomalous physical fact. The earliest discoveries which led to a belief in an open polar sea were those connected with the observed temperature of northern climates. It was found that the average annual temperature about the 80th parallel of latitude was several degrees higher than that recorded at from eight to twelve degrees farther south. As this is contrary to what might have been expected from the increased obliquity of the solar rays, it became necessary to cast about for some other explanation of so unlooked-for a fact. As an example of this elevation of temperature, we may adduce the island of Spitzbergen, directly north of Norway, where under the 80th parallel the deer propagate, and on the northern coast of which the sea is quite open for a considerable time every year. But at Nova Zembla, five degrees farther south, the sea is locked in perpetual ice, and the deer are rarely if ever seen on its coast. This has led physical geographers to suppose, that the milder temperature of Spitzbergen must be attributable to the well-known influence of proximity to a large body of water, while the contiguity of Nova Zembla to the continent was thought to account for the severity of its climate. Again, we find that when Parry visited those regions in 1827, he began his boat voyage towards the pole in latitude 81° 12'; he travelled among broken masses of ice for thirty-five days, during which *it rained nearly the whole time.* In such a latitude, one might have

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expected icebergs, or snowballs at the very least, if any fall whatever. The same difference has been observed in parallels more widely separated, among the bays and inlets of North America. Parry was compelled to return to Spitzbergen, after the voyage just mentioned, in consequence of the quantity of ice drifted to the southward, and against which he could not make way. This points to another physical fact tending to induce a belief in the existence of an open polar sea—viz., that powerful currents are continually setting from the pole to the temperate oceans. Besides the current now noticed by Parry, others had been determined before, and more have been ascertained since; so that a perpetual flow of the ocean southward may be considered as established. Add to this a third fact, *that ice never forms in deep water when in motion*,—and the following inferences are easily made. First, that the ice which blocks up the large bays and straits of the north has not frozen there, but consists of floes and bergs which have broken away from the shore, and have drifted down in such large quantities, that they met and adhered to each other in one large conglomerate mass; an inference strengthened by the circumstance of all ice found far from the land being, not 'sheet,' but 'pack' ice. Secondly, the polar sea, if indeed it be a sea, must be *open*, because there is no land in contiguity with which ice can form itself, which excludes the possibility of 'pack' ice; and the sea itself is in constant motion, and that excludes the possibility of ice being formed on its own surface.

Such are the arguments in support of the view that an open sea exists in the vicinity of the pole, and it would be cause of some regret, if the researches of the last five years did not contribute something towards a solution of the problem, either in the negative or the affirmative. That cause of regret, however, is not inflicted, for the existence of an almost unencumbered sea has been all but proved. In 1852, Captain Inglefield, in making his summer search for Sir John Franklin, explored the entire northern boundaries of Baffin's Bay, when he ascertained that two sounds, which had till then been laid down on the maps as enclosed and terminated by land, were entirely open, and permitted the readiest ingress to ships of the largest burden. The first of these was Whale Sound, in the north-east of Baffin's Bay. In exploring it, after passing two or three new islands, he beheld with surprise 'two wide openings to the eastward, into a *clear and unencumbered sea*, with a distinct and unbroken horizon, which, beautifully defined by the rays of the sun, showed no sign of land save one island;' but a sense of duty to his lost countrymen, which plainly pointed northward and westward, forbade his proceeding farther in an easterly direction. He proceeded to the extreme north of Baffin's Bay, and there explored Sir Thomas Smith's Sound. 'On rounding Cape Alexander,' says he (Cape Alexander being at the entrance of the sound), 'the full glory of being actually in the Polar Sea burst upon my thoughts; for then I beheld the *open sea* stretching through seven points of the compass, and apparently unencumbered with ice, though bounded east and west by two distinct headlands.' And a little further on he remarks—'The changed appearance of the land to the northward of Cape Alexander was very remarkable; south of this cape, nothing but snow-capped hills and cliffs met the eye, but to the northward an agreeable change seemed to have been worked by an invisible agency—here the rocks were of their natural black or reddish brown colour, and the snow, which had clad with heavy flakes the more southern shore, had only partially dappled them in this higher region,' while the western shore was girt with a belt of ice twelve miles broad, and clad with perpetual snows. The captain was driven back by a gale and a subsequent storm, which prevented him doing more in that direction. We might add to these evidences of an unfrozen basin, but cannot do more now than just say, that equally satisfactory knowledge has been obtained of Wellington Channel, and that the observations of all recent explorers tend to confirm the impressions these discoveries have induced.

And now the reader is inquiring, or has inquired probably, while reading these pages, what has become of Sir John Franklin? Is he given up? Or do those persons, competent to form a judgment, think he is yet living? The general opinion among men most intimately acquainted with the state of the search is, that Franklin cannot have been wrecked, because there has never been found a single fragment or spar in those seas which can be considered at all likely to

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have come from his ships; and it is scarcely credible that two such vessels could have been so completely swallowed up by the ocean, as entirely to obliterate all traces of their existence. Further, it is well ascertained that no storms occurred in those seasons, when he was traversing the explored seas, which could have put the ships in more than ordinary danger. Nor do they believe he has visited any of those straits and inlets through which the searching vessels have passed, since there is not a cairn, post, or record of any kind, to signify so much. The general belief seems to be, that he has made his way into the Polar Basin, and in trying to make his way southward again, was beset by the ice, from which he has not since been able to extricate himself. So that, although the public ardour may be somewhat declining, it is probable that adventurers will yet be found determined to pursue the search till no hope of ultimate success remains.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. III.

'Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave.'

THE Hotel de Ville offers a peculiar point of attraction to the Paris visitant, whether stranger or foreigner, ever since the *salles de fête*, ranging the river and back fronts, have received their full complement of ornamentation. The municipality have state and gala-rooms now, which may vie with those of any palace of the empire; and that civic prince, the Prefet of the Seine, is accommodated in a way his predecessors, but a few years ago, little dreamed of. The edifice itself, a very able and striking evolution of the primitive and now central *Corps de Bâtiment*, with its two sharp-roofed pavilions and elegant camparide, occupies four times the space it did, so late even as 1830. The whole quadrangular mass, with its superposed composite columns, its ever-recurring windows, niches, and statues, its square-looking domes, and truncated roofs, the sole distinctive feature of the modern additions, disengaged from the squalid hovels that so lately obscured its glory, now bursts upon the delighted eye, the twin personification of elegance and beauty. The river sweep takes a glance at the double-towered cathedral of old Notre Dame; the back sweep at the lofty portal of the church of St Gervais, and the protecting monster barracks of Napoleon III.; the northern lateral range recedes slightly from the new Rivoli Street line; while the real frontage looks out with all due serenity on the blood-baltered Place de Grève! What a host of associations assail, not the Parisian (he is case-hardened), but the intelligent stranger-visiter, whose teeming imagination can exclude the hackneyed present, and picture up the eventful past! Not Prior, your diplomatic poet's past, when regal or civic justice, still in possession of their respective sceptres, entertained, and, it may be, edified, beholders with an execution by the halter, or breaking on the wheel, or the still more civilising spectacle of disembowelling and quartering—the whole terminating in a ballad. No; but that past which still lingers in the ear of even the present generation, when, stripped of her insignia, official justice herself became the prey and sport of a howling multitude; and the Place de Grève daily swarmed with crowds, seeking, like the lion, whom they might devour! The visiter has but to mount with us the central staircase of the building now before him, and he stands upon the steps from which, during the last sixty years, every form and mode of government, every shape and shade of Utopian folly, has been announced and hailed with rapturous acclaim. The last sixty years! 'Giant years,' says an ingenious French critic—'giant years, enclosing in their grasp twenty revolutions, four royalties, two republics, three empires! Formidable years, embracing the reform of every abuse, and the abuse of every reform; taking, giving, resuming, bestowing, and again resuming every liberty, every despotism, every glory,

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every shame, exhaustive of weal and wo, of constitutions and of anarchies!' But we will sink the philosopher, and move on with the Thursday stream of *curieux* about to visit the gala-rooms of the municipality. On reaching the first floor we turn aside, and, after skirting the mural paintings of a kind of corridor, deliver up our letter of admittance to a servant-in-waiting, after which we at once walk into the suite of saloons. If you are satisfied to commune with your own personal feelings, you have only to keep to the rug or overlay stretching along the carpeting as a preservative against Paris dust or mud, and thence gaze about you. Or, should you be athirst for such information as can be communicated by the humble official (no *livret* has as yet been published, and even the boasted 'Galignani' is a shortcomer), you have but to halt and keep pace with a listening shoal, and hearken to such square announcements as these:—'*Salle de bal*, seventy feet long by forty; height two-and-twenty. Central ceiling, a fine allegorical painting by Picot:—Lutèce, Lutèce means Paris (*sic*) surrounded by the Muses.' These monotonous grindings of your obliging *cicerone*, now and then relieved, we ought to say enlivened, by such indirect appeals as the following:—*Il est défendu de marcher sur les tapis* (not allowed to walk on the carpets); *il est défendu de s'asseoir* (not allowed to sit), delivered in a distinct under-tone to such trespassers as go astray from the above-mentioned rug, or presume to bring their centre of gravity into disrespectful contact with such silken *canapés* or *fauteuils* as richly dot the various apartments. We confess this French drilling to be galling to our nature; this walking in wild-goose procession, with straining eyes and cracking necks, in contemplation of ceiling paintings, to be alien to all habits of personal dignity, as well as personal comfort. We therefore eschew, in such cases, the *servum pecus*, and walk on in manly solitude, transgressing, save in the article of sitting, the little rules laid down for little minds, and receiving, with looks of dignified condescendence, the remonstrances submissively whispered in our ears by the awe-struck menials. Should the foreigner be alone, we recommend our method to his imitation. Should he (as he most likely may) form one of a visiting party (his letter admits of four, exclusive of himself), we venture to counsel strict compliance with all orders given, as these greatly tend to prevent straggling, the bane of all groups got up on the truly English principle of sight-seeing. The suite of apartments, blue, red, and gold, and yellow (we except *la tenture cuir* (leather hangings) of the vestibule, and the oak furniture of the *Salle Henri IV.*), savours, in every thing save the paintings, of a *bourgeois* hankering after novelty. The furniture, the curtain stuffs and arrangements, as well as carpetings, bespeak, on the part of the municipality, a painful acquaintance with the most approved modes of modern upholstery. Nothing very princely, nothing very inimitable; a sort of splendid *gental*, bearing the garish stamp of the day, and requiring, should fashion continue to be an object with our municipals, to be superseded by other specimens of her fanciful decrees. On wending our way through the *grand salon, meuvles rouge et or*, our attention was slightly abstracted from surrounding splendours by a dim vision of the dancing episode, forming part of the Homeric and gastronomic reception given to the Lord Mayor and his attendants some two years past; on which occasion, if we are to credit the amiable and defunct economist, Blanqui, much British self-possession was evinced under very trying circumstances. British youths, nay, men slightly in the sere, were seen to walk about blushingly in quest of fair French partners, correctly enough cased above, but forked below in such incongruous nether teguments, that nothing but a happily pre-conceived opinion of English originality could account for such a flagrant departure from ball proprieties. But the originality, if such it could be termed, lay not with the British performers in the pleasing art of Vestris, but with the French custom-house officials, who, receiving no orders connected with the *impedimenta* of the Lord Mayor's suite, and not participating in the general enthusiasm for the haughty islanders, uncourteously withheld the whole mass of trunks, thereby rendering a change of under-raiment at once desirable, and utterly impracticable! On awaking from this pleasing reverie, we discovered we had traversed the *Salon Jaune*, and reached the *Salle à Manger;* a room which strikes at once as something decidedly at variance with the smooth and classic forms hitherto contemplated by the eye. The hounds baying and panting along the frieze have something so very modern, so

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very real, maugre the little anachronistic nudities thrown in among them, to give a dash of the antique, that the spectator is summarily convinced they come from a hand long practised in every species of canine delineation. They proceed, in fact, from Jadin, so well known to a certain portion of the European reading public, since the clever 'Speronaro' of Alexander Dumas. In this popular author's cruise among the Sicilian islands, we find frequent mention made of Jadin, and his strange anxiety for the intellectual improvement of his travelling companion, a villanous-looking bull-dog. On one occasion, the 'Speronaro' is drawn up high and dry, and a dance (the famous *tarantula*) got up between two rival candidates in the choregraphic art, when the animated deck is cleared at once by the appalling cry of *Terre motu! terre motu!* The author himself is swept along by the rabble-rout of fugitives, but ultimately finds his way to Jadin, whom he discovers, Achilles like, on the barren sea-shore, solacing himself with a cigar and the presence of his faithful bull-dog. 'What cheer?' says Jadin to his friend Dumas. 'A shock.'—'A shock?'—'Yes, of an earthquake, didn't you feel it?'—'An earthquake!' exclaimed Jadin, extinguishing his cigar, and turning a beaming eye on the grim and unconscious quadruped—'an earthquake! By the *living, living* jingo' (we forbear giving the oath in its original racy coarseness; but the English reduplication will act as a suggestive to initiated parties), '*et mon chien qui aura tout vu jusqu'à un tremblement de terre!* (that dog of mine has seen everything, and an earthquake to boot).' Jadin's bull-dog was far from answering his anxious tutor's expectations. Ourselves saw the animal, after his 'Speronaro' trip, and the many precious opportunities of a year's sojourn at Rome, ferociously attempt to worry a favourite monkey of the great landscape painter Flers, and that, too, under his master's own despairing eye! But a truce to the jocose; we are within a step of the *Salon Vert, le salon de l'Empereur!* the object of our own visit, as well as that of the crowd of sight-seers following in our wake. No sooner do we cross the threshold of the green saloon, than our gaze is attracted to the ceiling, and rivetted by a masterly production from the *grandiose* pencil of Ingres: *L'apothéose de l'Empereur.* In a car drawn by four cream and coffee coloured steeds, with eyes bordering on the human, preceded by a winged and robed Victory, stands the almost naked figure of Napoleon I.; the shoulders partly in the shade of a floating red cloak or chlamyd; in his right hand an eagle-surmounted sceptre; the left arm, perspectively shortened, bears upon the hilt of a Roman sword, which it somewhat painfully presses against his side—hand of said arm holding the ball of empire. Left of the principal figure, and also in the car, a green-robed and winged Fame, a trumpet in her left hand, her right holding a wreath high over the head of the victor. The car, in its ascent to the temple of glory, the pillars of which are partly visible, cleaves, bating a slight wrack of white to the left, a blue and cloudless heaven, and traverses the still paler blue of that celestial belt, the zodiac. High in front, an eagle breasting the empyrean; and higher still, twinkles the white and far-famed star of empire. Nothing can be more commanding, more majestic, than the group we have endeavoured to depict. The nudity of the principal figure—perfectly in accordance, as indeed the whole of this special portion of the composition is, with the dictates of tradition—has enabled the painter to display every perfection of style, every grace of shape and march. Indeed, the attitude, that of one in whirling motion, the face softened down into serene, nay, almost feminine beauty, might, banishing the imperial attributes, well conjure up the picture of the car-borne son of the silver-footed Thetis, the most woman-faced, and yet (some would say, and *therefore*) the most ferocious of those who warred under the walls of Troy. There is a deficiency, however; and that deficiency (which no elevation of conception, no purity of design, no warmth of colouring can conceal) lies in the total absence of apotheosistic expression. The well-known saying of Vespasian, who jestingly observed, as he stood up to die, that he felt he was fast entering on his divinity, has not been seriously, solemnly, realised by the mighty master, who has given us, in a grand Greek interpretation, the hero, the genius of battle, but not the god. In the lower part of his composition, a more immediate coinage of his brain, the painter has been less felicitous still. From a stand (is it a coffin or a throne?—the ruffled plumes, flagging wing, and ominous repose of the

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tawny eagle guarding it to the left, has induced the vulgar, and more than the vulgar, to believe it is a coffin) has just receded a male Fury, armed with the usual symbol of rage and anarchy—a dagger. His flight is accounted for by the appearance of a female figure, shooting, or floating (*which* we are left in doubt), into sight from behind said stand, meant, the painter himself says, for a throne. This female figure is Nemesis, divested of wing, torch, and serpent. Above all praise, as an embodiment of vigorous Italian beauty, Nemesis breathes as little of the divine as the figure of Napoleon. Her *left* arm (a necessity, no doubt, though surely a disadvantage) is stretched out, with clenched fist, in the direction of Anarchy; her right hand lifted, not so much to shade her brow, the better to fix her vengeful gaze on the fiend, as to prevent her drapery from dropping over her eyes! Has she shot up from the abyss? Has she been asleep upon or behind the throne? These we take to be shortcomings in point of clearness. France, from this lower sphere of the picture, diademed, and in her mourning weeds, raises a rather stoutish arm and melancholy eye towards the ascending hero, as if to upbraid him for leaving his throne thus unoccupied, and a prey (from 1815 to 1851!) to anarchy and confusion; while underneath this somewhat enigmatic portion of the composition, we read the consolatory legend, *in nepote redivivus!* The courtier has here been more than a match for the painter. To give the lie to history, is but a venial trespass in the domain of art. But to pursue the inspiration of unmeaning, nay, *unrequired* flattery, even to the marring of that grand feature of all classic composition—unity, oneness—is an offence against art itself, and one for which no skill in execution can compensate. Be this as it may, much that is equally noble, or nobler still, may assuredly be anticipated from so vigorous a painter, one ever on his legs, and whose hand is as steady, whose eye is as keen, at seventy-seven, his appetite as good, his temper as fiery, and his hair as dark and glossy, as ever they were at the blissful age of seventeen! He is now busy on Ossian. How such an adept in Greek art, how the inimitable painter of the apotheosis of Homer (Louvre, ceiling of the Musée Charles X.), is to deal with the Homer of the North, that beautiful, though somewhat misty, asthmatic, and withal apocryphal bard, the event alone can tell. His admirers are sanguine in the hopes of a *chef-d'œuvre*. We would willingly dwell on the superportal personifications of the various capitals visited by the god and the *grande armée*—on the leaning posture, folded arms, and bending head of Cairo, for instance, the speaking picture of Moslem resignation—on Naples, only she is too fair, and, less thinly apparelled, might have sat for, nay superseded, her companion in thraldom, Berlin. But we must pass on, and, traversing the little *Salon des Arts*, merge at once into the *Grande Galerie des Fêtes*. Here, on either hand, right over and between each successive window, are exhibited, in twenty-eight large, and as many small, decorative paintings, Lehmann's progressive stages of human life; a series of showy compositions, from the Mother of Mankind, naked, and with outstretched hands filled with fruit, alike extended to her scrambling children and the fluttering fowls of heaven, from the fierce and bludgeon war waged by savage man against tawny monsters, on and on through every phasis of development, till we reach the song and the dance, not inaptly symbolising the object of the *Grande Galerie* itself, and displaying, perhaps, where such pastimes can be indulged in, without fear or bloodshed, the very *ne plus ultra* of human security and civilisation. In this spacious gallery, may be seen the very hottest of the mêlée—of the ball, that is—when it pleases the municipality to issue invitations to some five or six thousand of her dancing or dance-attendance population. These, mixed with the diplomacy and fashionable foreign residency of the hour, present one of those crowning and crushing specimens of Parisian courtesy, in which, maugre our high reputation for gallantry, more female dresses and headdresses are demolished, and more ladies' heels and toes trodden on, than in the barn harvest-homes of the rudest of your forefathers. In this spacious gallery, too, converted for the nonce into a banqueting-hall, were feasted the noble Lord Mayor, Sir John Mosgrove or Sir John Musgrave (the 'Moniteur' gives both readings), and his numerous retinue of aldermen. The appalling gravity and exceptional costume of his lordship's henchman (accommodated, alleged some papers, with a sugar-loaf hat, fitted, according to others, with a close jockey skull-cap) gave much and general satis-

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faction on the score of *couleur locale*. The good Lord Mayor himself evinced, as in duty bound, a becoming ignorance of the language, balanced by a pretty competent acquaintance with the valuable character of the edibles before him. We may venture, none the less, to aver, that but for the very neat and very clever French speech, spoken by Lord Granville on that memorable occasion, the *entente cordiale* would have had but a very moveable foundation; namely, the masticating powers of the sitters. Beyond the *Grande Galerie des Fêtes*, lies a repetition of the already mentioned *Salon des Arts*, in which, opposite the spectator, and to his right on entering, is a lovely superportal personification of Music—a fair-haired, blue-eyed, sitting, rapt Euterpe, conveying at once a rapid and splendid opinion of the painter Landelle's powers in idealising the real; an opinion as rapidly annihilated by the *Jejuneness* of his other female figures, most matter-of-fact and prosaic translations from the model. From this second *Salon des Arts*, we step into the *Salon de la Paix*, the ceiling of which presents the most recent monumental painting of Eugène Delacroix, well-known to fame by his *Bataille de Taillebourg* in the battle gallery, and his *Entrée de Beaudoin à Constantinople*, in the Crusaders' Saloon at Versailles; his *Dante et Virgile*, his *Femmes d'Alger*, and his *Noce juive dans le Maroc*, all at the Palace of the Luxembourg. No two painters can be supposed to form either a wider or a more startling contrast than Ingres and Delacroix. Ingres is as eminently classic, as Delacroix is eminently romantic. Ingres scrupulously traces the outline of his figures; an outline within which he works his wondrous will, with a grace and beauty which take nothing from their power, and a power which detracts in nothing from their beauty. The pencil of Ingres is the pen of a powerful, but chastened writer; neither rub nor break, nothing but the natural and necessary pause; while mere correctness, mere accuracy of style, is lost in the ease and sweep of the period. It is otherwise with Delacroix, whose power exhibits all the rugged wildness of unsubdued inspiration. With him action seems as favourite an axiom as with Demosthenes himself. Whatever rises on his eye—whatever strikes his imagination, rises and strikes as a mass, more or less prominent, is imparted as such, vigorously tossed into light and shade, admirably coloured, and given instinct with life. If the parts thus thrown into action are also thrown into poise—attain, that is, the limit in art denominated line or outline—the proportion, the elegance thus obtained is found in nature; if not, be the exaggeration of development what it may, the painter has still accomplished his purpose; he has given a pathetic, a thrilling, an impassioned whole. And yet the pencil of our fiery colourist is a powerful vehicle of thought—witness his noble delineation of the brain-sick Hamlet; of affecting and graceful tenderness, witness his limning of the love-struck Ophelia; it seems, in short, capable of achieving anything but absolute beauty of form. Nevertheless, when relieved from the pressure of his instincts, Delacroix is the clearest and most classic of literary critics, an admirer of Racine, a worshipper of Raphael. Of all this, however, his canvas says nought; so that we are left finally to conclude that Delacroix shares in the idiosyncrasies of those who have mentally one bent, and constitutionally another. But we are in presence of the ceiling on which he has traced, with such singular ability as to conception, the return of Peace. The story is distinctly told; Earth's eye (Earth has a soldier to her left extinguishing a torch; and, on either side, the dead and dying lifted) is imploringly raised to a figure of Peace, seated, and holding an olive branch. On the right of Peace, the kneeling figure of Abundance, pouring out the blessings of her cornucopia. Further to the right, a frightful, livid-looking Fury, snaked round head and waist, reluctantly leaving the field. Left of Peace, high and dimly seen, Jupiter seated, and launching a thunderbolt against Mars, who defends himself from the shaft by holding up his buckler, on which a figure, representing Ceres, leans both her arms, the better to quicken the god's retreat. Higher up, foreground, and in full sight, a beautiful chubby genius, scattering flowers. Round the saloon, a series of superportal figures, representing the birth and labours of that queller of men and monsters, Hercules. On the ceiling, in particular, the painter seems to work against the grain. The Earth, a magnificent broad-bosomed figure, the *bathusternos aia* of the Greek bards, is slightly tainted with the mildew of these degenerate times. Mars is a truculent, and, what is worse, a mean-look-

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ing savage. Jupiter himself is anything but dignified in casting his bolt, and the drumstick action of Ceres, to get Mars out of the field, testifies her unceremonious anxiety to save the brute a drubbing! Besides the difficulty of a mythological subject; there is also, for one so impetuous as our painter, the disadvantage of a *cessation of action* to contend with. This opinion we ground on the singularly felicitous contrast afforded by the *Triomphe de la Paix*, another ceiling painting, executed by the same artist, in the *Salle des Prévôts*. Here the groupings are fanciful, the figures elegant, while the colouring exhibits the very flush of triumph. The only figure at all *ungenteel* in his person is the god Mercury. Besides his general good case and roundness beneath the chest, strongly reminding us of the well-fed Mercuries of Rubens, he is rather hampered, than aided or attended, in his advance, by a set of dumpy little fellows, winging it somewhat too closely to his person. All else, however, is bright and beautiful. Delacroix's first and prime monumental painting is to be seen in the *Salon d'Apollon* (Louvre), and it shows either the same contempt for, or unacquaintance with, the hardened forms through which antiquity has hitherto chosen to hold converse with our eyes. It excited amazement among the vulgar, violent heats and discussions among the initiated, when first uncovered. The 'Triumph of Apollo over the Serpent' is given with most unflinching vigour; the blood-red, nay, gory colouring, the huge and unsymmetrical proportions of the divinity, look more like a transcript of antiquity, viewed through the dim and sombre seeing grandeur of Dante, than anything executed since the Revival.

Surely, however, action does not necessarily preclude form; nor can form, unless servilely cultivated to the exclusion of animation, be deemed unworthy the serious study of the artist. Even in gymnastics, in boxing, fencing, or wrestling, when taught as an art, something more is aimed at than the display of untutored strength. We have more than once seen art and nature stripped and striving in the arena. We have seen the rude peasant put forth his uncouth strength, and heave and tug for victory. We have seen him rear in his nervous arms his skilful opponent, toss him in the air, whirl him round like a wheel, without even once compelling him to forego the graceful habits of his long and well taught science. Standing or falling, the naked and practised wrestler preserved the line of beauty; and when the hour came, the panting clown was seen to measure his awkward length in the sand, not by a mere sleight, but by a crowning effort as elegant as it was powerful. These arts the ancients knew, and sacrificed to, as they did to the Graces; nor can we conceive any pictorial representation of their actions in which strength does not vail to beauty. But, though we have thus dwelt on Delacroix's inferiority in the expression of Olympian or Nemean beauty, we question whether we have sufficiently impressed our readers with that artist's habitual disregard for the laws of proportion—a disregard confirmed rather than diminished by the strictures of criticism. If such is the case, we cannot adduce more conclusive evidence of this provoking fact, than by bringing forward the testimony of one of Delacroix's most overt admirers, the novelist Dumas. This gentleman, who has opened of late a sort of nightgown-and-slipper communication with his special public through the columns of a paper of his own, entitled the 'Mousquetaire,' Journal d'Alexandre Dumas, thus delivers himself in connection with our subject:—'The modern school of painting has produced, in the walk of history, four masters—Ingres, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, and Delacroix. Ingres represents study; Vernet, movement; Delaroche, correctness; Delacroix, sentiment. Delacroix, the most original of the four, has the most numerous defects, the most admirable qualities. One of the greatest misfortunes incident to Delacroix's paintings is, that they are easy to attack, and difficult to defend. A child could discover and point out the faults. His qualities are those of sentiment, and therefore non-existent to such as are not therewith affected. You feel the paintings are fine, beautiful, but you cannot prove it. You stamp your foot, and, as you cannot reason, you exclaim, yet how splendid.' And more colloquially thus: 'Look at the flesh of that Venus, how beautiful! What a leg!'—'What leg?'—'The right one.'—'Whose leg is it?'—'Venus's leg, of course.'—'I defy you to prove it. Minerva! that?'—'Yes, charming feet; delightful arm, isn't it?'—'What arm; you don't mean the arm holding the lyre, I expect?'—'No; the left arm.'—'It's too long.'—'What do I care for

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that!'—'If you don't care, I do.'—'What matters it to me whether an arm is two or three centimetres more or less.'—'With such reasoning as that, an arm might be two-and-thirty feet long, like the tail of Fourrier's men!' Having given the artist the benefit of *a friend's* critique, we proceed to state, that, whatever be the admiration due to Delacroix's unquestionable powers of *composition* in the classical field, we scarcely think his real fame is to be sought or found in these monumental exhibitions of his genius. And yet they bid fair to outlive many of his more successful, as well as more natural efforts. His precipitate use of varnish, with a view to anticipate final effect, threatens to be as fatal to the duration of his pictures, as Reynolds's tampering with the secrets of colour has been destructive of that very excellence on which he rested his renown. *Le Dante et Virgile* already begins to roughen and split in all its essential parts like the bark of oak, and must soon perish. This premature decay the author himself would willingly ascribe to the adulterated stuffs sold by the trade, maintaining that the limpidity of execution of the Flemish school lies, not so much in their skill, as in the admirable quality of their colours! To this we can only say, Would to heaven the manufacture of many a contemporary pallet were equally perishable! But mediocrity possesses, if not the secret of fame, at least that of durability, as is unhappily recorded by more than one renowned painting, the solidity of whose colours will long outlast the enthusiasm of its admirers. We must now quit the *Salon de la Paix*, and join the throng already gazing in some surprise at the ceiling of the *Salle des Echevins*, so cleverly crowded by the rapid and inventive brush of Charles Muller. Muller, when we knew him eighteen years ago (and he was then almost a boy), would have invaded, ay, and peopled with the most animated groups, any space, however extensive. On this occasion he has had to grapple with no easy task. Our municipality, faithful to its system of mythical representation, invited the young artist to delineate the enfranchisement of the commons under Louis le Gros, not historically, but symbolically. This puts us vividly in mind of certain Eastern habits of correspondence. A respectable Hindoo lady has something urgent to communicate to her husband. Her first step is to procure a scribe, generally a priest, after which she takes up her position behind a screen, whence she prefers her petition to the lord of her affections, not only in the third person—it would be a piece of crying indelicacy to address her spouse in the first—but also in the most guarded and labyrinthian style of eupheism; the consequence of which is, that her liege lord and master has not, unless he has had some previous hint from the harem, the most distant conception not merely of his correspondent's whereabouts, but even of her sex! It is upon a principle somewhat similar, that our municipality opens up a correspondence between herself and her numerous visiters. The question of the *affranchissement des communes* is one of considerable clearness, especially since the bold and painstaking investigation of the historian Thierry. Louis le Gros (which means, being interpreted, Lewis the Fat or Stout) was afflicted with no particular fondness for the *communes*, or their fantastical notions of independence. But then he was a gracious monarch, and, as such, seldom deaf to any appeal, when backed by the convincing argument of a bag well filled with specie. Indeed, such was his majesty's openness to conviction on this score, that what he graciously granted with one hand, he as frequently repealed with the other; being known—a general practice in those exemplary times—to deny his own seal and sign-manual whenever the feudal lord could afford to substantiate his complaints against the *commune* by a more convincing or better filled bag than that previously presented by the Corporation. To tell such a tale as truth required, implied no great difficulty. The painter had only to sketch the king, the throne, a group of courtiers, a clerk to engross the charter, a financier to receive the money bags, and an awe-struck kneeling deputation of burgesses to present the latter, and receive in return the guarantee included in the former. But truth is not always a good pictorial feature; and, as there is nothing strictly historical in any of the foregoing municipal illustrations, this naturally required to be as remote from the real, and as circuitous in its information as the others. Verily, the ingenuity of the hapless painter is sometimes severely tested by your prosaic taxmasters all agog after emblematics. A poor friend of ours, a favourite disciple of Ingres, is

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just now sorely at a loss how to fulfil the conditions of a commission from the Senate; that eloquent and public-spirited body being resolved to give additional lustre to their hall of assembly. Our friend's part of the contract consists in the symbolisation of Electricity and the Railroad! Electricity, he states, he can dispose of; but, conversant as he necessarily is with such subjects, and more than usually ingenious, he has confessed to us, in the perplexity of his soul, that a lady figure emblemising or symbolising a railway is a stretch beyond even his latitudinarian practice! He has some thoughts, however, of painting an engine in motion, with a flying female figure attendant, personating steam! How this may accommodate the commission board, we pretend not to divine; but surely it may be allowed to equal, as to amount of originality, his own master's conception in the portrait of the famous Cherubini (see the Luxembourg Gallery), wherein that great *Maestro* is done in a sky-blue coat, tight fit, with bright metal buttons (the engine as it were), with an attendant figure of Renown (the lady personating steam) crowning the head of the unsuspecting composer! But let us see how our equally ingenious and more successful limner has handled the question of the *affranchissement des communes*. In the centre of the ceiling, a pale ermined figure of royalty (whose justice is impudently blazoned by a female figure holding high above him the scales of justice) touches with the most passionless impartiality the fettered hands of a band of imploring nymphs on his left; said fetters burst at the royal touch; and the happy female, holding in her hand a scroll of her rights and emancipation, is supposed to join another band of equally fortunate companions on his right. These perform divers antics expressive of delight, and yet in attitudes so difficult, though not inelegant, as fully to betoken on our artist's part a most profound acquaintance with all the intricacies of perspective. The dancing group, artistically denuded of their upper as well as under dress, have the waist and haunch draped in cloaks of various hues, gathered into pleasing folds, and beautifully laced with light. The figures—king, nymphs, and justice—are brought out so tenderly against the white haze of the ground or sky. A lovely picture on the whole. Nor must we forget the chubs, busy round its borders. One little fellow, the heavy part of his person thrown back over the frame, gives to view his handsome head, and dumpy lower extremities from the toes upward. Another holds high the lilies and the oriflamme; while two dwarfish Herculeses are dynamically busy, one protruding his belly to support a fascis emblematic of union, the other fussily and puffingly employed binding together the twigs composing it. The only approach to reality in all this is a series of wooden heads of the poor échevins (lord mayors) of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, screwed up into the cornices with true mediæval parsimony, and seeming thence to mutter, *we know better;* thus denouncing the whole splendid ceiling as the baseless fabric of some lying vision. Our task is accomplished. Our inspection of the gala rooms is brought to a close. We can now but follow the throng, move down the flight of proud steps before us, and, stealing into a lateral corridor, thence cross the Cour de Louis XIV., and, once more descending, breathe at last the open air of the Place de Grève. Yet the vision still hangs upon us; and, while it proves the skill, flexibility, and pliancy of the master-spirits who can thus bring their plastic powers to the task, and dance, as it were, in fetters, it also conjures up the memory of spirits of a different stamp—men who court the patronage of the world, and yet cannot bow to its caprice—painters, in short, who never could cover a pannel, and yet aspire to fill a gallery itself with the offspring of their pregnant brain. These are your dissidents, your nonconformists of the brush, laughed at or pitied by their more orthodoxical brethren. But they have their hour, their day—nay, sometimes even their fame. Besides, they walk not as other men, and thus serve to break the irksome monotony of hackneyed *professionality*. Chenavard, the pantheist, a painter always panting after something colossal, came out lately with gigantic force. His crayon productions, evolving on eight-and-forty appalling stretches of canvas the works and labours of humanity at large, and exhibited here at the close of the last *Exposition*, are worthy the proportions of an Egyptian temple. But, as nothing short of Cyclopean dimensions could do justice to his crayon, we must leave him to his solitary grandeur, and bring forward a less unwieldy

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candidate, a painter at once original, lofty, and tender, a psychological painter, one who has pencilled with inimitable purity part of the history of the soul. Yes, the history of the soul, of its aspirations, that is, its yearnings, its heaven-instilled propensities, the various movements, in short, of the divinity that stirs within us; the whole conceived and executed in subordination to the system of Christianity, a poem and a picture at once emotional and religious. The history of the soul in painting! An impossible, an irrealisable dream! Let us beware of sweeping generalisations. What, after all, is the impossible, the irrealisable in art or science, but the bounding cloud that hems in the momentary horizon, to be lifted or driven onward by each successful effort of genius? A dream! 'Dreams,' let it be remembered, 'descend from Jove,' and are therefore inspirations from above. To fix these vividly and imperishably on canvas, supposes that the painter's, as well as the poet's eye, can roll in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and give his thick coming fancies a local habitation and a name. As long as in one order of human thought 'two and two make four,' so long in another and higher court shall the stars of the firmament be but the 'poesy' of heaven.' Allegory, says the critic, is effete. No, not allegory, but the framers thereof. The disrepute entailed upon the name does not necessarily attach to the thing itself, or, if it does, it can only be for a space. Another worker of miracles, another figurative nature makes his appearance, and behold we speak in tropes, and think or paint in parables. The mere analyser, the mere taker to pieces, has no call to construct; or, if he will be a builder, he offends the eye. Take Dr Johnson, for instance, how distressing in his abortive attempts at eastern vision, how awkwardly he wields the wand of the Oriental enchanter. Not so the elegant, the plastic Addison; not so the rough-shod and vigorous synthetiser Bunyan. Read but the 'Vision of Mirza,' and straightway your heart melts and glows as in presence of some vision of immortality evoked by the genius of Socrates, and enshrined in the glorious language of Plato! Read but the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and you feel yourself tread the mazes of allegory with as elastic a step as ever you did the dusty high-roads of reality. The deficiency lies not, therefore, in the thing itself, but in the spirit of him that ministers it. Again, if the poet encroaches upon the domains of the painter, why not the painter on those of the poet? The pen has its advantage, of a surety; it is prefatory, circumstantial, discursive; but, if it has, it must come to the point at last, which is no more than being finally bound to achieve what the brush of the painter must accomplish at once. The grand requisite in either case is power; and when this is granted, there must result effect, be the vehicle through which it is conveyed what it may, poetry or painting. In one word as well as a thousand, if the poet paints, why should not the painter sing? This, or something like this, seems to be the rationale of the motives which have impelled M. Janmot (our painter's name) to give us a poem of the Soul in thirty-six cantos, eighteen of which have just appeared on his glowing and impressive canvas. The remaining eighteen are sketched, and ready to be worked into life. A chance perusal of the 'Débats,' some months ago, gave us to understand such paintings, half-life or Poussin sized, were exhibiting at Rue Montmartre 70, a most unartistic region. We immediately repaired thither; and, after piloting our way through precincts of no very alluring description, at last found ourselves in a popular ball-room, the exhibition hall of the pictures in question. The long and squalid-looking gallery operated as a species of offset to the paintings, whose strange and supernatural beauty struck us with that nondescript kind of feeling which we should have experienced in seeing some personification of purity and elegance compelled by some inexplicable circumstance to see company in a tavern! These things will be better managed by and by. Measures are now taking to supply the arts with suitable premises: and the Rue des Jeuneurs will, in all probability, shortly afford both exposers and visiters a less objectionable medium of intercommunion. Meantime, one glance at the array before us convinced us we stood in presence of a *magnum opus*, and at once inspired us with an anxious desire to become acquainted with its author. We were so fortunate as to realise our wish, and could not but gaze with respectful interest on the dark, thin, and slightly stooping figure, so much of whose life must have been devoted to the bright pages we had just been contemplating. M. Janmot's features are

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delicately cut; his head, like Shelley's, of the very smallest order, but high all round, and highly intellectual; his eyes of a fine thinking blue, and the general play of his countenance singularly prepossessing, despite the uncivilising, though perhaps artistic, appendage of a beard. He belongs to what is called *l'Ecole Lyonnaise*, not exactly the government school, between whom and himself there exists but small sympathy, but to that class of original and serious spirits, who, like Orsel, and Perin, and Flandrin, have gone forth from their native place, and scattered their fame and masterpieces over the various churches of the capital, as well as those of other cities of mark in the land. A pupil of Ingres, and a devoted admirer of that great master, Janmot was in possession of two blessings of a nature eminently to secure independence of thought, originality, and that dream of the sage, a competency. With these, an ardent passion for music—Beethoven's music; an ardent passion for nature—the poet's nature; an equally ardent love for literature—the highest literature; and, above all, a solemn trust in the sublime scheme of redemption, he was peculiarly fitted to become the poet and painter of the Soul. This darling dream of his life dawned early upon him, so early as nineteen, and has ever since continued to be, for eighteen years, with slight deviation, the grand subject of his waking hours, as well as nightly visions. When ill health confined him to the pleasing regions of Hyères, he sketched its principal composition in the hollow of an aged tree, looking out on the blue Mediterranean; and when health permitted him to prosecute his studies at Rome, it was within the broken circuit of the mighty Colosseum he brooded over and remodelled his cherished conception. Years after it had progressed so as to satisfy most spirits, the artist, dismayed by what he conceived his deficiency in execution, laid it aside, and devoted weeks and months to the mechanical excellences of his difficult profession. From time to time, the solitary youth would expose some spiritual picture in some obscure corner of a Paris exhibition, withdrawing it thence at the conclusion, and once more disappearing, unnoticed and unknown, in his beloved retreat at Lyons. Such uninterrupted failure in attracting the meed of public attention, would have fallen like a blight on most children of the easel. But Janmot was not one to be put down by neglect or inattention. He had fathomed the depths and miseries of the artist's life, and could descant thereon with a most learned spirit of observation; above all, he was enthusiastically alive to the beauteous forms which visited his lofty imagination, and could dispense for a season with the admiration of the vulgar. His mind, too, seems rather to have been on the coil than the stretch, and, therefore, less liable to be wounded by the shafts of malice or of fortune; and, as his fancies partake more of the spirit than the blood, his pulse ever beats in the same placid measure with regard to the world and its decisions, however it may have frenzied or fallen in the hour of inspiration, and the no less inevitable hour, so frequent in the poet's life, of dejection and dull despondency. Well and powerfully has the American thinker spoken:—'Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told—somehow he publishes it with solemn joy. Sometimes with pencil on canvas; sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music. The man enamoured of his excellency, becomes its priest or poet!' The exhibition at Rue Montmartre lasted some two months and a-half. The painter, every way a gentleman, opened, at a large expense, the only gallery he could find, and opened it gratuitously to a discriminating public. Though of the Catholic Church, and one who stands on its highest and most uncompromising summits, his literary brethren of the same persuasion came, if not reluctantly, at least slowly forward. The first who took notice of the exhibitor was one not over catholically given, the great colourist and quaint style-man, Theophile Gautier, in 'Le Moniteur Universel' of the 26th and 27th May. The article was one of all but unqualified admiration. Others followed in the wake; and, if there did seem a lack of encouragement at the outset, the press opened at last, if not its hundred, at least its fifty mouths, giving the sick and exhausted artist, who had just packed up to revisit his home, something savouring extremely of *posthumous* fame. Should this brief sketch of the life and labours of a man of unquestionable genius stir the curiosity of any of your academic artists or members, let him first wend his way to Paris, and thence extending his trip to

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the second city of France, an easy matter now the railway is complete, contemplate the noble conflux of two mighty rivers. After this sacrifice to the *genius loci*, let him inquire after M. Janmot; inquiry may not be unnecessary—few men are prophets in their own native place. Should he succeed in discovering him, it must be in some quiet and airy studio, where he may depend on a brotherly reception, the more so, as, to their honour be it written, not the least enthusiastic of the painter's admirers have been British subjects, and Protestants to boot; though, in the latter case, there is small merit indeed, since it would require no common stretch of ingenuity to quarrel with a creed displayed so poetically in the unchallengeable regions of art. We have not yet, by any means, exhausted the subject. The author has serious intentions of availing himself of the late discoveries and improvements in the science of photography, to give the world an accessible specimen of his labours. We therefore deem it but justice to present, through the obliging medium of your periodical, a cursory description of the eighteen paintings of the first and finished half of 'The Soul.'

1. *Generation Divine.—Exposition—Heaven.* The heaven-born and infant soul reclining on the central figure of the Trinity. Below the Trinity, an ingenious symbolisation of the three modes of time. Innumerable angels kneeling towards the right of the Trinity, one of those awaiting, with outstretched hands, to receive its future ward. Behind the kneeling line of winged creatures, ranks of angels, moving in the direction of an orb, hanging in space (our globe). High over these, three shining ones, one of whom about to strew with flowers the exodus of the living soul; another holding a cup, prepared, no doubt, for the remission of sins and shortcomings. Behind the Trinity, a throng of human beings, mingling in ecstatic bliss with the celestial inhabitants, high above whom shoots the sign of salvation, with other innumerable hosts, obscured by excess of glory. To the left, again, of the leading forms, stand three winged beings, fairest of the fair, the graces of heaven—Faith, Hope, and Charity—bound together by some illegible, but heavenly scroll. Behind these, a glimpse of lovely and unshaven lawn, whereon dance, on tiptoe, four female figures, three of whose faces are turned towards flights of embodied spirits, floating onwards, under the guidance of an angel, towards the tree of life, whereon perch innumerable souls of the blessed. But we hasten to the 2d, *Voyage de l'Ame.* The spirit has gone forth in the arms of its guardian angel, robed in white, and cleaving the blue of a sky, given by no human pallet. Straight on the angel's passage crowd evil spirits, vainly attempting to seize the lovely charge. Pure angels from above, armed with the red lightning, drive them down. Immediately below, lies chained on his rock the vulture-tortured Prometheus, foreshadowing the anguish to which the human heart is a prey. From behind the rock, and uprising through clouds, come to judgment the souls of those whose trials are done on earth—each with his guardian spirit. Anguish, or uncertainty, or solemn dread, is depicted on every white face. One guardian angel's charge seems to have sinned past forgiveness. The pure spirit shades his despairing brow. The horrified and hooded culprit, on whose every feature sensuality is written, darts a beseeching glance at her guide, in which there still lingers the trembling hope her doom is not yet sealed. What a truly unmundane, unearthly, evangelical picture! A critic, at a loss how to express dissent, hints at Michael Angelo's 'Day of Judgment!' How different this partial, yet solemn, gospel resurrection, from the naked Titans of bone and muscle, of the Italian master, climbing a marble heaven, and taking, as it were, its crystal battlements by storm! 3. *L'Ange et la Mère.* The soul has received a body. The child lies wrapped in the mother's arms. A thrill of quiet ecstacy, the music of her first lullaby, seems to play over her serene and deeply sleeping features. She leans, with her lovely burden, on a humble broom in flower. How lone! how helpless! Not so; the angel is at hand. Rapt in prayer, he kneels on the shore of a blue lake, already visited by a few early birds. He turns his eye to an abrupt line of grassy heights, soft dewy heights, over which peers the first tremulous twilight of the coming morn. How inexpressibly calm, how beautifully placid, is this half-sleeping, half-waking glimpse of wild and solitary nature! 4. *Le Printemps.* A poet's spring — a simultaneous, spontaneous, painless burst of nature! The scene is inhabited. The child has outgrown a mother's easy grasp. Its delightful visage and chubby hand are intent seizing a

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butterfly, just lit on some nameless flower. Another child, a girl. The painter, in his spirituality, would have us see in her the accompanying spirit, say, rather, the expanding soul, the opening desire of things more lovely. See, she half turns her face to the kneeling, busy boy, and, flowers in hand, beckons him to a richer and more endearing flush of nature. 5. *Souvenir du Ciel.* The soul revisits, in dreams, her heavenly home. The bright refulgent sky, peopled with bright spirits, steeped in bliss. A glorious vision. The two children on tiptoe, just quitting the earth, imploring with outstretched arms to be taken up to float in immensity, with a child of superhuman loveliness looking benignly down upon them. This child upheld in a divine mother's arms, and followed by a train of angels, with each a precious charge. The earth in harmony with gorgeous space. A stream, a molten mirror, on whose polished bosom a floating Delos, inhabited by a mother and her happy child; on whose sloping banks a rising city, with its golden windows, flashing back the purple gaze of a setting sun! 6. *Le Toit Paternel.*—Home. A Bible scene and picture akin to the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' Beautiful as the female faces are that listen to the holy Word, they are of this earth. Of this earth, too, nay, something too much so, is the husband; the portrait of the painter, though with nerves and sinews not his own. The duality again, that is the children gazing at a night storm. We might object to this picture, that the children seem to move most unsympathisingly with their reputed parents. But it symbolises parental education, and ushers in, as well as contrasts with, what follows. 7. *Le Mauvais Sentier.*—Public education and its charms hideously symbolised. The children have gone astray, and, towards nightfall, stumble on an *evil path;* the entrance to which is guarded by an old inky-cloaked hag, sitting at the receipt of educational custom, with her keys and purse, her foot spurning a set of folios, and high over her chair, the skeletons of such unfortunates as have gone through a course of her dry-nursing. The graceful children mount, arm-in-arm, steps high and far between. To their right, a gigantic, first, then gradually dwarfish, succession of cells, with each its inmate, a grim and gaunt professor, scroll in hand and lighted taper; one of these dismal pedagogues, supplied with spectacles, bewraying something approaching a merry mood in our painter. To the left of the climbing pair, scientific statistics, in the shape of an accumulation of superposed rock, the sole thing amounting to a proof of former vegetation emerging therefrom being a squatted, bark-bound tree, with half a dozen leaves in the sere, and serving as a comfortable perch to the bird of Minerva, the owl, that Grecian type of now unhonoured wisdom. The tree of science seems to have pined and dwindled ever since it has been abandoned by the clergy! Be that as it may, the vigorous grasp of this graphic allegory has a harrowing affinity with that of Doubting Castle and Giant (we should say Giantess) Despair. Of a higher and more frightful order of beauty is Picture 8, entitled *Cauchemar* (Nightmare). Alma Mater is up and doing. The system is taking effect. Already the female form, the weaker principle, is hanging with streaming hair and passive unresistingness over the arm of the ogress, whose fingers enter like iron into her body. The other arm is on the stretch to clutch the flying youth, in whose glazed protruding eyeballs, snaky looks, and stiffening joints, beauty is carried to a terrific climax. What a scene! As in all nightmares, a flood of clear, yet incomprehensible light is poured over the actors; while the Cyclopean walls which surround them are holed with strange monked-looking heads, looking with devilish glee on the chase and its chances. A long dim porch, lit, despite the stream of light, with a few red lamps, opens upon a troubled expanse of heaven, in which a white and struggling moon is half buried 'mid driving clouds. Picture 9, *Le grain de blé.*—Escaped from thraldom, grown in grace and strength, the two young people are seated on a green and flowery bank, hearkening to the soul-feeding Word as it drops from the lips of the teacher, who holds an ear of corn in his left hand, and discourses on the ripening of the soul, of its enemies, the tares, sown among the heavenly wheat. The pastor's pale and ghostly face, without one ray of borrowed light, bright with its own noble intelligence, is that of one who loves not the salutations of the market-place. From behind the green shade which shrouds the man of God, proceeds a gush of sunshine, touching with a lambent glory the temples of the catechumens as it passes on to light up the yellow waving crops behind;

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while the eye gazes with rapture on the autumnal blue of the distant prospect. The next picture (10, *Premiere Communion*) is handled with uncommon felicity. The pomp and circumstance of the high altar, and its ministering attendants, is skilfully swept out of sight, and that part only of the temple given, in which stand or kneel, bathed in the warm light streaming from the stained windows, the pure and rapt communicants. From this painting, in which the duality is easily recognisable, we proceed to the 11th (*Virginitas*), most nobly symbolised. A diviner and purer expression still in the heads and attitudes of the duality. The scene, an embosomed vale, with its quiet green, its birds, its winged insects, its rush of wild-flowers, rising from a lake at the feet of the sitting pair, and which glasses so beautifully part of their almost seraphic forms. The youth caresses, with his left hand, a confiding ringdove, whose mate wings her way from the grove to join her happy companion. His right fingers a cluster of lilies, rising on a magnificent stalk, upheld in part by the female figure, whose right hand rests on the head of a grim and savage panther, thus betokening Chastity, and its irresistible charm. Picture 12, *L'Echelle d'or*. The youthful pair in deep sleep, their heads pillowed like Jacob's. Behold them thus in communion, through channels undreamt of by mundane philosophy, with nine winged personages and their divers attributes, the muses of Art, Science, and Sanctity, descending from, and ascending to, the Divinity visible in the high heavens. All true wisdom proceeds from, and returns to God. Refreshed and strengthened by the exhilarating conviction, the soul experiences a sunshine of the heart, not unaptly symbolised in picture 13, entitled *Rayons de Soleil*, in which the duality are engaged, in the graceful spirit of antiquity, with four other beautiful females in a dance. To this symbolised expansion of sentiment, succeed the yearnings of curiosity exemplified by an ascent (picture 14, *La Montagne*); the fatigue of which, beautifully represented by the evening repose of picture 15, entitled *Le Soir*. But the soul, unsatisfied in its cravings by the earth, its glorious vales and embattled mountains, soars away (picture 16, *Le Vol de l'Ame*) to meet the orb of light, whose golden horns shoot bright and fast into the unveiling landscape, the early mists of which rise like incense to hail the lord of day. The blue robe of the female figure slightly lowers towards the earth, in mysterious harmony with a blue streamlet just gliding into light. The russet robe of the male figure, in soothing contrast with the half-parched green of a low hill, girdled with an almost imperceptible track, partially dimmed with a remnant of curling mist, and which, but an instant ago, must have been shaded by the passage of the floating form, one-half of whose visage, one of unutterable beauty, is lit up with orient light, and further smiled upon by that of the female gracefully bending towards it, as if to read thereon heaven's immortal impress! The light gauze flowing from the shoulders of the female figure, floats over half the body like a tissue of spray made palpable, and responds in yellow tints to the kindred hues of heaven. This, *the Mother and Child, and the Grain of Corn*, we deem to be the brightest gems in the painter's brilliant coronet. The soul sustains its flight. The duality still—picture 17, *L'Ideal*—in the high heavens. They have just burst their way through an impenetrable cloud, now dividing them from the frightful abyss below, where earthquake and volcano have done their worst, and opening up into a blue expanse, still veiled, however, by farther clouds. Yet the soul expands at its ease. The attitude of the male figure, in response to his mate, in the act of unveiling a new prospect, one arm pressing upon his heart, the other resting, as it were, on a cloud, bespeaks delight ecstatic and ineffable—the rush of boundless poesy on the wide-awakened faculties. But the soul cannot bask for ever in the bright sun of the ideal; she must stoop from her ambitious flight, descend into the vale of tears, and teach her tenement of clay to grapple with the evils of real life, foreshadowed in Picture 18, *Réalité*. Silence and solitude; a bleak, sunless sky; in the background a dull, double screen of woody height, with glimpses of the naked rock; nearer to the spectator, right and left of background, stunted firs; the whole embosoming a swell of green, light only as in contrast with the bleak distance. In the foreground, now a tuft of green, now a beaten path, here and there a straggling flower, kneels the male figure, his back to the pale light, his face in mellow shade, his hand supporting a staff terminating in a

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cross bearing a chaplet of white roses—the emblem of withered hopes. The mate, the soaring into light and life, the sailing through regions of unmitigated splendour—all has given place to dank, dull, and dread reality!

Such, so varied and so powerful, is the performance of our painter of the Soul; and it may seem not a little surprising, that the votaries of Catholicism should be so slow in perceiving the merits of so able an auxiliary. But it is with the French Catholic of the hour, as with the English Puritan of his day. The good cause is much talked of, but wretchedly understood. Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' with its solemn and religious grandeur, was not more a sealed book to the prosaic among the professed saints, than are Janmot's pure and lofty compositions to those of his persuasion busy in the purchase of stereotyped Madonnas. Critics fond of discovering affinities, give us Giotto as the sponsor of Janmot. The coeval and friend of Dante, the precursor of Raphael, the painter, the sculptor, and architect, he who brought back painters and painting to nature, slighted for ages, is, it must be allowed, no common sponsor. But the genius consecrated by Giotto to the lives of saints and the realisation of legendary lore, could build upon faith; that of Janmot, devoted, in a less believing age, to a wider and more imaginative sphere, must command it. Hence, no doubt, the superhuman power he evinces, in compelling his figures and landscapes to speak his preternatural purposes. That he has succeeded in his arduous task, the tears of admiration of more than one youthful adept in the art has given him a soothing and rewarding proof. In aiming, as he professedly does, at re-investing *expression* with its high and prerogatived superiority over mere mechanical polish of parts, a point of such easy attainment in this age of manual appliances, the painter may have laid himself open to the censure of the unimaginative craftsman, may have neglected or fallen short of perfection in detail. But the light in which he laboured he has walked up to; and if, at times, it has led him into error, he may proudly plead, and on far less reprehensible grounds than your proudest of Scottish bards,

'The light that led astray
Was light from heaven;'

an apology, by the by, to which he can show not merely a painter's, but a poet's claim, inasmuch as, when his brush had told its tale, his pen took it up, and re-told it in strains but little, if at all, inferior to the all-beautiful embodiments of his pencil.

A LETTER FROM MAURITIUS.

I HAVE been eight weeks at sea; and a desponding fellow-traveller is suggesting the possibility of having missed our island destination; which suggestion, meeting no opposition—for we are all too weighed upon with summer, to give more answer than a half-raised eyelid—grows with him rapidly to probability and certainty. 'What more easy than to miss so mere a spot upon the globe? Look at it.' Our friend is conning over his maps continually. He is the same happily disposed individual who, some weeks before—when we, coasting along the south of Africa, saw daily dark figures come to the margin of the sea, and saw (not heard) them shout themselves into violent excitement, finally, and without apparent cause, dashing into the bush—did then explain elaborately to the ladies, our fellow-voyagers, the different tortures in practice among the Caffres, placing himself in involved attitudes, in illustration of his statements, and concluding about bed-time, by informing them, in a by-the-way manner, that the Caffres upon the neighbouring coast were of the most savage class; that the coast was dangerous in the extreme to vessels coming from the westward, especially when the wind was southerly; that of course our ship was well manned—at all events that it ought to be; and that, although he did not mean to imply—far from it—that there was any danger, yet that there certainly was a possibility, he might say a likelihood, of our being on the rocks during the night.

With much of this cheerful converse did he gladden our evenings. The military lady of the party is a charming chorus to his presagings; but I must not reveal her tales of battle, murder, and sudden death; I feel it would be too much for the mild tune I am piping. To confess the truth, I dare not laugh at that strong-minded female. I have an indescribable terror of any lady who has been—I use her own strong language—'dismasted three times in the Bay of

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Bengal, and scuttled, my dear, absolutely scuttled in the China seas.'

Listening to the piping and dancing of these two voyagers, I hear the long-waited-for cry of 'Land, ho!' and far off, where the rays of the sun shine brightest, above the sea lies a cloud like a man's hand; and it is there I am to go. Strangely, the vision brings not the free breathing and relief which I had looked for, but in its place a sense of burden growing with nightmare indistinctness heavier, and darker, and larger, as the cloud grows and darkens into deep green slopes, and out-jutting hills, with ragged fringe of coral reefs and foam. It seems an embodiment of certain years of exile which I begin to feel real and begun. I am sorry, too, to leave the sea and the vessel, which has somehow managed, like all other homes, to gain my affection. (I shall be proud to hear of her braving a fearful hurricane.)

Memory is careful, and tender, and kind; and in those quiet chambers whereof she is housewife, arranges the curtain so as to cast what is hard and vile into sombre shade, and the eye falls pleasedly upon the ornaments and warm pictures in front, and desires to see no more; unless, my dear respectable friend, you have a Bluebeard chamber somewhere—who has not?—and it is hard to hide that, or to keep that door closed. So my sea voyage lives to me as a few summer days and rich calm nights, with a grand vision of tempest. I think every one who has gone to sea must remember the first feeling of disappointment—the 'Is this all?' For the horizon is close and contracted, and it is not until he has waited, with a heart open to receive them, that it is granted him to behold the manifold wonders that unroll before him ever after, day by day. Great to me, henceforth, are all the triumphs of men over this ocean.

The being pre-eminently of the sea, strikes me as the chief element of greatness in the creed of our far-off forefathers, the Scandinavians. They have left as memorials of it no Iliads, no marble-crumbling monuments of unearthly beauty, speaking of cities, and culture, and genius, tempered and moulded by the south; but a simple unadorned creed, child-like in its unasking faithfulness, manly in its stern beauty and earnestness. It is inspired by the land in which they lived—great rocks within the hearing of the sea; a cold glitter of summer about the brows of the hills, and the fire of volcanoes at their heart. Their literature is a song of the sea. I always think of their god-hero in the storm, when they cry to him, 'Is this a time to sing of maidens, when the sail is torn, and when our shoulders are weary of the oar?' And then the Scripture-like simplicity—'But he answered, and sang.' Who remembers not Christopher Columbus, with calm eyes looking ever to the sunset, the terror of that unknown world of waters about him (more awful, I think, to him in its calm than in storm), teeming with revelations of strange and abounding life? When I thought of him there—the one man among the crowd of crouching slaves—how great is heroism, how rare! And Vasco de Gama, with that brave heart of his—a more demonstrative man this—as I see him. The shrieking sailors, bold men too, but who have met more than their match; they see the Spirit of the Cape, the guardian of the gates of the unknown world beyond, in those gales chill with the distant winter, which strike them from the south; it is his hand that grasps their ship by the straining and cracking cordage, and lays it, like a bauble, upon its side; it is his coming that is hidden in the white smoke of foam. And Vasco de Gama, not calm like that other (for he too believes somewhat in the spirit), but defiant, raises his arm and dares it to battle. Victory is always great, and doubly so when the enemy comes against a man upon his *quiet* way. He did not go to fight; they came thinking to overwhelm him; he conquers, and passes on.

There is such a simplicity and grandeur about these men, as accords well with the element on which they triumphed; very different they seem to us from those whom these days call heroes—soldiers with the 'pomp and circumstance.' We never ask the colour of the cloak De Gama wore, or how his cocked hat fitted. The world's *visible* heroes are no more. How can it be otherwise? We bring lightning from heaven to our jars, and lecture over it in white kid gloves; we train it, and use it, and talk with it across seas. Our heroes—for, thank Heaven, we have them still—walk softly by; we jostle against them in the Strand and Regent Street, and do not know them.

While I talk, our anchor has dropped,

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and we look about us. The little bay looks active and busy with shipping; loading and unloading goes on merrily to the chanting of the sailors, which sound is borne pleasantly across the water with every little breath of wind; with it comes a heavy perfume of sugar and spices, languid and rich. Here lies the home steamer from India, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, moored and anchored; and taken by storm by crowds of black fellows with coal barges, who are shouting and heaving coal. Her passengers are lolling over the stern, dropping sixpences into the water, which are caught long before they reach the bottom, by one or other of these natives, who live in water apparently as easily as on land, and plunge about perfectly careless of sharks, of which there are many. I saw one lying in the sun, with his huge back fin above water, which must have been at least fifteen feet in length. I understand they show a decided preference for the European, and will select him from among twenty negroes or Indians. Accidents from them, however, are scarcely ever heard of in the bay, and the bathers are at all times numerous.

The costume of these divers precludes the possibility of their dressing or undressing; and after a few of these diving performances, they shake themselves, and heave up more coals. Now the boat of an Arab or Turkish ship shoots across the bay, with the twelve oars flashing, and the twelve fezzes bobbing forwards, and the dignified Turk reclining in the stern; and past us glides the serious-looking medical officer's boat, with that official in a white hat, carrying a white umbrella, under a white awning. He is going out to yonder ship which has newly arrived from Calcutta, and whence so many anxious faces are looking to the shore, anticipating a scamper on dry land, and a sleep on a bed placed horizontally. We shall see the yellow flag go up to the mast-head immediately, and the anxious faces may compose themselves for the next three weeks, and try to be happy in a hot berth, embracing the posts thereof, lest unawares they descend over rapidly, and be eaten by bugs and overrun by cockroaches; and all, for why? The ship anchored off Ceylon on her way hither, and small-pox is said to have existed somewhere on that island.

This morning my Lord Bishop, in the midst of the prescribed ritual, says somewhat, in a manly and gentle voice, of some of us being near the end of our journey, and desiring to express the gratitude of our hearts to the Great Maker and Preserver of all. I fear that some of us, who have our knowledge of bishops from those who are most prominent, and from a distant glimpse of them in 'another place,' clothed on with those robes which, to the uninitiated, give fancies of peeresses in their own right, are apt to judge uncharitably of these church dignitaries. Let me give my testimony to this one: devout without affectation, quietly and unostentatiously noble and self-sacrificing; firm in his own beliefs, but charitable and gentle to all the world about him. It is not pleasure that takes a gentleman and a scholar from his calm English village rectory to the wastes of Africa. Our sea-life is past, when leaving the huge steamer we step down into a little cockle-shell boat leaping and dancing on every wave, and are pulled quickly toward shore. Passed a quiet grave-yard with palm-trees, and the tide lipping and gurgling among the weeds. Many a lonely heart at home, I doubt not, has pictured to itself this place. It is always sad to see the English names upon these so distant stones; yet, perhaps, even this forms one of the links in the great chain of human sympathy and love, which shall one day bind all peoples and places of this earth in its embrace. Wandering, some months ago, along the shore of St Vincent, the dreariest and most desolate of islands, I came, all at once, upon a white stone pillar, and the old tale told upon it. The whole story rises in the heart—the young love so hopeful and trusting in England—the wife's devotion and gentle suffering in the trial of a military life in India—the returning hope, with the daily progress towards home—and the widower lays her under that white arid sand, and returns alone. Such a tale is woven into the lives of many in England, where we have our Indian world drawing its one or two from every hearth. Ah, have not I too dreamed daily of your grave, old unforgotten friend, by the sacred river of Egypt, and the pyramids watching over it for evermore.

We land in the centre of a fine amphitheatre of bold stern hills; there was a hurricane but two days ago, and these hills have to the very top a depth of green colour, which is wonderful, against the clear sky. Here and there a tree

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lies uprooted against a chasm of rock. The view is fresh and unnatural (if I may say so), as though the colour were yet wet. We are surrounded by troops of men and boys—African, Indian, Chinese, and mongrel of all, with every hue of colour from yellow to jet—shrieking and shouting in a language composed apparently, according to the approved Scottish mixture, of half water, and half something else—the inevitable half in this case being French, the other the native language of the speaker. 'Hi! moi Anglais—mon voiture la. Hi! moi Anglais, bifstek—moi Anglais.'

When I add, that the costume of these men is as mixed as their language, having the countless variations that may be conceived between the two extremes of no dress at all, and the full dress of an old military coat, Chinese trousers, and a green turban, a tolerable notion of the medley will appear to my intelligent friend the reader. Escaping their hands, and plunging into the nearest coach, I am borne through half-paved streets to the house of an old acquaintance. At his gate a distressing incident takes place. Let me premise, that I am one of those martyrs to sensibility who have never ventured to confront a Hansom cab-driver at a police-office, but have paid with meek resignation my shilling a-mile for quiet. Notwithstanding all this, I did object on this occasion to pay the driver three dollars, and in tacit answer to his demand for this sum handed him one rupee. His excitement at this becomes intense; his words rush forth, amid violent gesticulations, in a torrent such as I have scarce seen equalled in an anti-papal Exeter Hall lecturer, or in an Irish mendicant. Now he throws his arms forward, scowling at the obnoxious coin; now he stoops, and lifts a piece of mud to his lips, saying, as plainly as gesture can speak, 'Mashallah, shall I eat dirt?—who is this who cometh amongst us, and laugheth at our beards?' As Wellington rejoiced when Blucher appeared with his Prussians, so I, when my old London acquaintance arrived. In an instant he comprehends the case, looks sternly at my persecutor, and utters a grave monosyllable which (I do not understand Hindostanee) sounds like 'chupe;' upon which the poor man lapses into servility, and tremblingly ascends his chariot, and I behold him again no more.

As I ride slowly through the valley that evening, and have reached the brow of the descent toward the coast, by the starlight I see the town hushed and quiet among the trees by the shore, and the wild rugged hills dark in shadow behind. One who has not visited the East can scarcely imagine the everywhere silence that is immediately after sunset. The whole world has closed its eyes. The island (from the height we know it to be but a small spot of land) lies like a sea-bird asleep upon the sea. The Southern Cross, the symbol of this new world which has opened to me, stands above the hills. In the north, old Orion, with memories and kind thoughts of that north where home is.

I find in my book of 'shreds and patches' a sonnet dated some days after, expressing somewhat this island-feeling of which I have spoken:—

Climb with me to the peak of this one hill,
Round which the island like a suppliant lies,
Clinging, as though the clear and naked skies
Gave blessing through its monarch, who could still,
When all was dark, and clouds with tempest driven,
Look with unchanging faithfulness to heaven.
See but this little resting-place of land,
Nor wonder how the outer world goes by
In the swift stream of time, unheard, unscann'd
Of us, who in the eddy silent lie.
East, west, south, north—ocean afar and near—
There lost in sky, here on the coral roars.
Deaf, unappeasable, it holds me here,
And stretches far away to nameless shores.

But in the night, far above all this feeling of isolation, perhaps in part arising from it, is the sense of unspeakable love and reverence which the season inspires, when we have given us to see, as in a glass darkly, the glory and serene joy that lie around us, like a greater sea unbounded and eternal. In all the darknesses with which nature is surrounded, in sleep, in night, and in death, we have, ever and anon, glimpses of a depth of beauty and wisdom so great, that the darkness covers it in its fulness from these mortal eyes, which cannot look upon God and live. The town is deserted, and my horse's hoofs ring hollow and loud upon the streets; the insects are chirring in the trees, and the ship's bells are heard from the bay.

As I sit in my bedroom, thinking over all the day's events, I am aware of a new torture, till now unremembered. The

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mosquitoes are upon me; they wheel round me, rejoice over me, gorge themselves upon my miserable body, fly off, and return with new zest. I wave feeble handkerchiefs, lash about with angry towels, but it is of no avail; so I take refuge within the curtains, and sleep.

I dream that I am asleep in England, and that I wake to hear the lark singing, and to see the white dew upon the grass. Some such vision haunts me as I write these lines, and remember that this is May-day:—

Nature's long night, Winter, is come and gone,
And all hath risen with morning. Blue-eyed May,
With tears new-dried, too happy to be gay,
Leads Summer in, half-blinded with his crown
Of flowers, and leaves, and sunshine. One by one,
The fields put on their glory, as the grey
Rolls off its curtain, and the breaking day
Breaks o'er the runnel murmuring adown.
All yet a moment hush'd. O happy morn!
The spear-grass rustles, whence the lark has sprung,
Filling the air with song; the shepherd's horn
Shouts up the valley, and the lowing kine
Answer it like an echo far and fine—
The old world hath arisen, and is young.

MEMORANDA BY A MARINE OFFICER:

OR, GLASSES FROM LIFE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

SUPERVISED BY ABEL LOG.

GLASS XXXI.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN IN THE BEST REGULATED SHIPS.

We heard no more of Fouché, or of the catamaran.

I had often wished to witness the effect of a shell, and one day had an excellent opportunity of doing so. A well-directed nine-inch (I think) came from the French batteries, forming a magnificent parabola, plump down through the maintop, wounding several of the men, and doing other serious damage, passed between the mainmast and mizzen, and dropped overboard close alongside. It exploded just as it sunk beneath the surface of the water, making a mighty commotion, and splashing the foam about in all directions. Had it burst a moment sooner, many a brave fellow must have lost the number of his mess.

I believe I shall be justified in stating, that I was an especial favourite on board the L——. The captain frequently invited me to dine with him; Mr Ladslove treated me like a younger brother; Mr Winkworth showed a grim preference; the marine officers were continually sending for me to their cabins; the surgeon smiled when we met; the purser was my particular friend; and I do not think there was a man among the crew but would have put himself out of the way to do me a service. I have scarcely the weakness and conceit, however, to attribute all this to my own superlative conversational talents, or power of rendering myself agreeable; and would rather set it down to a capital piece of forethought and policy on the part of my grandfather, who was at the bottom of everything that ever brought me comfort, or gave me pleasure. When we were in town, and the good old man was storing my seachest, he purchased for me, among other things, about a quarter of a hundredweight of a very admirable kind of gingerbread, which was made in huge square blocks, about the size of the Greek Lexicon at Hazelcopse, and with which my father had given me many a sore thump on the head. This gingerbread, my grandfather told me, was one of the nicest things I could take with me to sea. 'A slice of this,' he said, 'and a glass of wine, Maurice, will make you a capital lunch—mark my words if it won't.' I did not pay much attention to the squire at the time; but one day, after we had been shotting and shelling the batteries pretty fiercely, feeling rather hungry, I went down and cut a slice, and brought a piece for the captain, who turned his nose up at it at first, but presently said he had never tasted anything so capital, and threw out a strong hint for another piece; and then the rich smell of it attracted the attention of Mr Ladslove, and he said, 'Mau-

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rice, my boy, what have you got there?' so I gave him a bit. Then a puff of wind carried the aroma directly into contact with the olfactory organ of Mr Winkworth, and his eye proposed a slice; and then Mr Macpherson wished to taste, out of mere curiosity; and afterwards Mr Lake, the second lieutenant of marines, at the same moment that Mr Seago, happening to pass, cried, 'Nonsense, Drummore, you don't mean to tell us that that black stuff is eatable? let me try;' upon which Mr Honeywood the surgeon said, 'Pooh, pooh, give it to the sharks—stay, upon my word it isn't bad;' until, at last, the fame of this celebrated gingerbread spread all over the ship, and eight or ten blocks disappeared with marvellous celerity.

'A capital idea of your grandfather's, that gingerbread,' said Sir David. 'By the by, Maurice, you had better dine with me to-day, I want to have a little quiet conversation.'

This quiet conversation closely affected my future career and prospects. 'Maurice,' he said, 'you have now been nearly four months with us at sea, and are able to say whether you like it, or the reverse. Your grandfather was anxious for you to come and see a little of this sort of life, in order that you might fix upon a profession, and form your future plans. A young man, no matter what his position and resources may be, should always have a profession; without it, he is but a burden to himself and friends, and there is neither aim nor object in his existence. The squire thought this little cruise with us would either give you a liking for the navy, or a disgust of it, and the sooner the finger of fate's compass points to the one or the other, the better for yourself and all belonging to you. Now, tell me, do you like the sea?'

'Yes, Sir David.'

'Do you wish to make it your profession?'

'I do.'

'But, recollect, you will be many years working your way up to a respectable standing in the service. There is a wide interval between the midshipman and the commander.'

'I have thought of that, sir, and am anxious to carry out my original plans. I should like to enter the marines.'

'Just what I was going to advise; you cannot do better. I wish I had influence, but unfortunately I have none, or you should have a commission to-morrow. State your wishes to the squire and your friend Captain Adair, and, in the meantime, if I *can* be of any service to you, I will—depend on it.'

I thanked Sir David, and said, 'Mr Macpherson tells me that if I can make a friend of some nobleman, it will be in his power to procure me a commission.'

'Stop, did I not hear you say, one day, that you rendered some personal service to Lord Brooke?'

'Yes, sir, his horse came down with him, and I lent him mine to get home upon.'

'The very thing!' cried Captain A——, pointing at me with his finger, and looking along it as though it had been a pistol; 'what the deuce more do you want? Go to Lord Brooke, sir—go instantly!'

I glanced from the port, and was just about to ask Sir David to oblige me with the loan of his gig, or the cutter, or the launch, or the jollyboat, when he laughed, and said, 'I mean, when you get ashore, for we shall drop anchor in the Downs again, before many days. That will do now; we need say no more upon the subject. Consider me always your friend.'

It is not always that a midshipman finds a friend and father in his commanding officer; but Captain A—— was one of the most kind-hearted and generous men in the service. I do not mean to imply that he had not his occasional black days and fits of squall, for that would be to say that he was not a man and a British sailor. I remember seeing him in a great rage once, when two or three well-directed shots from the batteries had killed several of the men, and, for the time, seriously crippled our movements. He clenched his fist savagely, capered about the deck like a mountebank, and cried, as we blazed away broadside after broadside, 'Give it them, my boys! give it the cowardly dogs! give it the frog-eating rascals! give it them! gi-i-ve it them!' And he could swear a good stick, too, when he set about it; but I need not be particular in noting down every little nautical expletive he availed himself of on the occasion. Good, kind, generous Sir David! I drain a bumper to your memory to-day; and would you had had your brave heart's wish, in dying, like a true man, sword in hand, yardarm and yardarm with the enemy, instead of going to the bottom in the helpless way you did, with all your gallant and devoted fellows around you!

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I should explain, that, although in this hastily-written narrative I have given Captain A—— the title of Sir David, he did not, in reality, receive the honour of knighthood until a year or two after. Little slips and blunders of this kind often occur in the hurry of composition, and do not stare us in the face till afterwards, when they have gone forth, and it is too late to alter them.

'Letters for you,' said Buchanan, flinging down a packet one morning as I was dressing.

'Letters! who brought them?'

'One of the gun-brigs—don't bother me, I've got a yarn from Susan, crossed and re-crossed like a chess-board, and written in three different-coloured inks. If you hear any one asking after me, say I'm ill;' and off Buchanan hurried to a secret nook in one of the tops, where he would be safe from interruption. I was glad to see him in good spirits again, for they had been in a very depressed state ever since that melancholy affair of his friend Harding, who, it will be remembered, was drowned the day our boat capsized among the breakers off Deal.

There were no less than four letters—from my grandfather, Wilhelmine, Constance, and Vanderdecken. I read my grandfather's first, then Wilhelmine's, then Vanderdecken's, and kept Constance's till the last, as a choice morsel. I read it by candle-light in my hammock, and nearly set the ship on fire. The sentry who stood at the gun-room door had to call for a bucket of water, and he and the master-at-arms together contrived to extinguish the flames. Mr Ladslove was very angry about it, called me a careless young hound, and threatened to acquaint the captain. The next morning, however, he said, perhaps he had been a little hasty, and used stronger language than he had intended. 'Take better care in future, Maurice, that's all,' said he; 'those love-letters are inflammable things, and you may think yourself lucky to have escaped this time with a mere scorching.'

Vanderdecken said:—

'Hazelcopse, Monday evening.

'My dear and valiant Maurice,—How I envy you! you have actually been in action, and had the cannon-shots flying about you in all directions!—over your head, under your arms, and between your legs!—and not wounded either! What a providential deliverance! what miraculous escapes! what a hero you will henceforth be! and how I long to set eyes upon you again!

'A duel, too, with small-swords! and pinked your man! Upon my word, I envy you all this, and long to have had a hand in it. When shall we meet? when do you expect to return to England? but I suppose that will not be till these wars —*bella, horrida bella!*—are over, and the ship is paid off. What a strut you will have, to be sure! and what a sensation you will create in these parts!

'Everything goes on much as usual here. Your father is as solitary in his movements, and as sepulchral as the ghost in 'Hamlet;' your grandfather takes the jack out of the big pool, and blows his whistle for me when he wants the landing-net; your mother is sending out a fresh batch of light summer garments for the Tuscarora warriors; the captain, who has not suffered from any of his old fits latterly, is superintending the erection of some new kennels for the hounds; Aunt Penelope carries on the usual flirtation with Messrs Skelton and Civett; and Wilhelmine, Constance, and I, may be found every evening on our accustomed walks, down the lanes and over the meadows, amusing ourselves now and then with a little botanical study, or wishing you were here to relate your naval experiences, and make us laugh.

'By the by, I went up to the Jolliffes the other day, and your old flame Hester inquired very tenderly after you; so tenderly, indeed, that Cupid Button, and another young clodpole named Roger Stubbs, who has entered the field since you left, felt quite angry and jealous. Roger is a fine strapping fellow, with a face as round as the Dutch clock that hangs by the cellar door, and seems to have got into the good graces of the old lady, though Jolliffe himself sides with Cupid, while Hester, I know, laughs at both, and told me she would rather have your little finger, than a score of such bashful boobies. Old Jolliffe, I should tell you, seems quite persuaded that you will return with a wooden leg. He once saw two jolly jack-tars at a fair, somewhere near Coventry, and, as they happened both to have timber toes, he naturally holds these appendages and the naval service to be inseparably connected. Pray take care of yourself, therefore; and in the hope of hearing something more of, or from you,

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shortly, believe me ever your affectionate and admiring friend,

'VANDERDECKEN ADAIR.

'P. S.—Mr Civett sends his respects, and Nathan, hearing that I am writing you, begs to be remembered.'

My first cruise was over; the L——, with the rest of the squadron, anchored off Deal, and I bade my captain and messmates adieu. Perhaps I should see them again; perhaps not; it depended much upon the reception I met with from Lord Brooke.

Before I left the ship, I happened to examine into the state of my wardrobe. Oh, what a falling off was there! What had become of my four or five dozen elegant shirts? and where was that large well-selected assortment of stockings that I had brought with me to sea? and my twelve or fifteen pairs of boots and shoes? and a number of other articles of attire and nick-nacks upon which I had prided myself so much? Echo answered, 'Where?'

I could make my affidavit, were it required, that I saw a pair of these identical stockings on the mis-shapen calves of Hampson the morning I left; and I had a strong suspicion that I recognised a bit of one of my neatly-worked shirt frills sticking out of Marten's sea-chest, as I ran back rather unexpectedly to bid him good-by. I did not wish to expose him before the whole ship's company, however, more particularly as I was in a hurry to get ashore, and said no more about it.

But there was one thing it became me not to forget. Marten and I had never settled that little affair about the biscuit tray. I thought it would be right and gentlemanly to remind him of it, and did so before I went down the side.

'Oh, I had forgotten all about that,' said Marten.

'No, no, you were speaking of it this morning,' returned Buchanan, 'and told me you could have pinked Drummore easily, and *would*, had you not been interrupted.'

'Very well, come ashore with me, Marten,' cried I; 'Mr Ladslove will give you leave.'

'No, I can't conveniently now; it will be my afternoon watch.'

'I will relieve you of that with pleasure,' said Bazeley; 'don't let such a trifle prevent your going.'

'Thank you kindly, Tom; I should not like to trespass on your good-nature.'

'Do come, Marten,' urged I; 'we could go out of sight up the beach yonder, and the thing would be so pleasant and snug.'

'No; I told you that I did not cherish any ill feeling.'

'Pistols, if you prefer them to small-swords; I am by no means particular; anything you like, from a ship's musket to a harpoon.'

'Good-by, Drummore, good-by!' and away went Marten—with a pair of my handsome dress silk stockings upon his legs.

'Give way, my lads, give way!' A long adieu to Sir David, and all my old comrades on board the L——!

GLASS XXXII.

'At windows lasses peep'd, a score,
Neighbours met at every door,
Serjeant twirl'd his sash and story,
And talk'd of wounds, of honour, and glory.'—*Old Song.*

On arriving in London, thinking no time should be lost, I jumped into a coach, and rattled off to Berkeley Square. Lord Brooke, fortunately, was at home. I was in hopes he would remember my features, and not leave me to revert to the circumstance of the horse. Yes, he remembered me at once, rang the bell for luncheon, and said he longed to render me some service—merely by way of showing his gratitude, not cancelling the obligation. I told him I had come to ask him a favour. 'It is granted before you ask it,' said he. 'I see you are in the navy. Been in action yet, pray?—smelt powder—ha?'

'Yes, my lord, we have had a brush or two with the French batteries.'

'Well done! how did you like it?—a glass of wine with you—rather warm work, I suppose;' and his lordship having thus paved the way for me, I told him, in reply, that I liked it very well, but, as promotion in the navy was rather slow, I wished to enter the marine service, and had taken the liberty of calling, to ask if he would write to Lord Barham, and ——'

'Oh, a commission, eh? No, I will not write to Lord Barham; I will go and see him for you at once. Make your mind easy; I have a little influence, and will use it; you shall have a commission. Are you going to stay in town, or do you proceed to Hazelcopse?'

'I am going home, my lord, to spend a little time with my friends.'

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'True—very proper—you will create quite a sensation down there. Well, I am going home shortly too, so come and see me at Warwick. Bring your friends with you, and we'll brew them a brimmer of punch in Guy's porridge-pot. I daresay a month or two will elapse before I can get you the commission;' and, upon this understanding, Lord Brooke and I parted. I thought him a most delightful man, and already saw myself in a scarlet coat and gold epaulette.

I could not pass through Birmingham without calling to inquire after Doctor Bage, and see Tom Dadley. Mr Shovel was there, and Sophy in the act of pouring out the tea. My handsome uniform and cocked hat took them quite by surprise, but the old lady had still enough presence of mind left to inquire, with a glance towards the carpet, whether I had wiped my shoes? She was rather alarmed, too, at the dirk, and begged that it might be removed to another room; but the doctor cried, 'Stuff and nonsense, mother! do you think it can spring out and kill anybody of its own accord?' So I was allowed to retain possession of the dreadful weapon. Doctor Bage declared that I had grown at least an inch and a-half since I left him, but Mr Shovel said it was two inches, if it was a hair's-breadth. This put the doctor on his mettle, and, getting me to stand against the door, he measured my height with great precision, and proved himself to be in the right; upon which Mr Shovel apologised, and the two gentlemen, shaking hands with a great deal of solemnity, resumed their seats at the table.

Tom Dadley had not been informed of my arrival, so I took him, too, by surprise. He had the big pestle in his hand, but, on seeing me, threw it back into the wedgewood mortar with a force that I expected would dash it to splinters, and, springing forward, grasped my hand with a warmth and flourish that were quite theatrical.

'Welcome back, Maurice, my boy! this is handsome of you, to come and see your old friends; but what a transmogrification! This is your naval uniform, eh? cocked hat, too—by the god Æsculapius! and a sword to boot!' Tom whipped the dirk out, quick as lightning, and crying 'On your guard, sir!' threw himself into an attitude, and made a pass at the polished ribs of the great skeleton. Then he dragged me to a chair, and made me give him a history of my adventures since I had left Birmingham and joined the service.

'And been in action, too?' cried Tom Dadley—'in an actual sea-fight, with great cannon-balls flying about you? Did you ever see any one killed?'

'O many; they sometimes fell close to me.'

'Close to you! How near? within a yard?'

'Nearer than that.'

'Nearer than a yard! what, as close as I stand to you now?'

'Yes; we will suppose you to be sponging a gun—so—and a shot comes and carries your head clean off.'

'Clean off?' repeated Dadley with a gulp; 'and what do you do then?'

'Do! why, have him taken away, to be sure, and get another man to fill his place.'

Dadley turned half round, and gave the large mortar a stir, then left it again, and asked how close I had had a cannon-ball pass to my own head. I told him that once or twice they had almost touched me; and one day I had actually seen a two-and-thirty pounder go between the captain's legs, and was not quite sure that it hadn't previously passed between my own, as Sir David and I happened to have been standing facing each other at the moment. On which Tom Dadley went down on his knees, and made a minute inspection of my legs, beginning at the hip, and so on to the ankle, and ended by putting his head between them, and looking at Andrew, who occupied his old position in the corner among the bones. Tom said he should scarcely have believed it possible, but he would take my word for it, if I was not joking. The same night, after I had got into bed, Dadley donned my uniform, clapped on the cocked hat, buckled on the dirk, and strutting about the room before the glass, asked whether the effect was at all good; 'but gadzooks, Maurice,' said he, divesting himself again, and looking serious, 'it would be much more profitable to be rolling pills and feeling pulses here, than have my head knocked off my shoulders by one of those great cannon-balls that you talk about. I can't understand how you managed to escape them!' Like many more, but for those vile guns, Tom would himself have been a soldier.

If I had had my wits about me, I should have written to my grandfather,

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to tell him I was on my homeward march, and request that Nathan might be sent to meet me with the gig at the inn where the coach stopped. As I had neglected to do this, my only alternative was to leave my portmanteau there, and proceed to Hazelcopse on horseback. 'And after all,' said I, 'perhaps it is as well, as I shall give my mother and the squire a pleasant surprise.' I, of course, was in ignorance whether my father would be glad to see me, or the contrary. He was such a grim, stern man, that I did not know what to make of him. I was very anxious, however, to gain his love and approbation, and the more, as my captain, Sir David A——, had talked seriously with me on the subject, and I had given him my word that I would endeavour to do so. I suppose my grandfather had told him how matters stood between Mr Drummore and myself.

A mounted midshipman—indeed, a midshipman under any circumstances—was by no means a common spectacle in the villages through which I passed, and the people came out to look at me. Some gazed in respectful admiration; some laughed; some begged me to put my helm up, or down; and others to take a reef in, or let one out, as the case might be; but a certain ostler, leaning against the gateway of a small country inn, let fall an observation which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, would, I feared, compromise the dignity of the service, so I galloped savagely after him, and clapping a pistol to his head, compelled him to eat his words, and make a most submissive apology.

The moment I entered the avenue gate, my dog Gulliver, who was performing sentinel in the distance, caught the sound of hoofs, and came charging down, intending to dispute the pass with me. I spoke when he had got within about twenty yards, and called him by name. He stopped, stared, sneezed, and recognising me, tried to leap on the horse's back, but was only able to lick my hand; then he barked loudly, coursed round and round us half a dozen times, like a mounted Sioux about an enemy, went off up the bed of the ditch at the very top of his speed, came back, and at last, with a deep growl, bounded over the garden wall, and away toward the house, with the polite intention, I suppose, of announcing my arrival to those at home.

I rode straight up to the front-door, and the gratified Nathan, springing out from the direction of the stables, was just in time to seize the rein as I dismounted. The report spread like wildfire—Master Maurice had returned from sea! Faces appeared at windows, forms darkened doorways—or, rather, lighted them up—and my mother and Wilhelmine rushed forward to embrace me.

'Maurice! my dear Maurice!'

Where was my father? let me pay my respects to him at once, that he might not consider himself slighted. He was in his study. I knocked—no answer. I tried the door. It was locked inside—like his heart.

Where was my grandfather? Fishing; down at the lake with Vanderdecken. I would not let the servants run and tell him I had arrived. I stole down myself unobserved. I crept quietly along behind the bushes, and got within twenty yards of where the pair were standing. I threw a small pebble at them.

'Vanderdecken, don't kick the stones into the water,' said my grandfather, testily; 'that was one thing Maurice never used to do. The slightest sound startles fish. Never stamp, or kick, or talk loud. I don't even approve of that light waistcoat you have on, for fish have eyes as well as ears—there again!'

'I didn't move, sir, but something certainly dropped into the water.'

'Do you tell me that you did not kick a stone into the water, sir?' asked my grandfather.

'No, upon my word I did not, Mr Danvers.'

'Then, of course you did not,' said the squire, 'and somebody is playing us a trick;' and picking up the staff of the landing-net, he advanced towards the bush that separated us; upon which I sprang from my concealment, and crossing the staff with my drawn dirk, raised the cocked hat at the same moment gracefully with my left hand, *a la* an accomplished small-swordsman.

. . . . .

Lord Brooke had told me that I should create a sensation at Hazelcopse, and this prediction was amply verified. I was looked upon as a great hero by everybody—except Dr Bamfield and my father. I had to relate the history of my exploits, and to shot and shell, and batter and bombard Boulogne over and over again so many times, that I wonder one stone was left standing on another; and I should think, if I told that story of the catama-

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rans once, I must have repeated it (now and then with a slight accidental improvement) at least one hundred and fifty times, to the intense delight and extreme edification of my gaping audience; and when I spoke of the cannon-shot plumping in at one side of the L—— and out at the other, and whistling over our heads, and close past our noses, and one going between the captain's legs, and men falling all around us, and being carried off to the cock-pit on their messmates' shoulders, Wilhelmine turned pale, and my mother, quite alarmed at such a state of things, instinctively put her hand out, and drew me closer to her side. I didn't wish to talk of these matters, but people would have it.

'And all this that you are relating is strictly true, sir, of course?' said my father, entering suddenly, and greeting me for the first time since my arrival. He shook my hand in a cold way, and begged that I would proceed with my narrative.

'As true as though you had yourself seen it, father, and were yourself relating the story.'

'And pray, sir, how close did you say those cannon-balls and bullets came to your head?'

'So near, sometimes—particularly the rifle-bullets—as almost to touch it.'

'Is not the wind of a shot fatal?'

'It is said that men are occasionally killed by it, but I have not met with more than one case of the kind.'

'And the shot were flying all about you, were they?'

'In every direction, sir?'

'Killing men?' He laid an ugly emphasis on the word men.

'Killing and disabling many poor fellows.'

'And sparing yourself, by a most special interposition of Providence, I presume?'

Mr Drummore took a little gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket as he delivered himself of this cutting speech, opened it, applied it, with middle finger and thumb, lightly to his nose, and suffered his glance, as he did so, to slip slowly down, in a withering way, from my head to my feet. I never beheld anything to equal it, even on the stage. It was terrible, and I thanked God that all I had been relating was strictly true, and not the mere coinage of my imagination.

I had resolved, no matter what the provocation I received, to treat my father with perfect respect and politeness, but I had not made a vow to bear with the insolence of other people. Dr Bamfield stopped to talk with me by the church-door after service on Sunday; while Mrs Bamfield stood eyeing my uniform (for my grandfather made me wear it) superciliously through her glass.

'Well, Maurice,' said the doctor, 'returned from the wars, I see—

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Do you remember the old couplet of Pindar's?'

'That is not Peter Pindar's, sir; you are quoting from Butler's 'Hudibras.'

'Eh! ah—very good—never mind that. So you've been killing lots of Frenchmen, they tell me. Did you stop to eat any of them?'

'No, sir; you must remember it is not all of us that can boast of an appetite like your own.'

My grandfather turned his head to cough. The doctor was a notoriously large eater.

'Upon my word, young gentleman, you are rather pert,' cried Dr Bamfield. 'Pray, did you address your captain in this free-and-easy sort of way?'

'No, Dr Bamfield, for this simple reason—because I looked up to him, but I look down on you. Have you any further remark or inquiry to make?'

'N—no; humph! My dear' (to Mrs Bamfield), 'would you like to say anything?'

Mrs Bamfield had nothing particular to say. She contented herself with looking it, and with a slight elevation of the cocked hat, I put my arm through my grandfather's on the one side, and Vanderdecken's on the other, and walked away.

Wilhelmine and Constance had been studying botany under Mr Skelton, and it gave a new pleasure to our country walks. We never passed any choice wild-flower now, in the meadow, along the brook, or by the hedgeside, but we plucked it, and held a consultation as to what family it belonged, how many petals it had, how many stamens, and what Linnæus said about it, and at what time of the year it blossomed, and whether it liked a dry soil, or a damp one, and whether it was fond of sun, or preferred shade. Van and I were always either scrambling up a bank, or searching along the bed of a dry ditch, and scratching our faces, and tearing our clothes, in pursuit of new specimens, and the moment

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we had got one, Constance and I would seat ourselves upon a little hillock of grass, and go through our lesson together. It was agreeably enough arranged that Wilhelmine should play the part of botanical tutor to Vanderdecken, and Constance to myself, and we generally contrived to have the two studious parties a little removed from each other, that the voices and explanations might not clash.

'Now, what is this, Maurice?' asked Constance, pushing back the dark ringlets that had escaped the bonnet, and would *not* keep out of the way. 'What is this?'

'A buttercup.'

'Yes, I know that, but to what family does it belong? I have told you at least twenty times.'

'The veronica.'

'No, don't be absurd; the ranunculus.'

'The ranunculus—I shall not forget that.'

'And why the ranunculus, tell me?'

A pause.

'Because, don't you see it has a nectary in the claw!' and picking off one of the glossy yellow petals, Constance illustrated her words. 'All the ranunculus family have a nectary in the claw; remember that. Now, of what family is this?'

'The pap——'

'Pap nonsense; it is the veronica; see, the petals are all in one, and come off together; and there are two stamens, are there not? What is this again? now for your favourite word.'

'The papilionaceous.'

'Yes, from papilio, a butterfly; there are the wings, and the standard, and the keel, all complete. Now this one?'

'The labiate family.'

'Quite right; you have that wonderfully pat; labiate means ——'

'Lips.'

This was a family that interested me very much, and I seldom got further in my botanical studies. Nor indeed do I wish to make myself responsible for the matter of the present lecture, as I quote purely from memory, and have, unfortunately, not given much of my attention to this interesting science of late years.

I had not seen any of the Burnells on the occasion of my last visit home, and now determined to go and pay my respects. Bones was the only one of the family who knew that I had returned, and the intelligence was conveyed to him in this way. About half an hour after I reached Hazelcopse, I saw Gulliver bound out of the parlour window, over the wall, and away up the avenue, as hard as he could pelt. I did not learn what his views and intentions were till twenty minutes afterwards, when he came back, jogging along side by side with Bones. Gulliver had evidently been to acquaint Bones with the secret of my return, for the latter trotted up, looking me full in the face, put his nose into my hand, gave a little low growl of approval, examined my uniform minutely, smelt it, and then swung off, in company with Gulliver—whither, think you?—to The Bluffs, and brought back with them a great, stealthy-looking, sharp-nosed brute called Chuff, who looked after Jolliffe's sheep, and mounted guard in a stone kennel near the fold-yard at night. Chuff, however, being a business-like animal, after he had paid his respects to me, thinking it was a pity to go back empty-handed, turned the visit to account by carrying off with him a leg of mutton out of the larder, and thereby incensing Nathan to such a degree, that he followed upon the trail of old Chuff with a double-barrelled gun for nearly a mile, but returned without having either recovered the mutton or gratified his revenge.

But this is a digression. I was speaking of the Burnells. I found the poor little doctor in sad trouble. He had fallen a victim to the roguery of a pettifogging lawyer, who had lately come to reside in the village. In the words of the old sea song—

'A shark was on the larboard—sharks don't
for manners stand,
But grapple all that they come near, just
like your sharks on land.'

Mr Burnell told me the whole story, which was this, though I do not give it in his precise words:—

The lawyer (whose name was Popjoy) told the doctor one day that he should feel exceedingly obliged, if, just by way of giving him a start in business, he would allow him to look up a few of his outstanding accounts, merely as a little professional pastime, that was all, and he would charge nothing for it, not a halfpenny—ha, ha! 'This friendly sort of feeling ought to exist, you know, among neighbours,' said Mr Popjoy, filling the doctor's glass, and his own; for he happened to be dining up at The Catacombs. (The neighbours had christened Mr Burnell's old house 'The Catacombs,' on ac-

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count, I suppose, of the skeletons, and skulls, and other odd things it contained.)

'It is very kind of you,' said the good-natured, unsuspecting doctor, 'but I should be sorry to put you to so much trouble—I could not do it.'

'Trouble, my dear sir,' said Mr Popjoy—'what is trouble among friends?—may I add, brothers? Will you permit me to use the word brothers?'

'With all my heart,' said Mr Burnell, raising his glass, and smiling at the attorney; 'I am delighted to make your acquaintance.'

'Where Popjoy becomes a friend,' said the lawyer, filling his glass again, and nodding, 'he becomes a friend; and where he becomes an enemy——' Mr Popjoy drank off his wine. 'Make me out a little list of these accounts to-morrow,' he said, laying two fingers lightly on the other's arm. 'A medical man has not time to throw away on matters like these. He wants a friend; Popjoy is a true friend; and then when the doctor's rent-day comes round, or embarrassments press, how pleasant it will be for Popjoy to put a fifty-pound note into his hand, and the moment remuneration is talked of, for Popjoy to take up his hat and leave!'

The doctor said that would be unfair, and he could not hear of it—there must be a different understanding; but he gave the lawyer the list, and they parted with mutual smiles. Mr Popjoy immediately entered upon his friendly office. He wrote to the patients, called upon them, bullied them, frightened them almost out of their senses, served summonses, issued writs, threatened seizure of property—and got the money—upwards of thirty pounds. By and by Mr Burnell's rent-day came round (as rent-days will), and Mr Popjoy having hinted that he had received moneys, the doctor cheerfully applied for some. Mr Popjoy as cheerfully replied that he had been at considerable expense and trouble in collecting these accounts, and he would make out his little bill, and hand over the difference. 'Ha! ha! Popjoy is the true friend: where he likes he takes; where he once takes he fixes; and where he once fixes he is like the—like the leech; he never lets go.' This was one of his own playful similes, and he might have added, 'till he has gorged his fill!'

The little bill came in; but there was somehow or other no balance to hand over; the balance (strangely and drolly enough) rested in Mr Popjoy's favour. Mr Popjoy's friendly little account amounted to the sum of seventy-one pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence halfpenny. He had thirty pounds in hand, so that there were still forty pounds and upwards due to him for his professional services. Mr Burnell lifted his eyes and hands in astonishment, and Mr Popjoy pleasantly intimated, that, if that sum was not paid over to him within ten days, he would put an execution in the doctor's house, and bring him to the dogs—meaning, probably (though I am not quite clear upon this point), that he would reduce him to a level with the members of his own profession.

It was a rather clever bill. Mr Popjoy had charged from thirteen and fourpence to a guinea for every call he had made at a creditor's house, exclusive of about fifteen shillings for the hire of a vehicle to convey him thither; and thirteen and fourpence for every letter he had written; and thirteen and fourpence for every one he had received, with an extra fee of six and eightpence for 'perusing same;' and thirteen and fourpence for consultations from time to time on the subject; and thirteen and fourpence more for 'taking instructions' to proceed against the refractory; and a few guineas *for* proceeding against them; and six and eightpence for every time he had nodded to Mr Burnell, and asked him how he was; and a guinea for dining with him on the day of the agreement; and a couple of guineas here and there for 'fair copies thereof' that his clerk had made of the correspondence; and a couple of guineas in half a dozen places for attending court; and then, when the bill was drawn out, fearing he had been too liberal and moderate in his charges, he clapped on an extra five guineas one wet day, by turning all the oughts in the shilling column into sixes, and the sixes into nines, and finally made his account the sum I tell you. So Mr Burnell complained, and offered to leave the matter to arbitration. He would call in one lawyer, and Mr Popjoy should call in another; which was accordingly done; and both gentlemen agreed that the charge was fair in the extreme, one of the most moderate and reasonable that had fallen under their notice, and the man who could murmur against it must be a brute; and the upshot of it all was, that Mr Burnell had to pay the amount, with the

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costs of arbitration, and nearly ruined himself and family in doing it.

I do not mean to imply, by giving the particulars of this story, that all lawyers are rogues, and there is not an honest one to be found. I should be extremely sorry to make any such dangerous and sweeping assertion; and, indeed, now I think of it, Job Flowers told me there really was one some years since—for he remembers hearing people talk of him when he was a lad—residing somewhere down in the direction of Plymouth.

Old Jolliffe was quite surprised to see me return without the wooden leg, and began to fear that the bombardment of Boulogne, an account of which had reached him through Nathan, was all a hoax. He asked me if Sir David A—— had not a wooden leg; and on finding that such was not the case, he quoted Nelson. I said Nelson had certainly lost an arm and eye. 'I knew it,' cried Jolliffe, triumphantly re-filling his pipe, and telegraphing Cupid Button for a spill; 'but you are young yet, Maurice, my lad, and Rome, they tell us, wasn't built in a day.'

I saw Hester Jolliffe's new beau, Roger Stubbs. He was a good-humoured, sly-looking, trencher-faced young fellow enough, and occupied the nook on the right side of the chimney, while Cupid Button had the one on the left. Hester was just returned from a canter into the village. She had her habit still on, and the whip in her hand. But, instead of welcoming me in her usual rosy, smiling way, she was very reserved and silent, and presently retired to the inner room; so I took the liberty of going after her, and inquiring what was the matter. I noticed that both Roger and Cupid wriggled very much on their seats upon observing this movement of mine, and their eyes followed me as I went. I told Hester I feared I was intruding, and would wish her good night.

'Intruding!' she echoed. 'Why, Maurice, you surely don't think I care a straw for either of those boobies!'

I forget the exact reply that I gave to this question, but I remember Mrs Jolliffe coming in twice to tell us tea was ready; and I remember hearing the new lover's iron-heeled boots pacing the kitchen floor in an agitated manner. I could not help this; Hester and I were old friends and playmates.

I had been about two months at home, anxiously waiting a letter from Lord Brooke, when one morning I received an agreeable-looking packet, superscribed with those imposing words, 'On his majesty's service.' It was the commission at last—the long-looked-for commission—and I was a second lieutenant of marines! My grandfather jumped up and shook me by the hand, but my mother shed tears, for I should now be taken from her, and have to mix again in scenes of death and danger.

'Read it out, Maurice,' said my grandfather; 'let us hear what your duty will be, and how soon you are to start. Stay, give it to me; and the old gentleman read as follows, standing up, as he did so, out of respect, I suppose, to his majesty's own signature, which headed the document:—

'George the Third, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and to our trusty and well-beloved Maurice Drummore, greeting—We do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be second lieutenant to our tenth company of Royal Marines. You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of second lieutenant, by exercising and well disciplining both the inferior officers and marines of that company; and we do hereby command them to obey *you* as their second lieutenant; and you are to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as you *shall* receive from our high admiral, or commissioners, for executing the office of high admiral for the time being, or from your captain, or any other your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust hereby reposed in you. Given at our Court at St James's, the first day of —— 18—, in the fifteenth year of our reign.

'By his majesty's command,
'&c., &c., &c.'

[Here followed the usual signatures.]

'To Maurice Drummore, gentleman, second lieutenant of the tenth company of Marines.'

'There, sir,' said my grandfather, handing over the commission. 'I hope that satisfies you.'

Accompanying it was an official letter, commanding me to present myself at the admiralty on a certain day; and the next morning came another letter, from Lord Brooke, containing these words—in an almost illegible hand:—

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'Warwick Castle, Tuesday night.

'My Dear Drummore,—Come to me directly, and bring as many of your friends as you please with you. I will endeavour to entertain them in something of the old English style. As I suppose you are tolerably cunning of fence, too, you shall don the famous buff jerkin in which one of the old lords was slain (you know the story), and gird Guy's big two-handed sword on your thigh, for I mean to give you a bit of a breathing in the great armoury hall. Ever yours faithfully,

'Brooke.

'P. S.—Have you got the commission? If not, it is on the way.'

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

At this stage of the war, it may be interesting to many readers to pause for a moment, and take a glimpse of the character of the man who has earned for himself the unenviable title of the Disturber of Europe. We shall draw our materials from various sources, all of them highly trustworthy. We shall quote from an author who wrote under friendly and favourable impressions, and years before the present war was imminent; and who was not likely, therefore, to be influenced by prejudice. We shall avail ourselves, also, of the production of a more recent period, written by a man of a different stamp, under feelings, we must admit, of a different nature. But, should it be found that the view which writers, differing from each other in many respects, give of the emperor be substantially the same, then we may be sure that it is pretty accurate. Moreover, should the doings of the last twelve months, and the doings of to-day, appear to be but the natural and necessary development of that character, then we may be certain that the man stands before us as he really is, and as posterity will judge him.

We beg to direct our readers to these two works; as all that we intend to do at present is to give a specimen of their contents. They are worthy of a careful perusal, especially at this moment, when there is such an eager desire to know all that is knowable of Russia and its Emperor. 'Russia and its People,' by Count A. De Garowski (T. Nelson & Sons, London and Edinburgh), is newly published, and will be found full of most valuable matter. It is the result of long and close observation, and a thorough acquaintance with the laws and usages of the country. The Marquis De Custine's work on Russia, which originally appeared in three volumes, has been issued by Messrs Longman & Co. in one portable volume. Of course, it is abridged; but still it is a work of more than ordinary interest.

Count De Garowski devotes a chapter to what he calls Czarism, in which he investigates its origin and traces its development:—'This institution, or form of monarchy, which we call Czarism, arose, in its present attributes, or at least began to work itself out in Russia, during the epoch of Tartar dominion and aggression. Previous to that epoch, and from about the ninth or tenth century, Russia was ruled by a number of princes (Kniazia), some weak, others more powerful, who, to a certain degree, were independent, but who all recognised the supremacy of their lord paramount, the Grand Duke of Kiïeff, called *Weliki Kniaz*. These principalities had nothing in them of any feudal origin or principle, but were simply the results of a successive division of the general patrimony among the heirs and children of Ruryk the Norman and his brother, and thus they were all held by kindred and relations. Even the two most ancient republics since the Christian era—those of Novgorod the Great, and of Pskoff; the historical manifestations of the first being distinctly visible even in the fourth century, and both of them flourishing by free institutions and extensive trade when Germany and the north-west of Europe were in utter darkness—recognised the above-mentioned Grand Ducal supremacy from about the ninth century forward. The division of the country into smaller and smaller principalities increased continually, and murderous family feuds were frequent among them. This facilitated the conquest by the Tartars in the thirteenth century. To resist them, there was neither unity of command nor

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of obedience, and thus no unity of action. They accordingly subdued all, and established their supremacy. We shall not follow here all the vicissitudes of fortune which the Grand Dukedom underwent. This title passed from one lineage to another, changed seats, wandered from Kiïeff to many other spots, such as Wladimir and others, until in the last years of the thirteenth century it finally found a resting-place in Moscow. The Tartar rule did not change in the least the internal organisation of Russia. The Tartar chieftains or Khans did not interfere at all with its internal administration. The Tartars did not spread over the country or settle in any spot whatever in the interior, either in villages or cities. The two races never came into peaceful contact. They did not intermarry or intermingle, being separated *de facto* by immense distances and broad and barren plains. But, if they had been thrown together, even then the watchfulness of the Eastern or Græco-Russian Church, the intense, vivid religious feeling in the bosom of all classes of the people, the hatred of the conqueror, and of his Mohammedan creed—all these violent elements would have been sufficient to prevent any important union of the two races. The family to which descended the dignity of the Grand Dukes in Moscow, and the supremacy over the empire, proved itself from the beginning of its power to be inspirited and moved by a statesman-like conception. This was by working uninterruptedly, from father to son, to frame out the unity of the empire, to concentrate all its powers and resources in one hand, as an engine for the overthrow of the hateful Tartar dominion. It was through the Grand Dukes alone that the Tartar Khans communicated with the empire. The yearly tribute to be paid from the whole was collected by the Grand Dukes, and they alone were responsible for it. Every one ascending the Grand Ducal throne was obliged to seek his confirmation from the Khan, and visit him in his seat or residence at Horda. The Tartar chiefs abandoned to the Grand Dukes the uncontrolled management of all internal affairs. Of this the latter availed themselves during nearly two centuries, in order to absorb and destroy all the petty princes scattered over the empire. Force and cunning were largely used, the work was a fearful and bloody one; but it succeeded, and the unity of the empire, under one supreme despotic power, was the result. Some of those independent dynasties were wholly exterminated, the greater number, however, were forcibly reduced to give up their sovereignties. Such still preserved large private estates by way of indemnity, and retained the title of prince (Kniaz), taking up their permanent abode in Moscow under the eye of the sovereign. Such is the origin of the countless numbers of princes still to be found in Russia. In many respects the Tartar supremacy materially aided the Grand Dukes in their enterprise, and thus served to accumulate materials for its own destruction. At last, feeling their strength, the Grand Dukes of Moscow directed their whole energy and weight against the Tartar. This struggle for independence lasted about thirty years. Moscow and Russia bought their liberation by streams of blood. The final battle, called that of the Giants, and lasting for three days, on the plains of Kulikowo, crowned the effort with a complete victory. In *this* struggle, the religious feelings of the nation were exalted to the utmost intensity. The cross fought with the Grand Dukes against the crescent. It was a sacred warfare. The Grand Duke, the supreme power, the despotic unity, was the soul of the combat. He was sanctified by the church, and in this powerful moment dawned the identification of the supreme political head of the nation with its religious worship and sentiment. The Tartar was crushed. His destroyer—the Grand Duke, the despot, the personification of Autocracy, the Czar, as he began now to call himself—ruled with an iron rod.'

After considerable commotions and violent changes, the people elected the house of Romanoff to the supreme dignity. The popular mind had received the idea that there was an intimate, almost a divine blending of religion with Czarism; and this conviction is worked upon by the crown in all moments of danger, and is evinced by all imperial proclamations from the time of Peter the Great, down to the most recent production of Nicholas. Politics and religion are identical in Russia.

The Marquis De Custine visited Russia with a favourable opinion of the Emperor Nicholas, and he laboured long and hard to retain it. But, being honest, observant, and withal humane, the many facts that forced themselves on his notice compelled him to change his views. We shall fur-

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nish one or two extracts from the marquis's work which present the imperial character before the reader, as it gradually impressed itself on the mind of the writer. M. De Custine had been privileged to witness in the Imperial Chapel the Greek ceremonies of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Maria with the Duke of Leuchtenberg, on which occasion he thus sketches the Autocrat:—

'The predominant expression of his countenance is that of a restless severity, which strikes a beholder at the first glance, and, in spite of the regularity of his features, conveys by no means a pleasant impression. Physiognomists pretend, with much reason, that the hardness of the heart injures the beauty of the countenance. Nevertheless, this expression in the Emperor Nicholas appears to be the result of experience rather than the work of nature. By what long and cruel sufferings must not a man have been tortured, when his countenance excites fear, notwithstanding the voluntary confidence that noble features inspire!

'He to whom is accorded unlimited rule sees, even in the common occurrences of life, the spectre of revolt. Persuaded that his rights are sacred, he recognises no bounds to them but those of his own intelligence and will, and he is, therefore, subject to constant annoyance. An unlucky fly, buzzing in the imperial palace during a ceremony, mortifies the emperor; the independence of nature appears to him a bad example: everything which he cannot subject to his arbitrary laws becomes, in his eyes, as a soldier who, in the heat of battle, revolts against his officer. The Emperor of Russia is a military chief, and every day with him is a day of battle. Nevertheless, at times, some gleams of softness temper the imperious looks of this monarch; and then, the expression of affability reveals all the native beauty of his classic features. In the heart of the husband and the father, humanity triumphs for a moment over the policy of the prince. When the sovereign rests from his task of imposing the yoke upon his subjects, he appears happy. This combat between the primitive dignity of the man and the affected gravity of the sovereign, appears to me worthy the attention of an observer.

'The emperor is above the usual height by half a head; his figure is noble, although a little stiff; he has practised from his youth the Russian custom of girding the body above the loins, to such a degree as to push up the stomach into the chest, which produces an unnatural swelling or extension about the ribs, that is as injurious to health as it is ungracceful in appearance. This voluntary deformity destroys all freedom of movement, impairs the elegance of the shape, and imparts an air of constraint to the whole person. The emperor has a Grecian profile, the forehead high, but receding; the nose straight, and perfectly formed; the mouth very finely cut; the face, which in shape is rather a long oval, is noble; the whole air military, and rather German than Sclavonic. His carriage and his attitudes are naturally imposing. He expects always to be gazed at, and never for a moment forgets that he is so. It may even be said that he likes this homage of the eyes. In examining attentively the fine person of this individual, on whose will hangs the fate of so many others, I have remarked, with involuntary pity, that he cannot smile at the same time with the eyes and the mouth; a want of harmony which denotes perpetual constraint, and which makes one remember, with regret, that easy natural grace, so conspicuous in the less regular but more agreeable countenance of his brother, the Emperor Alexander. The latter, always pleasing, had yet, at times, an assumed manner. The Emperor Nicholas is more sincere; but he has a habitual expression of severity, which sometimes gives the idea of harshness and inflexibility. If, however, he is less fascinating, he is more firm than his late brother; but then, it must be added, that he has also a proportionately greater need of firmness. Graceful courtesy insures authority, by removing the desire of resistance. This judicious economy in the exercise of power is a secret of which the Emperor Nicholas is ignorant; he is one who desires to be obeyed, where others desire to be loved.'

On the occasion of his presentation, he gives a more accurate portrait:—'He has three expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual appears to be that of severity. Another, though rarer expression, suits perhaps better his fine face—it is that of solemnity; a third is that of politeness, in which are mixed some shades of gentleness and grace, that serve to temper the chill produced by the two former. But, notwithstanding this grace, there is

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still something which injures the moral influence of the man; it is, that each expression is assumed and cast off at will, without the least trace of one remaining to modify the one next adopted. For such change we are not prepared, and it therefore appears like a mask, that can be put on or off at pleasure. Let not my meaning of the word mask be misunderstood —I employ it according to its strict etymology. In Greek, *hypocrite* means an actor: the hypocrite was a man who masked himself to perform a play. I would only say, then, that the emperor is always engaged in acting his part. Hypocrite, or actor, are ill-sounding words, especially in the mouth of one who professes to be impartial and respectful. But it appears to me that, to intelligent readers—and it is only such that I address —words are nothing in themselves; their importance depends upon the sense that is given to them. I do not say that the physiognomy of this prince lacks candour, but it lacks natural expression. Thus, the chief evil under which Russia suffers, the absence of liberty, is depicted even on the countenance of its sovereign: he has many masks, but no face. Seek for the man, and you still always find the Emperor. I believe this remark may be turned to his praise; he acts his part conscientiously. He would accuse himself of weakness, were he to be for a single moment plain and simple, or were he to allow it to be seen that he lived, thought, and felt as do common mortals. Without seeming to partake of any of our affections, he is always governor, judge, general, admiral, prince—never anything more, never anything less. He will surely grow weary of all this effort as he advances in life; yet it will place him high in the opinion of his people, and perhaps of the world, for the multitude admire the efforts which astonish them—they pride themselves in seeing the pains that are taken to dazzle them.'

The true character of the emperor, and the consequences of his despotism, are becoming more obvious even to his friend:—'A sort of mysterious influence attaches to his presence: at Peterhoff, on the parade, in war, and in every moment of his life, may be seen in him the power that reigns. This perpetual reigning, and its perpetual worship, would be a real comedy, if upon such permanent dramatic representation there did not depend the existence of sixty millions of men, who live only because the man whom you see before you, playing the part of the emperor, gives them permission to breathe, and dictates to them the mode of using that permission. It is the divine right, applied to the mechanism of social life. Such is the serious side of the representation, wherein are involved incidents of so grave a nature, that fear soon extinguishes the inclination to laughter. There does not exist on the earth at the present time, not in Turkey, not even in China, a single man who enjoys and exercises such power as the emperor. Let the reader figure to himself all the skilfulness and experience of our modern governments, perfected as they are by centuries of practice, put into exercise in a still young and *uncivilised* society; the rubrics of the administrations of the West, aiding the despotism of the East; European discipline *supporting* the tyranny of Asia; the police employed in concealing barbarism, in order, not to destroy, but to perpetuate it; disciplined brute force and the tactics of European armies, serving to strengthen an Eastern policy;—let him conceive the idea of a half-savage people, who have been enrolled and drilled, without having been civilised, and he will be able to understand the social and moral state of the Russian nation. To profit by the progressive discoveries in the art of governing made by the European nations, in order to rule sixty millions of Orientals, has been from the time of Peter the First the problem to be studied by those who govern Russia.'

Loath to abandon the high opinion he had formed, he gives freer expression to his growing distrust:—'When I approach the emperor, and see his dignity and beauty, I admire the marvel. A *man* like him is rarely seen anywhere, but on the throne he is a phœnix. I rejoice in living at a time when such a prodigy exists, for I take as much pleasure in showing respect, as others do in offering insult. Nevertheless, I examine, with scrupulous care, the objects of my respect, from whence it results that, when I closely consider this personage, distinguished from all others upon earth, I fancy that his head has two faces, like that of Janus, and that the words violence, exile, oppression, or their full equivalent, SIBERIA, are engraved on the face which is not presented towards me. This idea haunts me unceasingly, even when

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I speak to him. It is in vain that I strive only to think of what I say to him; my imagination, in spite of myself, travels from Warsaw to Tobolsk, and that single word, Warsaw, revives all my distrust. Does the world know that, at the present hour (1839), the roads of Asia are once again covered with exiles torn from their hearths, and proceeding on foot to their tomb, as the herds leave their pastures for the slaughter-house? This revival of wrath is attributable to a pretended Polish conspiracy, a conspiracy of *youthful madmen*, who would have been heroes had they succeeded; and who, their attempt being desperate, only appear to me the more generously devoted. My heart bleeds for the exiles, their families, and their country. What will be the result, when the oppressors of this corner of the earth, where chivalry once flourished, shall have peopled Tartary with all that was most noble and courageous amongst the sons of ancient Europe? When they have thus crowned their icy policy, let them enjoy their success. Siberia will have become the kingdom, and Poland the desert.'

After stating the case of the Prince Troubetzkoï, who was condemned as a convict to hard labour for the part that he took in the revolt, when the present emperor assumed the imperial authority, in a most graphic and heartrending manner, and the cold-blooded cruelty of the emperor towards the wife of the prince, who was of a family among the most distinguished in the land, he exclaims:—'The relations of the exiles, the Troubetzkoï, a powerful family, live at Petersburg, and they attend the court! Such is the spirit, the dignity, the independence of the Russian aristocracy! In this empire of violence, fear justifies everything—nay, more, it is the only merit that is sure to receive reward.

'I have no more hesitation, no more uncertainty of opinion as regards the character of the Emperor Nicholas; my judgment of that prince is at length formed. He is a man of talent and of resolution; it needs that he should be, to constitute himself the jailor of the third of the globe; but he wants magnanimity; the use that he makes of his power only too clearly proves this to me. May God pardon him! happily, I shall never see him again.

'I shall finish my journey, but without going to Borodino; without being present at the arrival of the court at the Kremlin; without speaking more of the emperor. What can I say of that prince that the reader does not now know as well as I? To form an idea of men and things in this land, it is necessary to remember that plenty of occurrences, similar to the one I have related, take place here, though they remain unknown. It required an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances to reveal to me the facts which my conscience obliges me here to record.'

Such is the picture of Nicholas, drawn by the hand of one who laboured hard to find in him commendable qualities, but who found facts too numerous and too stubborn for his pre-conceived opinions. Turn we now again to Count De Garowski, with whose searching analysis we conclude this paper:—

'Much has been said about the external personal appearance of Nicholas. He is as vainglorious of it as any dandy. The glance of his large, blue-greenish, crystal-like, limpid eyes, pierces through and through, as with the points of two freezing icicles. A cold pang seizes one's whole being on receiving their full glare. Nicholas was not destined from his childhood to ascend the imperial throne; but his education was not neglected. . . . In the execution of these sentences (against those who led the revolt at his ascension) at the time, as well as during the long exile, twenty years for some of the condemned, Nicholas has shown glimpses of a character and feelings, which have more than once come to light during his reign, revealing a cold-blooded heart, and the disposition of a tyrant, as far as it is possible to be one in our times, even in Russia. The most prominent and deepest feature in his character, darkening his actions, is an inexorable, unextinguishable rancour. He distils forgiveness slowly drop after drop; never, however, wholly filling the cup of pardon, forgetful thus of one of the most popular Russian adages:—"Be unyielding in punishing, be grand in pardon." . . . His mother inspired him with a rigidity of principles, and with a religious respect for his own word. Thus he has a certain scrupulous honesty. He treats with contempt or dislike all diplomatic tricks, or diplomatic tortuosity. He is a good husband, an excellent father; but these qualities do not always indicate a true generosity of soul. Few, if any, have seen a

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warm tear moisten his eye at a great general, and not his own personal, misfortune. From the beginning of his reign one can say that he has been generous in his own way, and even lavish, principally for ostentation when in foreign lands, as well as to those who surround him, and whom he believes to be wholly devoted to his person. . . . . In that part of his reign, when his moral influence was in the ascendant, the czar tried, as we have already seen, to kindle and to spread among the people some sparks or glimpses of light and vitality. But ten or twelve years ago a change took place. His mind faltered, and the downward movement began. The regions of despotic power, limited neither by law nor reason, are like the ethereal space where swim the celestial bodies, in themselves dark, frigid, and lifeless. In that cheerless sphere the czar lost the perception of light. He became afraid of his own work, and learned to dread civilisation. He evoked and made a compact with the spirit of darkness, and arrayed him against his own nation. The better germs in his mind withered and shrunk, while the weeds of his character grew exuberantly, poisoning and strangling all the generous pulsations of his heart. The time when he allowed some of his councillors to give him even the most humble advice, came to an end. Now he began to ask for blind compliance, and the most debasing adulation. Once, for example, he had authorised the old Prince Gallitzin, the Governor-General of Moscow, to address him frankly, and to inform him if any of his acts were unpalatable to the national spirit. The prince, enjoying the highest esteem of the public, as well as an elevated social and official position, sometimes, though very seldom, made use of this confidential permission. For a period his observations were graciously received. But on one occasion, when he forewarned the sovereign about a measure which was not at all welcome to the nation, the despot told him:—"Prince, you are becoming revolutionary; once I wanted advisers, now I can rule by myself without them." And so he began to rule. . . . . He was the first to raise the *spy system* to the supreme honours of the court, and to introduce it into the imperial councils. Alexander looked on it, and treated it, as a shameful necessity. Never until now was it spit forth so directly into the face of the nation, or in so offensive a manner. In fact, since the time of Basil the Bloody, no such institution had been directed by the sovereign himself. This was left for Nicholas. He believes that the secret police and the spy system are the principal securities, the main props of his reign. Thus he has rendered the Police an elevated branch of his administration. Its commander, its chief, is the most intimate favourite and the inseparable companion of the czar. . . . .

'Once the czar believed that there was a nation for whose welfare God had sent him to work and to care. Now he seeks to establish and to raise to a creed the idea that czarism is the generator of the nation—that czarism was made first, and the nation afterward. But the traditions of the ancient national life are not yet extinguished. Thousands and thousands, full of hatred against the wily debaser, against the group of rampant abettors who surround him, and against his thousands of spies, silently but surely kindle the glowing sparks of these sacred recollections.

'In relation to Europe, to the outward and ultra-Russian world, Nicholas firmly and absolutely believes that he is predestined to maintain the ancient tottering order, to shelter and restore legitimacy, to combat and conquer the forces of hell, represented by progress, light, and the emancipatory revolution. This faith in his vocation explains the generosity of his conduct toward Austria after the affair of Hungary. He even—for the first time in his life—forgave, on that event, the house of Hapsburg for the most cruel, the most deadly offence which could have been inflicted on the heart and feelings of a father, and on the honour of a man.

'Once he recognised the idea of the supremacy of the law. This was something. It was a recognition of the *persona juris* in his subjects. But now the law is himself, his will, his wish. Thus he is the only *persona* in the empire—others are in reality merely things—and *persons* so far as his will allows them to be such, so long as they submit to move within the iron limits of his whims and of his narrowing notions. Intellectual life—even physical life—can be allowed to exist only so far as they assimilate themselves to, and support the control exercised by, czarism. But Nicholas has stretched the reins to such a rigidity, that everybody is hurt and wounded, from the

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magnate down to the serf. Every class feels the debasement—feels that by him all vitality, all individuality except his own, are absorbed or annihilated. Nearly seventy millions of human beings are, after all, mere chattels, living only for him, and through his imperial concession. It is so now—but last it cannot. This tension will break the reins, if not in his own hands, in those of his successor. Those who pronounce his name with a curse are numerous, and belong to all social classes; and more numerous are they who are choked by the words "Czar" and "Nicholas," and never stain their lips with them.'

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR.'

SIR,—I have had great pleasure in reading, in the part for August of your valuable INSTRUCTOR, a descriptive account of HER MAJESTY'S PRINTING OFFICE. Being employed at that establishment, I have considerable satisfaction in bearing testimony to the correctness of the particulars related; and hope the publication of the enlightened and benevolent efforts of the Messrs Spottiswoode, for the good of their work-people, may provoke other large employers to do likewise. The article, however, omits notice of several matters worthy of record, relating to that department of the business which is more especially Her Majesty's Printing Office—an omission easily accounted for, by the fact that most of the information was derived from Mr G. Spottiswoode, who conducts the other department, and who, besides, was restrained by delicacy from revealing much of which himself and his honoured brother might be justly proud, and for which their people are with reason grateful.

Such being the case, I am sure, sir, you will allow an attached servant of the firm to transmit to you a brief statement of some of the yet unprinted particulars.

The school-room, alluded to in your August article as 'my brother's school-room,' is interesting as being the scene of the earliest efforts of Mr W. Spottiswoode for the elevation of his operatives. It was there he began, by endeavouring to impart instruction to his machine boys—the most uncultivated class in the establishment—the terror of the neighbourhood—the torment of the policeman—the recruits of the prize-ring. For months he toiled unobserved, unseen, with but little encouragement save from his own high determination to succeed. By degrees an improvement became visible; indications of civilisation began to appear; and the good work proceeded with accelerated speed, when the lady you have mentioned, like a beneficent spirit from a higher sphere, joined her labours to those of her brother, and overcame by her gentle teachings the rugged natures of those she taught. This *was* benevolence. It was beginning with those most in need. It was acting in the spirit of Him who of old commanded his followers to commence their saving ministry among those who were the most guilty of men.

The annual 'examination' of these, and of the other boys now under instruction, is quite an event in the office. The last examination was conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Inspector-General of Military Schools, and the prizes were distributed by the Bishop of London, after which a plentiful repast of tea and cake was disposed of by the boys, and the teachers were honoured with invitations to tea in the library of the mansion of Mr G. Spottiswoode. On all these occasions the proceedings are graced by the presence of Mr Eyre, the other respected member of the firm, and of Mr and Mrs Andrew Spottiswoode, and the Misses Spottiswoode, whose unaffected kindness and condescension are beyond all praise.

Besides the musical entertainments you mention, many evenings during the winter months are enlivened by lectures on various interesting subjects, mostly by Mr Spottiswoode and his friends, but occasionally by some of the employed. I

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enclose one of the latter, that you may judge of their quality; and wish I could send you a copy of Mr Spottiswoode's last, which comprised a capital account of his travels in France, Spain, and Northern Africa, and was illustrated by a whole museum of rare and curious articles he had brought home, and by views of the places he had passed through. These articles, by the way, were afterwards arranged for the further inspection of persons in the office, *and their friends.* Before quitting the subject of the lectures, it may be worth mentioning, that the one of which I send you a copy got into print on this wise. Being much approved, several persons were desirous of reading as well as hearing it, and begged the loan of the manuscript. Somebody suggested it should be printed; compositors volunteered the composition gratis, pressmen the press-work, Mr Spottiswoode gave the paper and use of the materials, and in due time every person in the office was presented with a copy. If this is not 'co-operation' of master and man, I should like to know what is.

In addition to the library you have spoken of, we have one in this department of nearly 1000 volumes, the fortnightly issue from which is between 200 and 300 books.

But the Messrs Spottiswoode do not confine their solicitude to the comfort and improvement of their employés during the hours of business; it follows them to their homes, provides them with recreation while in health, soothes them in sickness, sympathises with them in trouble, and extricates them from difficulty. They join their men with freedom, but with no loss of dignity, in their games of cricket, their boating, and their rural excursions; and Mr W. Spottiswoode, in particular, by personal visits to their houses, has made himself acquainted with the circumstances, wants, and wishes of nearly the whole of his numerous staff. Ever ready to forward their views, and accessible to the humblest, he proves himself the steady and efficient friend of all who have the privilege of being in his service; and it may be safely affirmed, that no case of deserving distress comes within range of the extensive benevolence, either of himself or of the other members of the estimable family to which he belongs, without receiving prompt and adequate relief.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

TYPO.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Thistle and the Cedar. By H. R. ALLAH EFFENDI. London: Madden.

THE 'Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon' is not one more volume added to the many quaintly entitled Journals of Eastern Travel, with which European wanderers have filled our libraries. The author, Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi, a native of the Lebanon, has reversed the usual order of things, and has given to the public a Syrian's impressions of England, and of several parts of the Continent, as well as an interesting account of the manners and social position of his own countrymen. Starting with his early life, spent in the neighbourhood of Beirout, we follow him as the *dashe* of a European diplomatist, through some parts of Syria and Asia Minor. The author then proceeds to Malta, Paris, and London, where he studies medicine, and takes an English degree. His travels extend to Edinburgh, where the boys shout after him, 'The Turk! the Turk!' Glowing descriptions and brilliant imaginings will naturally be expected in the work of an Eastern, but the style of Habeeb Risk is, on the contrary, the plainest and least pretending imaginable; and there is no colouring or poetic exaggeration in his descriptions. A 'cowslip' is to him 'a yellow cowslip, a flower, and nothing more;' and the title of the work is the only metaphor it contains. The 'Thistle' represents the orthodox Greek Church, and the 'Cedar' the slender body of Protestants scattered over Syria, whilst the Church of Rome figures as the 'wild beast of the Lebanon.' The work is, however, far from condemnatory of the 'Thistle.' The author says much more in its favour than we are accustomed to hear, or than we think it deserves. Great preference is given to it over the Roman Catholic

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Church, chiefly on the grounds of its antiquity, and of the greater purity of its creed and doctrines. The ignorance of its clergy is, at the same time, confessed, and, among other admissions, we read that the orthodox clergy, 'following the example of the Romish Church in manufacturing miracles, pretend to draw fire down from heaven; the agency employed on the occasion being either a lucifer match or a phosphorus bottle.' Dr Habeeb's views of religion are, however, it must be confessed, not altogether clear or intelligible. The author has had an extraordinary knack of meeting with remarkable personages, and has conversed with almost every celebrity from Lady Hester Stanhope to Cardinal Wiseman. Among these is Sir Charles Napier, who informed him, 'that he now much regretted the part he had taken in Eastern politics.' There is much confusion and jumbling in the book, both in regard to narrative and sentiment, whilst the reader's powers of belief are pretty strongly taxed by certain tales and anecdotes scattered through its pages. At the same time, some insight is given into Syrian manners, and scenes are described by a native, to which few European travellers could obtain access, and if we are not presented with any very profoun l observations on England, we are favoured with some amusing sketches of English manners. Finally, Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi is an ardent admirer of everything British, particularly of its matchless brown-haired beauties, some one of whom he earnestly desires to carry off with him as his wife. If the portrait with which he has favoured them as a frontispiece does not flatter, we do not think he has any cause to despair of that success, which we very heartily wish him.

Bokinga: a Novel. By MORTON RAE. London: Hookham & Sons.

We have read 'Bokinga' from beginning to end, not because the story, in itself, merits so much of the time of a journalist, but because it seemed a duty in connection with such a work. Of the author we know nothing, and even though we did, that should not hinder us from dealing faithfully by him, and by the public. Well, there is no lack of power in the work; but there is defect, or perhaps inexperience, in the development of the plot. Artistically considered, the book is a failure. But this is far from being the worst thing about it. Its delineations of character are frequently unnatural, its conclusions relative to certain classes are uncharitable and erroneous, its spirit and tone are unhealthy and hurtful. What right has Mr Morton Rae to assert that *his* conception of a governess, is a fair specimen of that meritorious class of persons? By what authority does *he* give out the poor drivel of a clergyman that struts over his pages, as a genuine sample of those who profess and practise the doctrines of 'Luther?'

Report of the Dick Bequest. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

This Report, of twenty-one years' experience of the Dick Bequest, for elevating the character and position of the parochial schools and schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, does great credit to the clerk to the trustees—Professor Menzies, of Edinburgh University. The pains and labour bestowed upon it (a volume of nearly 500 pages) must have been immense. After examining the Report carefully, we cannot state our impressions of the ability and judgment with which the trustees have hitherto discharged their delicate, as well as difficult duties, too strongly. It will not, of course, be understood that we express, in this notice, any opinion of the principle; we simply have to deal with an existing benevolent arrangement for the benefit of certain parties in the counties above named. The Report proves very satisfactorily that the Bequest has done, and under the same judicious management it inspires the hope that it will still do, much good.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler. Vol. I. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

The materials for a Life of Butler are very scanty. In the present sketch, prefixed to the poetical works of that poet, Mr Gilfillan has made the most of those at his disposal, although it is not difficult to perceive, that between the writer and his subject there is little sympathy. 'Hudibras' occupies the present volume, and throughout, the editor's pen has been at work giving explanatory notes, which such a poem very much requires, to make it intelligible to the readers of the present day. This is a beautiful edition of 'Hudibras,' worthy of its predecessors in the same cheap and substantial series.

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New Household Receipt-Book. By SARAH HALE. Edinburgh and London: T. Nelson & Sons.

The best description we can give of this work, is by quoting a sentence from the title-page; it contains maxims, directions, and specifics, for promoting health, comfort, and improvement in the household. Now, we are quite sure, that those who purchase Mrs Sarah Hale's Receipt-book, and act, in ordinary circumstances, but especially in emergencies, in accordance with her directions, will speedily find that she is a safe guide to comfort and improvement. It is a hackneyed phrase, but it is applicable to this book more than to many — no family should be without it.

A Poet's Children. By PATRICK SCOTT. London: Longman & Co.

Mr Scott tells us that some of the pieces in this little volume have appeared before, and the others are in print for the first time. He calls them his children, and touchingly transfers the parental feeling to the bantlings of his brain:—

'It is a joy, for all who can
Rejoice in such a heaven below,
To see young faces round them glow
Like mirrors of the early man.'

Mr Scott has cause to be proud of his progeny; they are none of your poor, sickly, sentimental things, but are all healthy, spirity, and robust.

Random Readings. Nos. I. II. London: Groombridge & Sons.

This is a new competitor for public favour and support; and, so far as these two numbers enable us to judge, it comes up to the idea which it seeks to realise; and furnishes a large quantity of clever and informing matter for sixpence monthly.

Spelling Taught by Transcribing and Dictation, in a Series of Exercises especially adapted for Home Work. By RICHARD BITHELL, C.T. London: Groombridge & Sons.

The author describes this treatise thus: —'This little work is compiled with the express object of inducing a habit of looking closely into the orthography of words. . . . . It appears to him, that the habit thus formed will be of far greater importance, and will tell more favourably on the pupil's school progress, than any amount of mere orthographical knowledge.' The treatise appears to us well calculated to gain the object in view—an object of great importance to all who are destined to handle the pen; and who is not, in one form or another?

History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By ALEXANDER VINET. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

This volume, by the lamented Vinet, will be welcomed by many in this country. And, although the work labours under certain disadvantages, ingenuously stated by the English translator in his preface, yet we apprehend few will be disappointed with it. Take the sketches of the principal characters in the volume, such as the Duke de Saint-Simon, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and you will presently perceive that the author handles his subjects with great power and felicity. There is graphic delineation of character, and searching critical analysis; and withal, as there should be in such sketches, a quick appreciation of all that is good, and a charitable judgment on matters where opinions may have room to differ. There is no compromise with what is bad, injurious to morals, or religion, in its catholic acceptation. Or, take the Introduction, and there you will be charmed with the broad, far-seeing, philosophical views of the author on the character of French literature, and its effects on the political, social, and religious condition of the people, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. This itself is a most valuable production, and gives the reader large insight into the internal condition of France during the period referred to. The excellence of the work in its present state, and the high value which we set upon it, lead us the more strongly to express our regret that the author should not have been permitted to put the finishing touches to it; but, when such interruptions are owing to the workings of God's inscrutable providence, it becomes us to be silent, and be grateful for what we have. Vinet was seized with a severe illness during the delivery of these lectures, and was quickly and unexpectedly called to his final account.

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THE EARLY MYTHOLOGY AND POETRY OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

'The Druid in his sylvan fane,
Had glimpses of truth's radiant plain:
In mist and sunbeam, calm and storm,
The bard saw beauty's magic form:
The vates found through earth and sky,
One universal harmony.'

THAT Great Britain and Ireland, notwithstanding the difference which exists between their present inhabitants, were originally possessed by one and the same people, is generally admitted, and is indeed very evident. Even in England, and those parts of Scotland where a Saxon or Scandinavian population have settled, the names of rivers and headlands, as well as of several remarkable localities, bear silent but satisfactory witness to the prior occupation of the country by the Celts. This fact is still more apparent, when we examine the evidence furnished by the light of the mythology and poetry of this people, which we propose to consider somewhat in detail. In accomplishing this task, we have, however, a higher object in view than the mere confirmation of ethnological affinities; we wish to indicate the close relation which exists between the past and the present; to show that the same ideas pervaded the myth of the Druid (in common with those of the Magus and the Brahmin of the East), and the loftiest speculations of philosophers in modern times—that the same appreciation of the beautiful inspired the bard of the past, as he tuned his harp by the margin of his woodland stream, and the most accomplished poet of the present day, 'soaring into the highest heaven of his invention.'

Druidism, according to Cæsar, had its chief seat on the Continent, among that people of Gaul called the Carnutes. But he also observes, that those who desired to perfect themselves in this system went to Britain; manifestly implying that it flourished there still more vigorously. We find, from other authorities, that the part of Britain where it was most prevalent was Mona (now Anglesea), the part, be it observed, nearest to Ben Edair, or Howeth, where there was a famous Druidical establishment, to which, if our memory does not greatly fail, there is a remarkable allusion in the Irish romance of 'Conal Gulban.' Another establishment of this order existed at Tara.* And, to complete the chain, there appears to have been one at Iona, from whence the system seems to have branched out into other parts of Alba, or Caledonia; for we find that here first dwelt Merddyn and the other sages of Cambrian tradition—the Gaelic terms abounding in the reputed remains of the first, pointing again to the west. So that we can thus trace, not only a chain, but almost a regular circle of communication between the principal Druidic settlements of Europe. But this is not all: the chain extends still further, even to the distant lands of the rising sun; for Diogenes Laertius asserts that the Druids belonged to one common fraternity with the Magi of Persia and Media, the Brahmins of India, the Chaldeans of Assyria, and the Hierogrammati, or sacred scribes of Egypt. Now, this external evidence is completed by a corresponding chain of internal evidence, presented by the mythology common to all the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, who have to a considerable extent preserved the two great dialects (Cymric and Gaelic) of their original language, and the vehicle of their ancient literature, with which their mythology was inseparably interwoven. The Druidic order was divided, as is generally known, into three degrees, viz.:—the Druids strictly so called, who cultivated, as we shall see, a species of mythological philosophy, or rather theosophy, which professed to comprehend the entire sphere of wisdom and knowledge; the bards and the vates, who made particular applications of this supposed universal knowledge, the former to music and poetry, and the latter to natural science. The two first of these—*i. e.*, the Druids and bards—come more directly under our consideration at present.

On the decline of the first degree of

* We find mention of 'the Druid of Tara' in ancient Irish poems, and there are frequent allusions to Druidic rites in many of the descriptions which remain of this remarkable locality.

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Druidism subsequent to the introduction of Christianity into these islands, much of its spirit survived among the bards, who, still continuing, to flourish, retained in their poetry many fragments of the elder creed, which they transferred from its original religious use to the celebration of the praise of their chiefs and heroes, both in life and in death. These mythological fragments also found their way into those singular tales so similar to those of the East (called Mobinogion in Wales, and Fin-sgeul in Scotland and Ireland), which were wont to be repeated, in order to set the chiefs to sleep, sometimes by the bards, but more frequently by a distinct class of men resembling the oriental story-tellers. We are not now attaching any historical value to these compositions; we readily admit that they have been considerably modernised in language, and interpolated in matter. Nevertheless we are persuaded, after a pretty extensive examination, that they have their origin in a remote and venerable antiquity, and among the various sources from which they have been 'like orient pearls at random strung,' we can clearly recognise portions of the Druidic religion and philosophy, sometimes embodied in a mythological form. And the genuineness of these will at once appear, when compared with certain relics of primeval wisdom brought to light by the able researches of modern oriental scholars. We shall now bring the matter to the test, by adopting the simple process of collating two of these bardic fragments, with a brief but most comprehensive and truly beautiful summary of eastern philosophy lately presented to the public. We quote from an excellent translation of an ancient Indian poem, entitled, the 'Dream of Rāvan,' which appeared in the 'Dublin University Magazine' for 1853. According to the sacred books of the Hindoos, the primordial unity resolves itself, when reflected in the universe, into three goons or radical qualities, of which every soul in this changing state partakes in a greater or less degree, viz.:—Tamas, Rajas, and Satva — *i. e.*, *darkness*, *passion or impulse*, and *essence* or *truth*, which is one with *goodness*. The first of these is the ground of our being, *mere existence*, opacity, darkness, stolid matter; its fruit is ignorance and inaction, when not counteracted by the other qualities. The second is the source of action and sentiment, rousing the soul from the torpor of the first. The third is the fruit of wisdom, leading the soul upward into the calm region of ideal and spiritual life; and still higher, it has its full perfection in a state beyond all limitation, isolation, and individuality, called the pure Satva, where pure being, pure truth, and pure goodness lose all difference and isolation, and *coalesce in one pure universal light*. There is, properly speaking, neither matter, nor soul, nor spirit, but something which is at once all, and yet none of these; the absolute and self-existing Bramh manifest in the *triad* Sach, Chid, and Ananda-ghana—*i. e.*, solidarity of being, thought and joy, identical with goodness, truth, or wisdom and love. This high state is further expressed by the poet-sage:—

'Condition of the free, the double blest
Of *highest activity in unbroken rest:*
Of threefold being, thought, and constant bliss,
Crowding in one universal happiness.
In the eternal now of that high sphere,
Which ever was, and is, and will be there,
In that all-comprehending infinite here,
Within that recapitulated all,
Where personal mergeth in impersonal—
Where *it* and *I* indifferent we call;
All scenes and all events, all times and places;
All persons, gestures, speeches, voices, faces,
To be encounter'd in our infinite days,
Is *present* to the spirit's sense and gaze.'

Such is a compendious record of the oracles of primeval wisdom, as delivered among the palms of the Orient. We now proceed to note down her corresponding oracles, as uttered in the oaken groves of the West; and the remarkable identity of ideas will be at once recognised, on comparing those passages in each which are in italics; while the very differences which they at the same time exhibit serve, like discords in music, to render the resemblance more striking. In the triads of the Cambrian bards, there is a passage in many respects parallel to the epitome of Eastern sapience, just presented to the reader; it is as follows:—'There are three circles of existence—the circle of infinity, or *the all-comprehending circle*, which none but God can traverse; the circle of inchoation, where all things have beginning and progression; and the circle of happiness, where all things spring from life. This shall be traversed by man in heaven.' Here we may remark, that the circle of happiness is identical with the Satva goon of the Hindoo theosophy;

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and the circle of inchoation partakes at once of the *Tamas* and *Rajas* qualities; for it is further described as comprising both '*the lowest point of existence*, and *darkness* on the great *deep*' (Tamas), and 'beginning of animation, materials of all things, and thence increase and formation out of the dead mass' (Rajas arising out of Tamas); while the presence of the *Satva* quality is expressed by 'the co-participation of all animate beings in the divine love;' and its higher state in 'the circle of happiness' (corresponding to the pure Satva or region of perfect existence of the Hindoos) is exhibited in words that strikingly convey the identity of ideas between these two extremes, as we may say, of the earth. 'The three excellences of change in the circle of happiness; acquisition of knowledge; beautiful *variety* and *repose* from not being able to endure uniform infinity.' Compare the two last with the 'highest *activity* in unbroken *rest*' of the Hindoo poem. Three plenitudes of happiness; *participation of every nature*, with plenitude of *One* predominating; conformity to every cast of genius and character possessing superexcellence in *One*; love and knowledge of *all beings and existences centred in One object*, which is God. The predominant *One* of each is that in which its plenitudes consist. The great law of 'one in many, and many in one,' the universal principle. This circle has also its corresponding *triad*, in which, as it were, all its rays converge; 'one good (identical with being), one wisdom (identical with thought), and one *point of liberty* (identical with joy), wherein *all things coalesce*, and *all differences equiponderate and unite*.'

This remarkable harmony of ideas, too close to be the result of accident, and which the total ignorance of Hindoo philosophy, till very recently prevalent in Europe, equally forbids us to attribute to design, receives its crowning confirmation from another quarter; for we find the same ideas presented in a mythic form in the mystic tale of 'Larah,' which we read many years ago in an Irish MS. We shall give it at length in a strictly literal translation, both on account of its many beauties, considered merely as a literary composition, and as exhibiting the manner in which Druidic ideas were preserved *en masque*, so to speak, in the tale that winged the passing hour.

'Larah (*i. e.*, the mysterious or initiate) lifted his sails to the wind, and passed along the ocean-plain. The sky grew dark; a great tempest arose; the sea came around him in great, dark, loud-roaring, foam-crested waves; the ship went down into the blue valleys of ocean; the monsters of the deep came around him. A sea-green dragon appeared, and led him to the son of the ocean. Then came Mananan, the son of the sea, the genius of the headlands, and quieted his mind; he led him to a rock, called the *Sorrowful Rock*, where there was a clear crystal *fountain*, and above the fountain a *large tree*. The storm became silent, the sky cleared up, the sun shone forth in brightness, and they beheld a far-extending *plain*—airy, sunny, verdant, and decked with gentle flowers—a place where there was *True Being*, and the *joy of the universe*. There was here *a house of glass*,* the dwelling of Ængus, where was *all knowledge, all wisdom, all science, and all art, and each in all;* and the fair *form* and *aspect* of *the universe*, and *all things, persons, and places in the universe—all and each* appeared *in one presence*.'

In this undoubted and interesting fragment of Druidic lore, we may clearly recognise, not only the ideas of the Hindoo theosophy, but also of the Eleusinian and Oriental mysteries. Thus, the storm and darkness, succeeded by the calm and sunshine, correspond to the terrific and joyful stages of initiation, in which darkness and light constituted the chief sensible elements. The Rock of Grief (*Carruig dubrònach*), or the Sorrowful Rock, is precisely the same as the Αγελαστος πετρα of the Eleusinian mysterics, being supposed to represent 'the rock where Ceres rested in her *grief*, near a *spreading cypress-tree*, by the *fountain* of Callichoros.'

And the *fountain* and the *large tree* of the Celtic tale complete the correspondence. The plain where there was true being, existence, and the pleasure of the universe, answers to the *plain of Truth*, the *region of real existence*, in the celebrated myth of Plato's Phædrus, evidently taken from the Oriental mysteries.† And

* The house-dwelling, or fort of glass (*Brugh Gloine*), has a counterpart in the mysteries of the British Druids. (See Davies' 'Mythology of the Druids.')

† See an account of the Oriental mysteries, and the myth of the winged chariot, as explanatory of some of the symbols recently discovered at Nineveh, in a work entitled 'A Manual of Universal History, on the basis of Ethnography' (Appendix). Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

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the concluding part is so obviously identical with the concluding description of the highest state of the soul in the passage cited from the Hindoo poem, as to require no further remark. And yet the peculiar form under which the Druids expressed the same truths that have been delivered by the sages of the East, shows that they are not mere borrowers, but that both derive from one common source; that a 'breath of better times' has been wafted from the abode of primeval civilisation, both to the plains of Hindostan and the isles of Britain; that the two luminous rills which have respectively visited the Brahmin in his 'rock-sanctuary,' and the Druid in his 'raised circle,' had their origin in the one perennial spring of wisdom, which, in Time's 'hours of happy childhood,' refreshed a higher condition of humanity.

This general, but it is hoped deeply considered, authentic, and comprehensive sketch of the mythology of the early inhabitants of the British Isles will suffice for the present, and we will now proceed on our course,

'To fresh woods and pastures new'—

the poetical remains of this people. And yet not altogether new; for we shall find the mythology still influencing the poetry—the 'Druid shades still flit around' the green 'mote-hill,' where the bard meditates his song, and mingle their mystic voices with the breeze that wanders through his harp-strings. The mythology of the insular Celts receives its illustration chiefly from Cambrian and Irish sources; their poetry from Scottish and Irish. This, however, does not preclude a community of both mythology and poetry; for, on the one hand, it should be remembered that the great Druidic bards of Wales appear to regard Alba or Caledonia as their original country (indeed the Picts of the Lowlands were one with the Cymri, as the Gael of the Highlands were one with the Irish), and that the great Druidic tribe of Ireland—the Tutha-de-danann, or 'seers of the divine principle,' as the etymon of their name implies—resided for a time in Alba, or Albain (the latter is an oblique case of the former), while their mythology had evidently a common origin with that of the Cymri; so, on the other hand, a striking general resemblance is at once perceptible in the indigenous poetry of the three nations—the same images and sentiments—the same deep sensibility to the charms of nature. The Celtic bards (to borrow the language of Dr Channing, in reference to the greatest of modern poets) were 'exquisitely alive to forms, sounds, and motions—to external beauty and grandeur.' And this sensibility impressed the compositions of all the entire bardic degree in Britain and Ireland with one general character or note of identity, which may be best expressed by the term *Picturesqueness*. While, however, the bards of 'Pryduin, Alba, and Eire' (Erin or Eireann is an oblique case), exhibit this general resemblance, those of the two latter countries approach still more closely to each other in their poetry, as to warrant the judicious remark of the Highland Society of Scotland, that 'the Highlanders of Scotland and the Irish must have been at some period one and the same people; their manners and customs are alike, and their poetical language is nearly, or rather altogether the same.' (See Report of the Highland Society of Scotland on the 'Poems of Ossian.') We shall proceed to illustrate this observation, by collating some beautiful fragments of Gaelic poetry, collected under the auspices of the Highland Society, with others of a precisely similar character, taken chiefly from a collection made in a remote district in the south of Ireland. These poems, in their ideas and their charming simplicity, display internal marks of a remote origin.

In comparing these fragments, we necessarily confine ourselves to a literal translation, which we have taken every pains to verify; but, although using the best language we could command consistent with fidelity, we feel, and so must every Gaelic scholar, the disadvantage under which the verses must appear, divested of the harmony of numbers and *curiosa felicitas* of the original language. Yet even thus they will be perceived to exhibit much beauty; the flowers of bardic poesy display their many sweets even in a foreign soil, and away from their cherishing rill.

The following fragments of an Erse and an Irish poem exhibit a brief but exquisite description of rural scenes and sounds; they allude to the same subject—the love of the ancient Celtic warriors for nature; which they place in a very pleasing point of view. We give them, as we shall give all our collated passages, in parallel columns:—

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Erse Poem.

'Pleasant the voice from the *eastern land.*
Sweet is the singing of birds in the grove.
Pleasant the murmur of the breeze;
And the voice of the *fawn* as it comes from the height.'

'Delightful is the shining of the sun,
And sweet from the west comes the *voice of the blackbird.*'

Irish Poem.

'Yonder, from the *eastward,* harmonious in its course,
Came the musical sound of the shouts.
It came from Daire (the bard) in the grove of aerial spirits,
And they sighing o'er the sloping fields.'

'He (Fingal) loved *the warbling of the blackbird,*
And of constantly succeeding waves on the shore,
The voice of the deer on the gentle plain,
And of *the fawn* slow rising from the vale.'

While each of these fragments possesses images peculiar to itself, the points of resemblance are equally obvious. There is a mythological allusion in the Irish poem to the *Sidhe,* or aerial spirits, called, with great propriety, by M'Pherson, 'spirits of the hill,' because supposed to come out of the pleasant hills (see O'Flaherty's 'Ogygia'), being, like the Ferwars and Peris of the East, beautiful personifications of the universal principles of nature, which meet us in the landscape, and constitute its hidden charm. (See 'A Manual of Universal History on the Basis of Ethnography,' concluding note.)

The following fragments contain some beautiful imagery, which would constitute the elements of a delightful poem:—

Erse Poetry.

'Whiter was her bosom than the moss of the mountain.'

Irish Poetry.

'Fairer his hair than the moss of the mountain.'

The word rendered 'moss' in the original of both is the same, and more properly signifies the down of the cotton grass, rendered by M'Pherson 'the down of Cana.'

Erse Poetry.

'Not so loud the waves of a billowy sea when *beating against the lofty cliffs,*
By the strength of the north-wind in winter,
As the noise of the armies.'

'I (Ossian) am like a blasted tree on the unsheltered wild.'

'Like the *wind of spring* o'er the *field of the mountain.*'

'Thy strength was as the waters of a flood descending to the slaughter of thy foes.
Thy course like a torrent bounding o'er a rock.'

'*Blue* on the sea was the *wave.*'

'*A slow breeze* from the sea, that was *tranquil and at rest.*'

'His *prospect* was from *the rock of waves.*'

'Thou art like the *opening of the sun* on the plain.'

'The *ghost of the mountain speaks; the voice of a spirit* in the fold of *the wind.*'

'The *soft sound of distant waves.*'

Irish Poetry.

'Not so loud the sound of echoing waves in the cold season of spring coming towards the bay,
Like the foaming of the mighty ocean *beating against the side of a rock* in a tempestuous wind.'

'I (Ossian) am like a lonely tree on the hill.'

'Like the fairy *wind* or breeze that flies o'er the brow of *the hill* or o'er the *field* in the *day of spring.*'

'Like the sounding waters of a flood, or the arrow of a host;
Like the wave of Easroe's torrent in its might, or the flowing tide of the high-heaving sea,
Was the mind of Dallan.'

'I beheld the colour of the lake and the *blue of its waves.*'

'*The wind answered slow* to the Fenians, so that they descended from the roar of ocean to where it was silent, *tranquil, and at rest.*'

'*A rock of the ocean;* wide was *the prospect* around.'

'*The opening of the sun.*'

'The *voice of the spirits of the hill; the voice of a spirit in the breeze.*'

'*Sweet* arose the *sound of distant waves.*'

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In what may be termed the summation of the Druidic triad of the Cambrian bards as detailed above—*i. e.*, goodness, truth, and the point of liberty or freedom—we noticed the remarkable similarity which it presents to the corresponding terminating triad of the Hindoo sages. This consonance is completed by the triad of the Tutha-de-dananns, the great Druidic tribe of Ireland, preserved in the names of the three mystic brothers, 'Oma or Ogma, Dealbh and Breas, the sons of Eleadhan, the son of Aonar'—*i. e.*, secret or hidden; form, idea, or manifestation; and voice, power, or authority; the sons of knowledge, the son of solitude or the solitary *unity;* corresponding remarkably to the Chaldean and Egyptian triads;* and this was outwardly represented by the symbolical triad—*i. e.*, 'the grove, the sun, and the ploughshare'—whose elements were very beautiful and significant emblems of the three principles embodied in the personal triad, as it may be styled—*i. e., the latent manifestation*, and *power*, or *activity*, directed to a useful and benevolent end. We accordingly find the three early kings of the Tutha-de-dananns, who reigned contemporaneously in Eire (Ireland), were the Druids of these three principles. They were called MacCoille, MacGreine, and MacCeacht—*i. e.*, the sons respectively of the grove, the sun, and the ploughshare, because dedicated to these triadic symbols. But the great field of Druidic symbolism was unquestionably the mystic initiation corresponding closely to that of the East, of which we can discover so many unmistakeable traces both in Britain and Ireland. The three divisions of the Druidic order are supposed to have been several degrees of this initiation, and they were distinguished by the colours of their robes. That of the Druids, strictly so called, being white, the colour of the light; that of the bards azure, like the serene sky; and that of the vates green, the emerald hue of universal nature. The disciples of the Druids or aspirants for initiation wore garments checked with these three colours, which singularly correspond with the three floral emblems of Druidism—viz., the heliotrope, the violet, and trefoil, which are again the symbolic tints of goodness, truth, and liberty, the elements of the triad. In the tomb of a Druid lately discovered in France, there were found three seeds curiously deposited, which, on being sown, produced these flowers. The trefoil, on account of its form, symbolised the triad among the Druids; and its subsequent adoption to illustrate the higher mystery of Christianity is well-known: its colour is expressive, not only of *freedom*, but also of *harmony*, or the *union or identity of the varying*, likewise comprised in the third element of the triad. This is a very noticeable coincidence. The sacred groves of the Druids, no less than the temples of the East, were constructed in reference to these initiatory rites, whose design we can only generally state at present as consisting in a visible representation of the lapsed condition of the soul, and its renovation and restoration to its native and original sphere. In the outward part of the ancient temple, the aspirant for initiation, it is supposed, underwent those preparatory rites calculated to try his fortitude and show forth the misery of lapsed humanity; while, in its more interior and secret recesses, termed *penetralia* and *adyta*, the more joyous part of initiation commenced and was perfected. Now we can trace a similar distinction in the simple and primitive grove of the Druid: the outward part, consisting of the oaks of centuries, threw a deep shade around, and impressed the beholder with a sacred awe; while the terrible noises heard within, resembling thunder, and the flames and fiery serpents that sometimes appeared among the trees, were the exact counterparts of the phenomena or rather phan-

* See an account of these three mystic brothers in the book of 'Ballymoate,' a valuable monument of Irish literature, compiled in the fourteenth century from earlier documents. A section of it is devoted to Druidic literature. The custom of imposing mystic names, and embodying great truths in the united names of several persons having a natural relation to each other, seems to have universally prevailed during the Druidic period. Some curious examples of this are given in Davies' 'Mythology of the Druids.' It is a very ancient usage, and is common to the Hebrews and other nations of the East; a remarkable instance of it is presented in the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Noah. The triad of the Tutha-de-dananns formed in this way is a beautiful expressing of *unity*, developing itself by *knowledge* or self-contemplation in *triplicity*, or the triple condition of the hidden entity, the manifesting idea or form *eidos*, and the active influence, corresponding nearly to the Chaldean Triad as described by Simplicius and the Egyptian Triad in Jamblicus, and also to the Orphic Triad. (See Cory's 'Mythological Inquiry into Ancient Recondite Theology.')

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tasmagoria which marked the preliminary trial in the oriental mysteries. But in the centre of the grove, where none but the initiated were permitted, or, indeed, would dare to enter, a new scene opened on the view. Here was a delightful glade or circular plain open to the sunshine. This was the *cluain* or *adytum*, where initiation assumed its cheerful phase, and the hierophant from the encircling trees unfolded to the initiate the curious system of sylvan hieroglyphics, termed 'The Science of Sprigs, Elementary Trees, and Reeds,' celebrated by Taliessin and other British bards, and which appears also to have been cultivated in Ireland.—(See Hall's 'Ireland.') The scenes and conditions of these two stages of initiation, styled in the language of ancient British mythology, Oeth and Anoeth—*i. e.*, 'wrath, and freedom from wrath'—is frequently alluded to in the Druidic fragments already described, as preserved by the bards of Britain and Ireland. Both in general represent initiation under the symbol of a *chase*, which furnishes a key to their mystical character; a *chase*, according to the Samothracian mysteries, denoting initiation, the *hounds* the hierophants (termed κυνες), and the *stag* or *doe* the aspirant—a character which appears to be shared by the hunter (according to the bards), who is alternately either involved in 'a mist of enchantment' (in Irish, literally 'the Druidic mist'), or in a prison (called by the British bards 'the prison of mystery'). This is the stage of trial, and the transition to the joyful stage is indicated by his deliverance from the mist or prison (sometimes effected by means of a mystical shield or cup showing 'all things'), and his '*going forth on the plain*'—a phrase expressive of a state of freedom and renovation, in full accordance with the language of ancient initiation, as will more readily appear on reference to the tale of 'Larah.' But, to touch briefly on particulars, the British bards represent the aspirant, after passing through many trials, as arriving at 'the landing-place of life,' where he 'receives intelligence,' and is 're-admitted into the Presence.' And this again is more symbolically expressed by his meeting 'the calm serenity, the nymph of the silver wheel, and the genius of the day.' This beautiful language has its counterpart in the Irish bardic tales, where the initiate, after undergoing many terrors in a 'dark wood and a gloomy valley,' emerges into 'a mild light;' where 'the weather is *calm*, and of sweet sounds;' and yet so clear as to exhibit 'the distant near at hand.' And here he meets 'the sphery nymph Aine'—*i. e.*, 'the circle, truth, harmony.' Thus does the symbolical present the moral and the ideal, at the termination of its perspective. In this symbolism, we also discover the germ of those descriptions of the *Celtic paradise*, which are so abundant in the bardic remains of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; as, for instance, the voyage of the Cambrian bards in quest of 'the green isles' of the ocean; and the voyage of the Druid of Skerr, which appears to be genuine, in that part which describes the happy isle:—

'The calm isle of the departed rushed on his eye in light. It was not a light that dazzled, but clear, distinguishing, and placid, which called forth every object to sight in its most perfect form. The isle spread large before him like a pleasant dream of the soul, where *nearness* fatigues not the eye, and *distance fades not on the view*.'

This island appears to have been the native region of those beautiful beings of Celtic mythology—the Sidhe, already briefly described. But, as they were also local divinities, residing in the sunny hills and green valleys of earth, as well as in their supernatural sphere, they present the proper point of transition from mythology to poetry; and, following their airy course, we find ourselves insensibly conducted from the fairy-land of the Druids, into the more familiar and not less fascinating world of the bards. It is well known to the Celtic scholar, that much of the ancient poetry of both Scotland and Ireland is ascribed to Ossian, or Oisin, the son of Fin or Fingal, a celebrated 'warrior bard,' who is supposed to have flourished towards the close of the third century; and the whole literary world is cognisant of the work which appeared nearly a hundred years ago, purporting to be the genuine remains of this bard. We need scarcely say that we allude to M'Pherson's 'Ossian.' It is not our intention, however, to awaken the long-slumbering 'Ossianic controversy,' of which we shall just remark, that each of the hostile (and they *were* hostile) parties resembled the two knights in the story of the gold and silver shield—one party devoutly believing that 'Fingal fought, and Ossian sung'—that the poems of the latter were as 'familiar as household words' to every one in the Highlands—and that M'Pherson's work was their veritable

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transcript; the other regarding the whole matter as a tissue of fable and imposture. The real question was in the meanwhile lost sight of, which, as judiciously stated by Hume, was, 'not that these poems were composed by an ancient bard in the reign of Severus, but that they were not composed by James M'Pherson, in the reign of George III.' Now, the latter proposition is to a great extent established most satisfactorily in the *ingenious* and *ingenuous* Report of the Highland Society on the subject, wherein a considerable quantity of the bardic remains, collected at great pains in the Highlands, is collated with M'Pherson's 'Ossian;' and some of the most beautiful passages in the latter are thereby verified. We shall adopt a similar course, by comparing M'Pherson's 'Ossian' with some of the bardic remains of Ireland, collected in a part of the country which had no connection with Scotland, and where M'Pherson's name was unknown; circumstances which must tend to render the similarity more striking, and add strength to the evidence of genuineness. And, in doing this, we wish to divest the question of all extraneous matter, as, for instance, the country and era of Ossian. Ossian was a name under which the bards both of Ireland and Scotland celebrated the deeds of certain heroes called the Fenians, whose names are identified with the localities, and interwoven with the traditions of both countries; and the poetry to which they gave rise, while of very remote origin, has received continual accessions through succeeding times, down to the tenth, and even fifteenth centuries —accessions which, nevertheless, like those made to an ancient edifice, that still only reproduce the original plan, preserve with considerable fidelity the primitive ideas and forms of expression.

We now proceed to collate some of the most beautiful passages of what we deem the genuine remains of Ossian, as preserved by M'Pherson, with the Ossian of the Irish bards, and we shall find that 'the harp of Selma' will wake a responsive chord in the harp of Tara.

The Ossianic imagery may be conveniently arranged under the following heads:—Natural Phenomena—Music—Manners and Customs—Animals—Epithets.

Following this arrangement, we shall bring into juxtaposition the Caledonian muse, now represented by M'Pherson's 'Ossian,' with her Hibernian sister, represented by different bards, most of whom, however, take an Ossianic designation.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'	*Irish Bards.*
The *sun* is called in reference to his beams—	A woman's hair is described thus—
'The golden-haired sun of the sky.' (Gaelic, 'The sun of *the yellow-golden locks.*')	'The locks of thy *yellow-golden hair* like the *beams of the sun.*'
'The *west hath opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there.* The *waves* come to behold thee. . . . They see thee lovely in *thy sleep.*'	'The *opening* of the gates of the sun, The *west of ocean's waves,* the place of the *sun's repose.*'
'Calm as the evening beam when it looks from the cloud of the west *on Cona's silent vale.*'	'The wind was silent; the sky *calm;* the *sun bright in the vale.*'
'The *sun* when he looks through a silent *shower; the flowers* lift their fair heads before him.'	'The *showery drops* are on *the sun; the tender herbs* arise.'
'Her eyes were like two stars of light.'	'Her eye like a star in frost.'
'A *star* smiling on its own blue *wave.*'	'Joyous raising its head o'er *the wave.*'
'Thou wert terrible as a meteor of fire.'	'Pass like the full-shooting meteor.'
'Careless as the course of a *meteor* on dark rolling *clouds.*'	'There passed *clouds* of brightness, sparkling with a *fiery meteor,* or with the *lightning's flash.*'
'Thy sword in battle like lightning in the field; like thunder on distant hills.'	'As the sound of the flaming thunderbolt in heaven, such was the course of Oscar.'
'Her breasts were like the *foam* on *the wave.*'	'Their necks were like the *foam* of *ocean.*'
'Her arm as *white* as the *foam* of *my waves.*'	'*Fair* as the *snowy foam.*'
'Why *complainest* thou as *a wave* on the shore?'	'The *waves* like a mournful voice *complaining.*'

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MUSIC.

M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'	*Irish Bards.*
'The song of Fingal was like the music of *harps on the gale of spring.*'	'Daire was in the tower playing on *the harp;* the sweet sound came to us *on the breeze.*'

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'	*Irish Bards.*
'*Blue shielded* Trenmor.'	'Ten hundred *blue shields.*'
'His blue arms were on the hero.'	'Sea-green (or blue and green) were his arms and his raiment.'
'The *mourner* shall *sit on thy tomb;* I *sit forlorn* on the *tombs* of my friends.'	'*Green tomb* of Argvor, thou art pleasant to me in *my sorrow,* though with *full heart* my aged form *sits on thee.*'

ALLUSIONS TO ANIMALS.

M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'	*Irish Bards.*
'He (Fingal) is swifter than the eagle of heaven.'	'He is swifter than the eagle.'
'Her bosom was fair as *the swan* rising graceful on *swift-rolling waves.*'	'Whiter was her side than *the swan on the waves.*'
'They rose rustling like a flock of sea-fowl when the waves expel them from the coast.'	'Most beauteous hill of Erin, whence the sea-fowl spreads its wings o'er the ocean.'
'Thy hair like the raven's wing.'	'Lovely would be the man whose hair is like that raven.'
'What *murmur* rolls along the hill like the gathered *flies of eve.*'	'The *fly* that *murmurs* in the *lingering sunbeam.*'

The epithets abounding in M'Pherson's 'Ossian' are, for the most part, to be met with in the Irish bards; as 'blue-eyed,' 'white-bosomed,' 'green-headed waves,' 'green-sided hill,' 'the grey rock,' 'the silent sea,' 'the riders of ocean' (applied to ships), 'the son of the rock' (echo), 'the light of song,' 'the bow of the shower.'

There are many epithets also occurring in M'Pherson to be found in the names of places; as 'the plain of the sun,' 'the field of the sun,' 'the cave of the sun,' and 'the hill of winds,' 'the day of the sun.'

We conclude this comparison with the following resemblances, which are too beautiful to be omitted:—

M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'	*Irish Bards.*
'The streams of Cona *answer to the voice of Ossian.*'	'From the high waving fields of ocean, the winds *answered to the voices of the* Fenians.'
'The *winds were blustering* in the hall; the trees strewed the threshold with leaves.'	'The *sighing of the wind* through the *dark hall*—through the branches of the *withered leaf.*'
'Oh *spirits* of the lately dead meet Cuthullin on his heath; *speak to him on the winds* when *the rustling tree* of Tara *resounds.*'	'The *resounding voice of the spirits of the wind in the tree.*'
'The *spirits* of departed bards heard on Slimora's side. *Soft sounds spread along the wood.*'	'*The soft sound in the woods* from the airy dwelling of *spirits.*'
Shilric says, in reference to the spirit of Vinuela—	Ala, the Druidess, exclaims—
'By the mossy *fountain* I sit; by the tree of the *rustling sound.* Come on the light-winged *gale;* on the *breeze* of the desert come; let me hear *thy voice as thou passest,* when *mid-day* is silent around.'	'I knew by the *fairy voice* in the breeze *resounding* at times in my ear.'
'The *gale* of spring that sighs on the *hunter's* ear, when he has heard the *music of the spirits of the hill.*'	'Fin and Daire *hunting* at noon, heard *on the gale the sweet music of the spirits of the hill;* one moment it echoed distant far; anon it *rustled* at their side.'

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M'Pherson's 'Ossian.'

'The spirits of the hill as they move on a sunbeam *at noon* o'er the silence of Morven.'

Irish Bards.

'I know by the voices of *the spirits of the hill* conversing in the dwelling *at noon*.'

The Sidhe, or spirits of the hill, referred to in these last passages, it will be remembered, first led us from mythology into poetry, so they shall now form, in their fairy circle, a graceful termination to our poetical extracts. The allusions to them which we have just cited, both from M'Pherson's 'Ossian' and the Irish, are in remarkable accordance with the most constant and general tradition of Celtic Britain and Ireland, and in particular with a very curious and pleasing reference to them in an ancient life of St Patrick, wherein it is related, that, coming one day with a number of his disciples to a *fountain* near Cruachan, opposite *the rising sun*, they commenced *singing matins*. And the two daughters of the monarch Laogher, coming *in the morning* to bathe, seeing their *white garments* and their appearance, imagined them to be 'the people Sidhe, gods of the earth, or phantoms.' 'They called these Sidhe, or phantoms,' says the learned Celtic scholar Roderick O'Flaherty, 'because they are seen to come out of *the pleasant hills*, where the people believe they reside, which habitations are called by us Sidhe or Siodha' (also Sidh bhrugh—*i. e.*, dwellings of the aerial spirits). From the same account it appears that they were believed to reside not only in the air, but 'in the seas and the rivers, the hills and the valleys;' and one of them was supposed constantly to abide with and follow every mortal as his good genius; all which circumstances clearly identify them with the Ferwars and Peris of Medo-Persian mythology, personifications of the principles and ideal types of nature, which are ever manifesting themselves to man in the outward universe, as they are ever present with him unseen for his good. And this is further evident from the beings of the Celtic mythology being represented as moving *on a sunbeam*, which exactly corresponds to the delineation of one of the Ferwars at Persepolis. It is also worthy of remark, that the *circle* or *wheel* within which another of these is represented as 'its spirit' at Nineveh, and which so often appears in Assyrian symbolism, is to be found in a simple but unmistakeable form among the emblems of Druidism; and the sacred tree of the Magi has its responding type, not only in the trees and sprigs of the British Druids already mentioned, but in a custom which seems to have prevailed in Ireland, of assembling at the feast of Beltine—*i. e.*, 'the auspicious fire' (held on the first of May), on 'a pleasant bright green hill,' where they consumed 'the hazel, the blackberry, and the hawthorn, the hart's-tongue, and the branches of the headland,' before a symbol termed Il dealbha—*i.e.*,'the omniform, or the universality of forms or aspects.' This primeval sacrifice of Druidism, admirably setting forth the divine idea, so simple, beautiful, and significant, corresponded in many respects to 'the sacred union and enjoyment of the pure Hom and Miezed, symbolising an internal communion with God through the noblest strength of his blooming productions.'—(Schlegel's 'Wisdom of the Indians.')

It is now time to bid our kind readers farewell, as far as this subject is concerned; for, though we have by no means exhausted it, we deem that we have said enough for its treatment in a popular periodical, and shall wind it up with observing, that the primeval literature of the West, no less than that of the East, illustrates and verifies the remark of the philosophic poet, that 'the child is father to the man.' In the youth of the world, and in 'the infancy of days,' we may trace the origin of those great ideas, which, constantly developing in their progress, finally constitute the sum of modern civilisation, as we trace the course of a mighty river from its humble and obscure beginning, among the shadows of the forest, and the mists of the mountain, and follow its devious windings through lowly vale and silent field, until, receiving gradual accessions from its tributary streams, it ultimately attains its full depth and magnitude, proudly sustaining on its ample bosom a nation's riches and a nation's power. As all that is comprised in the word 'civilisation,' may be generalised under the two heads of philosophy and poetry—the developments of the two fundamental ideas of the true and the beautiful; so the former of these has two aspects, 'Sont deux formes de la verite,' says Victor Cousin, 'Le mystere et l'exposition scientifique.' In the mysteries and myths of the Druids, we accordingly

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find (no less than in those of the Brahmins and Magi) a raying forth of that doctrine of universal identity which is now beginning to be so generally recognised in both physical and metaphysical science, binding all things in a glorious unity. And, in like manner, we may recognise the voice of Beauty (for she has a tongue no less than a shape) in the 'wood-notes wild' of the bard, as a rudimentary anticipation of the more polished and perfect labours of the modern poet, like the soft sound of distant music, which, feeble, but exquisitely sweet, at first, gradually increases on every passing breeze, until it 'swells into one grand seven-fold Hallelujah chorus.' In fine, may we not hope that our humble efforts, in pointing out a community of primitive literature between Britain and Ireland, may be ancillary to the most desirable end of more closely binding their respective inhabitants with the gold and amaranthine chain of fraternal union?

SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER VI.

UNREST.

More dreary than ever was the aspect of the Dynevor household for many days following. Mr Dynevor's convalescence was very slow—and very trying, not only to himself, but to all around him. The quiet virtues of patience and endurance are but rarely masculine; and his stock of both was exhausted almost as soon as it was drawn upon. The natural effect of the bonds of regimen upon his active and mercurial temperament, was a state of perpetual irritation. He was forbidden to write—to read—nay, even to think, were such a prohibition likely to be available. It was no marvel that he chafed under such a mental incarceration.

As for Helen, she passed her time either in reading poetry—the most lugubrious she could find in Byron or Lamartine—or in languidly moving about the house, a very complete incarnation of cheerlessness and melancholy. It was fortunate that her mother's numerous occupations and domestic anxieties, at this juncture, gave her little time for conjecturing or questioning respecting her favourite daughter's evident depression. Twenty times was she on the point of 'insisting on an explanation of it all,' when some appeal respecting the grocer's bill, or a flagrant instance of neglect in Rebecca, put it out of her mind for the time being. And finally, she settled within herself to leave the matter alone, till they were quietly established in the country. There would be plenty of time for asking questions and hearing particulars, when they were once there.

For Anne, also, it was well that this was a period when it was necessary to exercise all energies, both mental and physical, to reduce to order the affairs of the family, domestic and otherwise, which, from long involvement, had become more than usually complicated. It was impossible for her father to be consulted on all those minor matters of detail, points which were incessantly recurring, wherein his advice and assistance would have been so invaluable. Anne had to think and act upon her own responsibility often, and she had need of her coolest decision, her steadiest judgment, and to be always prepared with both. She knew this, and strove, earnestly and persistently, to acquire and retain strength, knowing how much depended on its possession.

Although she succeeded in the effort, it was at some cost. The least concerned spectator could not have failed to notice the haggardness her face began to wear, the uncertainty and heaviness of her step, and the almost utter prostration of her whole bearing, at times when the immediate demand upon her energies had ceased. Her father perceived it all with ineffable anxiety; even Mrs Dynevor began to feel a species of dismayed apprehension.

'If you should be ill,' she said to her sometimes, in a half-alarmed, half-injured tone, 'I don't know what we should do.'

'Don't be afraid, mamma,' she would answer, with a vigorous determination to

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shake off the lassitude and weariness which often bade fair to overpower her, 'I shall not be ill. You see there is no time for it.'

And a smile would end the discussion, a very faint show of cheerfulness sufficing to re-assure Mrs Dynevor.

Her husband was not so easily satisfied. He watched his elder daughter, while she was in his presence, with a vigilance that she soon detected and sought to guard against. Always straining every nerve to the point of self-possession and apparent ease as she was now, she was compelled to be more than ever careful before her father. It was a hard task, especially hard to one who, like Anne, felt an instinctive abhorrence of concealments and *seemings*, howsoever innocent and even advisable they might be. Her heart ached as sorely as her brain, when, night after night, among the sad and anxious thoughts which held her sleepless, she reflected on the long list of little hypocrisies which she had been constrained to enact throughout the day. Bitter was the reflection—but, alas! only one out of the many.

Albert, whose perceptions were always of the keenest and quickest, marvelled much to notice that Anne, in the midst of all her absorbing occupations, invariably snatched a few quiet minutes every day to look into—the newspaper! Nothing caused her to forget this, or to suffer the usually neglected journal to leave the house without her previous inspection. What particular portion of it was so interesting to her, the boy for a long time could not conceive; or whether it was the political article—the literary notices—the fashionable intelligence, or (this last surmise he deemed a shrewd one) the shipping news. A very brief glance always seemed to content her; after which she would throw the paper aside, and turn away, thoughtfully, but, as Albert heard once or twice, with a sort of half sigh, as if of relief. His curiosity became irresistibly aroused, and one day, unobserved, he peeped over his eldest sister's shoulder, while she made her diurnal research. The result was duly communicated to Grace.

'The births, deaths, and marriages, the "young ladies' corner!" that is what our Anne looks at every day! Isn't that queer? I can't make it out. Perhaps she is afraid Edward Grant is going to marry somebody else,' gravely hazarded the young gentleman, fully impressed with the family hypothesis on that subject.

'Oh, Albert, how can you talk like that,' cried Grace, with precocious feminine sensitiveness; 'I'm sure I should hate him if I thought so. Wouldn't you?'

'I'd horsewhip him,' sternly rejoined Albert; a summary mode of treatment which was probably suggested by his occupation—that of repairing the thong of an old riding-whip, with which he was accustomed to arm himself when he and Grace 'played at a tournament.'

. . . . .

An answer was promptly returned by Mrs Grant to the inquiry respecting a cottage at Hillington. She was naturally delighted at the prospect of having her friends settled so near her, and set about 'house-hunting' on their behalf with energy and determination. She found that there were two or three abodes vacant in and near the village; but one was too small, another too large, and about the third there was some difficulty with the landlord, who wished to let it only upon a long lease. As usual, the one least easily to be obtained was the most desirable. It seemed, indeed, from the description, to be in every respect what was required. It was small, to be sure, and sufficiently plain, both in its external appearance and internal arrangements; but then it had the necessary number of rooms, was charmingly situated, the windows commanded beautiful views, and it had appertaining to it a well-sized garden. To Anne the description was infinitely attractive. Oh, to obtain such a little nest of peace and repose! She yearned after its stillness and its calm as to a new and higher state of being. Face to face with nature, the commonest cares would be transfigured, and she felt that she could meet sorrow itself as a veiled angel, and more clearly recognise, amid all its gloom, the informing divinity within.

No objections could be urged against Thornhill, as the place was named. Mrs Dynevor only hoped it was dry; and being re-assured upon that point, feared it might be infested with black-beetles and spiders. Anne, therefore, in her next letter to Mrs Grant, added a postscript anent these insects. Helen, when appealed to, was chillingly indifferent to all considerations whatever. Mr Dynevor sighed deeply, when he was consulted. He had hoped that a compromise might be effected, even yet,

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and that lodgings in the Vale of Health at Hampstead, or even a small villa in the Islington direction, might satisfy Dr Rogerson and his own family, and prevent the melancholy necessity of going sixty miles from London. As this plan could not be entertained for a moment, however, he listened patiently to Mrs Grant's letter; and thought Thornhill must be a nice place enough, though a house on the top of a hill, with no other houses at the back of it, and no 'over the way' in front, would be desperately cold, he expected.

'How I shall miss the chemist's shop opposite my bedroom window, and the gas-lamp by the street-door,' he cried, in very sincere anticipatory regret; 'even the policeman looking down the area! My dear Anne, I shall never survive the destruction of these familiar associations!'

'The rent is very low,' cried Mrs Dynevor, in a calculating tone, 'and the taxes next to nothing. The only thing is, will the tiresome man take a yearly tenant?'

'We can but make him the offer through Mrs Grant,' observed Anne. 'Mrs Grant will be sure to arrange it for us, if possible. If he refuses, we must look elsewhere.'

'We are not obliged to go to Hillington, or even to Sussex,' rejoined her mother, 'although it would be better, certainly. But we might go in some other direction.'

'Kentish Town, for instance,' suggested Mr Dynevor, with gravity; 'the air is very pure, and the country pretty —towards Highgate.'

'Oh, Mrs Grant will be sure to arrange the matter for us,' concluded his wife; 'she is so anxious for us to go to Hillington.'

Nevertheless, it eventually appeared that Mrs Grant's endeavours were not destined to prove successful. The landlord of Thornhill, whom she described as a rough, uncouth, obstinate old farmer, was determined not to let the house for less than three years; and the furniture, even in that case, must be purchased by the incoming tenant.

This last difficulty rendered the matter hopeless. On the morning after their receipt of the letter conveying these tidings, Anne sat down, in thorough perplexity, with a gazeteer and an 'England Delineated' before her, in order to look for some other place where there might be a probability of finding 'a new home.' Mrs Dynevor brought her work to the same little table, placed near the invalid's sofa, and assisted at the consultation by impartially interspersing lamentations, doubts, and propositions which she herself was the first to condemn as impracticable.

'Devonshire is the place; the very air for you, Edmund. When I was a child, I remember being taken to Ilfracombe. The loveliest scenery! See what it says about Ilfracombe, Anne. We might go there—except that it's out of the question, because of the long expensive journey. You see, that was the advantage of Hillington. The distance was comparatively small, and the travelling cheap. It is a thousand pities that we must give up Hillington.'

'There are some pretty villages on the coast of Suffolk,' said Anne, looking up from her volumes; 'and if the air would suit papa ——'

'Suffolk!' cried Mr Dynevor, eager with objections, advanced half seriously, half in jest; 'my dear child, the giants in old days used that part of the country as a skittle ground, and it retains all its characteristics to this hour. It has been ironed out a great deal smoother than Grace's pinafore, and isn't half so interesting.'

'I believe the county is rather flat,' admitted Anne, turning a fresh page.

'Flat! there is no word to express its flatness. You might skate all over the county, if it froze hard enough. They never catch anything but flat fish on the coast, I am told. Don't talk about Suffolk, Anne.'

'You found fault with the hills a day or two ago, my dear,' observed his wife; 'you were afraid it would be so cold. I don't know how you are to be pleased.'

'Oh, I can tell you,' cried Mr Dynevor, maliciously. And there followed an elaborate dissertation on the advantages of some suburban neighbourhood, with hills on one side, and a series of park-like fields on the other, and omnibuses to the city every half-hour.'

'Nonsense, Edmund; do be reasonable. What do you think of Wales? People can live very cheaply in Wales. But Dr Rogerson said the Welsh coast would not suit you; so that won't do. But there was a place I thought of the other night, I forget the name. Helen, what was the name of the place the Pagets went to last autumn?'

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The question had to be repeated, before Helen could detach her attention from her book sufficiently to give a coherent answer.

'Did you speak?' Last autumn, did you say? The Pagets! Do you mean Jersey?' she uttered at length, in a tone that would have better suited the recitation of the stanzas '*La nuit et mes soupirs*,' which she was reading.

And while Mrs Dynevor ran over the advantages of the island named, ending by setting forth the unhappy impossibility of getting to it—the long sea-passage—children, &c., &c., her husband addressed himself in serious, but somewhat querulous remonstrance to Helen.

'I hope, wherever we go, that those blue-and-buff paper-covered duodecimos will not accompany us. Helen, I wish you would study something more wholesome. French pastry is not less fit as sole aliment for the body, than French sentimentalism for the mind. Do take some honest roast-mutton, for a change.'

Helen, with an ostentation of meekness, put aside her book, rose from her chair, and left the room, without speaking.

'You shouldn't talk like that to her,' said Mrs Dynevor; 'can't you see she is not herself? And so, Anne, Jersey is out of the question.'

'I am glad to learn, on good authority, that Helen is "not herself,"' observed her husband, restlessly; 'I wish heartily that she would cease to support her present character. I don't like sentimental, nervous young women. I don't desire my daughter to grow mentally deformed with affectation.'

'Oh, papa!' pleaded Anne, 'don't misjudge Helen. Don't judge her at all, now. Remember, she is so young.'

'Youth is not an affliction, that it should be urged in palliation,' began her father, with the persistent irascibility characteristic of a Briton and a convalescent; 'I don't see ——'

There was an opportune interruption. Rebecca entered; her gown dirty, her hair dusty, and her hands wet, such being the normal state of that domestic in the morning hours of the day. She held, enwrapped in her apron, between her finger and thumb, a card and a letter, both of which she delivered to her mistress, with a brief explanation.

'A gentleman in the drawing-room brought 'em.'

'This letter is for you, Anne,' said Mrs Dynevor, handing the missive to her daughter.

'For me!' cried Anne, eagerly. But what had she to expect—to hope? Her look fell—it was a strange hand; and she opened the letter almost mechanically.

'Who in the world is it? What does it mean?' went on her mother, giving herself up to the small perplexity with much enjoyment. 'I don't know this gentleman. Do you, Edmund? Do you know a Sir Charles Blackburn?'

Neither Mr Dynevor nor Anne recognised the name at the moment, though they had heard it before; and Anne read the two or three opening lines of the letter more than once, before she clearly comprehended their meaning, or could recall to her memory the 'Hester Blackburn' whose distinct, firm signature appeared at the end of the page.

'It is Miss Blackburn whom I met with Mrs Lumley,' she said at last, and presently gave the letter to her father to read.

'HILLINGTON, April 10.

'MY DEAR MISS DYNEVOR,—I can scarcely hope that you share my vivid remembrance of the one occasion on which I met you, but I am not to be deterred from writing to you now, even by the prospective awkwardness of having to reintroduce myself. I heard from Mrs Grant this evening, that she had just posted a letter to you, which would probably put an end to your plan of coming to reside at Hillington; which plan I then learned for the first time. She explained to me the difficulty about the house, and it is because I believe I can remove it (*i.e.* the difficulty), that I astonish you with this communication. Mr Cramp, the impracticable farmer, is accessible to reason at rare periods, and under peculiar circumstances. I flatter myself I can take advantage of these favourable conditions the day after to-morrow, when he comes to negotiate about sundry acres of grass land he wishes to rent from me. I make my brother the bearer of this, as he goes to town by an early train, and will therefore be a quicker Mercury than the postman. I shall hope to hear from you on the following day; and I trust it will be to the effect that I may look forward to your family as new "new neighbours."—I am, very sincerely yours,

HESTER BLACKBURN.

'P. S.—It occurs to me that you may possibly consider my interference in this

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matter somewhat officious, and arising from some hidden motive. Or, if *you* don't (and on second thoughts I believe you are too trustful), any one belonging to you who knows anything of the world, will. I therefore anticipate the verdict, and plead guilty at once. I know I have not the smallest right to interfere, and I confess that my motive in doing so is purely selfish. I should like you to come and live at Hillington. I covet agreeable neighbours. There's the truth.'

This letter having been perused by Mr and Mrs Dynevor, a short consultation ensued. Anne was the first to remember the gentleman in waiting down-stairs. Mrs Dynevor precipitately declined meeting him unless Anne went also, and therefore the mother and daughter entered the little drawing-room together.

A gentleman who would have been called elderly, but for his evident determination to the contrary, rose from his seat, and greeted them with the easy courtesy which is one of the pleasanter military characteristics (and he was a military man). It was highly advantageous on the present occasion, as it succeeded in removing much of the inevitable stiffness and discomfort attendant on a first meeting of entire strangers.

Anne discovered a slight resemblance to Miss Blackburn in the bronzed face before her, albeit the features were bolder and less intellectual in their outline, and the eyes were not so expressive, and more frankly good-natured in their glance. A thick moustache also, in which was visible a sore struggle between grey hairs and brown, did not tend to increase the similarity between the two faces. Yet a certain likeness there was—of that sort which is so frequently inexplicable and indescribable, and only to be catalogued as 'a family likeness.' Such similitudes rarely extend to manner and conversation. It did not in this case. Nothing could be more different from Miss Blackburn's short, dry sentences, than her brother's well-chosen phraseology, conveying ideas that, truth to tell, were inane and commonplace enough. Tact and *savoir faire*, the result of intimate acquaintance with all varieties of life, stood in place of talent or wisdom with Sir Charles Blackburn. It is a substitution which succeeds to a marvel, generally speaking, with a world of men and women who are too intent upon themselves to care to penetrate beneath the surface of the characters about them.

Ease of manner is never so well appreciated as by those who least possess it. Mrs Dynevor was charmed with their visiter; her powers of conversation were not called upon for more than an occasional monosyllable of assent or interjection, and at the same time, Sir Charles Blackburn's air of courtesy and deference was too marked for her to feel a moment's insignificance. Anne was more difficult in her judgment. She had a woman's quick insight, which often amounts to intuition. She did not deem this new acquaintance unworthy, but she suspected him shallow. There was a good deal of military parade in his manner, she thought, courteous as it was, and in what he said there was much of the military spangle and glitter, 'signifiying nothing;' for which Anne had an especial distaste. But a certain kind light in his eyes in some measure attracted her, and prevented her impression from being utterly unfavourable. There was nothing mean or furtive in his countenance. He might be a man of many weaknesses, but neither malignant nor designing; one of the vast number whose claims to indulgence rest rather on the consideration of how much worse they might have been, than any more positive foundation of goodness.

Sir Charles Blackburn's gentle and deliberate flow of small-talk Anne began to think must certainly be drawing to an end; in fact, he had commenced telling some graceful bon-mot, in the lingering brilliance of which he would depart, like the heroine of a ballet in a radiance of pink fire. At the very brink of the climax there was an interruption — oh, most provoking vicissitude to the *raconteur!* — and it needed all his gallantry as a soldier, and his polite hypocrisy as a man of fashion, to enable him to comport himself as one who was delighted and charmed, instead of annoyed to the last degree, as we may safely assert him to have been.

To Mrs Dynevor's gratification, to Anne's unqualified amazement, Helen entered the room, saluted the visiter with an air which sufficiently betokened the pleasure she felt in renewing her slight previous acquaintance with him; and then seated herself, and with almost a return of her olden vivacity began to exchange remarks on various incidents connected with the day at Mrs Lumley's Chiswick Villa where they had been guests together. Anne was at least as

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much startled as pleased at this sudden change in her sister, whom she had last seen in all the drooping melancholy, not to say sullenness, which for the last few days had characterised her. There was no sign of secret grief visible in her appearance or manner as she talked with Sir Charles Blackburn. Her dress even, and the arrangement of her hair—much neglected during her period of despondency—bore marks of attention such as had not been bestowed on either since she left Chiswick: Helen's symptoms of 'being in love' exactly reversing those which Claudio deems so infallible in the case of Benedick. The smoothly disposed curls told of recent brushing, and her collar had received the addition of a pale pink ribbon fastening it round the white throat, since Anne saw it last.

The interrupted *jeu d'esprit* forgotten, Sir Charles seemed by no means displeased at this addition to his fair companions. He was, of course, a connoisseur in beauty, and well appreciated Helen's undoubted attractions. Although she was not looking her best—for ten days' indulgence of dreariness and dismal brooding over 'blue-and-yellow-covered duodecimos' do not tend to improve the appearance—she was quite sufficiently attractive to justify admiration. The visiter found it an agreeable change from Mrs Dynevor's *passé* handsomeness, and Anne's pale, almost attenuated features, to gaze on Helen's fair face. Moreover, he felt, perhaps, that his graceful attentions met with a more congenial reception when bestowed on the younger girl. It did not need great penetration to discover the pleasure Helen received in inhaling the sort of incense he offered—an incense intoxicating to the vanity, poisonous to the purity and artlessness of the nature into which it penetrates. Love of admiration, pardonable enough, innocent enough in its earlier stage, soon ceases to be either. Growing by what it feeds on, there are few noxious weeds which more surely and rapidly overspread and choke up other and worthier growths of the soul.

It seemed that the visiter was unwilling to leave the three ladies. Anne had long wished he would go, and even Mrs Dynevor began to fidget herself about a certain stew-pan up-stairs, which she had left 'simmering' on the hob of the bedroom fire, and the contents of which she feared would dry up or burn, or meet with some such culinary disaster. She had almost resolved to escape from the room for a minute or two, when Sir Charles prevented the necessity, by rising, looking at his watch, and exclaiming on the rapid flight of time, endeavouring also to introduce a compliment which should be at once novel and graceful, to the society which had rendered him so oblivious. But originality was not his forte; he could repeat, but not invent. He could retreat, too, when necessary—a branch of military tactics which was made available on the present occasion. He slid from the attempted compliment into an eager question:—

'Was his sister's letter,' to which he now alluded for the first time, 'sufficiently explanatory? Might he hope that the next time he visited Sussex, he should have the privilege of renewing an acquaintance which,' &c. &c.

'They should have the greatest pleasure,' Mrs Dynevor sincerely assured him, 'in seeing him at any time. And I am sure,' she added with a small sigh, 'I wish it may be at Hillington. From all we hear, the place would suit us exactly. The air is recommended by the doctor, too, for Mr Dynevor. That is the first consideration, of course.'

'I was distressed to know of Mr Dynevor's illness,' observed the baronet, with a most plaintively sympathetic look and tone; 'and the malady is one of the most trying of all. Is he still lame? The gout generally leaves its victim ——'

Mrs Dynevor elaborately explained his mistake; to which he replied by a yet more elaborate counter explanation, which waxed somewhat prosy before he could persuade himself to leave it.

'Oh, dear!' Mrs Dynevor rejoined by exclaiming, 'the gout would be worse than all! I hope,' she added, with a benignant look at her visiter, 'that *you* are not a sufferer from it?'

Sir Charles Blackburn was elderly enough to feel sensitive on all personal points; he was vain, and especially vain of his activity and generally youthful appearance. He was therefore not gratified by the matron's kindly-intentioned inquiry, to which he replied with an unconsciously earnest denial, and a smile that vainly endeavoured to be unconcerned. He wished internally that he did not at the moment hold within his grasp the very handsome gold-headed cane which it was his habit—a mere habit—to walk with.

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However, that being past remedy, he could only flourish his staff-like appendage as carelessly as he might, while finally making his adieux.

And he departed—Mrs Dynevor running up-stairs as the street-door closed upon him, leaving the sisters together. There ensued a somewhat constrained silence between them, till a pang of generous self-reproach caused Anne to rise from her seat, and draw near the young girl whose cheek was yet flushed with pleasurable excitement, and whose eyes were shining as they had not shone for long before.

'Dear Helen, you look better—brighter. I am glad.'

She did not answer immediately. Her vivacity had vanished, though the traces of it remained. Anne's embrace was only suffered, not returned.

'Yes,' she said at length; 'it is right to endeavour to be gay and cheerful, and not to think more than I can help, of—of sad things. I will try and drive them from my mind.'

'I scarcely like to hear of "driving away a sorrow,"' Anne said, gently; 'it is often—always, perhaps, could we but know, an angel that comes to us "unawares."'

'What do you mean? I don't know what you mean,' cried Helen, fretfully. 'I am sure you said the other day it was not right to indulge sorrow.'

'Nay, dear, but we may endure and learn from sorrow, without indulging it. It is the test of our strength as of our ignorance. It tries—but then it teaches.'

'It has taught me,' said Helen, rising with grave dignity; 'I am years older than I was a month ago,' she declared; 'my experience—my suffering—oh, Anne! *you* talk of sorrow. May you never feel as I have felt.'

And, thoroughly impressed with the belief in her unique position of trial and wo, Helen ceased speaking, with a sob, and fled up-stairs.

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A short correspondence between the Dynevors, Miss Blackburn, and Mr Cramp the dogged, now become the accommodating and gracious, resulted in the taking of the little furnished cottage at Thornhill, and in consequent preparations for the immediate removal of the family to Hillington, leaving the house in London and its contents in the hands of lawyer and auctioneer. All the business arrangements were satisfactorily concluded. Those of a more domestic nature were no less satisfactorily progressing. There was a general air of contentment pervading them all, even in the midst of that scene of 'confusion worse confounded,' which every housewife recognises as incidental to 'a removal.'

Mrs Dynevor herself was no exception to the family serenity. She visibly brightened at the anticipation of having to organise an entirely new *ménage*; while Helen, since the visit of Sir Charles Blackburn, had 'seriously inclined' to the idea of the new residence. Even Mr Dynevor, with his usual philosophy, had reconciled himself to what now seemed not only advisable but inevitable. And for the two children—they were eager, with all the passionate enthusiasm of their years, for their country home—*real* country, as Grace proudly announced. They were occupied from morning till night in their joyous prefiguration of the delights of fields to run about in, a garden to dig, and woods and lanes where they might play at hide-and-seek, or act battles or scenes out of Roman history. Their usual recreations were neglected; games in the back garden, now scornfully termed 'the yard,' were ignored; and St James's Park, to which Albert sometimes was permitted to escort his little sister, was gravely decided to be 'all very well for London; but for his part he liked the country—right away out of the smoke. They might have all their fountains, and their water-fowl, and their nicely-kept shrubberies. Give *him* a wood—with nuts in it.'

Anne, busiest of the busy, was continually appealed to and consulted in the course of these juvenile speculations. She had too vivid a remembrance of her own childhood, when a *listener* was such a dear delight, to refuse to them the meed of a little attention, or, if that were impossible, the show of it, at least.

'Sister Anne, Albert says we will have gardens of our own; and he is going to buy a little spade.'

'Not so very little either,' corrected Albert; 'I shall cultivate the ground as Mr Glennie recommends. I read an essay about it yesterday. I shall grow asparagus and sea-kail in the sandy soil, and Jerusalem artichokes and cucumbers. Don't you like cucumbers, Anne? Will you have one of my cucumbers?'

'Oh, indeed I will. Give me that par-

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cel of books, Albert, please. Now I have to count them. Wait a minute.'

The counting over, Albert impetuously resumed: 'As for flowers—Grace will grow flowers, with my assistance; such moss-roses, and camelias, and snowdrops, and violets!' exulted he, in reckless disregard of seasons; 'and won't we make beautiful bouquets for you and Helen when you go out to parties!'

'What nonsense! We shall not have any parties to go to,' muttered Helen.

'Anne, do you think there will be fir-trees in the garden?' cried Albert again; 'because I've a plan—about fir cones ——'

'Oh, and a swing! Mayn't we have a swing?' pleaded little Grace. 'Sister Anne, I *do* think if there is a swing I shall have everything I wish for in the world.'

Anne smiled, half sadly though, as she stooped to kiss the bright, eager face lifted up to hers. There is so much pathos in a young child's 'wishes;' such plaintive beauty in its joy, although it be over the simplest and most familiar thing. And the tiny voice, rising almost into a carol over the words, 'Oh, I am so happy!' is surely the tenderest and most pathetic music upon earth.

'Anne, only think, in two days we shall be there! This very day week we may go nutting, perhaps!'

While Anne was briefly explaining that even in the country nuts did not commonly ripen in the spring of the year, Mrs Dynevor entered, in search of a hammer and nails.

'Helen, I wish you would come and help me pack the china. Anne, how can you find time to attend to those children? Run away, both of you! And oh, Anne, your father wishes you would go and pack his desk—under his inspection. He won't trust any one else. Pray go —— Dear, dear me! Where is Rebecca? Has any one seen the little nails?'

And so forth—this kind of mosaic of remarks, demands, and interjections, being the constant accompaniment to Mrs Dynevor's labours, and generally audible all over the house between the pauses of the various hammerings, and knockings, and other excited noises which resounded at frequent intervals.

In fact, it was a busy scene. The next morning but one was fixed for their departure, and several packages were to be sent off the next day. Confusion had reached very nearly its crisis in the Dynevor establishment. Carpets were up—chairs piled on one another—furniture covered with great squares of canvas; book-boxes lined the passage; the important china was in process of packing on the landing, where stood Mrs Dynevor, sublime among hampers, straw, and shavings. That lady, in a dressing-gown, was well 'balanced,' as a painter would say, by Helen, in a very old and washed-out loose wrapper, who stood near to assist, ostensibly at least, in the important affairs then in progress. On this state of things, a thunderbolt could scarcely have produced more sensation and dismay than did the loud double knock at the street-door, which presently, above all the internal din, made itself heard through the house.

There followed a general scamper from the landing, which was directly in view of the entrance passage. Mrs Dynevor stopped half-way in her ascent of the stairs, leaned over the banister, and called to the servant in a sort of stage whisper:—

'Not at home, Rebecca! Or—you had better say we are all very much engaged—packing—removing. Now, who in the world can it be?' she added, turning to Helen. They both listened as the door was opened.

'Removing—going away?' repeated a surprised voice, that Helen instantly recognised as Mrs Lumley's. 'Dear me! I never heard—never supposed —— Perhaps I could see one of the Miss Dynevors?'

A breathless summons from Helen had brought Anne from her father's room, and her employment of arranging papers, letters, and MSS. Anne was in a morning dress, as were the others; but then it was, as usual, fresh-looking and neatly put on; and her dark hair was—also as usual—smoothly and gracefully arranged. Anne was presentable; Anne might see Mrs Lumley; and Helen, with vague ideas of possible gaieties involved in the unexpected visit, eagerly entreated that she would do so.

Anne went down-stairs therefore, and was just in time to prevent the visiter's departure from the house; the stanch Rebecca having, it appeared, civilly but determinedly indicated that nobody was to be seen.

Anne contented herself with a brief and simple apology for the disordered scene into which she was compelled to conduct Mrs Lumley. But that lady evidently took little heed of her environ-

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ments. She was complaisant in the highest degree, amiably seated herself upon a packing-case, till a chair could be made available, and while Anne drew up the blinds, and relieved the floor of a portion at least of its litter of nails, ropes, papers, and various *etceteras*, she showered, with her usual liberality, her smallest of small-talk, occasionally diversified by a question which she did not stop to hear answered, or a piece of news which, before it was disclosed, was forgotten in some fresh subject.

Anne began to wonder if this was the sole object of her somewhat untimely call, when at length something with a shape made itself visible, amid all the premonitory surroundment of mist.

'I am so glad to hear that Mr Dynevor is better. In fact, my visit was in the hope of hearing good news of him. Is he able to go out yet? No? You don't say so? That is truly unfortunate.'

And for the first time Mrs Lumley came to a full stop. Something almost like meditation appeared in her comely face. Anne hardly knew how to fill up the conversational gap thus made. To thank her for her sympathy might be premature; as indeed it proved.

'You know,' she presently resumed, with a sudden burst of confidence, 'we are getting up private theatricals; we are going to act 'The Rivals;' and the very last time Mr Dynevor was at my house, he promised me to take the part of Captain Absolute. We quite depend upon him. Do you think he will be able to do it?'

'On the contrary, I see no possibility,' replied Anne, with a half smile to herself. 'My father will not leave his room till the day after to-morrow, and then we all leave London for Sussex.'

'Really! For any length of time? I don't know what is to become of 'The Rivals.' It is really provoking. I have been learning my part in readiness, and I cannot think of another Captain Absolute, you see. Most of those likely to take the character are away just now. Mr Levison is in the north somewhere; Major Blackburn—Sir Charles, I mean, but he has only just succeeded to the title—has vanished from town; Mr Avarne—ah, poor fellow!'

Mrs Lumley looked really serious for a minute, while Anne sat and trembled. She did not dare to speak—to ask the question which it would have been so natural to ask.

'Oh, I have it!' cried the volatile lady, clapping her delicately-gloved hands together. 'Captain Hamilton is the very man! What made me forget him, I wonder? To be sure, he only arrived in London yesterday morning. I must go home and write him a letter immediately. My dear Miss Dynevor, you will excuse a hurried departure, in consideration of the urgency of the case.' And she really looked as important as if the fate of a world hung in the balance. 'There is not a great deal of time to lose. The first rehearsal is next Monday. Will you come and see it. It will be amusing. Pray do—you and your sister. How pretty she is! Did I tell you how much admired—— You know you must come to Curzon Street—not to Chiswick, this time. Mr Dynevor knows.'

With difficulty Anne succeeded in making her understand that on the momentous occasion they would all be sixty miles away—at Hillington.

'Hillington, of all places!' repeated Mrs Lumley, her attention arrested; 'that is where Miss Blackburn lives. You know Miss Blackburn? Good, kind creature. She has an estate there—is so benevolent to the poor, and all that. Many people don't like her—they call her sarcastic and severe. *I* never found her so. And her brother, Sir Charles Blackburn, is, without exception, the most charming, fascinating man ——'

Thus she ran on, while slowly progressing to the door. Anne comprehended nothing of what she said; only one idea engrossed her thoughts—the sickening fear that she should leave the house without telling her anything more certain on the one subject that filled her mind.

'You will make my kindest remembrances to all your family? I trust I shall see you again sometime. You will return to London, I suppose? No? Are you fairly intending to ruralise, then? I am losing all my friends that way. Really it is quite distressing. The people I most cared for. Mr Levison was such an acquisition! he made even a dinner-party quite a lively and cheerful ceremony! And poor Mr Avarne; I suppose we shall see nothing of him for some time to come. Did you know him? Such a clever person! You have heard, then;—of course? Oh, very sad; summoned away by the dangerous illness of his mother—to Florence. Is my carriage there? Oh, I see. Yes.'

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Anne made a brave effort to recall her. 'Mrs Avarne—I trust ——'

'Oh—she died two days after he arrived. He wrote—no, the doctor—or at least some one wrote to somebody in London, who told me. And I happened to meet the family lawyer the other day. She had a good deal of property. I must not keep you in the cold, Miss Dynevor—and the horses —— Good morning. Kindest regards. Let me see you soon. Oh, I forgot—hear from you, I should say. *Good*-by!'

She departed. Anne shut the door—walked back into the house, to meet the thronging questions of her mother and Helen; to enter anew into the busy confusion of toil that would not cease for many days.

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How the rest of the day passed was a marvel. Fortunately, her father, perceiving the unmistakeable look of exhaustion in her face, insisted on her retiring for the night two or three hours before the usual time. The brief space of perfect solitude was an inestimable boon. She could think, uninterruptedly and fearlessly. She might permit herself to feel, without forcing back the tide of passionate emotion, which when so checked, seethes into storm, none the less racking, none the less terrible, that it is hidden.

And Anne thought and felt, wept and prayed, during these quiet hours. Women like her scarcely know the full extent of their love till a crisis such as this arises to put it to the test. They love most who have suffered most, and the love is incomplete of those who have not suffered *together*.

It was so now. Far apart as they were, Anne shared the agony of him she loved. Who shall say that a mysterious unrecognised consciousness of this did not bless him with its calm—console him with its sweetness? Surely as Anne in the dark silent night mingled with her tears, prayers, yearning, entreating, appealing, such as we never pray for ourselves alone, *he* must have felt a new and holy restfulness visiting him, a new strength supporting him.

How many an overwrought brain has been kept from madness, how many a woman's heart has been saved from breaking, by the knowledge that—be they near or distant—happy or unhappy—worthy or—oh, last misery of all!—unworthy—we can always pray for our beloved.

A DISQUISITION ON JELLY-FISH.

'Those living jellies which the flesh inflame,
Fierce as a nettle, and from that the name;
Some in huge masses, some that you might bring
In the small compass of a lady's ring;
Figured by hand divine—there's not a gem
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,
And make the moonbeam brighter where they flow.'

Poets have rarely deigned to sing the praises of the jelly-fish, which, perhaps, is one reason why there are so few popular errors to correct concerning them. It is somewhat strange, certainly, but the bay leaves and the professor's gown seldom do well together. The silk is almost sure to suffer. Perhaps it is that that 'fine frenzy' in which the poet's eye is wont to roll has something to do with the matter. But, be that as it may, the fact is clear, and we seldom even expect to find correct science 'done into' verse. In the passage quoted above, however, the amiable author of 'The Borough' has given us a noteworthy exception to the rule; and, in the compass of a few brief lines, has finely epitomised the leading points of jelly-fish economy. Bear with us, good reader, the while we discourse to you for a brief space on these curious samples of ocean confectionary.

No one that has paid an occasional visit to the sea-coast can be wholly unacquainted with the jelly-fish. They are amongst the most curious and interesting objects to be seen in rambling along the shore; and, after violent winds, may often be met with, thrown upon the beach by the fury of the waves. In the calm bright days of

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summer, numbers of them may be seen flapping their way through the still water skirting the shore, their delicate and graceful forms alternately contracting and dilating as they propel themselves along, and sometimes only faintly discernible from the water itself. It is hardly necessary to say, that the designation 'jelly-fish' is correct only in reference to the apparent nature of their substance, and not at all in respect to any supposed affinity between them and true fish. They constitute, in fact, one of the humblest tribes of sentient beings, and appear to come but just within the limits of organic nature. Cast ashore, they exhibit not the slightest sign of life, and, lying in rude shapeless masses, often pass amongst fishermen as 'sea-blubber.' But by far the most general of the popular names under which the jelly-fish are known are those which refer to the property many of them possess, like the nettle, of stinging the hand that touches them. Hence it is that they derive the names of '*stingers*,' '*stang-fish*,' and '*sea-nettles*,' amongst ourselves, and that of 'Orties de mer' along the coast of France. It was from this circumstance also that Aristotle bestowed upon them the term *Acalephæ*, the Greek word for nettle, which is still retained as the scientific designation of the entire class.

The Acalephæ embrace a great variety of forms, some of them differing widely from each other. Many of the species are so small as to be invisible to the unassisted eye, while others are often met with a yard or more in diameter. The ocean swarms with these animals, from the equator to the poles; and in the tropic seas the voyager often falls in with vast shoals of them, through which the vessel has to plough its way for many miles. For the most part they are transparent and colourless; but, in several kinds, portions of the body are adorned with gay and brilliant colours; and, when seen from a small boat, disporting themselves in the tranquil water, 'rising and falling at pleasure, and sometimes turning over in the exuberance of their enjoyment' (Patterson's 'Introduction to Zoology'), they have an appearance of the most exquisite beauty. At certain seasons of the year the jelly-fish visit our coast in countless profusion, resorting principally to the bays and estuaries, whence stragglers are carried by the tides and currents to every part of the shore. It is only as an occasional haunt, however, that these frail and delicate creatures approach the land. Their proper home is the open sea, where, driven by wind or wave, or wandering 'at their own sweet will,' they roam the pathless waste, basking in the sunbeams by day, and at night lighting up the waves with their brilliant phosphorescent fires.

One of the first things that arrests the attention in these animals is the extraordinary character of their composition. They consist almost wholly of water. Besides this, the only thing which the most careful examination of their structure reveals, is an exceedingly small quantity of filmy tissue, which in the living animal forms an intricate network of cells for the retention of the fluid part of its substance. Constituted in this manner, the jelly-fish are of the most fragile and evanescent character. No sooner are they removed from the water, and no matter how carefully, than their delicate tissues become ruptured, and the contained fluid drains away, till, at the expiration of a few hours, of the whole bulky mass of trembling jelly, nothing remains but a thin pellicle of film, scarcely to be distinguished from an ordinary cobweb. It is a common amusement with boys, on some parts of the southern coast, where these creatures are generally known as 'water-blobs,' to catch the smaller varieties, and hold them in the hand, while they thus gradually melt, as it seems, away. Dr Carpenter states, that large specimens, weighing, when first taken from the water, from fifty to sixty pounds, are reduced to a thin coating of filmy web, weighing scarcely as many grains. And, what adds to the wonder is, that the fluid which escapes is in no way to be distinguished, even when submitted to chemical analysis, from ordinary sea-water!

The knowledge now possessed of the internal structure of the Acalephæ, and of the various functions they discharge, is entirely of recent acquisition. At the beginning of the present century, when M. Peron was enthusiastically employed capturing and describing the before unknown species of the Southern Ocean, the class, as a whole, was scarcely better understood than in the days of Aristotle or Pliny. Even now there are many obscure points connected with them, which the most diligent and careful investigation has entirely failed to remove.

In none of these animals, so far as is yet known, is there anything like a dis-

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tinct nervous system. Some few investigators have fancied that they could detect the presence of nervous threads or filaments, but the suspicion has never been confirmed, and the physiologist still ranks the Acalephæ with the animals whose nervous matter, if they have any, is indistinct and beyond our powers of discovery. Respiration, too, is carried on by means equally obscure; the probability being, that all the air required for the purpose is separated from the sea-water as it freely passes through the channels of the body. In some species there are small red spots around the margin of the body, which are regarded as rudimentary eyes, although it is by no means certain that they are endowed with the power of vision. It is said, however, that some of the smaller kinds have been observed to shun a bright light, and to sink into deep water to avoid it; and our own schoolboy experience assures us that they are quite capable of 'dodging' the hand that attempts to grasp them in the water.

In all the more ordinary and typical forms of jelly-fish, the body is circular, with the margin in some species simple, in others beautifully scolloped, while, in many cases, the animals are furnished with numerous long filaments, tubular tentacula, or suckers, and a pedicle or proboscis, depending from the under surface. The stomach, in the form of a simple cavity, usually occupies the centre of the body, and has a small aperture immediately below, answering the purpose of a mouth. In some species, however, the stomach occupies the thickest part of the pedicle; and, instead of a mouth, the creatures are provided with suckers, having minute orifices at their extremities, through which they imbibe their nutriment, as plants do by means of their roots. Stranger still, there are some of these animals in which neither mouth nor stomach can be detected, the invisible food being absorbed by the countless pores with which the body itself is perforated, and, in some mysterious manner, appropriated, it would seem, by all parts of the structure alike.

Any one unacquainted with the habits of the jelly-fish, would be apt to form a very erroneous idea of their real character and disposition. Possessed of such a singularly delicate and beautiful frame, we are disposed to credit them with all that is innocent and amiable—to look upon them, in fact, as very models of tenderness and gentility, whereas they are, in reality, of a totally opposite character. Frail and lifeless as they seem when cast upon the shore, in their own proper element the Acalephæ are powerful and daring, and, in proportion to their size, may fairly be ranked amongst the most rapacious inhabitants of the ocean. By far the larger number of them subsist on living prey, and many of them upon animals far more highly organised than themselves. Even crabs and fish readily fall victims to their attacks; the horny mail of the one tribe, and the shelly armour of the other, being alike ineffectual for safety, when once the captive is enfolded in the graceful marauder's soft embrace.

It is amongst the true 'stang-fish,' of course—those, that is, which possess the power of stinging—that we meet with the most formidable animals the class includes. Only a comparatively small number of species apparently are endowed with this property, although there is good reason to believe that these much-dreaded varieties are widely spread. The poisonous fluid with which they are armed is so powerful and immediate in its effects, as instantly to deprive the prey of every means of escape, torpifying all its faculties, and causing it to lie paralysed and motionless, completely at the mercy of its destroyer. The long trailing tentacles of some species, too, are capable of secreting the venomous fluid equally with the body itself, and form together a most efficient set of organs for the capture of prey. No sooner, indeed, does some passing fish but come into contact with one of these appendages, than it is immediately arrested in its movements, and made to writhe with agony; the other tentacles meanwhile coiling and twisting around it, emitting the pungent fluid at each fresh point of contact, and speedily reducing the victim to a state of perfect quiescence, when the tentacles slowly contract, and bring the prize within reach of the mouth.

It is obvious that animals of this sort are best known by man himself at a respectful distance. The reader may judge what kind of companions they make at close quarters from the following notice of one of them by Professor Forbes:—'The *Cyanœa capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scolloped disc, often a full foot or more across, it flaps its way

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through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of ribbon-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when its body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing "hair," the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more closely around his body, and then there is no escape; for when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no contest with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons, severed from their parent body, vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack.'—('Monograph of the British Naked-Eyed Medusæ.')

Many different methods of classifying the Acalephæ have been suggested by naturalists. According to that now most commonly adopted, the class is arranged into four sections or orders, distinguished from each other by the peculiar modes of progression that obtain amongst the animals composing them. The first section comprises the *Medusæ*, which may be regarded as the most typical division of the class. It includes most of the jelly-fish which commonly frequent our own coasts, as well as the most abundant species of the entire class. All the animals belonging to it are distinguished by the possession of an umbrella-shaped disc, by the alternate expansion and contraction of which they propel themselves through the water. From the trivial circumstance of these movements of the disc having a resemblance to the heaving of the chest in respiration, the Medusæ have received the name of *Pulmonigrades*, or lung-movers. It is only in calm weather, however, that the feeble strokes of the disc avail the Medusæ for the purpose of locomotion; during the prevalence of high winds they either descend to the tranquil depths, or, remaining near the surface, are driven helplessly along. Professor E. Forbes, who has carefully studied this division of the Acalephæ, proposes to arrange them in two groups, distinguished from each other by the presence or absence of certain delicate membranes or hoods, which in some of the species are found covering the eye-like spots, already referred to, around the margin of the body.

A considerable diversity of form obtains amongst the Medusæ, notwithstanding their general points of resemblance. In some species the disc is only slightly convex, and the animal, when seen floating calmly in the water, is readily mistaken for a patch of mere lifeless jelly. In others again, the disc rises proudly in the shape of a beautiful translucent dome, or assumes the elegant pointed form of the Turkish minaret, while various leaf-like processes hang down from the interior, and long threadlike filaments stream from numerous points around the circumference. In size, the Medusæ differ from one another still more than in form, the group including both the largest and the most minute of all the Acalephæ. Examples are occasionally thrown upon our own shores, measuring three or four feet in diameter; and in the warmer seas individuals of this size are by no means uncommon. Then, at the other extremity of the scale, there are Medusæ so minute as to be truly microscopic, and which swarm in the ocean to an extent perfectly inconceivable. Captain (now Rev. Mr) Scoresby mentions, that off the coast of Greenland he has seen the waters of the ocean rendered turbid over several degrees of latitude by the amazing profusion of these tiny Medusæ which it contained. They were found to extend downwards to a depth of 1500 feet; and he estimates that it would require 80,000 persons, working unceasingly from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of these minute beings contained within a space of only two miles!

The organs of locomotion in the second order of the Acalephæ are minute vibratile appendages, termed cilia, whence the animals composing it are designated *Ciliogrades*. One of the commonest and most characteristic of these is the berõe, a gay and active little creature, and a prime favourite with naturalists, who have appropriately named it after one of the sea nymphs of old. It is impossible to watch this graceful little rover without being struck with admiration at the vivacity and sprightliness of its movements. Of a globular but slightly elongated form, and about the size of a large bead, the berõe dances gaily through the water, its delicate gelatinous body, faintly blue in colour, glistening in the sun, while the rapid play of its cilia scatters the rays of light in lovely rainbow tints about its

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path. The apparatus by means of which the berõe thus speeds its way along, circled with glory, consists of rows of minute cilia, arranged side by side, in the form of broad flat plates, upon eight firm bands, which run from pole to pole of its body, like the meridian lines of a globe. Each of these belts, with its thirty or forty rows of cilia, one above the other, has an appearance something like that of the paddle-wheel of a steam-boat; but, unlike what is seen in that cumbrous contrivance of man, locomotion is effected, not by the revolution of the wheel, but by the separate motion of each of the paddles. Every one of these delicate organs is endowed, in fact, with the property of separate and independent motion, and over the whole of them the little berõe has the most complete control. It can retard or stop their movements at pleasure, and by arresting the play of one or more rows, whilst the remainder continue in rapid vibration, is enabled instantly to change the direction of its course, and to wander through the waves at will.

Nor is this all. In addition to its belts of paddles, the berõe is furnished with two long tendril-like appendages beset with delicate filaments, which issue, at the lower part of its body, from the bottom of two deep cavities, into which they can be completely withdrawn with great rapidity. Sometimes the little fellow may be seen joyously glancing about in the water with both these organs entirely concealed from view, but only a few moments probably elapse before they are shot out to four or five times the length of the body, and, while the delicate processes along their course uncoil and twirl about, the tendrils themselves are flung into an endless variety of beautiful curves, with an air of elegance and grace perfectly indescribable.

Not the least curious circumstance connected with this interesting jelly-fish, is its odd and very original method of procuring food. It might be thought that, with no eyes to see, and no special organs for the capture of prey, it would be hard put to it to obtain a living. But no! It seems to have not the slightest care or concern about the matter, and manages to secure a plentiful supply of provender almost without an effort, and when apparently it is intent upon gaiety and pleasure alone. The fact is, the cavity which forms the stomach perforates its body from pole to pole, while the orifice at either extremity can be opened or shut at pleasure. All the little fellow has to do, therefore, when in want of food, is to incline its body forward, and keep both apertures wide open the while it dances through the water, by which means a continuous stream of the fluid is caused to pass through the stomach, hurrying along with it, of course, whatever spoil it may chance to contain. In this most convenient manner, the tiny shrimps and other crustaceans upon which the berõe feeds are brought within its power, the two orifices closing, of course, the moment the prize enters the mouth, and securing it as in a living trap.

Another example of the ciliograde Acalephæ is the rare and beautiful *Cestum Veneris*, or Girdle of Venus, a resplendent creature, resembling a long flat ribbon of translucent glass, some five or six feet in length, by about as many inches in width. The habits of this remarkable animal are but little known, although its affinity to the present group of jelly-fish is clearly ascertained. Its body is of a delicate gelatinous consistence throughout, and is fringed at the margins with a double row of countless cilia, which, as in the case of the berõe, produce when in motion a succession of the most brilliant colours. At night the cestum is said to glow in the watery depths with peculiar splendour, and to resemble, as it winds its way along, an undulating belt of flame.

In the jelly-fish of the next section, we meet with a peculiarity of structure entirely new. The group is but a small one, and all the animals belonging to it are distinguished by the possession of a delicate cartilaginous plate, which forms a sort of skeleton or support to the soft gelatinous body. In the majority of this order, the body is an oval or circular disc, and has depending from its under surface numerous appendages termed cirrhi, by which the animals move through the water, whence the entire order has received the name of *Cirrhigrades*. A far more interesting and effective apparatus for locomotion is found, however, in some of these jelly-fish, in the shape of a thin membrane or sail, which, rising from the upper surface of the body, and supported by a sort of mast, is acted on by the wind and drives the little voyager along, a very 'ocean Mab' and 'fairy of the sea.' Large fleets of these elegant creatures are some-

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times met with in the warmer latitudes, gaily scudding before the gentle breeze, in compact order, and presenting a spectacle of singular interest and beauty.

One of the commonest of these sail-bearing Acalephæ, and one which, during storms, is often thrown upon our own shores, is the *Velella lata*, in which the disc is of a fine blue colour, and has the cartilaginous plate in the form of a dorsal shield, with the delicate sail-membrane rising obliquely from its centre. In another division of the Cirrhigrades, the crest or sail is furnished with muscular bands, by means of which it can be raised or lowered at pleasure — a circumstance which has procured for the entire group the very appropriate designation of 'bargemen.' All these animals are small, and beautifully transparent. One of the best known is a curious little fellow, which, by the lofty rounded form of its body, has earned for itself the appellation *Mitrata* (mitred), although, if it have any ecclesiastical leanings at all in the matter of shape, it approaches most nearly perhaps to that of the odd-looking crimson skull-cap of his Eminence the Cardinal.

All the *Cirrhigrada* have the stomach in the form of an inverted flask hanging from the under surface of the body, with the mouth at its lower extremity. The cirrhi immediately surrounding the latter are adapted rather for prehension than locomotion, and are busily employed in seizing the minute prey, as the graceful voyagers calmly sail along the surface of the deep.

The fourth and last section of the jelly-fish includes the animals which Cuvier termed *Hydrostatic Acalephæ*. According to the classification now adopted, they constitute the order *Physograda*, so named from the inflated air-bags with which they are provided, and by means of which, in part at least, they effect locomotion. In this section of the Acalephæ, we entirely lose the circular radiate form by which the previous orders are distinguished, and have, instead, a sort of lateral symmetry or correspondence between the two sides of the animals composing it. There are two great divisions of the Physograda which until recently were regarded as distinct sections of the Acalephæ, and ranked as separate orders.

A well-known example of the first division is the *Physalia*, or Portuguese-man-of-war of sailors. The body of this singular jelly-fish consists of a large pear-shaped air-bladder, beautifully tinted with blue, green, and crimson. It is surmounted by a fringed crest or sail of the richest purple, and has depending from it a cluster of variously-shaped tentacula, some of great length, and employed in the capture of prey, others short, tubular, and terminated by suckers, through which the Physalia, destitute of a true mouth, imbibes its food. This food consists principally of small fish; and the long tentacles by which they are caught are truly formidable implements. According to Mr G. Bennett, they can be coiled up within half an inch of the air-bag, and then suddenly shot out to the length of twelve or eighteen feet, twining round and round the body of the prey, paralysing it by means of their acrid secretion, and then contracting so as to bring it within reach of the tubular suckers. As in the case of the *Velella*, vast shoals of these animals are often encountered in the tropic seas, where the surface of the ocean is frequently crowded with their bright and glittering forms over an area of many square miles. It is said, that should danger threaten the Physalia while thus wafted along on the bosom of the deep, it can at once contract its sail, expel a portion of the contents of the air-bladder, and by condensing the remainder, descend in security to the depths below.

Naturalists have been sadly puzzled what to make of the animals which form the second division of this order. They are diminutive little creatures, and composed of two pieces which easily separate, and when detached will swim about independently for hours together. Hence arose the difficulty whether to regard these compound bodies as two animals united into one, or as one animal which, for a time, might be separated into two. Cuvier, and most zoologists following him, adopted the former opinion, regarding the two pieces as two independent animals. It has lately been very satisfactorily shown, however, that the two pieces do after all constitute but one animal, although our knowledge of these singular creatures (the *Diphydæ*, or jelly-fish of a double nature) is still very incomplete. Considerable diversity of form prevails amongst them, and frequently also between the two portions of the same animal. They are so beautifully transparent as to be almost invisible in the water, and occur chiefly at great distances from the shore in the

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seas of warm climates, where they abound in great profusion.

Reference has already been made to the luminosity of some of the jelly-fish. All these animals, there is reason to believe, are endowed with the property of emitting light; and it is mainly to their agency that we owe the beautiful phenomenon known as 'the phosphorescence of the sea.' 'When,' says a writer before quoted, 'on a summer's evening the waves flash fire as they break upon the shore, or glow with myriads of sparks as they curl and froth around the prow of the moving ship, or under the blade of the striking oar, it is to delicate and almost invisible Medusæ that they chiefly owe their phosphorescence.' It has never been clearly ascertained what organs are concerned in the production of this phosphoric light, nor has the most careful examination ever availed to detect the secretion itself, although there can be little doubt that the animals are enabled to exhibit the phenomenon at will. It is most frequently witnessed when the surface of the sea is ruffled by some gentle breeze; dead calms and very rough weather being alike unfavourable to its production.

Over all parts of the ocean alike, the waves are lit up at times with these animated fires; but in the warmer latitudes the spectacle assumes an aspect of extraordinary sublimity and splendour. 'Between the tropics,' says the venerable Humboldt, 'the ocean simultaneously develops light over a space of many thousand square miles. Here the magical effect of light is owing to the forces of organic nature. Foaming with light, the eddying waves flash in phosphorescent sparks over the wide expanse of waters, where every scintillation is the vital manifestation of an invisible animal world.' According to the enthusiastic accounts of voyagers, the appearance of the ocean on these occasions is grand and beautiful as it is possible to conceive. Far as the eye can reach, the crest of every wave, which during the day is white with foam, becomes transformed by darkness into a swelling ridge of light; while, here and there, where the billows dash with greater violence, the spray flies up, sparkling and glittering like a shower of stars, and, falling again, is lost in a sea of effulgence. Occasionally, too, while the more minute forms of the Acalephæ produce this diffused luminosity at the surface of the ocean, the larger kinds are seen below, illuminating its mystic depths—some gleaming through the water with a pale and steady light, like submerged moons; others glowing with dazzling brightness, like balls of molten metal, or shooting by like the fiery meteors of the heavens above.

Nothing connected with the jelly-fish more truly deserves to be characterised as wonderful, than what has of late years been discovered with respect to their mode of reproduction. Two distinct modes of increase have been ascertained to prevail amongst these animals—one by the development of eggs; the other by the process of budding or gemmation. According to the latter mode, which was first observed in 1837 by Sars, a Swedish naturalist and clergyman, the young jelly-fish sprout from the bodies of their parents like the leaf-buds of a plant, and after attaining to a certain stage of advancement, become detached, and swim away, to enjoy a free and independent existence. The singularity of this mode of increase is apt to be underrated, because of the insignificance of the creatures amongst which it obtains. Professor Forbes, in his elaborate work before quoted from, helps us to estimate the oddity of the process, by supposing it to be observed amongst animals somewhat more bulky, and higher in the scale than jelly-fish. 'Fancy,' he says, 'an elephant, with a number of little elephants sprouting from his shoulders and thighs, bunches of tusked monsters hanging, epaulette-fashion, from his flanks, in every stage of advancement. Here a young pachyderm, almost amorphous; there one more advanced, but all ears and eyes; on the right shoulder a youthful Chuney, with head, trunk, toes, no legs, and a shapeless body; on the left, an infant, better grown, and struggling to get away, but his tail not sufficiently organised as yet to permit of liberty and free action!' The comparison seems grotesque and absurd, but it really expresses what we have been describing as actually occuring among our naked-eyed Medusæ.

It is to the development of the ova, however, that the chief interest pertains, the germs being now ascertained to pass through a series of the most remarkable transformations before assuming their mature form. The eggs are produced within the body of the jelly-fish in regular ovaries, whence they are transferred to a curious pear-shaped sack, appended to the fringe of the tentacula. Here they are

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retained for a time, and then, the sack bursting, the embryos escape in the form of minute oval bodies, covered with cilia, and, to all appearance, a swarm of infusorial animalculæ. In this state the young brood remains for some days, sporting gaily in the water, and subsisting apparently in just the same manner as the animals they so closely resemble. In due course, however, one end of the germ begins to contract, and gradually is developed into a sucker-like base, whereupon each of the little creatures attaches itself to some fixed object, and becomes for awhile settled and stationary. And now a new character is assumed. The cilia, no longer needed, disappear. A cavity is formed at the upper extremity of the body, and, gradually deepening and enlarging, becomes at length a capacious mouth; around this four arms sprout forth, which being soon succeeded by four more, and these by another four, we have at length—from the egg of a jelly-fish—an animal, which is to all appearance an ordinary hydra-form polype!

Nor is it in form alone that the correspondence holds. The disguised jelly-fish actively discharges all the functions of polype life, twirling its arms about to entrap prey, gorging the prey it secures, and ejecting the indigestible parts of its food through the mouth precisely as is done by the hydra itself. It has, moreover, all the hydra's power of renewing lost parts, and reproducing the entire body from a single portion; and, lastly, it multiplies itself, as do the true polypes, by buds or gemmules, so as often to produce a whole colony of similar beings. Add to all which, that the creature has been known to remain in the polype state for nearly two years; and no one can wonder that it should often have been mistaken for an animal in its mature form, without the remotest suspicion of its true character.

After the lapse of a considerable interval, however, important changes take place, and the extraordinary nature of the seeming polype soon becomes apparent. The body lengthens; its skin begins to shrivel; ring-like depressions appear around it; and in a little while the entire polype seems as if cut into a number of horizontal sections or slices, which turn up at the edges, and present the appearance of a pile of watch-glasses standing one within the other. Tentacles now grow out from each of the upturned edges, and the several sections become less and less firmly attached to each other. In one or two days more, the connection between the different sections altogether ceases, and one by one, beginning at the top, they swim off, and become a brood of fully developed pulmonigrade jelly-fish.

It is upon these remarkable facts, and others of a like character, observed in the reproduction of some of the compound zoophytes, that Steenstrup, a Danish naturalist, has founded his novel doctrine of 'Alternation of Generations.' According to this doctrine or hypothesis, the successive stages of advancement through which certain of the lower forms of life pass, are to be regarded, not as different phases of a process of metamorphosis or transformation, like that of the caterpillar into a butterfly, or the tadpole into a frog, but as *distinct generations*, in which the parent animal produces an offspring totally unlike itself, but which begets a progeny that returns in form and nature to that of the original stock; so that, as the originator of the idea himself puts it, 'the maternal animal does not meet with its resemblance in its own brood, but in its descendants of the second, third, or fourth degree of generation; and this always takes place in the different animals which exhibit the phenomenon in a *determinate* generation, or with the intervention of a determinate number of generations.'—('On the Alternation of Generations,' by J. J. S. Steenstrup. Publications of Ray Society.)

The aristocracy of the scientific world are pretty equally divided in opinion as to the tenability of the position thus assumed; some embracing it eagerly as a valuable truth, others of equal standing putting the thing aside as altogether fanciful and visionary. Attention has of late been directed to the subject afresh, by the offer of the Amsterdam Royal Academy of Sciences, of a prize of 600 florins for the best essay, illustrated by drawings from nature, critically discussing the entire question. Competitors for this prize will shortly have to send in their essays, so that, before very long, we may look for a full and authoritative exposition of the whole matter. Meantime, it is worth while to remember that the leading facts of the case are already fully established, and that, whatever interpretation may be put upon them, they must undoubtedly be ranked amongst the most wonderful phenomena which recent investigations in natural history have brought to light.

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One other topic remains to be noticed, before bringing to a close our sketch of this interesting class of animals, The probable purpose and design of their existence. To suppose that these creatures occur in such teeming abundance in every part of the ocean, without having some distinct and definite task assigned them to perform, would but ill accord with what we see everywhere around us of the wisdom of the Creator, in the numberless adaptations and mutual relationships of the natural world. At the same time, it must be admitted that it is by no means certain what are the special services these animals render. No doubt the larger kinds, and especially such as are armed with the poisonous fluid before alluded to, serve as part of the police of the sea, and by capturing living prey, tend to check, and keep within proper limits, the abounding life of the waters. It has been conjectured again, that by the power which some of the jelly-fish possess of pouring from their bodies quantities of thick mucus or slime, they may be designed to replenish the sea with a kind of nutriment particularly adapted for the sustenance of new-hatched spawn, and to be thus made directly instrumental to the support of countless races which, but for them, might probably never have been called into existence. In other cases, the Acalephæ themselves constitute the food of higher forms of life. The huge Cetacea of the Arctic seas are known to exist almost exclusively upon them, while they also constitute an important part of the support of numerous other tenants of the deep. In respect to the office discharged by the inconceivable multitudes of microscopic jelly-fish which people the ocean, there is perhaps less uncertainty than with respect to that of any others of the class. They act, there can hardly be a doubt, in concert with other minute beings with which the waters abound, in arresting the course of fugitive particles of decaying organic matter, and preventing them from passing away into the dead inert form of their original inorganic elements. They thus serve, so to speak, as the guardians and conservators of the organic world, appropriating the invisible atoms of perishing organic matter which have eluded the vigilance of all other beings; and assimilating them to their own substance, and re-adapting them to become the food of higher forms of life, thus turn back into the domain of animated nature what would otherwise have hastened to dissolution, and oppose an effectual barrier to the encroachments of the inorganic world.

SONNET.

Sweet Music, thou art loved by all! Yes, all
Do love thee well;—from him pent up in city,
And hearing the caged bird, or ballad ditty,
To him who roams at will, and hears the call
Of morning lark, of sounding waterfall:
All woodland hymns and night-bird's lay of pity—
And unto each, by woful tones, or pretty,
Thy mission is a holy one withal.
But, Music! never had'st thou task so great,
An office so divine, worthy thy power,
As when thou lead'st the soul up to its God!
And thus I love thee best, feel most elate,
In church or chapel, at Devotion's hour,
To hear the hymn arise to Heaven from the sod.

F. C.

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MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

It is pleasant to think of the sunny summer noonday, the hum of bees, and the brightness of the sky, now that the flowers are beginning to wither, and the latest of the leaves to fall. Albeit there may be a faint shade of sadness cast upon our thoughts, and though memory may have something more than the fading flowers to recall, still it is pleasant to go back again to the fresh fields beautiful with buttercups and daisies, to the breezy hillside where the sturdy heather and the broad-leaved ferns grow, to the woodland coverts where we have lain to look at the sunlight breaking through among the branches, making a very luxury of existence, and bringing back 'the happy wonts of early Paradise.' Nature yields us thus a twofold delight. Serene and soul-satisfying as is the enjoyment of her summer beauty, it is not more so than the remembrance of it when it has passed away. We hear the wind whistling in the chimney, and the shimmering light of the latter days of autumn tells us that, ere long, the whole aspect of the scenery around us will be changed, yet in our memory still live the blue-bells by the stream, and the wild anemone by the path that skirts it. The summer landscape lies within the heart, and all its tranquil joys again and again come back.

There is something analogous to this in the minds of persons we meet with in our daily experiences. There are writers, too, who seem to us as if they could not lose the recollection of their sunny time of life. We think of them always as happy youthful spirits who have had no fellowship with care. We cannot otherwise think of them, for at that period when the days of most of us are in the sere and yellow leaf, they are as bright and joyous as of old. The form grows to manhood and womanhood, it even begins to give tottering tokens of Time's assaults, but the heart within it has never grown older—for fifty, or it may be sixty years, it is still the heart of boyhood or girlhood. Such persons look upon life through the dim eye of age as hopefully and as happily as they looked at it through the full laughing eye of youth. The inner freshness goes out to refresh and beautify all about them. To them the troubles of decaying nature seem but as the winter to us, when summer memories are brightest, and when the heart is filled with the quiet joys which they beget. One such person is represented in a book that now lies before us.* Protracted pain has shaken her, the shattered frame has been prostrated, and is prostrate now; yet, throughout the sunny days that have just gone by, she sat where she could see the roses peeping in at her cottage windows, and the wind waving the ripening corn on the distant fields—sat where the sunbeams could fall around her, and where the singing of birds could be heard. Thankful, cheerful, and loving-hearted, she sat there, and was wheeled to bed when the day declined. So passed another summer of a life that has been full of sunshine—the life of Mary Russell Mitford, one of the most delightful of modern English writers, one of the best beloved of them, and not much, if at all, below the most powerful in intellectual achievement. Many years have passed since the author of 'Our Village' produced some of the sweetest glimpses of English landscape that ever were given by the pen of a descriptive writer, and many a sketcher of rural scenery has got his first lessons in the art of observing from the faithful pictures which that book contains. To read it, is to be transported into the quiet of sylvan scenes—to ramble between the thick hedgerows and over the soft greensward, listening to the murmurous stir in the air, of leaves overhead, or of ringing laughter from the fields on either side. You miss not one characteristic feature of the lowland landscape as you peruse its pages. Nor could the men and women, and boys and girls who go through the life-drama of mirth and sadness, of love and sorrow amid such scenery, be appropriate elsewhere. They are native to the domain. 'Our Village,' as it is painted, is the only background which could have been painted for them, and there is so much of nature about them all, that we cannot choose but love the painter. The pleasant books by which Miss Mitford's name is best known ('Our Village' and 'Belford Regis') are now numbered among

* The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford. 2 vols.—Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols.

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the English classics; these will long survive the author, and be read when most works of fiction which have since appeared will have been forgotten. At this late day it is scarcely necessary to speak of them, except in connection with the later and the early works, recently published, of the same accomplished lady. Nevertheless, they are so full of Miss Mitford's spirit—the spirit that pervades her 'Reminiscences of a Literary Life,' and the long preface to the collection of her dramas also—that we cannot think of her but as the author of them; and in the genial philosophy with which they are imbued, we see much of that which has sustained, and still sustains, her in fine unison with the higher consolations of her sick-bed, and the light from heaven which streams in upon her troubled hours. And while the volumes lying on our table invite us to go back to a time antecedent to the appearance of these works, the gossip in which we are told about the history of them is part of the autobiography which took the form of her sketches of village life and the life of her early home.

It is worthy of note, that in the annals of modern dramatic literature the female mind occupies a conspicuous place. The time was when the female characters of the play-writs could not obtain a female impersonation — when beardless youth, the nearest approximation to femininity, became for the nonce 'the gentle lady married to the Moor,' or took upon itself the maternal sorrows of Lady Randolph. Going over the list of distinguished names among the female writers of our own or a very recent day, however, we find not a few who have successfully evolved the character of the sterner sex in the play or the dramatic poem. Passing a Mrs Inchbald and a Mrs Centlivre, as ladies of rather a masculine type, we can write a list headed by a Joanna Baillie, and composed of such gifted and gentle spirits as Mrs Hemans, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs Opie, Miss Browning, and Miss Mitford. The triumphs of the stage have been won by only one or two of these ladies, the others have either never striven to win them, or have failed to do so; yet, in our own day at least, successful representation affords no just criterion of success in dramatic writing. If it did so, Miss Mitford's works would be entitled to rank far above those of her distinguished sisters. Nor are they unworthy of being placed side by side with the best of Joanna Baillie's dramas. Four of them were produced with decided success upon the stage, and all of them are marked by more *than* common power. It appears to us somewhat strange, that one enamoured of quiet rural scenes, and whose pictures of country life so unmistakeably show her love for it, should have been so successful in an art which involves an energetic exercise of the imagination, and a dependence either on stirring incidents or highly-wrought character, or, properly speaking, on both. To essay dramatic writing, inferred on her part the consciousness of possessing powers which the reader of her stories would scarcely give her credit for. It must be remembered, moreover, that most of her dramas were written previous to the publication, and the composition also, we believe, of her prose fictions. They were the products of her youth; and the perusal of them, and of the account she gives us of the circumstances connected with the preparation of them, takes us back a good many years, to a period when the gifted lady might be said to be only entering upon her literary career.

Miss Mitford's earliest works were three volumes of poetry, which, to quote her own candid opinion of them, 'had all the faults incident to a young lady's verses.' They were published within the short space of two years, for in very early girlhood she had followed her destiny, as the pupil of a teacher from whom more than one gifted female mind had received an early bias, and had 'committed the sin of rhyming.' Little is known of these volumes now beyond what their author tells us. One of them was severely handled by the 'Quarterly,' but Miss Mitford cannot recall the remembrance of even that fact, without having a kindly word to say about one whose memory has not been very lovingly cherished by the poets. She tells us that Mr Gifford made full amends for the castigation administered upon her as a verse writer, by a genial notice of 'Our Village,' and thinks it highly probable that the man who could do this was, in spite of his reputed sternness, 'like many other people, much kinder than he seemed.' It might have been difficult, perhaps, for any one to have prophesied from these three early books of poetry, that the writer of them would take the place she has long occupied in English literature; but, from a recent perusal of some of the things they

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contain, we have been led to think that they ought not to have been forgotten. Miss Mitford's lyrics are, like her more important works, full of nature and natural sweetness. We doubt not that some of them are familiar to all our readers. Who does not remember her 'Reasons for Mirth,' and 'The Voice of Praise?' Some of the verses in the latter are very beautiful—

'Tis sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete,
To feel the softly breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat.
But oh! a thousand times more sweet,
The praise of those we love to hear;
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth to meet in heaven.
That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise and from the good
It breathes of immortality.'

Miss Mitford's interest in dramatic literature was awakened in early girlhood, even before she had begun to think of writing rhymes. In her 'Reminiscences,' she tells us how the instructions of her music mistress were neglected, when in the school-house (the house in which poor L. E. L. passed the happiest part of her life) she stumbled upon a row of eight small volumes, lettered 'Theatre de Voltaire,' and got so deep into Zaire, and Merope, and Œdipe, as to forget that there were such things as crotchets and quavers. The room in which she was expected to practise her music, was the very last place she should have been allowed to enter, had her father or her teacher known anything about her tastes. It was full of temptation, for the walls were covered with book shelves, and after reading all Voltaire's dramas, with one eye on the volume and the other on the door, at which she expected her teacher to appear every moment, she found out Molière, and amid 'the gay realities of his delightful world,' soon lost sight of doors and teachers, and everything she was expected to attend to. Study of this kind was ruinous to her prospects of succeeding as a musician, of course, whatever they might do to develop her abilities for the drama, and her indulgent father put an end to the farce of music lessons, by dismissing the poor little teacher, and presenting the pupil with an edition of Molière—twelve little volumes, which she is still proud of possessing. How pleasantly Miss Mitford gossips about all this through page after page of her 'Reminiscences,' the name written at the head of the chapter recalling some recollection of her girlish days, and suggesting pictures of her early life in houses surrounded by gardens, with old trees to sit beneath in summer days, and with windows from which she could look out on forest scenes or on the sea, watching 'the grandeur and glory of the tempest, the spray rising over the cliffs, pale and ghastly in the lightning.' Much of the charm of these bits of autobiography consists in their freedom from everything like regularity of narrative. They are glimpses of the past lighted up by some ray of happy thought in the writer's mind. They are like the sunshine on a distant field. But these remembrances are not all bright. A time came when Miss Mitford's free-spirited, light-hearted father found that the use he had made of the eight-and-twenty thousand pounds of his wife's portion had been profitless. There had been a great deal of free expenditure, a disregard of his professional duties as a medical man, and speculation of various kinds. A change took place, when he could no longer entertain the troops of friends always so warmly welcomed to his hospitable walls. The gay visiters departed, and did not return, and at last the home of so many early and dear associations was broken up altogether. Our authoress and her gentle mother were forced to travel to London in a Dorchester caravan, and to put up with stale bread and dirty cheese at the roadside alehouse. But Dr Mitford still retained his buoyancy of spirits, and a lucky chance came again—nothing less than a prize of twenty thousand pounds was drawn at the lottery. This also went. In twenty years, all that remained of it was a Wedgewood dinner-service, made to commemorate the extraordinary good fortune. A Chancery suit, the gaining of which cost eight years and eleven thousand pounds, was the climax of misfortune; and Miss Mitford says, 'we were now so poor, that it became a duty to earn money if I could, and how I could.' Looking back upon these her first trials, she sees much to be thankful for, and nothing to bemoan. To her,

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reared in the lap of luxury, every whim indulged, every want supplied, the necessity of looking face to face at something which had the lineaments of want must, one would suppose, have been rather a dire and staggering necessity. If she could have been spoiled, no one ever ran a greater risk of being so; but the happily constituted nature which had enjoyed the bounties of life so fully, derived enjoyment from its sternest duties, and cannot now see aught but matter for thanksgiving even in her hardest struggle with its rough realities. 'It is a subject of intense satisfaction,' she says, writing long long after the experiences of which she speaks had passed away, 'that, although during these early years want often came very close to our door, it never actually entered; and that those far dearer and far better worth than I were more than once saved from its clutches when it seemed nearest, by something even more fragile and less durable than Wedgewood china or an Irish lottery ticket.'

When Miss Mitford, finding it her duty to earn money, determined to do so, or make the attempt, at least, by writing a play, the drama was a very different thing from what it is now. Sixty years ago, it was almost the only thing, indeed, which afforded amusement of an intellectual kind. Concerts were little thought of, and lectures were unknown even in cities. In country towns, the theatre was patronised quite as extensively by the higher classes as in London, and Miss Mitford had doubtless had her early love for dramatic literature fostered by it ere her mother's portion or the proceeds of the lottery prize had been spent. She had seen 'Othello' played in a barn; and had been greatly interested in Dr Valpy's accommodations of the drama to the youthful mind. But, while there were some encouragements to the young struggler for bread in the dramatic field, there was also much to daunt her, and she speaks of her conscious feebleness, and the magnitude of her object almost driving her to relinquish her attempts in despair, when a kindly spirit, somewhat akin to her own, stepped forth with help and counsel. Thomas Noon Talfourd (from whom, more than any man of his time perhaps, literary aspirants received kindnesses such as few have it in their power to bestow) aided Miss Mitford with all the sympathy of his noble heart, and her play of 'Foscari' was the result. 'Julian' was written immediately after. They did not appear in the order in which they were composed, but, when they were produced, it was with no equivocal success. The history which Miss Mitford gives us of the anxieties, struggles, hopes, and fears, attending her outset as a dramatic writer, is among the most delightful pieces of prose she ever penned. Everything is looked at with so much good-humour, there is so little self-laudation, and so many recollections of kindnesses received, that we enjoy the narrative for the spirit of it alone. The miseries of authorship, under the control of managers, and at the mercy of actors, are talked about with a geniality quite refreshing. There are no complaints, though scenes were cut out, and costume got up, without reference to historical authority. The lady who refused to speak the epilogue receives sympathy rather than blame; and in all the stage squabbles Miss Mitford appears to have taken only a laughing part. Delightful is the description which she gives of a theatre during a noonday rehearsal, with all its dingy glories, its bits of scenery from Charing Cross eking out a view of the Rialto, or filling up a corner of the Forest of Ardennes—its unworkable clouds—its moon that refuses to be lit up—its solemn tragedians skipping about with jokes on their lips, and smiles so ludicrously inconsistent with the speeches written for them. In spite of all the difficulties, however, her tragedies, as we have said, were decidedly successful. When the first representation of them was proceeding, she sat trembling in some quiet room in the vicinity, till poor B. R. Haydon, the painter, generally her messenger of good tidings, flew to set her mind at rest. Miss Mitford's position as a dramatic writer was warmly acknowledged by her gifted contemporaries, particularly those of her own sex. Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, and Felicia Hemans, welcomed her to their society, and were proud of her genius. Others who are less known now are also referred to as among her dearest friends. Miss Porden, the first wife of Sir John Franklin, a lady who had written an epic poem, called 'Cœur de Lion,' was one of these; and the few words which Miss Mitford has to say about her are very interesting. When she saw her as Mrs Franklin, she had been working a flag for her heroic husband, who was about to sail on one of his perilous voyages. 'This warm-hearted woman,' we are told, 'was of a frame and temperament the

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most fragile. The pain of parting was too much for her, and ere her husband's expedition had left the Channel she was no more.'

After the appearance of her two first plays, Miss Mitford composed a third, 'Rienzi,' and shortly afterwards a fourth, entitled 'Charles the First.' The latter was tabooed, however, by George Colman, the licenser, who saw a danger to the state in permitting the trial of an English monarch to be represented on the stage, especially a monarch whose martyrdom was still observed by the churches. The objection was frivolous and absurd, for the play is not of a republican tendency, and it was afterwards produced at a minor theatre, without in the least affecting the stability of the throne. But, in spite of her success as a dramatist, Miss Mitford confesses that her stage triumphs were not so great as they seemed. 'They did not fill the heart,' but were merely periods of mental intoxication, which were very unlikely to satisfy one so much enamoured of what is natural and peaceful. It was therefore with no reluctance, we should suppose, but rather the reverse, that she turned to the composition of the delightful stories to which we have briefly alluded, and in connection with which her name will long be known. After the publication of 'Our Village,' and 'Belford Regis,' Miss Mitford's literary labours were confined to occasional contributions to the Annuals. Her 'Reminiscences,' and a series of pleasant tales, under the title of 'Atherton,' were then given to the world; and her two volumes of dramas, now before us, may be said to close her literary career. They are a return to her first love; and, although we have already referred to some of the circumstances connected with their production, it behoves us to say a word or two respecting their merits. In the first volume we have her four acted plays; the second contains an opera, entitled 'Sadak and Kalasrade;' a drama, in prose, called 'Gaston de Blondeville;' two tragedies, 'Inez di Castro,' and 'Otto of Wittlesbach;' together with several dramatic sketches, some of which have, we think, been published in drawing-room books. Of the acted plays, 'Rienzi' is the finest. It is rapid in its action, singularly free from unnecessary speeches and meaningless scenes, and full of powerful writing. The speech of Rienzi in the capitol is one of the noblest things in modern dramatic literature; and when we consider that the play preceded Bulwer Lytton's novel, we cannot but accord to it greater praise than it has hitherto received from critics. In most of our modern dramas, or dramatic poems, we find ourselves lingering over certain passages—points which go so far to redeem tediousness or bathos—but in Miss Mitford's works we are led on by the admirable evolution of the plot, and care not to be stopped by detached speeches, if, indeed, it can be said that they are detached. Hence, we have some difficulty in making extracts. Here and there, it is true, we find sentences more forcible than others, but the merit of the plays can only be estimated by a perusal of them as a whole. There is one scene in 'Rienzi,' however, which strikes us as being very powerful; it is that in which Claudia, the daughter of the Tribune, seeks an interview with her father after the death of her husband, Angelo Colonna, whose pardon has been granted after the headsman's work is done:—

'*Rienzi.* They are gone,
And my heart's lighten'd.. How the traitor stood
Looking me down with his proud eye, disdaining
Fair mercy; making of the hideous block
An altar; of unnatural ghastly death
A god. He hath his will; and I—my heart
Is tranquil.
Claudia (without). Father! father!
Rienzi. Guard the door!
Be sure ye give not way.
Claudia (without). Father!
Rienzi. To see
Her looks! her tears!
Enter CLAUDIA.
Claudia. Who dares to stop me? Father!
[*Rushes into the arms of Rienzi.*
. . . . .
Do fathers
Make widows of their children? send them down
To the cold grave heart-broken? Tell me not
Of fathers—I have none! All else that breathes
Hath known that natural love. The wolf is kind
To her vile cubs; the little wren hath care
For each small youngling of her brood; and thou
The word that widow'd, orphan'd me! Henceforth
My home shall be his grave. And yet thou carest not.
Father! [*Rushing into Rienzi's arms.*
Rienzi. Ay! dost call me father once again, my Claudia—
Mine own sweet child!
Claudia. Oh, father, pardon him!
Oh, pardon, pardon! 'tis my life I ask
In his.

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. . . . . .

Enter LADY COLONNA.

Lady C. He's dead. He's dead!

Rienzi. It is her husband, Claudia, Stephen Colonna.

Lady C. Murderer, 'tis my son.

[*Claudia sinks at her father's feet.*

My husband died in honour'd fight; for him I mourn not.

Rienzi. Angelo is pardon'd, Claudia.

Lady C. He is dead. I saw the axe, fearfully bright,
Wave o'er his neck, with an edgy shine, that cut
My burning eyeballs; saw the butcher stroke,
And the hot blood gush like a fountain high
From out the veins; and then I heard a voice
Cry pardon! heard a shout that chorus'd pardon,
Pardon! to that disjointed corse! Oh, deep
And horrible mockery! So the fiends shall shout
Round thy tormented soul, and pardon, pardon,
Ring through the depths of hell.

. . . . . .

Claudia Colonna!
They say that grief is proud; but I will own thee
Now, my fair daughter. Rouse thee! help me curse
Him who hath slain thy husband.

Rienzi. Woman, fiend!
Thou kill'st my child; avaunt! she moves, She is not dead.

Lady C. Dead! Why, the dead are bless'd,
And she is blasted. Dead! the dead lie down
In peace, and she shall pine a living ghost
About thee, with pale looks and patient love,
And bitter gusts of anguish, that shall cross
The gentle spirit, when poor Angelo ——
A widow's, and a childless mother's curse,
Rest on thy head, Rienzi.'

Consistency of character is a great merit in all Miss Mitford's plays. The hero or heroine never loses his or her identity. Cromwell, for example, in 'Charles the First,' though a character which might have been made much more heroic, had the play been differently constructed, is most successfully evolved. We see into the heart of the man—not the real Cromwell, let us say—but the stern and gloomy Puritan to whom we are introduced at the outset. And so it is with 'Inez di Castro,' one of the most complete and beautiful of Miss Mitford's creations—so full of tenderness and womanly grace, that we believe her to have been a favourite study with our gentle authoress. Nor are the principal characters in the new tragedy, 'Otto of Wittlesbach,' drawn with less power or distinctness of individuality. Otto himself is a haughty, impetuous spirit—a German Hotspur, with more of tenderness in his nature than the imperious Percy. He has been slighted by the Emperor Philip, who gives his daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, although she has been betrothed to Otto. When the marriage is about to be celebrated, the discarded lover challenges his rival, and kills his sovereign by mistake. He flies, and is summoned to surrender. A sentence of outlawry is pronounced against him, and his daughter Ida intercedes. We know of no drama written within the last hundred and fifty years which contains a finer character than Ida. The scene in which she appears to answer the citation of her father is conceived with great vigour:—

'*The Diet of the Empire. A splendid hall; a throne, and a table before it, with chairs.*

LEOPOLD, PRINCES, ARDENBERG, HUGO, HERALD, and GUARDS.

Leopold. Sound for the last time, herald,
The trumpet peal; then for the last time summon
The regicide.

Trumpets. During the Proclamation enter IDA.

Herald. Otto of Wittlesbach! traitor! murderer!
For the last time we summon thee. Appear
To answer thy foul deeds! Appear! appear!

Ida (advancing). Hold! nor condemn unheard! Lo I am here
To shield Count Otto's fame, to abide his doom.
Could he have heard that trumpet, his bold heart
Had sprung to meet the call.

Leopold. Retire! retire!
Even this stern law spares woman's gentleness.
Retire!

Ida. I am his daughter. In my veins
Glows the high blood of Wittlesbach, his blood
Bravest of that brave race. Look ye to find
Meek fawns amid the lion's young, soft doves
Within the eagle's nest? Forgive these vaunts;
Misery's sad privilege. I do but claim
The holy right of nature, duty, love,
To fill his place, now at the judgment-seat—
To-morrow at the block. I know our doom.

Leopold. Not thine, young maid.

Ida. Ye call'd him murderer.

Leopold. Did he not kill at noontide, in the face
Of God and man, before our very eyes,
Philip his Emperor?

Ida. Alas! he did;
But 'tis the intent that makes the crime, and he
No more design'd to slay imperial Philip
Than thou thyself; was of that fatal deed
Unconscious as his sword. The lightning flame,
When smiting prince or peasant, sentient man
Or lifeless marble, knows as much as he

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Whom it destroys. My liege, he thought to meet
An armed foe in equal fight. His hand
Was raised to strike. Had I, his daughter, rush'd
Between ye in that hour, deep in my breast
Had the keen blade been sheathed. Oh, that on me
The stroke had fallen. I had died blessing him.
Leo. Ay, in wild passion's stormy gust he spared
Nor sex nor kin; had slain the new-born babe,
The bedrid grandame—his whole race; had done
A score of murders in one burst of wrath.
Ida. Oh, who shall say to passion's mountain wave,
"So far—no farther!" In this iron age
Bold youth is train'd to slaughter, flesh'd in blood,
As hawk or hound. As easy 'twere to stay
The falcon, when she stoops upon the heron,
The gaze-hound with the stag in view, as man
With man, his prey, before him. War's your trade;
Glory your idol. Sword and spear are now
Your masters, not your slaves. Your very sports
Are combats. And Count Otto! He hath lived
I' the battle-field, hath pass'd from victory
To victory careering. His keen lance
Was diamond bright—bright as his fame; his shield
Stainless as his clear honour. Now—
Cal. Ay, now?
Leo. Pass we to judgment, lords!
Ida. Thanks, bounteous Heaven,
That he is far away! that I am here
To appease the law that cries out blood for blood,
And life for life! Pronounce your doom on me,
I'll bear it firmly.
Leo. Lady, we war not
On women. Princes, we have heeded well
The daughter's plea. But at the altar's foot
The traitor raised his sacrilegious hand,
And Philip fell. The regicide escaped
Our archers; but the Ban—
Ida. The Ban! Oh, mercy!
Arden. Peace! Silence those wild screams!
Leo. How say ye, lords?
What is your sentence?
An Elector. Good, my liege, the Ban!
Other Electors. The Ban! The Ban!
Leo. Hear, then, the doom
Of the foul murderer. Be his castles razed
To the earth with sword and fire; his wealth confiscate;
His lands and lordships forfeited; his name
Held infamous for ever. Outlaw he
And excommunicate; he and his race,
Sons, brethren, kinsmen, free to shaft and spear
As the vulture and the wolf. Whoe'er shall yield them
Food, shelter, raiment, dies. So shall they perish
In woods and wilds, and their unhallow'd bones
Bleach in the wind and sun.
Ida. Sons! did he say?
Kindred!
Cal. Not thou.
Ida. I thought not of myself.
Sons! Must thou die, sweet brother!
Leo. Good Sir Hugo,
Look that the sentence be proclaim'd throughout
The empire. Calheim, be the duty thine
Of levelling to the dust the lofty towers
Of Wittlesbach. That done, pursue with sword
And spear the regicide.
Ida. Sons! Brethren! Kinsmen!
O cruel, cruel law! My pretty Ulric!
And they shall die who succour give, or food,
Or shelter! Saints and angels, hear my vow!
Weak, feeble, helpless though I be to tend thee
In thy sad wanderings; to follow thee
The wide world through, in exile, penury, shame;
Cherish thee living, wait on thee in death;
Each thought of happier days, each dream of love,
Pure wedded love, abandoning; throwing by,
As a silken robe, the high-born maiden's pride,
The timorous woman's fear.
Leo. Electors! Princes!
Our grievous task is o'er. Break up the Diet.
Look to the lady!
Ida. Ay, I'll follow them
To death. Avaunt, predestined murderer!
Bloodhound, avaunt! Thou art Fate's minister,
But I'm not yet thy quarry!'

The whole drama from which this scene is taken, is pervaded with the spirit which the reader cannot fail to mark in almost every line of our quotation. There is a terseness, a certain direct vigour in it, which evinces more maturity than any of the other plays. We have nothing finer, and very few things so fine, in modern literature, as are to be found both in this and the other dramas before us.

In reference to the works included in these two volumes, Miss Mitford says, 'I can only ask that my poor plays may be as mercifully dealt with, as if they were published by my executor, and the hand that wrote them were laid in peaceful rest, where the sun glances through the great elm-trees in the beautiful churchyard of Swallowfield.' There is certainly no need that a foreshadowing like this should be brought as a plea for works so well entitled to a permanent and a high place in the rich dramatic literature of England. That they will enhance Miss Mitford's reputation, we cannot believe,

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for she has long stood among the best writers of our age; but now that her labours are well-nigh over, and the shades are falling around her, who that has read her works will not think with us, that for one whose day has been so full of peace, and love, and thanksgiving, there will yet be light at eventide?

A VISION OF DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn, but not the morn which falls
The summer-trees among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth
With all her smile and song;
'Twas morn, but mist and cloud hung deep
Upon that lovely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death,
Were cast upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust
Of nations into life;
Who o'er the waste and barren earth
Spread flowers and fruitage rife;
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed
The mighty realms of mind,
Had fled for ever from the gaze,
Love, friendship, of mankind.

To wear a wreath, in glory wrought,
His spirit swept afar,
Beyond the mountain's lofty crest,
The cedar and the star;
To drink immortal waters, free
From every taint of earth;
To breathe before the shrine of Life,
The source whence worlds have birth.

There was wailing on the early breeze,
And darkness in the sky,
When sable plume, and cloak, and pall,
And funeral train swept by;
Methought—St Mary shield us well!—
That other forms were there
Than those of mortal brotherhood,
The noble, young, and fair.

Was it a dream? How oft in sleep
We ask, *can* this be true?
Whilst warm imagination paints
Her marvels to the view!
Earth's glory seems a tarn'sh'd crown
To that which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things
Too radiant to be told.

Was it a dream? Methought that then
Brave HAROLD pass'd me by,
And proud FITZJAMES, with martial air,
And dark intrepid eye;
That MARMION's haughty crest was there,
Which grief alone could shake,
And, gentle in her dignity,
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE MINSTREL, whose last lay was sung,
Whose silent harp lay low,
And with him EDWARD WAVERLEY,
With glance and step of wo;
And STUART's voice rose there as when,
'Mid Fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild impetuous horde
Of proud VICH IAN VOHR.

Next, marvelling at his sable suit,
The DOMINIE stalk'd past,
With BERTRAM, JULIA, by his side,
Whose tears were flowing fast;
GUY MANNERING moved there, o'erpower'd
By that afflicting sight,
And MERRILEES, as when she wept
O'er Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and slow MONKBARNS appear'd
Amidst that burial train;
And OCHILTREE lean'd o'er his staff,
And mourn'd for *Auld Langsyne;*
Slow march'd the gallant MACINTYRE;
Whilst LOVELL moved alone;
For once MISS WARDOUR's image left
That bosom's faithful throne.

With coronach and arms reversed,
Forth came MACGREGOR's clan—
RED DOUGAL's cry broke shrill and wild,
ROB ROY's bold brow look'd wan;
The fair DIANA kiss'd her cross,
And bless'd its sainted ray;
And 'Woe is me!' the BAILIE cried,
'That I should see this day!'

Next came, in melancholy guise,
With sombre vest and scarf,
SIR EDWARD, LAIRD of ELLESLAW,
The mystical BLACK DWARF;
Upon his left, in bonnet blue,
And white locks flowing free,
The pious sculptor of the grave,
Came OLD MORTALITY.

BALFOUR of BURLEIGH, CLAVERHOUSE,
The LORD of EVANDALE,
And stately LADY MARGARET,
Came gliding through the vale;
And BOTHWELL on his charger black,
As from the conflict won,
And MUCKLEWRAITH, pale MUCKLEWRAITH,
Who sigh'd, '*God's will be done!*'

And, like a rose, a young white rose,
That blooms 'mid wildest scenes,
Pass'd the most eloquent of maids,
The guileless JEANIE DEANS;
And DUMBIEDYKES, that silent laird,
With love too deep to smile;
And EFFIE, with her noble friend,
The good DUKE OF ARGYLE.

With lofty brow, and bearing high,
Dark RAVENSWOOD advanced,
Who on the false LORD-KEEPER's face
His eye indignant glanced;
While graceful as a lovely fawn,
'Midst cover close and sure,
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts,
The BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

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And Annot Lyle, the fairy queen
Of light and song, stepp'd near
The Knight of Arden-Vohr, and then
The gifted Highland Seer;
Dalgatty, Duncan, Lord Monteith,
And Randal met my view,
The helpless Children of the Mist,
With Alrick Conach Dhu.

On swept Bois Gilbert, Front de Bœuf,
De Bracey's plume of wo;
And Cœur de Lion's crest shone near
The valiant Ivanhoe;
While, soft as glides the summer-cloud,
Rowena closer drew,
With beautiful Rebecca,
Peerless daughter of the Jew.

Still onward, like the gathering night,
Advanced that funeral train,
Like billows when the tempest sweeps
Athwart the shadowy main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach,
In noble rank were seen,
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest,
And beauteous woman's mien.

A wail broke through that phantom host,
Methought the vault was closed,
Where, in his grand celebrity,
Fair Scotia's Bard reposed;
A wail rang through that phantom host,
And then my vision fled;
But ah! the mournful dream proved true—
The immortal Scott was dead.

The vision and the voice were gone,
The enchantment died away,
Like music o'er a summer lake,
At the golden close of day;
The vision and the voice were gone;
But when shall be forgot
The Buried Genius of Romance—
The Imperishable Scott?

Hyacinth.

EASTERN TRAVEL.—PALESTINE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JORDAN—THE DEAD SEA.

. . . 'The traveller shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the Plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean.'—*The Talisman.*

Having signified our intention of making an expedition to the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, we were waited on by a gigantic Arab, who stated to us that a tribute of 200 piastres per head must be paid to his sheikh, upon receiving which that chief and his people were ready to guide and guard us through the country. No payment, however, was required, he gallantly added, for the safeguard of a lady in the desert. We replied, that we were prepared to defend ourselves, and required no protection; and we were about to act next day upon this resolution, when I received a note from the English Consul, requesting me to pay the sum demanded, and to accept the escort, as both were conditions agreed to by him and the other representatives of European States at Jerusalem. We had therefore no alternative but to agree, though not a little surprised to find that such formal stipulations had been made with robbers, and that the lawless subjects of the Sultan were thus *treated with* by his allies. The tribes of Arabs which inhabit the valley of the Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea are, it seems, notorious for their ferocity and predatory habits, and it was after several travellers had been murdered, and many robbed, that this levy of 'black mail' was sanctioned by the consuls, who have certainly adopted the simplest, if not the most dignified, mode of dealing with the evil.

Though dissatisfied at this submission to banditti, I confess the feeling soon wore off in the company of the picturesque robbers who formed our escort.

The sheikh was mounted on a noble Arab mare, and the horses of his followers were almost equally fine specimens of Arabian blood. The faces of the men were generally handsome, but with an expression of deep melancholy, and their dress, particularly the shawl of red and yellow silk, bound on their heads with camels' hair, and fall-

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ing in drooping folds over the face and shoulders, together with their long lances, gave them a wild and romantic appearance.

Having passed Bethany, we ascended for some miles the dry bed of an occasional torrent, and soon after plunged into the midst of mountains, the aspect of which differed totally from that of any we had seen in the East. No longer comparatively tame and undistinguished by any marked characteristic, we found ourselves surrounded by tall and almost perpendicular hills, with rugged sides and pointed summits. The sun had gone down just as we entered this wild scene, and for a brief space darkness fell upon us, but soon the white mountain sides gleamed bright in the moonlight, glistening as if spangled with a robe of frost. Terrible ravines yawned below us, and chasms that even by day must have been grand, now seemed fathomless and appalling, as the moonbeams that lit up the jagged points above us, were baffled by the blackness of darkness that was gathered in the depths below. Whilst we wound along, the full moon appeared to wander from peak to peak, now disappearing behind a hill, now resting upon a gleaming summit. It seemed as if Diana had actually bent down to kiss Endymion, and then again the bright orb floated in the blue distance, no mere cold disc of silver, but an actual globe, all radiant and glowing, and casting from it

> 'A wide and tender light
> Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
> Of rugged desolation,'

and tempered, with a gentle beauty, the savage steeps and terrible abysses upon which its sweet beams fell. The whole ride was glorious; and when we left the hills, and descended to the plain of Jericho, our Arabs had to shout to us to keep by them, for we would fain have given our willing steeds the rein, and bounded over the smooth sand. The plain was studded with the soft but treacherous thorn-trees which we had seen at Galilee, and as we approached the termination of our nocturnal excursion, we saw a ruinous tower and the remains of an aqueduct, vestiges of Jericho as rebuilt by the Saracens, for of the palm-surrounded city of ancient days no trace has been left upon the plain. A chorus of dogs announced to us we had arrived at human habitations, but as yet we saw only a high circular fence of dead thorns. Following our guides, as they threaded the narrow passages of their prickly fortification, we were ushered into a house, or rather a shed, covered with the same branchy materials. Our horses were well cared for, and the sheikh did the honours of his castle like a chieftain. The carpet was quickly spread, our evening meal prepared, dry wood was piled on the fire, and, stretched in our capotes beside its blaze, most of the party were soon asleep. Before joining the majority, curiosity led me to wander again into the moonlight. A fire within a wide open shed attracted my steps, and on approaching it I found sixteen Arabs stretched around a pile of glowing embers, their feet almost touching the fire, and their bodies radiating from it, like the spokes of a wheel. They welcomed me to their 'circle,' in which they immediately offered me a place, and handed me coffee and a chibouque. In return, I had almost entrapped my nearest neighbour into trying my brandy-flask, when another Arab snatched it from his lips, asking him reproachfully, if he did not know it was *rakee*. A wilder scene could scarce be imagined than that lit up by the flickering flame. The term 'going to bed' was as unknown to the reposing group as that of 'house' or 'home.' When weary they lay down and slept, armed as they were, and the ground was the only couch they ever knew.

Before daylight we were again in the saddle, and crossing the flat plain of Jericho stretching towards the Jordan. A strange line of shining white was spread across the horizon in front of us. It resembled no mist we had ever seen, but looked like silvery mountains hanging in the air. It was the nightly robe of the hills 'beyond Jordan,' and as day broke it melted away, the rugged steeps stood out before us, and we found ourselves by the side of the sacred river, at the spot where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed it when they entered the Promised Land. Save that it is thickly fringed with foliage, the stream of the Jordan, towards the close of its course, cannot boast of beauty. With an occasional rapid, it was, when we saw it, a muddy and sluggish river, enclosed between perpendicular banks of clay, sometimes thirty feet high. The ford at which we stopped is the annual resort of crowds of pilgrims, and our sheikh, though a Moslem, surprised us by performing religious

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ablutions in its waters, whilst all our escort went through their matitudinal devotions upon its banks. The plain of the Jordan is enclosed longitudinally by rugged mountains, and is a perfect level, but on either side of the river, and at some distance from it, is a line of conical hillocks of hard sand, which appear to have been formed by drifting winds, and then rendered compact by water. The plain terminates with the shore of the Dead Sea, the waters of which are compressed between naked hills of glaring limestone, the fantastic shapes and jagged heads of which tell of their volcanic origin, and form a fitting caldron for so stern a lake. Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in what I had heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong, that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up into the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out, when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upwards, the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no farther attempt to walk in deep water, which I am inclined to believe is almost impossible.

It was mid-day when we left the lake, and the bare and horrid cliffs around glared in the blaze of a fiery sun. Soon after mounting our horses, I was startled by what seemed a vivid flash of lightning, which danced across the plain, but looking on the cloudless dome of blue that hung above our heads, I fancied it must have been a pistol-barrel or a bridle-bit that flashed so brightly in the sunbeam. A peal of thunder, rattling right above our heads, proved the reality of the lightning; and, surprised by a phenomenon so unusual, I remembered that such an occurrence was anciently accounted a portentous omen:—

'Suspiciunt: iterum atque iterum fragor intonat ingens;
Arma inter nubem cœli in *regione serena*
Per sudum rutilare vident, et pulsa tonare.'*

Cytherea, if it was she who thundered, did not on this occasion repeat the sign, and when we reached the hills, the sky above us was still serene; but, on looking back on what we had left a glittering lake, the blackness of darkness seemed suddenly to have descended upon the waters. One heavy, leaden cloud hung like a pall above the Dead Sea, even the white cliffs around it grew almost sable, and the water itself was black as night. And then the pent-up storm burst fiercely down upon the sea, and the grim hills on either side of it seemed to war upon each other, flinging their thunderbolts across the lake, whilst living lightning leaped from crag to crag, and flashed over the dark face of the waters. The sight was wild, and terrible, and strange—strange, because this elemental strife raged far below us; and, looking down upon it from a shining mountain top, I thought of the eagle that Shelley paints as floating

'Moveless o'er the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunshine gleams, when earth is wrapp'd in gloom.'

Fain would we have lingered on that bare hill, but our Arabs urged us to advance, and we reluctantly complied.

In traversing these desolate wastes, it is not difficult to imagine the mode in which the wrath of God was poured out upon the cities of the Plain, as every stone we tread upon tells of volcanic eruption, and, without doubt, earthquake and subterraneous fire were the weapons of destruction.

The speculations of a singular individual occurred to me as I turned from contemplating the once fertile plain, where, in early days, great cities flourished, and where assembled kings contended together

* Æneid, L. viii. 527. See also Georgics, L. i. 487; or Horace Odes, L. 1. Od. 347.

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in the first of recorded battles. That odd, quaint, clever trifler, Samuel Pepys (who seems to have addicted himself to church-going, with the same motives which made him a *habitue* of the theatres), notes, that 'at St Gregory's he heard Dr Buck upon "Wo unto thee, Chorazin!" &c., where he started a difficulty which he left to another time to answer, about why God should give means of grace to those people which he knew would not receive them, and deny to others which, he himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectual too. I would,' he adds, 'I could hear him, or any one else explain this.'

But the destruction of the towns of Galilee has been as complete, if not so awfully sudden, as that of the cities of the Plain; and, as regards the punishment of their respective inhabitants, Pepys might have read the justice of Providence in the context, which tells, that 'it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment,' than for the perverse people of Capernaum, who had rejected greater opportunities.

CHAPTER XXI.

'The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It pours, and the rain is nevery weary.

. . . . . .

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.'—*Longfellow.*

The latter months of the year are said to be the wettest in Syria, and we were therefore singularly fortunate in weather, as it had never rained since we left Constantinople, save during the first night after leaving Beirout. The morning of our departure from Jerusalem, however, was dark with lowering clouds; and just as we issued from the gate, rain descended in torrents, and continued to pour, without an instant's intermission, and with remorseless intensity, during the whole day. Our destination for the night was the Convent of Romleh, the ancient Arimathea; and as our two friends wished to remain some hours longer in Jerusalem, we proceeded without them, intending to travel leisurely to Jaffa, where we expected to meet the French steamboat for Alexandria.

It is in the nature of things that pain and disappointment should be mingled with every earthly pleasure, and there is a taxation more universal than that contrived by chancellors of the exchequer. As a pilgrimage, however delightful, forms no exception to the rule, it seemed as if nearly all our share of misfortune was to be crowded into that portion of the journey which lay between Jerusalem and Alexandria; an account of which will form, if not a chapter of accidents, at least a journal of nine days of wretchedness. The distance from Jerusalem to Romleh is little more than twenty-five miles, but the path, during the greater part of the journey, winds amidst steep hills; and, even had we been able to leave our luggage, we could not have travelled at more than a walking pace. So long as we skirted the sides of the mountains, beyond the misery of drenching rain, we experienced no absolute impediment to our progress, but on descending to a long narrow ravine, compressed between two almost precipitous hills, we found the bridle-track converted into the bed of a roaring torrent. Impenetrable brushwood fringed the way on either side, and forbade any attempt to keep on the heights; we had therefore no choice but to push forward, and urge our horses along the boiling watercourse. Retreat was out of the question, had we felt inclined to attempt it, as it would have been impossible for the horses to have made way against the stream; and never had we so perfect, though unenviable, an opportunity of testing the wonderful skill with which Syrian steeds manage to keep on their legs, where ordinary horses would inevitably fall. The water had already risen to our saddle-girths; our horses struck their legs against huge blocks of rock concealed in the muddy torrent; and large stones rolled from under their feet when they stepped upon them. No living thing was to be seen, save an occasional gazelle, which would pass slowly, close to our side, and

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seemed aware we were too helpless to harm them. Baffled by the rising flood, weary and bewildered by the pitiless deluge that poured down upon us, I had begun to feel sharp fear that the struggle was too much for a woman's strength to bear, and I keenly reproached myself for bringing a lady into such a situation, when suddenly a turn of the valley showed us, not, as heretofore, the steep side of a hill grimly hemming us in, but the boundless expanse of the plain of Sharon. Dark and drear as was then its aspect, never, in its fairest hour, when bright with sunshine, and carpeted with flowers, did that famous valley appear more welcome to travellers' eyes. It brought us safety, if not comfort, and freed us from almost insuperable difficulties, if not from toil. But our troubles were far from being ended. About an hour's ride from Romleh, a single horseman dashed past us, and by the failing light of evening, I caught the glance of an eye that glared fiendishly upon me, and I recognised in the rider Constantine, our late dragoman. The engagement of this man had ceased on our arrival at Jerusalem. With many reasons to be dissatisfied with his conduct, I paid him nevertheless the full amount of the stipulated sum, but, upon various pretexts, he demanded more, carried me before the consul, stated his case, and was dismissed with an admonition, the consul informing him that he ought not to have received so much as he had. He left, vowing vengeance, and threatening to seize our baggage when we left Jerusalem—an attempt which he might at least have made a feint of putting into execution, but for the presence of two *cavasses* from the consulate. Constantine was a man of great bodily strength, and of singular audacity and determination, and, on seeing him so unexpectedly rush past us, like the spirit of the storm, I at once felt a conviction that he had come on a mission of mischief. My first impulse was to follow him, and in an instant my horse was at its speed; but the plain was full of deep holes and yawning ruts, into one of which it fell, and though the clever little animal recovered itself in an instant, yet, burdened as it was with accoutrements, it was no match for Constantine's Arab, and I quickly lost sight of him in the darkness.

The numerous train with which we had travelled through Syria was ludicrously diminished, and one poor, soaked, half-perished negro, shivering on the top of our dripping baggage, was all that remained to us. It was the more necessary, therefore, to rejoin my wife, and soon afterwards we reached Romleh, but total darkness having descended upon it, we were quickly lost in a labyrinth of old houses, mud walls, and hedges of Indian fig, the horses floundering at the same time in almost fathomless mire. Our poor muleteer, who spoke no language save Arabic, now seemed frozen into speechless helplessness. One figure alone crossed our path; and to our inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Latin Convent, deigned no answer. Fortunately, there is one word that acts as a sovereign spell all over the East. Utter but its magic sound, and difficulties vanish—the deaf hear, the lame walk, the sulky become obsequious. 'Backsheesh!' I shouted. 'Backsheesh!' echoed the figure, suddenly stopping. 'Backsheesh,' I said, persuasively. 'Backsheesh,' he answered, in a tone of doubt and eagerness; and again and again the charmed word was passed between us. At length the voice indicated that I was to be served, though, for aught the Arab saw, he might be holding converse with the Prince of darkness. 'Now, lead this horse to the Latin Convent.' He did so, and presently we were there.

The relief, the repose, and the kindly welcome we received at Nazareth, rose before us as we knocked at the convent door, expecting a similar reception. We required it no less, as ten hours of continuous travel, with torrents roaring below us, as well as pouring from above, had rendered shelter and rest matters of absolute necessity, at least to one of the party. After a delay that seemed an age, the heavy door was partially opened. 'Who is there, and what do you want?' inquired a rough voice in Italian.—'Travellers who ask hospitality,' we replied.—'From whence?' we were asked.—'From Jerusalem.'—'Then, have you a letter of recommendation from the bishop there?'—'A letter of recommendation! when was such a thing required at a convent?'—'You do not enter without it.' Expostulation was useless; and the door was about to be remorselessly shut, when, just as it was closing, I suddenly threw myself within the porch. Three persons seized hold of me at the same instant to thrust me back, but it was too late, and

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I stood within the walls, resolute and excited, leaning on a gun, that gave me a certain amount of confidence, for I had forgotten how harmless a weapon ten hours' rain must have made it. 'Is this a Christian convent?' I asked; 'and would you have a woman die in the mire at your gate?'—'If she die there so much the better,' was the gentle answer. The mystery might have been of longer duration, had not another person made his appearance. This was no other than Constantine, who approached, to enjoy the triumph he had achieved. With an effrontery and a fluency, both of which would have done honour to Charles Matthews in 'London Assurance,' he recounted a story he had previously told the monks; and that I might know what he was saying, he spoke Italian, and not Arabic. 'Here, then,' said he, 'you see that Englishman, who has come to the Holy Land on purpose to injure the Christian religion; who goes to convents as a spy; who publicly spat upon the Holy Sepulchre; and who created a disturbance, and insulted the bishop at Bethlehem on Christmas eve.' Almost speechless with amazement, I could only stammer out, 'And you believe this wretched scoundrel—this lying Greek?' But for that 'valuable commodity, indignation,'* I should have been overwhelmed with shame—that shame which is ever felt when one is forced into controversy with an inferior, who wields at the same time weapons you cannot, or may not, use. The fiercest of my assailants was a huge Syrian servant, wearing a great white turban—a strange dress for a convent. This man being probably a convert, was the more zealous in the cause, and advancing towards me, seemed to wish to eject me by physical force. Seizing his hand as it touched me, I put a dollar within it. The hand shut, and the man sunk back in sulky inaction. Borrowing somewhat of the principles advocated by the recent saint, Liguori, I now addressed the superior, who had come upon the scene—a little white-headed, bright-eyed, brisk old Spaniard—and asked him if he knew that the lady he was starving to death was a *Catholic*. He started at the words as if I had struck him a blow. 'Are you not an Englishman and a heretic?' he asked.—'*I* am, but it does not follow that *she* is;' and believing, as we all profess to do, in the 'holy *Catholic* Church,' I was improving the advantage I had obtained, when the convent bell rang loudly, and presently, entering by another door than that which I had passed, I was overjoyed to see our two friends, together with the *Moorish* gentleman I have already mentioned as having been attacked by the Druse. On seeing such witnesses appear, Constantine suddenly vanished, the war was at an end, and I was about to usher in my wife, when the monks, in alarm, cried out, 'Not here! not here! no women in the convent, but the best the convent has without the walls.' It would appear that it is not the monks, but the convent itself, that is contaminated by female presence, as the superior immediately followed us to the outhouse to which we were conducted; and the protestations that were made, and the apologies that were offered, were equal to the violence with which we had at first been received. The old Spaniard, falling on one knee, begged forgiveness of the lady, and, extravagant in his attention, wished to act as Abigail in assisting her to remove her dripping dress. The Syrian, too, believing he saw before him an injured daughter of the true faith, kissed the hem of her soiled garments, and implored forgiveness from both of us. 'Shut the door of the convent!' he said. 'What a farce!—the convent that is open to all; that infernal Greek will burn in fire for this!' I had tied my poor horse to the door, and he had been forgotten in the *melée*, and on going to look after him he was gone—stolen in the dark by the Arabs. I knew, however, I could walk to Jaffa, and, thankful to feel ourselves secure under a solid roof, we were as happy as glowing charcoal, dry clothes, monkish cookery, and thrice welcome rest, could make us. Contrary to all expectation, the horse was recovered next morning, though minus his saddle and bridle. The only wonder was that the thieves had relinquished the animal itself, as they might doubtless have retained it with impunity. The governor of the place had just been carried off to Constantinople to be tried for several murders he had committed, and no one bore rule in his absence.

The journey from Ramleh to Jaffa does not exceed fourteen miles, and as the road leads across the southern extremity of the Plain of Sharon, the ride would have been as easy as it was short, had not the rain unfortunately again fallen in tor-

* Canning.

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rents. We could not part with our baggage and our sable conductor, so we plodded slowly on, with such resignation as we could muster. Some gazelles which crossed our path seemed aware of our helpless condition, and instead of starting off before a rifle could have reached them, they trotted leisurely past, within the range of small shot. For an instant the sun burst out as we approached Jaffa, which is built on a rising ground, surrounded by charming orchards. I have always observed that it is near the sea that the orange grows most luxuriantly; but never had I seen such magnificent groves of beautiful trees as those which grew on either side of our path as we entered the town. It was indeed a fresh fair sight, the rich, massy, dark-green foliage, and the branches bending under the weight of their golden stores, which hung in clusters upon the boughs, the ground being at the same time covered by the rich ripe fruit. But the sunshine and the gladness were transient; and just as we entered Jaffa the rain again fell in torrents. We repaired to the large Latin Convent, but found it already crowded in every part by pilgrims to Jerusalem; and we then learned from experience that it is no pleasant matter to stand on the street of a strange town, weary, dispirited, and drenched by a pitiless deluge. It was doubtful how long we might have remained without getting shelter, when we found one who was in the fullest sense of the term 'a friend in need.' The hospitality of England is nobly exemplified by its representative at Jaffa. No sooner did Dr Kayat, the British consul, hear of the dilemma in which an Englishwoman was placed, than he hastened to our assistance, and soon we were domiciled under his roof, and enjoying the luxuries of the East, with a warm welcome that breathed of home and friendship. A native of Syria, educated at Cambridge, Dr Kayat, with his wife, a Greek lady, did the honours of England with a kindness and effect, which, coming as it did in our sore necessity, we were able thoroughly to appreciate, and the grateful memory of which will never pass from our recollection.

Of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, we saw nothing, the rain keeping us close prisoners in our comfortable quarters. Often and anxiously did we 'gaze upon the sea,' which rolled, dreary and dark, just under our windows. We longed to catch sight of the far black speck that was to grow into the French steamer in which we hoped to proceed to Alexandria. For nearly two days we gazed in vain; and we had begun to fear that the ship had passed without touching, when, towards evening, an Arab newsman went through the town proclaiming that the vessel was in sight. Never did the voice of street-crier sound so musically, as, circumstanced as we were, it would have been almost impossible to have gone by the desert to Cairo.

Ceaselessly harassed by Russia, and the whole energies of the government required to guard the very existence of the empire, it is not surprising that negligence, anarchy, and misrule, should pervade almost every province of the Turkish dominions. The important geographical position of Jaffa—the port of Jerusalem and of a large portion of Syria—has not procured for it any exemption from this melancholy state of things. The local government is perfectly nominal, and the European consuls are the only real authorities in the place. As an instance of the way in which affairs are managed, Dr Kayat mentioned that he had some time before missed from his service a half-witted individual whom he had employed, not inappropriately, to take care of his children's donkeys. Subsequently he met this person on the street, and taxed him with having deserted his service. 'Oh,' replied the ex-keeper of asses, 'I am a great man now, I am governor of the prison; and if ever it would oblige you, I shall be happy to open the doors and set all the prisoners at liberty.'

We heard much at Jaffa of the gold and the bribes of Russia. At the time of our visit, the more zealous of the Turks were at issue with the Greek priests about the building of a church. At the instance of Russia, a *firman* was granted for erecting an additional place of worship for the Greeks. The size of the building was strictly defined by the *firman*, yet an edifice infinitely beyond the assigned limits began to arise. The *Dervishes*, jealous of this ostentatious display of power, complained to the *Mussellem*, but the gold that built the church was able also to blind the eyes of the governor. They then complained to his superior, the ruler of the district, but for the same reason he could not see that the area was larger than the plan. The Pasha of Jerusalem had all along urged them to oppose the building, so, as a last resource, they applied to him for redress, when they found

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that the largest bribe had been reserved for the highest ruler, and that it had been his lot, too, to be struck with aurific blindness. And thus, in small matters as in great, Russia was triumphant, because, though she may never be honest, she is *ever in earnest*, and, if false to her allies, she is always *true to herself*.

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, Aunt Margaret, you begin your list of my sins and shortcomings (which, no doubt, is to be a lengthy one) with two heavy charges—Pride and Ambition. They are, at all events, not the failings of a low or mean nature. They are splendid and princely sins, if sins at all, arising from wealth, not poverty of soul. Shortcomings they can't be called, so I suppose *you* would call them *sins?*'

'Call them what you will, think of them as you will, Gertrude, they are odious vices, especially in a woman; they are crimes against humility and self-forgetfulness, two most lovely and desirable qualities in women. They are shortcomings, too—shortcomings from the high standard of excellence and perfection of character which alone is worth striving to attain. But, dear child, I did not accuse you of having these faults, only of being in danger of them.'

Aunt Margaret had begun her reply with a warmth and vehemence very unusual in her, but she quickly recovered her good temper, and when she had finished speaking, drew her comfortable chair nearer the fire, and resumed her work, with the peculiarly sweet calm look habitual to her again spreading over her face; while a half smile, lighting up her kind brown eyes, and playing round her mouth, betrayed her inward amusement at her own unwonted energy, and a consciousness of the storm she had most likely provoked.

'How I hate to have what is "womanly," what is "desirable in women," so constantly preached to me! Are all women alike? Did nature make one pattern, and cut us all out by that? Are we a set of marionettes, or mere puppets, possessing no will, no individuality, *set* up on the stage of life, and *put through* our parts? If you would but talk of what is right and wrong—christian and unchristian—I could, I am sure, hear you patiently. However, having brought such charges against me, pray endeavour *to* prove them. What kind of pride do I indulge? Of what am I ambitious? Pride of birth, of wealth, of rank? You cannot accuse me of these!'

'Certainly not, Gertrude; but pride of intellect and ambition of fame, what say you concerning these? Do you plead "guilty," or "not guilty?"'

The triumphant smile that flashed up in the girl's eyes, belying the constrained gravity of her mouth, and the quick flush that suffused her face, prevented her replying as gravely and haughtily as she wished.

'And what of these, aunt, are they so wrong? Do they merit very serious reproof, very heavy condemnation? But John,' she cried, turning quickly to her brother, who, book in hand, was amusing himself, after the manner of men, by listening to this encounter of women's wits—'John, you are cowardly; you have encouraged me in what Aunt Essery considers my sinful ambition, and will you not bestir yourself to say one word in my defence? Do *you* consider ambition so wrong in a woman?'

'Well, Gertrude, I thought you seemed pretty well equal to the occasion; not much in need of my assistance. Besides, I have never considered the question under discussion, so am hardly prepared to give any opinion. Perhaps I have thought of you too little as a woman; too much first as a ready and intelligent pupil, and lately as a companion and fellow-student.'

'And is not that because you have never found in me the feminine weakness, folly, and incapacity of which men so generally accuse women?' asked Gertrude, the triumphant smile and blush again illumining her face.

'Gently, gently, sister mine, or to Aunt Margaret's just-commenced catalogue I shall be obliged to add vanity as a number three.'

'I am not vain! you know that, bro-

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ther. I scorn, I detest vanity—it is a mean, low thing. If I have talents, and long to use them—if I have power, and burn to exercise it, I will not hypocritically pretend ignorance of such possessions! I will not say "I have them not." No; I will boldly own the knowledge of what I am, and with what I am gifted. This surely is not vanity. You will acknowledge that at least I am not vain.'

'So far so well, niece Gertrude. I quite agree with you in contempt for that hypocrisy that affects humility in order to provoke praise; and in the mere consciousness of the possession of power and talent, in however unusual a degree, I can see no cause, no rational cause, for *self*-admiration in any *created* being. But do you stop there? Shall you be content with using your talents, with exercising your power? Do you not desire, not only that the world should feel and know these attributes of yours, but also that it should know *you* as the possessor of them? Should you be content with *doing* secretly, yourself unknown the while? Do you not thirst for applause? Shall you not glory in renown?'

'Stop, stop, aunt; you press Gertrude too hard now. Some care for the opinion of the world, some love for its praise, we all have, and all ought to have. You yourself rejoiced in my success, and triumphed in my triumph. By and by, all in good time, you will feel the same sympathy with Gertrude's joy. Ambition,' he continued, 'is certainly dangerous; that I believe is an axiom familiar in the mouth of every schoolboy—a truism oracularly inculcated by every child's copy-book—though perhaps as to the why and the wherefore of its being so dangerous, men do not often agree. To me its greatest danger appears to lie in this, that we cannot long indulge ambitious thoughts and projects without mentally forestalling their fruition, and raising ourselves to ideal heights; placing ourselves upon an imaginary pedestal, which, when suddenly and violently blown against by the wind of reality, falls for want of any solid base; and so we, falling to our own lower and proper level, find it bestrewn with stern and uncompromising rocks of circumstance, against which we probably strike in our blind and headlong descent, and are miserably dashed in pieces; though, had we walked humbly and circumspectly among them, we had been safe enough.'

'Better thus to fall, than never to have risen; than always to have walked in ignoble safety; or to have stuck in the clogging mire of conventionalism and self-mistrust that bounds the lower extremity of the rocky plain of life!'

'That is a matter of taste, Gertrude; the *juste milieu* is certainly the most desirable.'

'It seems to me, John,' said Aunt Margaret, 'that you have not stated all, or the worst dangers attending those who cherish ambition. I think ——'

'Well, well, think of ambition as you may, you will acknowledge the truth of my reason for maintaining, for I am inclined so to maintain, that it is less dangerous for a woman than for a man.'

'Let me hear it—but do not expect to convince me.'

'A woman's heart has always more power over her nature than her intellect, and will gain the victory in any and every struggle for dominion. A woman will act according to the feelings of her heart, not according to her intellectual convictions. So, when the struggle between love and ambition, between love and pride, of whatever kind, arrives, love will come off triumphant. Would a woman have her intellect maintain supremacy, she must shut her whole being against love, for, if he once reigns in her heart, he will reign in her head also; will swiftly win universal dominion.'

'I believe, John, that Gertrude will not find your defence more palatable than my attack, since you have based it on what she does not love to hear of—the intellectual inferiority of women; neither is it quite to my taste, since you leave out of view altogether the one power that should harmonise all other contending ones—the power of religion.'

'Well, at least you think me right in assigning to love the greater and overbalancing power, when it and ambition clash?'

'Yes, though there certainly have been women who have sacrificed love to ambition, to a low and paltry ambition, too, but perhaps I think all ambition for self is low and paltry. In doing so, they have done violence to nature, and, scorning their true destiny, have for the most part led a miserable and unsatisfactory life; refusing good that lay all around them inviting their acceptance, and making futile and impotent endeavours to reach what was placed beyond the possibility of their grasp. Voluntarily yield-

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ing up the power of love, their only true and real power, they cannot gain in its stead the masculine strength which they covet—and so lose all. When love has fled, faith and hope will not linger. A woman who acts thus is like the Dead-Sea fruit, a kernless shell; fair-seeming it may be, but empty and hollow. A heartless woman is a lie in the face of nature, and in the sight of God!'

'You wax warm and eloquent, Aunt Margaret,' said John, with a rather provoking smile.

'I must speak warmly where I feel so deeply, John.'

Gertrude had found this last homily quite too much for her patience, and had made a precipitate and inglorious retreat. Pacing up and down the garden walks, with a tread of such unnecessary energy as made the soft sodden gravel crunch beneath her feet, she strove to recover from her undignified excitement; meanwhile tearing to pieces, with unconscious fingers, the last late rose in the garden, of which, at another time, she would have been as thoughtfully tender as if it had been a sentient thing. At first her mind was full of bitter thoughts; of repinings against things that were, of cravings for things that might have been; of impatience of restraint, longing for perfect freedom; of vague, restless, boundless, daring aspirations; of burning desire to do and to be many great and marvellous things. She almost scorned herself that she was but a woman, but in the same moment resolved so to live that she should become a glory and boast to her sex; a splendid proof of what their so-called weakness might achieve. How? Oh, that is a question with which such daring dreamers do not trouble themselves over-much. The how is a troublesome inquiry, a practicality about which they will not think *now*, they put it from them to be answered by the future. Yet Gertrude Elton had many ambitious schemes, broad and vague; self the centre of them all. Her heart beat fast, her cheek burned, her step was hurried and uneven, her keen eye looking far on saw the consummation of toil and endeavour; saw by the flattering vivid light of imagination a glorious life-drama, herself the triumphant queen and heroine. Had it been a wild, windy night, or blowing, boisterous day, she might long have continued to weave such brilliant, glowing, bewildering dream-tissue. But it was a still autumn evening, an evening with no apparent sympathy for anything earthly, save earthly sorrow and decay; and its chill and stillness gradually crept into Gertrude's soul.

Late autumn days, how full they are of quiet, mysterious power! There is something mystic in the very paleness and dimness of their hues. At evening the soul stands before them, awestruck and spell-bound as in a bright, holy, uncomprehended presence. Unearthly whispers, low, faint dirges, are borne along on their stealthy evening winds; ghastly eyes peer forth from their evening shades; ghastly forms enwrap themselves in their white, thin mists. The mere stirring among dead leaves lying thick at our feet seems instinct with meaning and mystery—not the wind stirs them, but some expiring breath, and our souls thrill with awful expectation.

Gertrude was not in the mood to feel the full power of any such quieting influence, yet something of it she did experience. The grand regnant calm rebuked and humbled her, and it was with a slow step and grave face that she turned towards home. The walls of the cottage had in the summer been clothed with luxuriant-growing creepers; jasmine, honeysuckle, clematis, and climbing roses, had twined loving arms round the old grey stones. One spray of jasmine, lone remnant of the host of starry eyes that gleamed forth months ago, still remained, swinging disconsolately to and fro in every puff of wind, its whiteness and brightness tarnished by the damp November air. It flung itself towards Gertrude as she passed; she could have fancied that it appealed to her for sympathy and protection, so she plucked it, and it was laid with a peacemaking smile on her aunt's lap when she went in.

'See, aunt, I took compassion on the poor lone flower; it looked melancholy out there in the cold. It is not the last rose of summer,'—and she thought with some compunction of the treatment *that* had received at her hands—'but a still more exclusively summer flower.'

'A flag of peace, a white signal, eh, Gertrude?' asked her brother; and her aunt smiled. Gertrude, however, was not to be so soon ruffled again.

A very pleasant place was that parlour at Ash Grove, with its large bow-window, into which the sun seemed always anxious to shine, and its old-fashioned cosy look;

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the clear, bright fire sent a warm, home-like feeling into Gertrude's heart, chilled as she was by her long musing in the outer air.

Its peacefulness was not broken that evening by any further outbreak of wordy warfare. Soon the clicking of Mrs Essery's knitting needles, and the purring of her privileged cat, were the only sounds that disputed the dominion over silence with the monotonous ticking of the old-fashioned, loud-voiced clock in the hall. John, according to his usual custom, left them as soon as tea was over, and went to his own room, where he passed the long evening, often a great part of the night, in the hard, laborious reading of uninviting-looking great volumes, with which that sacred apartment was encumbered. While Gertrude, bringing *her* books and papers to the room where her aunt sat, was soon too much engrossed by their contents to utter a word, or lift her eyes from their pages. They were certainly not a social party; and good Mrs Essery often found the long winter days and evenings spent in the house of her student nephew and niece rather tedious and dreary.

The village of Midford, near which Ash Grove was situated, did not offer much society, or opportunity of making friends to Mrs Essery; nor did it hold out many temptations to John and Gertrude to break through the usual routine of their studious lives. Although near enough London to be convenient for John, who had often business to transact in that centre of perpetual motion, it was far enough off, and sufficiently difficult of approach, to prevent its having yet been transformed from its old-world simplicity and quiet into a fashionable and noisy suburb.

Its seclusion, and that total absence of society which had greatly attracted John towards it, had nevertheless been disadvantageous to him, and still more so to Gertrude. In her shorter life, spent almost wholly in this place, she had little opportunity of associating with her equals and superiors, and this had strengthened the natural tendency of her character to *self*-reliance and *self*-sufficiency.

To her brother John, who was nearly ten years older than herself, she indeed looked up with considerable veneration, but his ambition for her, on whom he looked as a part of himself, and his exaggerated opinion of her really considerable and unusual endowments, caused the influence he had over her to be of anything but a beneficial kind.

CHAPTER II.

'Good news! good news!' cried John Elton, one cold December morning, looking up from a just-opened letter with a radiant smile, that shed an unwonted warmth and brightness over his generally plain and petrified-looking face; 'news of an old college friend of whom I have heard nothing for many years—for many years,' he repeated, somewhat sadly, as he remembered that he had broken off that friendship which, when he was younger, and it may be happier and warmer-hearted, he had thought of, and spoken of, as one that should prove long as life, strong as death. He called to mind how gradually he had become enwrapped in himself; how his own prospects and career had become all-engrossing, and all things not tending towards one end—his own advancement—had been disregarded. Not *so* plainly did the selfishness of his past life present itself to him, but a faint glimmering of truth shed light enough to show him some facts in disagreeably strong relief. Latterly his devotion to Gertrude's interests had satisfied him of his own magnanimity. At present those interests ran smoothly and tranquilly beside his own, the two almost forming one current. Should the waters of her life, breaking into wild freedom, choose to make for themselves an independent channel, crossing, perhaps, his own? What then? He did not contemplate such a possibility. Was she not his, moulded according to his will, formed according to his ideal?

'Well, and are you not going to tell us what this news is?' asked at once his aunt and sister. 'Who is this friend? What is he? What have you heard about him?—three questions to begin with.'

John shook himself out of his reverie with something wonderfully like a sigh.

'His name is Gilbert Karne; he is now in London; but if we can meet with a house likely to suit him and his mother; he will come here early next spring for change of air. His health has been but indifferent lately, and he is ordered into country quarters. By the by, aunt, he says that the fact of your living here, which his mother has just discovered,

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makes them give Midford, of which they know nothing else, the preference over any other place.'

'My living here! What do they know of me?' cried Mrs Essery, completely bewildered. 'Karne,' she repeated, in a meditative manner. 'I think I have heard the name, but I cannot recall where, when, or who bore it; my memory for names, you know, always is bad. Do, John, tell me what you know about this Mrs Karne?'

'Gilbert writes that you and Mrs Karne, then Mary Millar, were dear friends and companions at school in girlish days, and that ——'

'Mary Millar! oh yes, surely I remember her full well. And she is coming here? Well, strange and improbable things come to pass in this world of ours,' was Mrs Essery's natural, if not original remark. 'Gertrude, you must often have heard me speak of Mary Millar, who married at eighteen, and went to India, where she lost her husband and three eldest children. It is five-and-twenty years since last I heard of her, and I thought she too was dead. This Gilbert must be the youngest child, born after his father's death, a baby the last time she wrote. It is strange you should never have spoken of him to me, if he was your friend, John.'

'Not very strange, aunt. It was long ago, before you came to live with us, before our mother died, that I knew most of him. We have not corresponded, and I have heard nothing of him, for years; and it seems that it is to you I am indebted for this opportunity of renewing the acquaintance. I shall be very glad to see him again. He is older and wiser now, so, I daresay, we shall suit each other better.'

'Now you and Aunt Essery have discussed your reminiscences, it is my turn to put questions, and to have my curiosity, which is of course great, satisfied. What kind of man is this Mr Karne? Is he clever and cultivated? Did he study hard at college?' questioned Gertrude.

'Is he like his mother, I wonder?' half-mused, half-asked, Aunt Margaret. 'A noble girl she was, high-spirited, yet gentle; strong-willed and impulsive, and yet ever considerate of the feelings of others.'

'One at a time with your questions, ladies; and I think yours ought to be the first turn, Gertrude. Yes, Gilbert Karne was undoubtedly clever, had talent, genius; yet he made no great figure at college; he never could apply himself to regular, hum-drum, hard work; but he thought hard, although he would not read hard, I am sure. He was considered odd and eccentric, I believe; there certainly was a very startling originality about him—so much sincerity and earnestness—that, while I laughed at his simplicity and trustfulness, I was always obliged to respect him. I never felt I quite understood him; often had a kind of uneasy feeling that there was a depth in him I could not fathom; yet he made me love him. The principle of our mutual attachment must have been the unphilosophical one of the attraction of like for unlike.' (John had sunk back in his chair, and was evidently more indulging in a retrospective reverie than talking to Gertrude.) 'His influence with me was strange and contradictory; he was always talking of earnestness, and urging it upon me as a duty, to do earnestly and with my might whatever I found to do; and yet his society unsettled me; filled me with uneasy doubts as to whether I had taken right views of life; with questionings as to the aim and the end which I had proposed to myself; made me altogether restless and dissatisfied. He was intended for the church. Some scruples, which I thought trivial and unimportant, even then had begun to spring up in his mind concerning his future vocation. I suppose they triumphed in the end, for he has never taken orders. It is a pity, for he was one of the few men fit for a religious teacher, having what one might call a naturally and necessarily religious mind.'

'Your answers to my questions have certainly been long and elaborate, yet I have gathered no very clear idea of the kind of individual described from them. However, I should say that he was wanting in firmness, steadiness, and real decision of character, and therefore rather an object for contempt or pity, than for admiration,' decided Gertrude.

'I thought so once, Gertrude, but I believe experience convinced me of the contrary. It was no common degree of firmness that could have kept a young man of his social, mirth-loving character so completely out of all the dissipation then in vogue, and have preserved so susceptible a temperament wholly pure from moral taint. Your patience has been

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tried, Aunt Essery. I can answer your question, for I once passed a short part of a vacation at Mrs Karne's house. There was then a very strong likeness between Gilbert's face and his mother's; you could hardly tell in what it lay, for in feature they were not alike. There was something massive, striking, and very noble-looking about Mrs Karne's head, which was wanting to Gilbert; yet one could not have pronounced her masculine-looking, or Gilbert effeminate. I am no physiognomist, or perhaps I could nicely define the difference.'

'Did you see enough of Mrs Karne to be able to judge whether this likeness was at all of the mind?'

'I should say that there was a strong similarity there too. I remember, among other things, that Gilbert had a very rare and exquisite talent for music, which he had certainly inherited from his mother.'

'I long to see them, and judge for myself.'

'For my part,' said Gertrude, 'I do not find John's description so very much to my taste, that I shall suffer much from impatience. I think music rather a useless and frivolous pursuit for a man, whatever it may be for a woman, with nothing better to do.'

'O, consistency, consistency, thy name is certainly not woman!' cried John, with a provoking laugh. 'Hear the upholder of equality, and of woman's rights, pronounce music to be a frivolous pursuit for a man, but well enough for a woman!'

'You did not hear me out, John,' said Gertrude, with an angry flush reddening her face; 'you do not know how I was going to qualify my statements; besides, I had already said, for a woman with *nothing better to do;* unfortunately, many women are still included in that denomination, though not all. I never attempt to uphold that women in their present state *are* men's equals, but I would have it known, that they might be, ought to be, and in the *future* shall be.'

'Hear, hear,' cried John, who, with all his gravity, studiousness, and hard-workingness, could, as all men can, be mischievous enough sometimes; 'you, Gertrude Elton, will both preach and live this truth, will you not? Nay! nay! I did not mean really to mock you. Seriously, I believe that whatever you *will*, you can *do*. Be steadfast, and live down the world's scorn, and your brother John's taunts also.'

'But, in defence of my music-loving friend and her son, I must just say,' interposed Aunt Margaret, 'that this very Gertrude Elton, who sternly denounces music, is, or might be, if she would, a true musician in soul.'

'That is one of the unfounded and paradoxical statements you love to make about me, Aunt Essery!'

'Well, I must be off,' said John; 'our long breakfast-table chat about the Karnes has broken into the golden hours of the morning.'

'Why golden hours? as Peter asks the musicians: "Music with her silver sound"—why silver sound?'

'Shall I answer you as practically as learned commentators have answered Peter?—golden, because gold-earning hours.'

'Your answer is certainly as good as the original, but both are very bad, belonging to this hard and money-making age,' pronounced romantic, youthful-hearted Mrs Essery, as she left the room to set about her household avocations, with joy nestling at her heart, at the prospect of again seeing the dear friend of her youth; and soon after, while nephew and niece had almost entirely forgotten the subject of the morning's conversation, having overlaid it with far weightier matters, she was pouring her feelings out on paper, as rapidly as her somewhat stiff and difficult penmanship permitted — asking questions innumerable, all suggested by a tender, loving interest, and telling likewise somewhat of her own lot in life—of its shadows and sunshine—leaving the shadows in the shade, or only using them to bring out more strongly some bright particular spots of unclouded light. Truly the swiftness of the pen no more denotes the earnestness of heart that dictates than does swiftness of speech denote fulness of meaning. Good Mrs Essery's letter took very long to write; often the pen stopped altogether, the hand being required to wipe tears of affectionate sympathy from the dimmed eyes; at the best it travelled but slowly; while John's scraped and scratched rapidly over the broad sheets, as he elaborated a critical paper for some Quarterly Review.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed at the village of Midford, as pass it will, whether we regard it as an exacting, tyrannous, and unrelenting master—breaking our wills—oppressing us—

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binding heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, upon our shoulders—fixing us by chains that can only be broken by death to his iron-wheeled chariot, chains of days, weeks, months, and years;—or as a useful, trusty, but not pliable, or easy-to-be-entreated servant, a true minister unto us, helping us along life's road—not allowing us to pause to pluck all the flowers that grow by the wayside, thus preserving us from the sting of serpents lurking beneath them—not suffering us to take much repose now while it is day, but steadily bearing us on to a safe and enduring rest, to a quiet place where we may spend the night, during which no man can work.

To Mrs Essery, the three months that elapsed ere she could begin to expect the arrival of the Karnes seemed very long. Never before had Aunt Margaret been known to show so much impatience of the protracted lingering of winter. Yet she found numberless little labours of love to perform in and about the house she had chosen for her friends. Not that there was very much choice in the matter. Midford did not boast of more than three uninhabited dwellings. Of these, one was a very small and inconvenient tenement, pretty enough externally, but with nothing but that outward prettiness to recommend it. Another was a large, rambling farm-house, which, having somehow, quite innocently and unconsciously, acquired the reputation of being haunted, had, in consequence of this evil reputation, fallen into disrepair, and become so dilapidated, that to make it fit for the reception of creatures yet clothed in flesh, and subject to the ills that flesh is heir to, would have taken a much longer time, and required a much larger expenditure, than Aunt Margaret would be willing to wait, or the Karnes to afford. The third and chosen mansion was unobjectionable in every way, except that it was rather too far from Ash Grove to please the affectionate, and not very active, Mrs Essery. It was on the hill, or slope, as we inhabitants of really hilly districts should call it, just opposite the one on which Ash Grove was situated. The garden, orchards, and field, to walk down; the little stream to cross, on a bridge of rather primitive construction; and then the two steep fields and the long fir-tree walk to ascend—these seemed formidable obstacles to Mrs Essery. However, love can lend feet, if not, as has often been asserted, wings; and Aunt Margaret soon became comparatively an accomplished walker.

Spring came at length, and spring at Midford was very lovely, as where is it not? The east winds had at last departed, and the morning brightness was not the cold mockery it had so long been. There was real warmth in the sunshine, real softness in the wind. Spring flowers were showing bravely in the borders of the garden at Ash Grove, and their scent came pleasantly in at the open window of the pretty breakfast parlour. From the greening, tasselled larches, sparkling drops fell, as the light west wind shook the night's rain from their tresses; that same sweet west wind brushed the too heavy moisture from many an opening bud and blossom; raised many a bowed-down head; made everything radiant and smiling. Even the stern old Scotch fir, the grim warder of the place, seemed penetrated and mollified by that soft wind and the warm sun; its dusky, many-fingered hands caught some little lustre from the raindrops and the light, and it stretched them forth benignantly to receive the spring's benediction, and to bestow its own upon humble things below; spring-life had thrilled through its dark and sluggish sap; and the flowers, light-hued, delicate, and fragile, that clustered at its feet might, this smiling morn, have looked up to its dusky head with not less reverence, but with less awe and fear, than seemed their wont. Yes, the old tree's fingers pointed less mockingly and scornfully, and were held up less menacingly, than usual, though the light larches did wave to and fro most wantonly and needlessly, and bow, and beckon, and whisper saucily, taunting the tender, timid ash-trees with their yet black buds and bare branches. The orchards, too, were whitening, not with age, but with renewed youth; the snows of early pear and plum blossom lay thick upon the shaggy heads of moss-grown trees, floated upon the wind, and flitted softly down to deck the green grass with pearl-hued petals. The murmur of the stream in the bottom of the little valley, and the soft, satisfied cooing of Mrs Essery's pigeons and doves, set to soft music the gentle movement of the scene.

With her loving face as bright and fresh as the morning, Aunt Margaret obeyed the summons of the breakfast bell. 'A beautiful morning for our tra-

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vellers,' she exclaimed, as she met John and Gertrude.

'Our travellers! Is it to-day they are coming? Yes, this is the 5th of April, to be sure; I had quite forgotten they were coming to-day, though!' said John.

'So had I,' said Gertrude; 'or rather I don't think that I ever knew exactly when they were expected.'

John continued, thinking aloud, 'And so my old friend Gilbert Karne will be here to-day. Is he altered much I wonder? It is long ago, long ago;—will he find me altered? *Am* I altered? Well! wondering is a very unprofitable employment!' He said this with a real and most undoubted sigh. Why should John Elton sigh? Surely he has no cause; if he is changed he cannot help that; do we not all change? His hair is turning grey early; he has lost much of the freshness of early manhood before his time. But has he not achieved much? Has he not mounted the steep and rugged hill; and does he not now walk with comparative ease along the high road leading to fame and fortune? And what has he lost? Surely nothing worth the keeping. Once, long ago, a precious jewel lay at his feet; it would have hindered his onward course to have stopped to pick it up, and bestow it away carefully, heedfully, as it deserved; so he set his foot upon it, and crushed it. Does its dust cleave to him still? Once, long ago, there met him upon his way one who offered him a staff—he was strong, young, and active, he scorned it, and refused its aid. Does he want it to lean on now?

'You will go with me this evening to meet the coach, will you not?' asked Aunt Margaret; 'at six o'clock, I think, it generally passes.'

'Certainly, and then we must go up to Beech Cottage, to do its honours to our friends. By the by, is it ready for them? I am sorry I have not thought to go and see, but really I had no idea the time of their coming was drawing so near.'

'Yes, I have seen everything made comfortable; I have had nothing else to do, you know. I do not think they will find anything essential wanting.'

Mrs Essery did not tell them how it had been her habit for the last six weeks to go there, every day that she could possibly get out, always finding, or fancying, that something more remained to do in the way of arrangement and re-arrangement; nor how she, and the boy who was gardener at Ash Grove, had restored order to the chaos of the neglected garden, having had a regular and fatiguing campaign with certain encroaching and hard-to-be-eradicated weeds, which, having taken firm possession of the soil, were very loath to leave it.

'Can you spare time to walk over with me this morning, Gertrude, and see all my arrangements? I am anxious to have another opinion concerning them; you may be able to suggest some improvement. Now, don't say nay; such a lovely morning, it is a shame to stay in the house. I am sure a walk will do you good.'

'If you really wish it, aunt, of course I will go. But I have much to do this morning. John said he wanted me to——'

'Never mind me—go,' said John, for once interposing in favour of idleness.

'Perhaps you can manage to oblige us both, dear; I will wait till the afternoon, if you like.'

And so it was settled; but Mrs Essery did not find it easy to be patient that morning, she longed to be going to see how everything was looking. She settled herself in her usual seat in the sunny window, and took out her work; Aunt Margaret had always plenty of work to do. That pleasant seat was a place from which she did not generally move for any light matter or trifling inducement; this morning it could not have been as comfortable as usual—at all events it could not retain her for many minutes together. She puzzled herself to try and *remember* something *forgotten*, or to discover anything further she could possibly do for the adornment of the house. She robbed the garden of all its early treasures, calling to mind how 'dear Mary' had always loved to have flowers in her room, and how, especially, she had loved the delicate spring-blossoms. So the Ash Grove garden was despoiled of its gems, for those at Beech Cottage were to be plucked by no hands save their mistress's. At last the afternoon came, and Gertrude was ready—she was never unpunctual. Any one would have been struck by the contrast between aunt and niece, as they walked together. Gertrude was tall and stately, with a queenlike dignity in her manner; her hair was very dark; and her eyes had a depth of shadow in them that made them, too, look dark, though, when seen in bright light, and wide-opened, which they seldom were, they were of a

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violet-blue. Mrs Essery was small and fragile-looking; fair, with light brown hair, and meek, kind, brown eyes. But, to any one looking beneath the surface, looking on the outward as but a faint type of the inward, a more subtle contrast would have been visible. There was a want of quiet and repose about Gertrude that typified an incomplete, imperfect, and unharmonised inner life; it is true she was dignified and queenly-looking, but it was in what might be called almost a savage way; of true Christian dignity — the dignity of repose — Mrs Essery had by far the greater share.

Even Gertrude's step now, walking slower than her wont, accommodating her pace to her aunt's, betrays impatience and impetuosity, curbed, however, by a strong effort of will. There is superfluous energy about her—what she does she certainly does with all her might, and that might is often greater than the occasion requires. Had her figure been less light and graceful, this constant effort and self-consciousness would certainly have laid her open to the charge of awkwardness.

'Are you not curious to see our new neighbours, Gertrude?' asked Aunt Margaret, making the while vain endeavours to keep step with her niece.

'To tell the truth, aunt, I have been too busy to indulge curiosity; John always keeps me very fully employed, you know; but now you have beguiled me into idleness, no doubt that dangerous foe of idle people will attack me. I shall be much interested in seeing your old friend, aunt,' she added, sweetly. Gertrude could be very sweet sometimes; and the spring beauty that had mollified the grim old fir might well soften her young spirit.

'Thank you, dear; I am sure you will soon learn to love her, if,' she added, smiling, 'you will allow yourself time to do so. She will suit you and understand you better than I do; she was always more quick and clever; indeed, I do not know what could have made her love me as she did, she was greatly my superior in every way.'

Gertrude knew her aunt's simplicity and sincerity too well to answer these self-depreciating remarks by any of those compliments they are generally calculated to elicit; but, though she said nothing, she thought it by no means wonderful that Aunt Margaret should be loved by any one who had been able to know her well. She could feel and admire the beauty of Mrs Essery's character; the more easily, it may be, because she looked upon herself as of quite a different order of being, and, consequently, had never dreamed of imitating what she could appreciate in another.

'What a beautiful situation it is!' she exclaimed, as they emerged from the little fir-wood, and the house was full in sight. 'The house, too, is a much larger and better one than I had imagined; that must be a charming room, with windows down to the ground.'

Mrs Essery was panting to look back and take breath, after having mounted the hill with unusual rapidity, and Gertrude continued her inspection. 'But look, aunt, she continued, surely there is some one in the garden?'

'It can be no one but the servant, who has been there for the last month to take care of the house, and who is to stay, if Mrs Karne likes her. Or perhaps the boy, just finishing up the garden,' answered Mrs Essery, turning round quickly.

'No! it is a lady, in a widow's cap too; it must surely be Mrs Karne; a gentleman has just crossed the lawn, and is speaking to her. Why, they must have come by the morning coach; how early they must have had to rise! How could they find the house though?'

'Oh, I mentioned the name; besides, all the village of Midford has long been aware that they were expected. Come, let us walk quickly; they have not seen us yet.'

It proved that the lady and gentleman were really Mrs and Mr Karne, and that they had arrived that morning, as Gertrude surmised.

Delight and surprise at meeting them so unexpectedly, mingling with disappointment at not having been ready to receive them, and fear that *something* —a mysterious important something— might still be wanting to their comfort, together with loss of breath from her hurried walk, completely bewildered poor Mrs Essery. For a few minutes she knew little what she said or did, and broken exclamations and ejaculations of welcome and delight were all that passed. It is possible that each of the friends experienced at first some surprise and disappointment, being unprepared for so great a change in the other, though conscious how much time had told upon herself; but soon, when mutual and most hearty and heart-

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felt greetings had been exchanged, unchanged love shed the old, well-remembered light upon changed features, and each could recognise the old expression in the new face.

Mrs Karne was a truly noble-looking woman. There were no—what novelists call—traces of former beauty about her face. In youth she had never been either beautiful or pretty; had often been pronounced plain. Her broad, full brow, which had never 'been smooth as Parian marble;' her deep serene eyes, which had never been 'of dazzling lustre;' her rather stern mouth, which had never been 'rose-hued,' had more than gained in expression what they had lost in tint and brightness. Hers was one of those faces which, plain, though interesting, in youth, when played upon by a changeful, unsatisfied ardent spirit, become grand—almost beautiful—when a soul that has been tried, purified, nigh perfected, shines from it calmly and steadily.

Mrs Karne was the first to remember that her son and her friend's niece were present, and as yet unnoticed. Neither had, however, felt impatient of the long duration of greetings from which they had been excluded; they had found full and pleasant occupation in watching the meeting of the two friends. Gertrude, having for once completely lost her self-consciousness, stood leaning over the little garden gate, deeply interested in the display of such fresh, warm, youthful feeling from two staid, middle-aged women, and looking with great admiration at Mrs Karne's fine intellectual head, pondered over many traits of character she had heard of the high-spirited, rather unmanageable, Mary Millar, and endeavoured to reconcile them with the quiet strength and force she thought she could read in the face of the widowed Mrs Karne. What the nature of Gilbert Karne's thoughts might be, it is not easy to say; he had certainly been occupied part of the time in trying to discover in Gertrude some likeness to his old friend, John Elton. On his mother's turning to him, remarking that she had not yet introduced him, he came frankly forward, and shaking hands warmly and affectionately with Mrs Essery, said, 'I know you so well already, from often hearing of you from my mother, that I shall soon be able to forget we are personal strangers; I trust you will do the same. By Miss Elton, too,' he continued, turning to Gertrude, 'I shall hope soon to be considered as an old friend, in virtue of bygone years spent with her brother, to whom, though, as I recollect him, I cannot discover much likeness.'

'No, there is but very little resemblance between my nephew and niece. John is much like what his father was, while Gertrude bears a still stronger likeness to her mother, my sister Kate. Mary, I think you knew her slightly?'

'I saw her more than once, I think, and have often heard of her. Gilbert is much like his father; people call him like me, but he is both physically and mentally far more like Colonel Karne.'

Gertrude had bestowed one quick, searching glance upon Mr Karne, and had at once formed her own estimate of his character and capabilities. In his low, strait brow, she owned that there was considerable intellectual development, but rather, she thought, of the imaginative faculties, which she was inclined to despise, than of the solid and more practically valuable ones which she prized. In the somewhat dreamy and melancholy expression of his deep-set, indescribable-coloured eyes, she saw a confirmation of this opinion. There was something effeminate and displeasing to her also in the peculiar fall of a wave of soft brown hair that continually drooped over his eyes, and in the gesture with which it was pushed back. His mouth, she owned, was beautiful; and the rare, quick, fleeting smile disclosed teeth of inimitable pearl-white, and of irreproachable regularity; but in the lines of that mouth she fancied she could read weakness, irresolution, infirmity of purpose, together with a sensitiveness far from being manly. His head, altogether, she thought too small; his figure too fragile; and in his movements there was a languor and listlessness she was inclined to ascribe to habitual indolence, rather than to the ill health of which his mother had spoken. There was a want of strength and breadth about him. On the whole, Gertrude had formed anything but a flattering estimate of Gilbert Karne, and was inclined accordingly to treat him with very little ceremony or consideration.

'Is your brother at home to-day, Miss Elton? Ever since we came this morning I have been *going* to try and find him out. You may imagine that I am anxious to see him; but my mother has detained me, wanting my opinion about this, that,

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and everything. My mother spoils me, you must know, Mrs Essery.'

'I should think it very likely,' answered Gertrude, gravely. Already she had discovered in his words a strong confirmation of her opinion that he must be wanting in resolution.

'You must not begin to judge harshly of me so soon,' Miss Elton, he answered, with a smile, at the evident sincerity of her reply. 'But, about your brother, is he much altered of late, much aged since I knew him, should you think? It is a long time since, and seems much longer; he must be past thirty now; we are both growing quite old,' he said with a sigh.

Gertrude hated sighing, and despised those who indulged in so idle, silly, and sentimental a habit. 'Really,' she answered,' I am not a competent judge of any change that may have taken place in my brother since you knew him. At that time he looked upon me as a mere child, and we did not see much of one another. Elder brothers do not generally trouble themselves much about their little sisters, you know.'

'Unhappily I do *not* know; I am so unfortunate as never to have experienced what it was to have a sister. But I think you do John injustice. "My little sister," "our little Gertrude," her present intelligence, and promise of future talent, he often spoke of. Your name was long ago familiar to me.'

'Indeed! I thought young men at college—at least young men of John's studious disposition and earnestness—had little time or inclination for trifling conversation.'

'John is much changed, if he would consider home and friends *trifling* subjects of conversation,' said Mr Karne, gravely. 'I fancy, Miss Elton, that you, never having been long exiled from your home, know nothing of the intense feeling of home sickness, of the fascination that lingers about the very word home, for those who are long absent from it.'

'I fancy, from what your recollections, or imagined recollections of John appear to be, that you will find he is much changed since you knew him.'

'Not so much but that he will be delighted at seeing his old friend, and hurt if you long delay going to him,' interrupted Mrs Essery, who fancied from the somewhat contemptuous expression of Gertrude's face that things were not going very smoothly.

Gertrude took the opportunity of turning from the son to the mother, to propose that, if she were not too tired from her journey and early rising, they should all walk to Ash Grove together.

'Not at all tired, and quite ready,' answered Mrs Karne, and drawing Gertrude's arm through her own they walked on first.

'I shall not rest till I have climbed those far blue hills, Miss Elton; I am as anxious as a child to see what is on the other side. Is not the view very fine?'

'Yes, it is a glorious view,' answered Gertrude; 'I am glad you share my liking for hill-climbing, Mrs Karne. I never have loved valleys, shady lanes, and lowly places; they often seem to stifle me. The fresh wind on a hill-top, or the breeze that sweeps over the sea, seems to give me new life and strength.'

'Yes, I love the hills best, even now; but I have far more patience with, and delight, in what is lovely and lowly than I had when I was young. As we grow older, calm suits us best; we incline to the smooth, easy ways, and become ignobly content with the valley,' said Mrs Karne, with a smile. 'Nevertheless, I must climb those hills before long.'

'There is something so glorious in having a scene stretch round you, bounded by nothing but your own capability of vision; in breathing an air so fresh and pure, that you can fancy it has never been tainted by human breath; in standing on a spot so high and so solitary, that you can imagine mortal feet have never crushed that turf before.'

'It is delightful, and makes even my old blood dance through my veins. But, dear Miss Elton, I do not like the idea that the breath of a fellow-creature need *taint* the air. Are we so much purer and holier than others?'

Gertrude coloured; something in Mrs Karne had tempted her to break through her usual fence of reserve, and to speak warmly and enthusiastically as she felt; now it seemed to her as if her trust had been betrayed, and she had been attacked through a gap she had opened to a supposed friend. She made no immediate reply to Mrs Karne's remark, and their talk during the remainder of the way was constrained. It was a trouble to Gertrude to keep up an ordinary conversation; she never had any of the 'small change' of talk which comes so readily and pleasantly from most women. Something

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within seemed to her to mock and scorn at the commonplace observations and trifling remarks that must make so large a part of the conversation between two people who have not much in common. It was a relief to her when they neared the house, and stopped for Mrs Essery and Mr Karne to overtake them.

'Dawdling as usual, Margaret? The old, old habit,' cried Mrs Karne, laughing. 'Do you remember how impatient you used to make me when as girls we walked together? You were always stopping to grope in the hedges, while I was all anxiety to get on. I have learned patience now though, I believe.'

John Elton—when the privileged Gertrude had hunted him up, and he had with some difficulty extricated himself from among the ponderous tomes which surrounded him—met his friend's hearty greeting, and returned it with a very tolerably good grace; though, had the travellers come just when he expected them, and had he met them just as he had planned to do, he would have found it easier to be cordial. There is nothing that people of formal and mechanical ways, particularly men just falling into what are called 'bachelor habits,' hate so much as being taken by surprise.

There was a very striking contrast between the two friends, as they stood together in the bright, truth-telling sunlight that poured into the room. Perhaps Gertrude felt it a painful one; at all events she hastened to let down the green blinds, though generally she loved a bright, broad light.

John Elton looked unusually dried-up, dusty, and *knowledge-laden*. Gilbert Karne was but a few years younger; there surely must have been some secret of youthfulness in his heart or soul which John did not possess; so young he looked as, his face lighted up with genuine affection and joy, he wrung John's large hard hand again and again, exclaiming, 'The same wise old philosopher; the very same slovenly, beslippered fellow as ever, John; the very same familiarly-ugly dressing-gown, too, I do believe; and the same, the very same warm heart beneath it, I hope.'

'The same; yes, I hope the same,' John answered, slowly; then, drawing away his hand and shaking it, he said, 'You, at least, meant to assure yourself of the identity of my hand, you squeezed it hard enough; wonderfully strong fingers are those of yours, my dear Gilbert.'

Gilbert laughed; and Gertrude's eyes glanced at the hand which had so energetically squeezed her brother's.

It was a hand with little outward show of strength; small, thin, transparent looking, with fingers almost as white and taper as her own. She smiled scornfully; remembering what she had heard from John of the course of gloving, by which some young fops attempted to insure the possessing 'that sign-manual of aristocratic birth.'

Aunt Margaret's eyes had taken the same direction, and she sighed gently, thinking of the delicacy betokened by that thin, blue-veined hand.

Gertrude had resigned herself to the sacrifice of the remainder of this day to the Karnes, strenuously resolving that she would not allow them often to interrupt her studies, but would resolutely refuse all solicitations to break in upon the precious morning hours; not that she expected such solicitations from Mr Karne, who, she thought, and was well satisfied that it should be so, must have been repelled by her abrupt manner; but Mrs Karne, she was sure, would soon enter into a league with Aunt Margaret to try and tempt her into occasional idleness. It had been settled between her brother and herself, that the result of studious years, of early precious years, should soon be given to the world—that her first book should be published soon. Her brother's already-attained high position enabled him to free Gertrude's path from many of the obstacles that lie thick in the way of young and unbefriended pilgrims to the Temple of Fame, and her *début* was to be a great triumph.

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A GLANCE AT CORFU, AND THE FUNERAL OF A GREEK ARCHBISHOP.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

THE ——, first-class man-of-war, having on board a battalion of the regiment to which I then belonged, cast anchor in the lovely bay of Corfu, on the night of one of the early days of January, 185–; the fitful glimmer of the few lights which were still visible, partially illuminating the ancient city, threw a romantic light on the scene, while the double-pinnacled citadel looked down in calm majesty upon the slumbering town, as if bidding her repose in undisturbed tranquillity beneath the protection of its frowning batteries. How tantalising it was! There, beneath our stern, lay the long-desired haven—there our temporary home. We were there, and yet we were not there; how willingly would we have left the hateful ship, in which we had spent a month of discontented misery, owing to the wretched accommodation afforded us, and hurried to the poorest hovel in the island; but it could not be—duty detained us on board. By daybreak we were on deck; and if the scene was lovely by night, how gloriously magnificent was it by day. The citadel, built on a pointed rock, and commanding the town and harbour, raised itself in proud relief against the clear Ionian sky, while a second rock of almost similar form, though unfortified, gave an additional beauty to the scene. Large comfortable-looking barracks lay at the base of these elevations, and completed the military character of the picture. To the right stood the palace of the Commissioner; an imposing structure, whose Grecian architecture and low roof were in perfect keeping with the style of the town, which lay still further to the right along the shore; while the most picturesque and fantastically-formed mountains closed up the olive-fringed bay. Right opposite the town lay the small, but strongly fortified island of Vido, whose slight elevation above the water hardly interfered with the noble forms of the Albanian coast, whose rugged peaks stood out in rich variety and bold relief against a more distant chain of snow-clad mountains, and which, forming a background but a few miles in rear of the mountainous point of Corfu, completed the land-locked appearance of the bay. Altogether, the scene was one of surpassing loveliness, far more resembling our ideas of fairyland than the cold realities of this material world; while a bright but tempered sun, diffusing splendour and brilliancy around, dissipated the rising vapours, and threw an enchantment on the whole that no description can hope to portray.

Towards evening we received orders to land. The larger portion of the regiment was to occupy the barracks in the citadel; while the remainder (with which unfortunately I was associated) were destined to garrison the already-mentioned island of Vido. It was sunset ere we had commenced our operations; and now how different the scene. The absence of the sun had, indeed, wrought a magic change on the lovely panorama of the morning. The snowy summits of the Albanian mountains were no longer tipped with gold, and the warm tints of rock and woodland were changed to a misty grey, while a drizzling rain, and a short chopping sea, which dashed over us at each dip of the oar, completed the discomfort of our disembarkation. Having told off our men to their different quarters, we were at liberty to think of ourselves; and in truth our plight was most dismal.

We were each ushered into a small stone-floored and vaulted apartment, in a bomb-proof barrack, containing a table, two chairs, and the smallest imaginable fireplace, in which lay, ready for use, half a dozen thick pieces of damp firewood. Having changed our dripping garments, the first thing to be thought of was dinner. Two of us were therefore deputed to proceed to the canteen, which was the only place on the island where provisions were to be obtained, and do our best to provide a suitable repast for eight hungry mortals. On arriving at that interesting locality, we found it filled with ravenous soldiers, while nearly a hundred more surrounded the door, anxiously awaiting their turn to enter. The consideration and respect which our gallant fellows

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never fail o accord to their officers, soon gained us an audience with the perplexed proprietor, and great was our dismay when he gravely informed us, that a barrel of red herrings and a few hundred loaves had been the only provisions laid in for the expected garrison. The herrings had nearly disappeared, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in securing one a-piece, and a few loaves, for the expectant party at home. We returned in triumph, and, truth to tell, met with but a shabby reception from our companions. There was, however, no help for it; so, cooking our fish, we sat down each man to his herring. In lieu of plates, they were served on sheets of foolscap paper, which article of luxury I had fortunately found in my portmanteau. Under the circumstances, I may venture to assert that a merrier or more frugal repast was never made. That night we slept in our cloaks round the fire.

The following day beheld a wondrous change in our comforts. The baggage, which had been landed early in the morning, enabled us to furnish our apartments, which, compared with the wretched accommodation we had so recently quitted, appeared positively princely in extension and *ameublement*. The prompt kindness also of our comrades had provided us with a portion of the regimental plate, porcelain, and linen; while a mess-man, servants, and provisions had early made their appearance; and so that night we fared sumptuously.

The second day after our landing proved calmly brilliant, and was hailed with delight by the whole party, as a trip to Corfu had been determined on the preceding evening. The distance across is about three miles, and with a fair wind and unruffled sea we soon landed on the quay. Ascending a few steps leading to the principal square or piazza, we had an immediate view of the most pleasing features of this really interesting town. The palace of the Commissioner, an extensive and handsome building, with its back to the sea, faces a large and oblong square of the most verdant green, the edges of which being lined with trees afforded a refreshing shade to innumerable parties of peasants, who, dressed in the costume of the Greek and the Albanian, reposed on the greensward, or indolently leant against the shaded trunks of the sycamore, while their wives and daughters, dressed in the brightest colours, and covered with silver and golden ornaments, gave a picturesqueness, as well as a domesticity to the scene, that was really enchanting. It was a 'festa,' and, on such occasions, it is usual for the country population to resort to the capital, and there, arrayed in gala robes, pass the day in feasting and rejoicing. To the right of the esplanade runs a long street of handsome houses, whose upper storeys, projecting over the ground-floor (which is entirely devoted to commerce) in the shape of commodious shops, form a pleasant and agreeable colonnade, where the lounger and the man of business find themselves at all times protected from the scorching rays of a Mediterranean sun. On the left, towers the high and rocky citadel, which, isolated from the town by a wide moat, is entered by a handsome drawbridge and arched gateway; while on every side, where the view was not shut out by the buildings I have described, the most beautiful glimpses of mountain and sea compose a rare species of background to this delightful picture. The town itself lies to the right along the shore, and contains a dense mass of mean-looking buildings, intersected by narrow and inconvenient streets; although the houses of the native aristocracy are commodious, and in some instances even ornamental. A high and strongly-fortified rock, called the Bell, rising from the centre of the town, forms a striking object. At a lower level also, and close to the water's edge, stands a large and well-proportioned barrack, from whose windows is obtained a most magnificent view of the harbour and opposite coast of Albania. The churches are numerous, and in some instances even handsome, but there is nothing in the city itself which, apart from the beauty of its position, would strike the stranger in an architectural point of view. The magnificence, however, of that position, the surrounding scenery, the various and picturesque costumes, the perfect Babel of tongues, the eternal ringing of church bells, together with the totally foreign character of the whole, all combined in lending to the scene a charm that is really indescribable.

The language spoken by the inhabitants of the town is invariably a sort of Venetian-Italian, approaching more near to the Italian, according to the grade and education of the speaker. It is softer and more musical than that language, even when purest; and when spoken by

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the lower classes is a strange mixture of Greek, French, and Italian. The peasantry of the island alone have preserved the habit of using the native dialect, which is a harsh and guttural *patois*, very different from the pure and elegant language spoken at Athens.

Towards night, the weather, which had been beautiful, became suddenly overcast, and when I would have returned to my desolate island, I found that not a boat would venture from the shore. 'Santissima Virgine,' exclaimed the boatman to whom I applied, 'che burrasca, signore, per tutto l'oro nel mondo non auderei a Vido, questa sera;' so I willingly accepted a shake-down in the quarters of a comrade, and consoled myself with an excellent dinner at the mess-table of my regiment; after which we resorted to the usual amusement of the evening—the opera. The building itself is small, and ill fitted up; a tolerably filled house, however, and an audience well qualified to appreciate the musical excellence of the performers, who were in general considerably above par, consoled us for all decorative deficiencies. Towards midnight we returned to our barracks, well pleased with our evening's entertainment.

During a residence of some weeks on the little island of Vido, I was enabled, by the unusual calmness of the weather, to make many interesting trips to the mainland of Corfu, in order to inform myself as to the manners and customs of its inhabitants. The death of the Greek Archbishop, which took place a few days after our arrival, gave me an opportunity of beholding one of the most curious customs with which the barbaric splendour of the Greek Church still loves to astonish its votaries. In one of my strolls through the city, I unexpectedly found myself in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who, crowding round a lofty flight of steps leading to the door of a handsome Greek church, evidently appeared to await the performance of some religious rite. Prompted by curiosity, and assisted by my uniform, I gained a ready admission into the interior of the building, which was also thronged with a living mass of both sexes, and of every age. The object of attraction, whatever it might be, was not at first distinguishable, but, observing that the ardent gaze of the multitude was turned towards the altar, I forced my way, not without difficulty, to the head of the church, from whence I beheld a sight, the most interesting, though barbarous, that can be imagined. In the front of the altar, occupying a chair of state, sat a most dignified and commanding personage, his clear olive complexion, his high aquiline nose, and beautifully-chiselled mouth, gave a dignity to his mien which I have never seen surpassed. The mitre on his brow, the costly robe, the crosier in one hand, and the Bible in the other, at once proclaimed his high ecclesiastical rank; while one by one the silent and seemingly awestricken spectators were admitted within the altar, to kiss the hand of their beloved high priest. What could it mean? I gazed more intently. The noble old man was evidently asleep; at least his eyes were closed. 'Dorme,' I whispered to a respectable-looking native who stood near me.—'No, no, signore, non dorme; è morto.' The mystery was solved. Could it be? Was that princely brow indeed damp with the dews of death? Had the pulses of that upright and commanding form indeed ceased to beat? It was, alas! but too true. More interested than ever, now that I comprehended the scene, I watched with untiring patience the evident marks of true and unaffected grief displayed towards their dead archbishop. Little children and women embraced his hand, while the scalding tears of unfeigned sorrow coursed down their swarthy cheeks. Did they grieve for the man or the bishop? It matters not; never was sincerity more apparent. Was it indeed death that I saw before me? I could scarcely believe it. The clear olive complexion of the dead man spoke not of dissolution; he seemed calmly and silently to slumber—but it was his last slumber on earth. What a singular scene—a dead man's levée, for such it was to all intents and purposes; and yet what levée of the living had ever called forth such unmistakeable signs of affection and respect. Spell-bound by so strange a ceremony, I lingered for some time in the interior of the church, observing the ebullitions of affection and superstition so variously displayed by this excitable people. Anxious to obtain full information relative to this ceremony, I at last learned that, as soon as the 'Reverendissimo Arcivescovo' had breathed his last, the insensate clay was arrayed in all the proud insignia of earthly rank, placed in a chair of state, and carried by his ecclesiastical brethren to the principal church of the city, where,

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in accordance with established custom, it was to remain exposed to the gaze of the multitude for a period of three days, previous to being publicly interred with all the honours of the orthodox Greek Church. The following day I paid a hurried visit to the ghostly reception, and found the principal actor in this strange drama firm and erect as on the preceding day, and the crowd, if possible, more numerous and enthusiastic than ever. The hand alone of the bishop seemed to have suffered, from the repeated and affectionate salutations of his mourning flock.

The funeral was to take place on the following day, and I resolved to be a witness of the closing scene; so, taking advantage of the kindness of a friend who had offered me a place on his balcony, I was early at my post, in order to lose no part of so unusual a spectacle. The view from our position was most superb. It embraced the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the opposite coast of the horse-shoe harbour, with its lofty point, while the bold mountains of Albania rose clear and bright, till their snowy peaks almost mingled with the sky, which in colour and fleeciness they so much resembled. The little island of Vido, rising like a green spot in the sea, while adding to the charm, gave the beholder but a faint idea of her bristling batteries, whose invisibility only added to their terrible power, which, in conjunction with the cannon of the citadel and the Bell, render the city of Corfu all but impregnable. Two first-class men-of-war, and the huge form of a steam-frigate, calmly reposing at anchor, together with innumerable boats and their picturesque sails, formed a singular background, and gave life and animation to a scene, one of the most beautiful on earth. Let us now turn to the foreground of this picture. Noon had been announced by a furious peal from every church bell in the city, and the roar of the minute-gun loudly proclaimed that the funeral cortége had commenced its march. A long procession of bearded and moustached priests has already reached and passed the spot where we are standing; banners, symbols, and canopies are seen advancing in rich profusion; while, far in the rear, the body of the bishop, still seated in his chair of state, is seen high above the heads of the spectators, borne on the shoulders of a dozen men. What is it that *now* approaches? Every head is uncovered, every knee is bent, while each hand is engaged in making the sign of the cross, with a rapidity that is truly surprising. A rich canopy of silk, carried by four priests, shades from the sun and the wind some precious relic. What can it be? It is carried on a velvet cushion, and covered by a glass-case; it is thin and pointed, resembling a head of asparagus. Burning with curiosity, I descend into the street, and address the nearest spectator:—'Che cosa è questa, signore?' Reverently uncovering, and rapidly crossing himself, he politely and gravely replies, 'Signore, è l'indice di un santo.' Bah! 'the forefinger of a saint,' I indignantly repeat in English, as I return to my former position. Long lines of men and boys, carrying huge lighted wax candles, skirt the procession on either side; while banners are waving and incense burning in every direction. But what is this that again causes each knee to bend, each head to be uncovered, while the commotion and enthusiasm is even greater than before? It is the patron saint of the island, an embalmed mummy, who, enclosed in a costly case of silver, with a glass front, which permits his dried and blackened features to be visible, has descended from his mountain convent to do honour to the dead man's obsequies. At last comes the cynosure of every eye, the man in whose honour we are all assembled—the departed archbishop; but how changed from the preceding day. The movement to which he has been subjected has shaken the dignity from that ample brow, the repose from that commanding figure; the mitre, the crosier, and the revered Bible are indeed there—but where is the stately look of the ecclesiastical potentate, which should have added a living charm to these insignia of earthly power? Alas! the all but decomposed dignitary presents a ghastly spectacle of mortality in its most revolting form; the head now rests on the shoulder, and nods with each motion of the bearers, while the hand which still grasps the crosier has fallen from its position, and hangs listlessly by the side of the corpse. A still larger train of priests followed their chief, while in the rear of all came the functionaries of the republic, the Members of Assembly, the President and Senate, the Lord High Commissioner, and a numerous staff. Such is the procession that accompanied this respected, and, I believe, excellent prelate to his last home, where he is not, however,

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destined to repose, till, amidst the booming of cannon, and the pealing of church bells, the funeral pageant has traversed every thoroughfare of the city; which necessary custom being fulfilled, the mournful train direct their now weary steps to the vault, where, divested of his costly raiment, the body of the once beloved ecclesiastic at last finds a peaceful though temporary home.

AULD NANNIE.

'Twas nicht—the cauld wind seugh'd fu' loud round our dwellin',
Blew the reek doon the lum, and wreath'd up the snaw;
I mind o' it weel, though but a wee callan',
I grat when I heard that Auld Nannie's awa'.

She aye was sae happy, an' canty, an' cheery,
Tauld auld-farrant stories that frighten'd us a';
She aye kept us laughin', and never seem'd weary,
But noo we'll be dull—for Auld Nannie's awa'.

Aft ha'e I sat stridelegs across her auld shuthers,
She'd carry's about till maist like to fa';
Then we'd sit doon an' play us—what cared we for ithers—
Contented an happy—but noo she's awa'.

Wi' a suit frae Hugh Fraser, o' real shepherd tartan,
A wee curly cap, locks white as the snaw,
Nannie carries the luggie, an I haud the lantern,
To milk our cow Crommie—but noo she's awa'.

When we cam' to the byre, she'd sit doon on her hunkers,
Skite the milk i' my face, and across on the wa';
'A guid soup o' milk wadna droon twa-three younkers,'
Least so Nannie said—but noo she's awa'.

An' whiles, i' the morning, she'd come in fu' braggie,
Wi' an egg in her hand, frae the neuk o' the wa',
Whaur the black hen aye laid a white egg for her laddie,
But noo I'll get nane—for Auld Nannie's awa.'

An' after the boilin', that to me seem'd a century,
Ilk ane got a preein', Auld Nannie an' a';
Quo' she, 'Mrs S——d—rs, ye'll mak the deil angry;'*
She aft made him angry—but noo she's awa'.

She lived wi' the lasses (we ca'd her 'Auld Nannie'),
Her name and her presence aye kept them in awe,
An' yet she was happy, and jokie, an' funny,
But noo they'll no 'gree—for Auld Nannie's awa.

Aft doon the lade side we wad wander thegither;
She was proud o' her laddie, sae bonny and braw;
Wi' a piece i' my hand, that I got frae my mither,
We gaed toddlin' and crackin'—but noo she's awa.

She *lived* her religion, and smiled 'mid her troubles,
She seem'd sae contented whate'er micht befa';
The things o' this warld she counted but bubbles,
Her hame was in heaven—whaur noo she's awa'.

She loved her Redeemer; ah! he was her treasure,
Her comfort, her joy, her Saviour, her a';
His love to her seem'd beyond height, depth, or measure,
An' death cam' fu' saftly, an'—took her awa.'

D. H. S.

* Nannie was wont to say, 'The deil didna' like to see sae muckle unity as twa folk suppin' out o' a'e egg.'

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BERNARDO TASSO.—A SKETCH.

BY C. D. BURDETT.

BERNARDO TASSO!—there is magic in that name; and yet it is not as the author of the beautiful 'Amadigi,' nor even as the father of the immortal Torquato Tasso, that he is most endeared to all the lovers of Italian poetry. It is because he was one of those gifted men, whose versatile genius belongs almost exclusively to the age in which he lived. It is true, that, in the classic days of our Queen Anne, Addison was her prime minister, and Prior her ambassador. But, above a century before their time, Bernardo Tasso had proved that the imaginative qualities of a poet were not incompatible with the abstruse theories of a philosopher, the practical duties of a statesman, the enlarged views of a diplomatist, and the brilliant valour of a soldier.

Born at Bergamo in 1493, the seventy years of his life were passed amongst the most exciting events in the history of Europe—events which mark that era as peculiarly the age of romance. In Spain, during his infancy, Ferdinand and Isabella were laying the foundation of their grandson's glory, in the pageantry of their Moorish wars. In his youth, the pavilions of Fontainbleau exhibited a concentration of wit, beauty, and heroism till then unknown; for the gallant but unfortunate Francis I. was the first prince who admitted ladies to his court, observing, that 'a drawing-room without women, was like a spring without flowers.' In England, subjects such as a Wolsey, a Leicester, or a Burleigh, rivalled monarchs in magnificence; whilst, in courtesy and accomplishments, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the 'Admirable Crichton,' were models to every rank.

At nearly the same period, Italy was illuminated by the galaxy of talent which Lorenzo de Medici, and afterwards his grandson Leo X., attracted round themselves; whilst various minor sovereigns of that favoured soil emulated their patronage of art and literature. Amongst the most distinguished of these was Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno; the families of Ranzoni, Dukes of Modena; Este of Ferrara, Zforza of Milan, Gonzaga of Mantua, Rovere of Urbino, Emmanuel of Savoy, and the two brothers of the house of Davilos, Dukes of Asti, of whom one Alphonso, governor of Milan, was pre-eminent in munificence and liberality; and the other, Ferdinand, Marquis de Pescaro, was the husband of Vittoria Colonna, the beloved of Michael Angelo. Nor was Bernardo Tasso an unworthy compeer of these illustrious men; for, in the variety of his acquirements, the refinement of his taste, the extent of his celebrity, and his love of splendour, he was scarcely excelled by any of his contemporaries.

The peculiar cast of his poetry may also be attributed to the times in which he lived. The pens of the blind poet of Ferrara, of Pulci, of Boiardo, and of Ariosto, had already delineated the feats of an Orlando or a Morgante. Whilst in the prime of his life, the Field of the Cloth of Gold (in 1520) realised in its tilts and tournaments the chronicles of Turpin. Four years afterwards, he beheld the sun of chivalry sink on Bayard's grave, and its last rays shed a halo on the deeds of a Gonsalvo, a Cortez, and a Gaston de Foix, who emulated, if they did not verify, some of the achievements of Charlemagne and his paladins; and thus truth and fiction equally aided in recalling to the mind the most marvellous feats of the heroes of romance.

Even the vicissitudes that marked the life of Bernardo Tasso were characteristic of that day. Though born of noble parents, his first years were spent in penury. Both his parents died suddenly, within a few hours of each other, leaving Bernardo and a younger sister with barely sufficient for their maintenance. The little girl was soon provided for by her uncle, Il Cavaliere Tasso, who placed her in a convent, where she subsequently took the veil; and another brother of their father's, the Bishop of Recanato, adopted Bernardo, and placed him at college, where he soon made an extraordinary progress in the Greek and Latin languages, forming his own taste on the classics, then lately restored to Europe. His success in poetry and eloquence was so great, it attracted public attention. His reputation already spread to a distance, and he was acknowledged to be one of the most promising youths of Italy. Estimable in character, and equally refined in manners,

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he added to these advantages great personal beauty, of which there is evidence in a portrait of him still preserved in the council-chamber at Bergamo. It represents him as tall, erect, and remarkably well proportioned, with an open forehead, brilliant eyes, and a thick black beard, cut in the fashion of that time.* Thus formed to love and to be loved, the young Bernardo bestowed all the tender enthusiasm of a devoted heart on the beautiful Genevra Malatesta; a lady of high rank, as remarkable for the excellence of her character, as for personal loveliness. And in those days he thought himself beloved. Hope gilded futurity, and the present passed happily under the kind auspices of his uncle, who, proud of the fame of his young relative, already proclaimed him his heir. This wealthy prelate had purchased a villa in the immediate neighbourhood of Bergamo, which commanded views of the rich plain that stretched beneath the giant Alps, and, watered by innumerable streams, forms one of the loveliest landscapes in Italy. The towers and steeples of Bergamo, crowning the steep ascent on which the city stands, terminate the distance, now bright in the noonday sun, or shining dark against the golden glories of the western sky. Thither the uncle and nephew frequently retired; and many a time the woods re-echoed the most touching lines of the enamoured poet, as sometimes he openly declared his passion, and at other times celebrated the charms of his lady-love under the allegorical title of 'Genebra.'

It was in the month of September, 1520, when the bishop and Bernardo returned to this villa, to pass some days amidst its lovely scenery. They had spent a happy evening; and the rosy tint of the mountains, reposing in the sun's last beam, seemed but a reflection of their tranquil pleasures: and when the venerable prelate retired to rest, perhaps his last orison was a prayer to heaven for the son of his adoption; perhaps his last blessing dwelt for ever on Bernardo's mind, for on this side the grave they never met again. In the middle of the night, two of the bishop's domestics stole into his chamber, murdered their unresisting victim, and, possessing themselves of all his money, plate, and valuables, made their escape with everything that was portable. When morning revealed the horrid deed, the anguish of Tasso can better be imagined than described. At first he was absorbed in grief for his loss, and in endeavours to discover and punish the murderers; but, when he had leisure to revise his own circumstances, he found them changed indeed. By the death of his kind protector, he had lost both his patronage and his inheritance, and he found himself once more reduced to the small patrimony he derived from his father.

Too energetic to despond, Bernardo returned to the University of Padua, determined to turn those talents to use which he had hitherto only cultivated for amusement; and he accordingly devoted himself to the study of politics and philosophy, with a diligence and success that paved the way to his future greatness. Yet at that moment a still deeper grief assailed him. The time was not yet arrived when princes courted his society, and their satellites hung upon his favour. No indication had yet appeared of that taste and love of magnificence that subsequently rendered his costly entertainments matters of history. True, he was young, handsome, and renowned; but he was still poor, and the family of Malatesta bestowed the hand of his beloved Genevra on his rival, the Conte d'Obezzi. Tasso felt his loss as only such a character could feel; and as poetry was the natural language of his soul, he soon after her marriage gave expression to his misery in a sonnet, so pathetic, and so universally admired, that, according to Guinguene, 'it was learned by heart by every man and woman in Italy.'

Did the faithless bride only feel the gratification of her vanity in the notoriety and sincerity of the passion she had inspired? Or did she learn to regret the abandonment of her first love, when, a short time afterwards, the 'poor' poet emerged from his eclipse, and appeared at the Court of Rome in the brilliant character of envoy to Julius II., from the Count Guido Ranzoni, general of the Papal Forces. Bernardo executed this confidential and important mission so much to the satisfaction of both parties, that his peculiar talent for diplomacy was at once established; and, soon after, Leo X. sent him on a special embassy to Francis I., for the purpose of arranging a fresh invasion of Italy by the French, as a counterpoise to the increasing power of Charles V. But the succession of Adrian VI. to the papal chair (in 1522) changed

* A statue of his son, Torquato Tasso, ornaments the principal square in Bergamo.

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the destiny of Italy. The star of the emperor prevailed; Tasso withdrew from France; and, with the full consent of Ranzoni, accepted office in the court of Ferrara.

At that time, Hercules II., of the house of Este, was the reigning duke. He had married the celebrated Princess Renèe de France, daughter of Louis XII., and aunt to Francis I. His taste and patronage of the arts were sufficiently proved by many of his writings, as well in prose as verse, by the magnificent edifices he erected both at Ferrara and at Modena, and by the establishment, in the former city, of the Museum Estrense. But the talents and learning of his duchess were still more remarkable. She was equally well skilled in the Latin and Greek languages; her talents and judgment were even superior to her learning; and at such a court, those of Tasso were fully appreciated. His skill in diplomacy had recently been proved at Fontainbleau; and many secret negotiations still pending with that court passed through his hands. Whilst his wit and social qualities delighted the circle of accomplished men, and women too, that these distinguished sovereigns had drawn round them, who could then have anticipated that the destiny of their youngest daughter, the Princess Leonora, was to be so closely interwoven with that of Bernardo's son, the immortal Torquato, both being yet unborn?

Notwithstanding all the attractions Ferrara offered to Tasso, he did not long remain there. Both his fortune and his reputation had been increased by his late appointments; and he returned for a short time to Padua, now as independent in circumstances as he had ever been in principle. From thence he went to Venice, where he published the first edition of his minor poems; and these were so well received, that he at once took rank amongst the most popular authors of the day. This work greatly influenced his future destiny, attracting the attention of the reigning Prince of Salerno, Ferrante Sanseverino, one of the principal patrons of literature in Italy. He equally admired Tasso as a poet and a statesman, and no sooner learned that he was then unattached to any court, than he offered him the situation of his private secretary, on terms so advantageous, and in a manner so complimentary, that Tasso accepted the proposal, and proceeded to Salerno towards the end of 1531.

He was then in the prime of life, almost in the meridian of his fame, and his reception at Salerno was most flattering. Presents, rich and rare, were lavished on one who was welcomed as conferring honour on the whole court; whilst the prince gave substantial proof of his regard, by settling a considerable annuity on Bernardo for the remainder of his life. This generosity determined Tasso to devote himself to the service of his benefactor. In his official capacity as secretary to the prince, his integrity and ability were of the utmost value, whilst his peculiar talent for letter-writing was essentially useful. Eloquence also was amongst the many rare gifts bestowed by nature on the poet; and the charms of his conversation were equally relished by the prince and his consort, the young and amiable Isabella di Villamarina. For them Bernardo gave some of those magnificent entertainments which his now ample fortune authorised, and his superior taste adorned; and which, like those of our Leicester or Burleigh, have been the theme of many writers; in part, no doubt, owing to the embellishments bestowed on them by his muse; for several of the most admired of Tasso's verses are amongst those with which he delighted his noble and princely guests, sometimes in ephemeral *jeux d'esprit* put in action by the assembled courtiers, and sometimes as regular compositions worthy the cooler judgment of posterity.

There must have been something peculiar in these fêtes, as they have been mentioned by all his biographers: even the taste and richness of his furniture have been noticed by the gravest historians; and, trifling as these particulars seem, they indicate the natural disposition, as the mariner learns the current of the wind from the tendency of the slightest vane. Hogarth delineated the character of his citizens, when he painted their different hats. And perhaps an inventory of chairs might be made as instructive, from the immoveable straight-backed inconvenience of our ancestors, to the somniferous fauteuil of Carlton Club—the devotional of a modern boudoir—the still greater incongruity called a douro, uniting the hard mattress of a soldier with the indispensable lounge of a guardsman—down even to the treacherous leathern monster at a dentist's, moving its head to each newcomer, and luring successively its victims to agony. Each and all may prove a silent talisman, revealing the

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habits, tastes, and almost the occupations of their respective owners. And so it may have been with Tasso's furniture; for one of his learned biographers even describes the ink-stand which he used to the end of his life, which was formed of a vase for burning perfumes, of exquisite Arabian workmanship, that he brought with other valuables from the siege of Tunis, whither he accompanied the Prince of Salerno, then the ally of Charles V.

Still, amongst his various avocations and severest studies, Tasso found leisure for the composition of poetry, to which he habitually turned for recreation; and even in this memorable siege he wrote many of the best amongst his lighter works, whilst he equally distinguished himself by such bravery, that Sanseverino publicly rewarded his services by adding to his income. He also pleased him more, by giving him a fresh opportunity of exertion, in sending him on an embassy to Spain, in which, as usual, he was a successful negotiator. On his return from thence, Tasso obtained leave from the prince to visit Venice, for the purpose of superintending a new edition of his works, and there he was received with acclamation by a host of friends. He was now the favourite of fortune. Courted by the great, and beloved by his intimates, his return to that city, the throne of pleasure, was the signal for a revival of all its boasted gaieties. Amidst the festivities of which Bernardo was ostensibly the object, he first beheld the beautiful Tullia of Arragon, the Aspasia of her day. Amidst her various attractions, her poetical talents were not the least, and her verses have been celebrated by others of her admirers, as well as by Bernardo himself. The result may be anticipated. The Lagoon of Venice with such a syren detained the enamoured Tasso more than a year from his official duties; and it is a characteristic trait of that remarkable age, that, when at last he sprang from his chain, and returned to Salerno, the mutual attachment of the gifted pair became a subject of public interest, and their loves, and their griefs, and their parting, were sung by many minor poets, and even lamented by Speron Speroni, and other graver writers.

When Bernardo rejoined the prince, he found both him and the princess anxious to promote his marriage with a lady of high birth then of their court, and this, no doubt, partly arose from a dread of being again deprived equally of his society and his services. Be that, however, as it may, it was chiefly through their intervention that, in 1539, he espoused Porzia di Rossi, who, to a large fortune, united the advantages of beauty, merit, and accomplishments, and, above all, a devoted attachment to her husband. On their nuptials, Sanseverino added considerably to Tasso's annuity, and gave him permission to retire with his bride to a villa he had purchased, not very far from the capital. On the cliff that forms the promontory of Sorento, still stands a house, known to all modern travellers as the Hotel de Tasso. Behind it rises the steep ascent, defending the classic site, lest the breath of heaven visit it too roughly; and nearly opposite the windows lies the Island of Capri, with its dark blue cave. Far on the horizon, Procida sleeps on the clear waters, which in the intermediate distance ripple round the bay, reflecting the beauties of La bella Napoli, while their 'wild waves whistle,' chained, as it were, to the feet of the domes and palaces whose images, reflected on her bosom, charm to constancy the tideless sea. There, for a few years, Bernardo enjoyed more happiness than usually falls to the lot of man. He became successively the father of a daughter and of three sons, of whom the youngest, Torquato, was born on the 11th of March, 1544. And in this retreat, at once magnificent and picturesque, Bernardo commenced his poem of 'Amadigi,' at the especial request of Sanseverino, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Lewis d'Avila, and some other distinguished patrons of literature: thus reaching what may be called the table-land of his life's journey. His subsequent descent from this summit of enjoyment served, however, to prove him worthy of having once attained it, as his fortitude in adversity was beyond all praise; and of him it has been truly said, that he possessed a disposition so essentially happy, that, in rising superior to misfortune, he disarmed it.

At the time of Torquato's birth, the ambition of Charles V. had bound the destiny of Europe to his standard, and the welfare of states and the happiness of individuals equally depended on the success of a despot. The transient conquests of the Duke d'Enghien in Piedmont, even accelerated the downfal of Francis I.; for, exasperated at the loss of 10,000 imperialists in the battle of Cerizoles, Charles,

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the spoiled child of victory, drew, to replace them in Lombardy, all the forces he could collect from the south of Italy, and, amongst others, those of the Prince of Salerno. Accordingly, Sanseverino repaired to the new scene of action, accompanied by Bernardo, who was torn from his home, and, consequently, never saw his new-born son till ten months afterwards, when the treaty of Crepi allowed them to return. But that treaty was equally fatal to the kingdom of Naples, and to Tasso's fortunes. By it, Francis resigned all claims on that state, and its unfortunate inhabitants were entirely thrown into the power of the emperor's viceroy, Don Pedro de Toledo; one of whose first acts was to establish the Inquisition at Naples — 'for the purpose' (says Muratori) 'of revenging himself, under the cloak of religion, on his personal enemies, and of intimidating the nobles, whom he feared as much as they detested him.' The publication of the emperor's edict, announcing the formation of this formidable tribunal, was the signal for a general revolt, and the city was declared in a state of insurrection. In this extremity, the Neapolitans implored the Prince of Salerno to carry, in person, their petition against the Inquisition to the emperor—a commission Sanseverino accepted, by the advice of Bernardo. But whilst, accompanied by his secretary, the prince travelled by easy stages, and attended by a numerous retinue, the wily Don Pedro anticipated him, by despatching courier after courier to Charles, with exaggerated accounts of his rebellious subjects. The consequence was, that, on the arrival of the prince, he found his intelligence forestalled, and the case prejudged. He, nevertheless, condescended to solicit justice for his countrymen, as a personal favour to himself; but the request was coldly denied; and, disgusted at his reception, he retired from the imperial presence, disappointed, mortified, and meditating revenge. Soon after his return to Salerno, Sanseverino was wounded by a gun-shot from an unseen hand; and, believing the assassin was employed by Don Pedro, he publicly accused him to the emperor, who, however, refused to receive his complaint. This, with other indignities, determined him to abandon the cause of Austria, and he repaired to Venice, where he publicly announced this intention. Don Pedro, but too happy to have an opportunity of oppressing his personal enemy, immediately declared the prince a rebel, confiscated his estates, and seized on all his private property.

Tasso had not accompanied his patron to Venice, but at the prince's request awaited his final determination at Rome, where he no sooner learned his disastrous circumstances, than he determined to sacrifice everything to aid his benefactor in his adversity. From that moment, he was himself proscribed as a rebel (although not a native of Naples), and his property at Salerno being seized, he lost at once the fruits of all his exertions for years; all but the renown and esteem, of which he could not be deprived. His wife and children were, by the viceroy's orders, transferred to Naples, where her family resided. But they, either too timid or too superstitious to oppose the patron of the Inquisition, refused to befriend her absent and proscribed husband, and the unfortunate Porzia fell a victim to their cowardice.

Meantime, Francis had been succeeded on the French throne by Henry III., and Tasso once more was sent by Sanseverino, as his ambassador, to the new monarch, in hopes of persuading him to join in a confederacy with the Turks, to make a descent upon Naples. Bernardo arrived at Paris in September, 1553, and again exerted all his diplomatic powers to further his master's views; sometimes using all his eloquence in argument, to convince the French ministers of the practicability of the scheme, and still oftener attempting to rouse the ambition and courage of the king, by his spirited and animating verses. But his efforts were in vain, and he retired in disgust to St Germains. Even there, however, fame and popularity pursued him. Marguerite de Valois, sister of Henry, was then the admired of all beholders. Her beauty and her wit had been the theme of many poets; but the praises of a Tasso were still wanting to the gratification of her vanity. These were not long withheld, and some brilliant offerings of his muse flattered the princess, whilst they served to lighten his more serious labour of continuing the 'Amadigi.'

These lesser follies were but the sparkles of his genius. His heart turned to his home, and to the mother of his children; and, finding they were not permitted to leave Italy, he obtained his sovereign's permission to quit France, and started in

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the midst of an unusually severe winter, and, crossing the Alps, reached Rome, where he re-established himself in his former residence, as Naples was still prohibited to him. Notwithstanding his severe pecuniary losses, his love of magnificence remained, and he furnished his palace as sumptuously as his finances permitted, in preparation for the arrival of his beloved Porzia, and their children. But, alas! he was doomed never to see her more. All his efforts were ineffectual to obtain permission for her to leave Naples, and all that Bernardo could effect was, that at last the young Torquato might be allowed to rejoin him. To Porzia, the deprivation of her last born filled her cup of sorrow to the brim, and, to escape from the tyranny of her family, she retired, with her daughter Cornelia, to a convent. But this step was the climax of her misfortunes. Her brother, who had pretended an attachment to the church, as a pretext for persecuting the opponent of the Inquisition, now seized on the wealth which should have been her wedding portion, on the plea that otherwise it would devolve on the convent, as her husband's outlawry cancelled his claim to it. This accumulation of trials was too much for her corporeal strength; her health failed, and she was seized with a fever, that in twenty-four hours ended her chequered life (February, 1556).

The bitterest pang of death is its being irrevocable; and when Bernardo learned the loss of her he never could again behold, his last vision of earthly happiness dissolved, and he mourned with a grief no pen less able than his own could express. True, Porzia was not the idol of his youth—the enchantress of his intoxicating dream—but she was the mother of his children. She had been the companion of his happiest years; and, as the honoured mistress of his house, she had given dignity to his public station, and its brightest lustre to his home. And who that has ever felt the benign influence of an accomplished woman on his domestic hearth, one alike loving and beloved—who has not bewailed the night of life that settles on the heart when that influence is withdrawn? It is a merciful decree of Providence, that misfortunes seldom come alone; for the mind, overwhelmed by the first torrent of affliction, is generally borne onward unconsciously by the increasing current, till in time it again rises to find heaven itself reflected on life's surface; whilst, perhaps, were it otherwise ordained, the continu dropping of any one of those streams sorrow, would have destroyed its buoyanc and turned the heart to stone.

So it was with Bernardo Tasso. Whilst still writhing under his domestic affliction, public disasters occurred, involving all Italy in calamity. The emperor and the pope having quarrelled, the Duke of Alba invaded the papal states, took Ostia and Tivoli, and threatened Rome itself, then in no condition for defence; and had Tasso been made prisoner while still under sentence of outlawry, he might have been executed as a rebel to Austria. In this emergency, the pope granted his request to withdraw from Rome, though all his possessions, even to his furniture (the last relic of his former magnificence), were confiscated. Having confided his beloved Torquato to a confidential adherent of his family, to be conveyed to his relations at Bergamo, Bernardo with difficulty made his escape to Ravenna, destitute even of a change of linen, and with nothing left but his fame and his manuscript of the 'Amadigi.'

But in that extraordinary age, a reputation such as Tasso's was a talisman of incalculable power. At that time Giudubaldo II., Duke of Urbino, was one of those generous patrons of literature of whom Italy was justly proud. He no sooner heard that Bernardo was in his neighbourhood, and in distress, than he invited him to reside at Pesaro, and even lent him the Villa Barchetto, which had been erected by the duke's father. This beautiful retreat, situated on the shores of the Adriatic, was embellished by some of the finest specimens of that golden age of art; whilst the classic river Isurus (now called Foglio), winding through groves of figs and olive-trees, adorned the luxuriant landscape surrounding it. There, once more at peace, and again honoured and beloved, Bernardo spent his tranquil days in completing his great poem, while the kindness and liberality of the duke seemed inexhaustible. At last the 'Amadigi' was finished, and aided by gifts from many of his distinguished friends, Tasso proceeded with it to Venice. Nothing could exceed the tokens of respect and esteem with which he was once more welcomed to that city, then in the zenith of her power. The Venetian Academy conferred on him the rank of honorary member, and the principal citizens vied with each other in tes-

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tifying their regard. Finally, in 1560, he published a splendid edition of his 'Amadigi,' and a smaller one of all his lesser poems. Of the first, he sent a magnificent copy to Philip II. of Spain, in hopes of inducing that monarch to permit the restitution of his property. But, though the Duke d'Urbino, who was captain-general of Philip's forces in Italy, aided his petition with all his influence at the court of Madrid, Tasso could not even obtain a decree that his children should inherit their poor mother's property. The avaricious despot did not even acknowledge Bernardo's gift, and left his greater injuries unredressed.

Meantime, Torquato had been the constant companion of his father, both at Pesaro and at Venice; from whence Bernardo sent him to the University of Padua, to study the law, as a surer provision for his future life, than a devotion to the Muses. But nature would not be controlled. At eighteen Torquato wrote, at Padua, his poem of 'Rinaldo,' and asked his father's permission to publish it. This Bernardo refused, for he was just then smarting under the disappointment of his hopes at the Court of Madrid. The young poet, in his distress, claimed the intervention of Molino, Domenico, Veniero, Cattaneo, and others of his father's most celebrated friends, and through their instances, the destiny of Torquato and of Italian poetry was accomplished, and the poem of 'Rinaldo' appeared (1562). The following year, William, Duke of Mantua, invited Bernardo to his court, appointed him his principal secretary, and treated him with the utmost confidence and generosity. Even then, at the age of seventy, Bernardo's talents were unimpaired, and he not only acquitted himself ably in his official duties, but continued his favourite study, and commenced a new poem on the episode of Floridante in the 'Amadigi.' Increasing daily in favour, the duke appointed him Governor of Ostiglia, a small place on the Po; but the honour was a fatal one. He had scarcely arrived there when he was seized with his last illness, and in less than a month expired (Feb. 1569) in the arms of his son.

Nothing could exceed the general regret diffused throughout Italy by the intelligence of Bernardo's death. The Duke of Mantua had his remains conveyed, with great pomp, to his capital, and deposited in the church of San Egidio, in a marble cenotaph, with only this inscription, 'Ossa Bernardi Tassi.' Some time afterwards, the pope having ordered the demolition of all tombs in churches that were either incrusted in the walls, or raised above the level of the floors, this one of Tasso's was destroyed. But Torquato, with filial tenderness, had his remains transferred to Ferrara, where he himself resided, and there they were finally inhumed in the church of St Paul.

Such are the outlines of the eventful life of Bernardo Tasso; and it is remarkable that, in all its vicissitudes, his misfortunes arose solely from the political disasters of his country. He seems, indeed, to have had no personal enemies, though many powerful friends; and amongst his many rare talents, he had that of being loved in his prosperity, and unenvied in his supremacy. That indescribable quality which the French call 'tact,' and we designate as good taste, appears to have guided him even in his most generous actions. So that, though he often bestowed princely gifts, he rarely, by them, converted friends into enemies, as has ere now been done. Frank, sincere, and affectionate, the society of Bernardo was eagerly courted by all, and especially by princes, who seldom enjoy the happiness of disinterested friendship; whilst, as a large portion of his correspondence is still extant, the letters between him and Speron Speroni, Bernardo Capello, Annibal Caro, Muzio, Rascelli, Dolci, and others of his talented contemporaries, prove that the mutual regard subsisting between these great men was without rivalry or interruption.

The devotion to poetry, which was the characteristic of Bernardo Tasso, fortunately found an equipoise in the arduous duties of political life, in which he was for so many years engaged; and thus his mind was not weakened by refinement, nor debased by vanity. Still, the early effusions of his muse, when love was his theme and Genevra his inspiration, are amongst the most beautiful of his compositions, and as the sonnet already alluded to is now rare—even in Italy—it, with a translation, is subjoined.

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A LA SIGNORA GENEVRA MALATESTA.

Poiche la parte men perfetta e bella
Ch'al tramonta d'un di, perde il suo fiore
Mi toglie il cielo—e fanne altrui signore
Ch'ebbe piu amica e graciosa stella
Non mi togliete voi, l'alma ch'anc'ella.
Fece la vista mia del suo splendore
Quella parte piu nobile e migliore
Di cui la lingua mia sempre favella
A mai questa belta caduca e frele
Come imagin de l'altra e nera,
Che pure scasse del piu puro cielo
Questa sia mia, e d'altrui l'ombra e'l velo
Ch'al mio amor a mia fe, salda e intera
Poca mone saria, prezio mortale.

Rime di Messer Bernardo Tasso in Venezia appresso Gabriel Giolato di Ferrare. MDLX.

TRANSLATION.

Since thy least perfect gift, mere beauty's flower,
Which the chill blast of one short day may close,
Heaven tears from me, and upon one bestows,
Whose star more gracious rules th' auspicious hour,
Yet take not back that peerless mind of thine,
Soul of my soul, which gave my spirit light,
That nobler part, immortal, perfect, bright,
Of my fond praise, the never-ending theme.
To it thy beauty, perishable, frail,
Doth but a cold and shadow'd image seem;
Give me thy mind (pure as from purest heaven
It came), unshared, unsullied (its dark veil
Thy form); this to my love, my faith, be given,
Thy mortal charms less precious I resign.

MEMORANDA BY A MARINE OFFICER:

OR, GLASSES FROM LIFE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

SUPERVISED BY ABEL LOG.

GLASS XXXIII.

CONTAINS SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

THERE was a grand demonstration on the part of the goblins the night before I left Hazelcopse for Chatham. I was awakened about twelve o'clock by a prolonged and violent ringing of bells. It was so unusually violent that my grandfather got up, and was so complimentary as to insist that I was at the bottom of it all, but I assured him of my perfect innocence, and then he said we would go over the house together, and see once more whether the thing could in any way be accounted for.

'I hold it to be the rats,' said the squire, 'as I am no believer in the supernatural.'

'Rats could never do this,' returned Mr Skelton, whose face looked of a piece with the garment in which he figured; 'there is something more in it; let us look through all the rooms.'

We did, without finding any clue to the mystery. We then went to the place in the hall below, where the bells themselves hung. Several of them were in motion yet; and as my grandfather held the light up to look, suddenly there came another mighty peal, which made the old gentleman almost drop the lamp. Mr Skelton actually caught hold of my arm in his fright, and gave a great gulp, as though something had been sticking in his throat which it required a great effort to swallow. I confess that I was strangely startled myself, and felt very anxious to have matters explained.

'Of one thing I am quite convinced,' said I, 'rats scampering over wires could never ring bells in this furious way; be-

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sides, these bells are stiffly hung, and it takes a good pull to set them in motion.'

'I have considered that,' said my grandfather, forgetting that he was nullifying his previous statement; 'you are quite right, Maurice; we may tell the maids that the rats ring these bells, but we ourselves know better; rats could not do it. A few months since (while you were at sea) I had the planks in two or three of the rooms above-stairs taken up, and the wires examined. We struck and pulled them about in every way, and could not produce any of these strange phenomena. It is not the rats—the house seems bewitched; I don't understand it.'

I proposed to go and examine the room in which Jervis had cut his throat; but the squire said, as the door was nailed up, we could not get in without making a noise and frightening the women; so the proposal was overruled. I listened as we passed the door, but all was quiet there. I wished it had been the night on which the ghost of the valet was known to walk; it wanted some weeks of that, however. I stated my regrets to Mr Skelton, but he echoed them rather faintly.

We had been into most of the rooms, and were retiring to our own, when suddenly I saw a door open, and Nathan emerge from it.

'Nathan,' said I, 'where are you going at this time of night?'

He made no answer, but, with his eyes wide open, came straight on as though he would have gone through us.

'Give way,' cried my grandfather; 'he is at his old trick of sleepwalking. Nathan has not had a fit of this kind for some time. His last achievement was to get out of a window and promenade the roof. Follow if you like, Maurice, but do not touch him.'

I thought Mr Skelton would have fainted, he looked so pale and frightened. He would have retired to his room, but did not like the idea of going to it alone, so he came with us. We followed Nathan into the kitchen; here he sat down, and put on a heavy pair of boots. He next took his hat, went to the back-door, unfastened it, reached a key from a hook, and walked out. I ran back to my own room, hurried on some clothes, and leaving my grandfather and Mr Skelton, overtook Nathan at the stable-door. He unlocked it, went in, spoke to the cart-horses, slapped them on the back, made them get up, harnessed them, brought them out, one at a time, and led them off afield. I wondered what would be the effect of my opening a gate for him, so unlatched one and threw it wide. He stopped the horses and went to do the same as I had done, but on finding the way already clear, seemed I thought (though I could not see his features distinctly) a little surprised; then led the team through, secured the chains and tackle of the last horse to a plough that lay under the hedge, and commenced work. I accompanied him along a furrow or two, and having by that time satisfied myself that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and could be trusted, returned to the house. I told my grandfather what I had seen, and he said it was not the first time Nathan had acted thus oddly, but on the previous occasion he had put the old black horse into the gig, and driven seven or eight miles to leave a letter that had been given to him for delivery the next day. I heard footsteps on the stairs an hour or two afterwards, and putting my head out of my room saw Nathan passing. I spoke to him again, and allowed the light of the lamp to fall on his face, but he took no notice of me whatever. I went down to see in what state he had left things below. The door was fast, the key in its place, the boots occupied their old position by the fender, and I had no doubt that the horses were safely stalled again, the tackle put away, gates shut, and the piece of ploughing that he and his friend Phil Furrow, the waggoner, had planned for the morrow already satisfactorily accomplished.

The next morning, as I was passing the stable-door, I overheard a gruff altercation between Nathan and the waggoner. The latter had been afield, and to his astonishment found the ploughing done. Nathan said that Mr Furrow then must have done it himself; and Mr Furrow (who was a very singular-looking individual, with dark grass-like hair, growing in tumps, and only one eye) retorted by observing, as he swept the tackle from the horses' back, just in the way a brisk waiter would remove a tablecloth, that he had done nothing of the kind, and Nathan must have got through the business in his sleep. Finding them likely to get by the ears, therefore, I here interposed, and said such was precisely the state of the case, for I myself had been a witness to the transaction. Nathan was hard of belief at first, but the evidence

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was clear against him, and the story soon got wind about the neighbourhood.

My grandfather gave me some very excellent advice before I left home, and with his own hand, on the inner part of my trunk lid, pasted a leaf from an old volume of Shakspere. It contained those admirable lines of Polonius's to Laertes, when the latter is about to travel. He told me to read them over often, and I could never go wrong. How vividly this parting scene with the squire comes before me now as I write. He was walking up and down the dining-room, with his hands behind him, or stuck now and then, by way of rest, in the flaps of the black velvet fishing-coat pocket. He talked to me something in this way:—

'Well now, Maurice, you are going away again, and you must remember, if you can, what I said to you before. You have now really a most responsible position to fill, and it is of great importance that you should acquit yourself with credit and respectability. You will go and mix among men who are all much older than yourself, and ought to set you a proper example; but I know enough of military life to assure you that they will not do this, and if you are not very careful, by little and little you will be led on to do things that at present you could not think of without a blush. There is a certain amount of frolic and fun which is harmless enough, and I do not for a moment mean to denounce. Enter into all this, but mind and stop at the point where it is likely to prove dangerous, and run into riot and buffoonery. Respect yourself, and everybody else will respect you. Be careful in choosing companions; and if you hear a man sneer at religion or virtue (you remember what Burns says—

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended"),

give him a wide berth; shun him as you would a pestilence. But, at the same time, beware of those who profess too much; watch the conduct and secret springs of action. Don't be carried away by first appearances, nor think every man your friend who tells you so over a glass of wine. He has told fifty others the ame, and has fifty more yet to tell. nd don't be led to gamble; it is one of ose deep pits into which many a young nd inexperienced officer falls, and it has espectable outlet. Take care, too, that Mr conversation has always an upward tendency, never a downward, and where you find it sliding off into indecency, rise —leave the table—for, if you cannot drag the tone up to the standard of your own tastes and feelings, the morals are like water—they will always find their level; and should you persist in sitting it out, yours will go to swell the general reservoir. Let me see; is there anything else? Ay, about duelling. Humph! it is in direct opposition to the laws of God—and man, at all events the better part of him. If a soldier would prove his courage (what! has anybody had occasion to doubt it?), let him do so in the field; that is the proper place for a display of the kind. There is a quiet, easy dignity of manner and conduct that will, in nearly all cases, ward off impertinence or insult; cultivate that, it will scarcely ever fail you; but where it does, and you are attacked by a bully, and—and—and have received much provocation'—here my grandfather's eyes began to flash, and his whisker to erect itself like the back fin of a perch; he clenched his fist, ground the knuckles of it on the table, and reared himself quite upon his toes—'act promptly—knock him down!—it is necessary in self-defence—do something decisive, I cannot prescribe exactly what, but the occasion will suggest its own remedy.' Here my grandfather sunk to his proper stature again, and his whisker sleeked itself slowly down also, but the old gentleman, now that his blood had got into a boil, found it difficult to resume his previous calmness, so he ended by saying, with a flourish of the hand, 'Be cool, Maurice, whatever you do, always be cool; good-nature and gentleness are life's trade-winds; trust yourself to them, and you are sure to get safely into harbour.'

My mother, grandfather, Wilhelmine, Constance, and Vanderdecken, followed the gig down as far as the foot of the hill, and then took a sorrowful leave of me. I saw the squire lug out his great fat family watch, and pretend to be considering whether I should catch the mail; and I saw Constance turn to walk back before any of the others. Gulliver, as usual, had to be pelted with stones before he could be brought to understand that this was the commencement of a campaign, and not a mere jaunt into the country for the purpose of calling on friends and returning visits. I suppose the fact occurred to him at last, however,

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for I saw him sit down (very slowly) on the turf at the side of the road, and look particularly disconsolate.

GLASS XXXIV.

I ARRIVE AT HEAD-QUARTERS. THE ADJUTANT BEGS ME TO MAKE A FRIEND OF HIM —AND PLACES ME UNDER ARREST. I FIND LODGINGS, ENGAGE A SERVANT, AND FORM SEVERAL NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I soon despatched my business in London (I had merely to present myself at the Admiralty, and answer a few questions), and then posted direct on to Chatham. My uniform had awaited me in town, and on trying it on I found fitted me to a nicety. I thought of seeking out Mrs Ladslove, but reflected a moment afterwards that I ought certainly to go and announce myself at head-quarters before I did anything else; so I called a coach, and made off straight for the barracks. They thought that the general's brother had arrived, and when I jumped out there was quite a smile among the officers. I inquired for the office adjutant, and having introduced myself, and shown my official appointment, was taken by him to the general. The general, a noble-looking man, with a most soldierly bearing, inquired when I arrived; and on learning that I had only just got to Chatham, said I had acted very properly indeed, and he should remember it. 'Dear me,' thought I, 'how lucky that I did not commit myself by going to call on Mrs Ladslove, if the general is so particular.' He talked to me and shook my hand in a most fatherly manner, and said the adjutant (whose name was Blythe) would instruct me what to do, and give me a little kind advice, which I could not do better than attend to and carry out; and then away the adjutant and I marched together. I took care to keep step with him as we went, and I couldn't help thinking that he took rather longer paces than were his wont, for the sake of giving my legs a little surprise. However he was extremely agreeable, and communicated a great deal of useful and necessary information, as well as begged me to make a friend of him in all cases where I needed counsel, either military or private. 'By the by, you will have to get rooms out of barracks,' said he, 'for we are full here; not a nook or corner unoccupied; and between ourselves, perhaps you will be quite as comfortable in lodgings *out* of barracks; we can arrange all this presently; take care to come to me in the waiting room a few minutes before dinner is announced, as I will introduce you to your brother officers. There is one among the rest whose acquaintance I should strongly recommend you to cultivate; I know him for a most genuine creature. His name is Morgan, a Welshman, but you won't mind that, and may depend upon his being a most excellent fellow—a little contradictory at times, it is true. And let me see, have you a servant? No. Well, cast your eye down the line of faces to-morrow, when we muster on parade, and tell me whether any of them take your fancy. I daresay you will have applications enough the moment it is known you are in want. In the meantime I will ask the sergeant-major if he can recommend you any one in particular. There will be an early drill in the morning; you will do well to attend it, as the sooner you learn your duties the better; and I am rather mistaken if you are not more than half acquainted with them already.

I was in the waiting-room a few minutes before five—just as the mess sutler was announcing dinner—and the field adjutant, in accordance with his promise, introduced me to my brother officers. As is always the case wherever we go, there were some faces that pleased and won upon me directly, but I remembered my grandfather's words—'don't be too much taken with appearances;' while there were others that inspired me with an instant dislike. I must confess that, contrary to the squire's experience, I have generally found first impressions to be trusted. With only one or two exceptions, those who have pleased me first have pleased me last; and the reverse. The adjutant had so managed matters as to bring Morgan and myself together. Major M——, 'the father of the mess,' sat at the head of the table, and the adjutant at the foot. The major was a handsome elderly man, with a partially bald head, and a roguish twinkle of the eye that was quite irresistible. I read his character at a glance. He played his part to perfection. Conversation never flagged where he was; he was a perfect fountain of good-humour and anecdote, throwing up all kinds of pleasant and refreshing things, and sprinkling everybody with the spray of his wit. And then he had such a clever way of drawing the best things out of those who sat round him, and giving each, if there happened to be anything

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in him, an opportunity of shining in turn. And occasionally, where he met with an officer who was a clever fellow, but close, and would not be drawn out, the major's great tact would show itself instantly. There was no resisting it. He would apply a corkscrew, as it were, to his guest, tilt him over, and out the rich wine would come bubbling, to the amusement of all present. I remember him serving a stealthy old half-pay captain in this way. He had been introduced by one of the officers, and was spending the evening with us. The captain listened, and smiled now and then, and was remarkably quiet and discreet, but that would not suit the major; he knew there was more underneath—that still water ran deep—and kept performing his invisible mesmeric passes, and coaxing the old captain on, until at last the veteran came out in a most prodigious manner, and when he had once begun there was no stopping him—he was the very deuce of an old fellow: joke after joke he cracked, story after story he told, and made us laugh till the walls rang and our sides ached. Upon the whole, I never met with the major's equal in catering for the amusement of a mess, and developing a comrade's social qualities. He knew at a glance where the ground was barren, and where gold lurked, and when he had once found it, to work he went, with pick-axe and shovel, and removed stone, and soil, and sand, and stratum after stratum, till the choice ore at length showed itself, and found general circulation.

Morgan and I agreed charmingly for some minutes, and then I came to one of those knots in his otherwise kindly disposition of which the adjutant had warned me. They took the edge off one's good temper at once. He *would* run counter to you in a thing that was not of the slightest importance to either, and he would harp upon it for the next half-hour; and then he would grow so gentle and amiable again, that you began to wonder how you could possibly have been put out about such a trifle. For instance, I would say so and so, and such a thing, and he would immediately reply, 'I do not think so, Drummore; I cannot agree with you; I am quite of a contrary opinion. It is of no use your attempting to convince me, for no argument you could use, nothing on earth will ever induce me to alter my views on this subject. I cannot agree with you, I cannot agree with you, upon my word and honour.'

'But, my dear Morgan, I am quite satisfied to have you differ from me; I am not trying to convert you —— I—I ——'

'Now pray do not say another word, Drummore; your notions are as different from mine as light from dark, sweet from sour, fresh water from bilge. I beg that you will not resume the discussion of this perfectly unimportant ——'

'By no means; I wish to change the theme, and have long been trying; let us do so.' And this would be all about the comparative advantages of rooms within barracks, and rooms without. I didn't care a pinch of powder how it went, or which was the most advantageous. And then, having found our way off this mud-bank, and into clear water again, Morgan and I would get the wind on our quarter, and sail along so smoothly for a time, that I began to think I should never tire of cruising in such pleasant company.

But we would be sure to come to loggerheads about something soon; perhaps about the number of yards from the barrack gate to the mess-room door; or the colour of my servant's livery. I had put Job Flowers into the old Tory colours, blue, with orange collar and cuffs, and on the buttons there figured a unicorn, salient, with a sash round him. Morgan didn't like orange. I had not said that he did, or that I at all wished him to do so, or would strive to conquer his prejudices.

'It is of no use,' said he; 'I cannot agree with you; nothing earthly can ever bring me to like orange.'

'No, no, my good fellow, pray hear me. I have told you that I shall not try to make you like it. All that I remarked was, that I was sorry I had hit upon a colour of which you did not approve.'

'I did not state that I absolutely disapproved of or disliked orange; I only said that it was not the colour I should have chosen, and in this instance I must be allowed to have an opinion. I really cannot agree with you; I cannot indeed —and I will not; so it is absurd your endeavouring to turn me.'

'Humph! Morgan, what o'clock is it?'

'Why' (taking out his watch, and seizing me by the arm), 'nearly five; we shall be late at dinner, and the old major frowned at us yesterday. We have just three minutes.'

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I did as the adjutant had desired me the next day. I cast my eye down the ranks, and saw a most curious-looking fellow that rather interested me; a tall, handsome man, but with a singular face, into which you could not look. There was a slight cast, too, in his eyes, that left you in a strange state of uncertainty where you had better direct your gaze; and while you were trying to fix it somewhere, off it slipped into his hair, or behind his leathern cravat.

'What do you think of that fellow?' asked the adjutant.

'I really don't know what to think; I am puzzled.'

'A capital soldier, I can assure you; his name is Flowers; if I wanted a servant, I should take Job at once. I gave him something to do for me one day, and was surprised at the prompt and efficient way in which he did it. He is looking towards us, and I daresay knows what we are talking about. Depend upon it he will be at your lodgings before night.'

The adjutant was right. There was a knock at my door, and in Job walked. Another private had thought to get the start of him, but Job was too old a soldier to be out-manœuvred.

He gave the salute.

'Well, my good fellow, pray what is your business?'

'Learned from the sergeant-major that you were in want of a servant, sir. Adjutant can speak to my character; sergeant-major will do the same—if required.'

I was amused with the way in which Job brought in 'if required.'

'I happen to have heard the adjutant speak of you, Flowers, and am willing to engage you at once.' Job gave another of his droll salutes, and I tried again to look him in the face. It was of no use; the first glance slipped off over his right ear, and the second went off at the left, so I looked anywhere I could after that, and saw something of his countenance, but never got the whole expression. I had no sooner told Job that he was engaged, than he whipped my sword from the table (the damp had tarnished the scabbard a little), tucked it under his arm, removed my cocked hat and gloves, put the cloth straight, and disappeared.

A moment afterwards there came another knock, and Job re-presented himself.

'Beg your pardon, sir, there is a little defect I forgot to mention.'

'A little defect!' said I, sitting up; 'what is that, Job?'

'I am deaf, sir—stone deaf—deaf as a post.'

'Deaf? why, you heard every syllable I uttered just now.'

'Beg your pardon, sir, I watched the motion of your lips. It's practice.'

'O indeed; pray is there any other defect?'

'None whatever, sir;' and Flowers, having received the signal, marched out.

'A queer fish,' said I to myself.

He begged leave to go to the barracks and get his things; and from that hour to this, except for a day or two at a time, and then only when I insisted on it, has never left me.

You will perhaps like to learn something of him. I know very little. He has always been a perfect enigma to me. I have one day thought him the greatest liar that ever wagged tongue; and the next I have been quite struck by his singular and scrupulous veracity. I have now pronounced him an arrant thief; then some instance of his strict uprightness and integrity has come before my notice, and the imputation has died on my lip. I have once or twice felt disposed to put him down as a great simpleton—a fool; but he evidently had some end to gain by it, as immediately afterwards I have been amazed at his extraordinary penetration and foresight. I have taxed him with cowardice, but certainly did him injustice here; for I have known Flowers take two bigger fellows than himself by the throat, and knock their heads soundly together. I have sometimes looked upon him as a downright atheist, and at others as a stanch churchman, reverencing the clergy, and reading his Bible with the most edified look imaginable. No one could tax Job with levity of conduct, or lack of proper devotional feeling, I am sure, who had seen him in church one day open a pew-door for a poor infirm old widow, and the next minute box the ears of a young rogue in the aisle, who was endeavouring to crack a nut between two prayer-books. Upon the whole, I do not, and never did, know quite what to make of Job, and hand him over to you as a fit subject for the attention of those who are fond of studying physiognomies and delineating character.

But, though I cannot read him, I am thoroughly satisfied, and always have been, with Job Flowers. He is every-

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thing, and everywhere. His knack at anticipating your wants is wonderful; and I have sometimes been almost angry with him for not leaving me to say what I was thinking of, and about to propose. In fact, he took all the thinking off me with his other duties, and I may lead as idle a life as I please, for that matter. I believe he could write these Memoranda for me, if he took it in hand. Apropos of that, one day, intending to let him see that I was up to his tricks, and a match for him, I set Job to copy out a part of them, in which I had alluded to some great falsehood that he had told. I found every word there, and, considering, I suppose, that I had barely done him justice, he had the absolute impudence to improve matters by throwing in, as if by accident, a stronger word or two, which served to set off his improper conduct in still more glaring colours.

As toucheth his hardness of hearing, I believe him to be deaf, certainly, and yet now and then I am inclined to think he can hear just as quickly and distinctly as I can. By way of illustration, I will give you an instance in point. Once, when we were together in Germany (I was then commandant of C——, a fort that we had just stormed and taken, and the flag of which I had hauled down with my own hands), and there was a scarcity of provisions for officers as well as men (we had eaten several horses, and longed for change of diet), he put a couple of plump fowls on the table. I had nearly finished one of them before the thing struck me as being odd, or I thought of making any inquiry about it, but conscience then gave me a pinch, and I said very gravely, 'Those were excellent fowls, Job?'

He assented, with some shooting-lights about the face and eyes—a sort of aurora borealis of the countenance.

'I hope they were cooked according to your liking, sir?'

'Quite, Job, quite.' Then turning severely round upon him, 'where did you procure those fowls, sir? for I well know that in the present dearth of provisions such delicacies are not to be had for either love or money. I hope you came by them honestly?'

No reply whatever; Job clearing away platters and uncorking wine.

'Do you hear, sir?' He was not watching my lips, so of course he couldn't. I seriously believe, do you know, that the fowls were stolen, and I felt more convinced than ever of the fact the next day, just after I had finished the last drumstick, and the suspicion flashed across me once more. This is one instance out of fifty. Take another that occurred only a short time since:—He asked permission to attend a spirited shooting-match that a young nobleman had got up for the amusement of some officers who were staying with him. 'Nonsense, Job,' said I; 'you are not invited; besides, they are using rifles, and you have no rifle.' No, but Job had his old musket—which he called 'Jawbone,' because, as he feelingly remarked, it had slain a thousand. 'Oh, go, go, by all means,' said I, laughing. Job *heard*, and was already on the move. 'Stay, I think you had better not; no, no, remain at home.' Job was very deaf; he did not see my lips, and took very good care to be looking another way; so he went to the match; and the officers, seeing him hang about with this old musket, laughed, and made him pull trigger with the rest; but they found very little to laugh at, for he carried off the silver powder-flask with him, and I saw it hanging up here over the study mantelpiece the first thing when I came down the next morning.

Enough of Job for the present—man of few words, but many deeds.

As the adjutant had hinted, I had few early drills to attend, and was soon pronounced fit to enter upon my duties. I was shortly, therefore, appointed officer of the day, which is always a preliminary thing to being officer of the guard. Thus distinguished, I had to remain in barracks, go round among the men at their dinner hour, ask if any one had a complaint to make, and see all regular in the rooms. Then at eight or nine in the evening go round a second time, inquire if all the men were in, and whether they were all sober and quiet; order lights out, &c. &c.; of which, as officer of the day, I had to make a written report. Then the next day, as just stated, I undertook my duties as officer of the barrack-guard, which was paraded on the right of the battalion at ten in the morning. After trooping (which is a very pretty part of the proceedings), I marched with my men to the guard-house, relieved the old guard, and took their ground, with the charge of barracks, and all prisoners, some of whom, for bad conduct, would perhaps

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have been provided with apartments in the blackhole, which was about as grim and solitary a place as its name would lead you to suppose. The duty, moreover, extended to visiting sentinels, keeping secret the parole for the day and night, and giving salutes to field-officers; if to any one above a captain, the officer stood in front of his guard and dropped the point of his sword, as the men presented arms, &c. &c. The officer of the guard had two rooms, one to sit in, and one for his bed, if he liked to use it; but I, being a strict disciplinarian, and sublimely punctilious, never dreamed of undressing or shirking the most trivial part of my distinguished military duties.

The first time of my mounting guard (such being customary), I invited the junior officers to a supper in the guard-room, and considering the quantity of wine that was drunk, and the jovial set I had to preside over and entertain, I must do them and myself the justice of observing that the affair went off very quietly and well, and (if I except the case of two young lieutenants who were conveyed to their quarters on the lid of the guard-room coal-box, one at a time, under cover of the night) with much credit to all parties concerned. The next day, too, as I had a hint from Morgan that such would be expected, I gave the sergeant and guard a little treat, which I thought it better to overdo rather than under. Together, these produced me a great deal of good-will, I remember, and I made a variety of most delightful and improving acquaintance.

But there was a very unpleasant circumstance connected with this first discharge of guard duties, which, as I do not think it right to give you light without shadow, I must pause to relate. It was a very awkward business indeed, and many of my best friends among the officers were afraid that it would cause me to be tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service. I am willing to take a great deal of blame upon myself for having acted in the hasty manner I did, but, at the same time, I will leave you to judge whether the amount of provocation received did not in some measure justify that of the retaliation indulged in.

There are always, or were, a good many practical jokes played off upon young officers just joining the service, and I was prepared to bear most of them with appropriate grace and good-humour. Such little jocularities are perhaps harmless enough in one's moments of levity and lounging, but to take a liberty with an officer when he is on duty, was in my estimation a serious thing, and I did not expect to be selected as the subject of it. I was on duty, and sitting near the guard-room door, but on attempting to rise, found that my queue had been made fast by its bunch of black ribbons to the back of my arm-chair, so that the jerk thus communicated drew the whalebone (of which the queue was partly composed, and measured about sixteen inches) from the hair to which it was tied. I felt rather nettled at first, but contrived to take it in tolerable part, and said of course the joke would pass off so, and not be repeated; whereupon Job Flowers re-arranged the queue, and I resumed my seat. A second time the same trick was played while my back was turned, and I then grew exceedingly indignant. The operator was a young lieutenant who had lately joined; a young man of family, I believe, and who afterwards rose in the service. I remonstrated, telling him that the act was both an indecent and ungentlemanly one, as he was well aware that an officer on duty had it not in his power at once to resent an insult of the kind; but notwithstanding, if he attempted it again, I was afraid my temper would not be controlled by the restrictions military etiquette thought proper to place upon it. The answer was a laugh and sneer from several of the bystanders, particularly from the party who had offered the outrage. I caught the quick flash of Job's eye a minute afterwards, and knew that somebody was advancing behind me. At the same moment I felt my queue grasped. I turned suddenly round, sprang out, snatched the cane from the hand of an orderly (there were two passing, a sergeant and corporal), and seizing the lieutenant by the collar, flogged him all down the parade as far as the mess-room door. It created a great sensation, and I heard whispers of approval mixed with muttered indignation. I didn't care for that, and after returning the cane to the orderly, with thanks, resumed my seat in the arm-chair. Presently, as I sat thinking over the affair, with a flushed cheek and throbbing heart, the adjutant—my friend the adjutant—brought an officer to relieve me; desired me to consider myself under arrest; and begged that I would meet him at the general's. 'I am very sorry,'

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I heard him say, 'very sorry indeed—but —but ——'

'But—but,' muttered I, 'you would have done the same I daresay, and if you wouldn't, it can't be helped. Now to the general's.'

I appeared. Several of those who had seen the queue pulled and blows struck were present, and the greater part told me to call on them to speak. I begged the general, as it would save time, to accept my acknowledgment of the attack, and solicited his protection of the officer of the guard in future from such unwarrantable impertinences. General B—— sent for all those officers who had witnessed the affair from the beginning, and then entered into conversation with the adjutants and field-officers of the week; next, in the presence of the whole party, to my great astonishment insisted upon the lieutenant apologising to me immediately for the liberty he had taken. I was about to beg that he might be excused this humiliation, but the general held up his hand for silence, and the apology was made in due course, after which I was invited to express my regrets that things had turned out so very unpleasantly, and acknowledge to having acted under the excitement of the moment. I was quite ready to make such concessions as these; which done, the case was dismissed, and I returned to my guard.

I was one of a party some time after at General B——'s, and as he helped himself to a quiet pinch of snuff in a corner, he took an opportunity of turning to me, and saying, 'A very pretty mess you were nearly being in, young gentleman; a very pret—ty mess in—deed! Have a pinch?'

Morgan was the first to come and congratulate me on my escape, and indeed there was a great deal of hand-shaking on the occasion. Morgan and I, however, contrived to fall by the ears again the same evening, about the orange—that unfortunate orange—on Flowers' liverycoat collar. I studiously avoided all allusion to it, but somehow or other the subject was brought up.

'I cannot agree with you, Drummore; nothing will ever induce me to like orange; it is the colour of all others that I abominate the most.'

'My good fellow, did I not state, most clearly as I thought, once before, that I should not for one moment attempt to alter or overrule your justifiable tastes in this matter. Keep to your colours—you are not the man ever to desert them, I am sure—and allow me to stick by mine.'

'Certainly, and I am sorry we had one word upon so unimportant—indeed, I may say, so ridiculous a matter; and if you had not been the first to allude ——'

'Now, pray, my dear Morgan, my *dear* Morgan—do not say that; nothing was further from my intentions, I assure you. I was particularly careful, as I thought, to prevent any recurrence to it. I have a great mind to strip all the orange from Job's livery, and substitute green.'

'You can of course do as you like, Drummore; I would rather not offer any advice; it rests quite with yourself; I beg you will please yourself; I decline interfering in any way; do not consult me at all; I would much rather you did not ask my opin ——'

'Nor am I asking it,' cried I, tartly. 'Understand me, will you, that I was merely ——'

'I cannot agree with you, Maurice, I can*not* agree with you; and would prefer saying no more; let us drop the subject ——' &c.

The same night, Morgan, knowing that I had found some difficulty in getting a country bank cheque cashed, brought up a purse containing about fifty guineas, and throwing it on the table, scarcely gave me time to tell him that I could manage without it, before he was away again; but he had forgotten the pass-word at the gate, and the sentinel very properly refused to let him through, pretending not to know him. Morgan told his name; the sentinel said it might be, and it might not, he hadn't the pleasure of his acquaintance; so back came Morgan, and down we both went together, but unfortunately I had forgotten the pass-word too, and we could do nothing wiser than walk about and try to think of it. We tried all the months from January down to December, and all the naval victories from Elizabeth's time down to Trafalgar, and the names of all the great aquatic heroes, from Noah down to Nelson, without success. Then the officer of the guard, who thought the joke had gone far enough, commissioned a private to come out and reconnoitre Morgan (who chanced to be in plain clothes), and if he felt sure—if he felt quite sure—of his identity (as though there could be any

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doubt of it!), to whisper the magic monosyllable 'Grog' into his ear; on the repetition of which the barrack-gate flew open, and I returned to my lodgings.

And now there are so many odd things connected with my marine life at Chatham crowding into my memory, and so many droll characters thrusting themselves forward, and begging introduction, that I scarcely know which of the one to receive or reject, and which of the other to select for your acquaintance or put off with bows. It would be impossible to describe all, and admit all, so I must do a little of each, and in the meantime haul up the drawbridge and drop our portcullis on the remainder.

First, then, before I stop to relate any of the interesting little military adventures that befell me in the neighbourhood of head-quarters, I will make you acquainted with a family or two into whose society I was thrown, and who will have to figure occasionally in these Memoranda.

I have already told you that the barracks were full; I procured rooms, therefore, some short distance from them, at a neat little cottage, in which dwelt an old gentleman named Lock, with his one son and daughter. These lodgings were recommended to me by Mrs Ladslove, of whom I shall have to speak shortly. Old Mr Lock was a rather original character; not less so the son; and not less so, indeed, the daughter; and, so far from having to impart the faintest tinge of colour to their eccentricities, I assure you that, on the contrary, I shall find it necessary to tone down and subdue much that would otherwise appear to you the mere creation of my own fancy; and if the portraits after that are not satisfactory, I shall have much pleasure in giving you a letter of introduction to the parties themselves—two of whom are still living—and allowing you to sketch them off at your leisure.

Mr Lock, though well stricken in years, was a very shrewd old gentleman, who had read a great deal, but had thought still more. Goodness knew what he was thinking about sometimes, for when he began, as he supposed, to explain matters, his mode of illustrating such mental workings was so extraordinary, and awkward, and abrupt, that he might as well have spared himself the trouble, and gone off again into that queer state of cogitative abstraction which appeared to afford him so much comfort and delight. Of one thing, however, we may rest quite satisfied, viz., that he was a great philosopher, for he had caused a huge oak-tree which formerly grew in a field at the back of his garden (he, and his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather, had sat under this tree when they were boys) to be cut down and sawn into planks, purposely to make him a coffin; and there this identical coffin stood, lid and all, ready in a convenient corner of the half-parlour half-kitchen in which he sat. I have known him look at the coffin for hours together, moralise upon it, tap it with his knuckles, view it in front, regard it in profile, go behind it, walk round it, get on the top of it, and, in short, do any and everything but get into it, which he took particular care not to do, and never on any occasion did. But he was ready, Nat Lock was ready, when his time should come; he impressed that fact upon you, for it was the grand centre-point to which the whole circumference of his philosophy converged. Nat Lock was ready, when it should please God to take him. It pleased God to take Mr Nat Lock about this time twenty years ago.

Thus much (with a little more by and by) of Nat the father; next comes Ted the son. Poor fellow, he was simple; a good-natured simpleton; quite safe; he would do you any kind turn that he could, but perhaps while he was about it he would forget the rest, and leave things unfinished. This could not be helped, and we must base our regard for Ted, not so much upon what he actually did, as upon what he intended to do. He was a most dutiful son and excellent brother.

Quite safe I said, but not always. When Mr Lock senior was asleep, or reading, or thinking, Ted's business was to keep the flies from his father's forehead and nose; not to let them worry him in the way flies are apt to worry people during the warm months; and Ted kept a hooked stick for the purpose. Whack! it would come down on the chair-back; and whack! on the elbow rest; and whack now and then on Mr Lock's bald frontispiece, or shoulder, or (I speak not without due consideration) nose; on which occasions Ted would preface the politeness with the words, 'There's another fly, fairther;' whereupon Mr Lock would cry, 'That's right, Ted lad, knock 'em off.'

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Next of Miss Lock, whose appearance, when I was first introduced to her, struck me oddly. I did not believe her to be a woman, but a man—a lancer, or dragoon, in disguise: for she had a tall, commanding look and sallow complexion; her hair cut all up the back of her head, and parted at the side, and there was a thick moustache upon her upper lip; and when she spoke, the voice quite startled me, it was so strange, and hollow, and gruff. For all that, Polly was a meek, gentle, loveable, womanly creature, and only required to be known to be thoroughly valued and respected. In a very few days I forgot her appearance—I saw through it to her generous and feeling heart, and ceased to think her plain; and when one of my brother officers came in one day, and, happening to catch a glimpse of Polly's face, threw open the window quickly, and thrust his head out among some flowers to hide his laughter, I almost took the matter up seriously, and made it a ground of quarrel. In fact, so sincerely and stoutly did I champion her cause, and so fiercely did I bristle up when I heard her name introduced for the sake of ridicule, that at last the whole mess began to quiz me about it, and hinted that there was a little more in that quarter than I gave them to understand, or was disposed to acknowledge. 'For that very reason' said I, catching at the idea, 'you should always speak of her with respect.'—'Capitally well put; there you have them at any rate, Drummore,' cried Major M—— from the head of the table. 'Gentlemen, I will give you a toast; be good enough to fill your glasses.' And there was an abominable scintillation in the corner of the wicked old major's left eye, which enabled me to form a pretty accurate guess at what was coming.

'Ah!' said Polly (in allusion to the officers), 'they don't come simpering and sighing here; they don't flirt and flatter Polly Lock, and say pretty things to her, and bring flowers, and squeeze her hand. No, no; she is ugly—thank God, she is ugly.'

'But good,' said I, 'Polly.'

'Well,' she replied, 'perhaps because I have little inducement to be otherwise. I must think of that, and grow better.'

These remarks of hers, doubtless, had reference to the senseless manner in which many of the officers passed their afternoons and evenings; for they might spend them as they pleased, with the exception of Saturdays, when a card-room and supper were provided, to which any of us could introduce a friend by merely naming our wish to the president. Whist, chess, &c., were admissible here, and after supper there was generally some singing, with, of course, wine and grog, and other creature comforts. On remaining nights, many of the more amorous of our party, some in uniform, and some in plain clothes, would find their way to a celebrated confectioner's shop, and carry on an insipid flirtation with two pretty girls in ringlets behind the counter. Alas! alas! urged by a queer curiosity, I went the other day to see what had become of them, and found that they were grown into plain old women—unmarried, too, I believe. It was astonishing to watch the amount of pastry that those young lieutenants who were seriously smitten would consume, sighing a little between each attack, and endeavouring to check the advance of the encroaching flames by drinking deeply of some light cooling summer beverage. There was one handsome captain (I daresay he would repudiate the weakness, were one to remind him of it, which I have more feeling than to do) who has been known to clear away—I refrain to say how many plates of tarts and cheesecakes at a sitting—all for love, and the inexpressible delight of a stray glance or occasional squeeze of the fingers as he was receiving his change. All this is very absurd to remember and look back upon; we are getting old fellows, and are heartily ashamed of our follies now.

Then, among other places of amusement open to us, there was the theatre; of which, if my memory does not play me treacherous, one Mrs B—— was proprietress. The officers were great favourites with her; we took season tickets, and lounged into just what part of the house we pleased—behind the scenes—into the green-room—anywhere. One night there was a serious disturbance. The play announced in the bills for performance was 'Richard the Third' (I think), but when about half of the first act was over, a party of jovial jack-tars, who had just arrived in port, and were disposed to make an evening of it, arose *en masse*, and insisted upon being accommodated with 'Romeo and Juliet;' and as they appeared quite ready and able to enforce compliance, the curtain was dropped, rose again, and the play of 'Romeo and Juliet' was gone through

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accordingly. On another occasion (these whimsical scenes throng back into my memory as I write), the same party of jovial tars put a sudden check upon the long oration of a disappointed lover (he was in the very crisis of his frenzy), and insisted, instead of indulging in more of that palaver, on his obliging the company with a comic song; and as they were strongly in the majority again, and flushed with recent naval successes, it was considered prudent not to resist the popular prejudice; so the afflicted lover was compelled to sing to oblige them; and, considering the depth of his previous misery, he really acquitted himself with great decency. On some complaint being made afterwards to Mrs B——, however, by the victim of this indecent outbreak (I happened to be in the green-room at the time), she silenced him by saying, 'Lauk-a-day, Mr ——' (I forget the actor's name), 'where is the use of minding, sir? I must cater to the public taste, you know, and as long as the gentlemen are amused, what does it matter.'

I have two or three more characters to introduce to you, and things to say, in connection with Chatham life, which must form a study for another slide.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War. By Moritz Jokai. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

The enterprising publishers T. Constable & Co. issued a prospectus a few months ago that attracted some attention. In that prospectus, it was announced that a series of volumes, of foreign growth, were to be published by them at a cheap rate, and yet substantially got up, under the title of 'Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature.' The volume whose title we have transcribed at the head of this notice is the first of the series; and, in many respects, it will be received by the public as an earnest and a pledge of the good things that are in store for them. In appearance, the volume is all that could be wished—tasteful and substantial. The contents are, of course, varied, else they would have belied the title—'Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War.' The author is a true son of Hungary; and in these sketches presents the English reader with a fresh and broad view of the manners and customs, social, moral, and political condition, of that unhappy country. Jokai is not so much a man of genius, as a man of high and versatile talent. The selection which the book contains appears good; but, being so extensive, it is no wonder that the author does not appear to the same advantage in all the pieces. He is, however, always clever; sometimes keenly sarcastic, often powerful, and in the major part of the book deeply pathetic. He does not construct so well as he describes. He has a keen eye, and a bold, dashing pen: albeit it sometimes touches the finest chords of the human breast with the hand of a master. The volume is one of great and varied interest. It opens up a new field to the reader; it is calculated to draw forth sympathy in behalf of a brave but downtrodden people; it gives us a taste of a national literature of which we have hitherto known little, and will doubtless lead to a further demand for the same commodity.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. VI. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

The sixth volume of this national work contains articles by some of the most distinguished authors of the day; and many of these articles are on subjects of the greatest importance.

Milton's Paradise Lost, and Paradise Regained. Edinburgh & London: T. Nelson & Sons.

A very neat, well-printed copy of our great poet's works, very handy for taking up at a leisure moment, or installing as one's travelling companion. The 'Notes' are judiciously selected from the matter accumulated by his predecessors, by the present editor (Rev. J. Edmondston), accompanied by some of his own.

The Hope of the Bereaved; or, Recognition in Heaven. By Rev. Edwin Davies. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

A most delightful book to those spirits that have tasted the bitterness of separation from those who were dear to them on earth. Although we do not entirely agree with the views propounded by Mr Davies, yet we cannot withhold from his treatise our meed of hearty approbation.

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The Shady Side. By a Pastor's Wife. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

For various reasons, which the intelligent reader will speedily discover when he sits down to the perusal of the 'Shady Side,' there will be great diversity of opinion relative to the merits and the tendency of this work. For our part, we believe that it is a work of sterling merit, on a subject that very much needed 'ventilation.' Were the twentieth part only of what the book contains true, and the remaining nineteen-twentieths caricature, still it were a crying shame for churches to treat their ministers so. Others, we opine, than American Christians may read merited rebuke in the pages of the 'Shady Side;' and, from the immense circulation which it has had, and will still have, we hope that the evils complained of may not only be held up to the indignation of a justice-loving people, but also meet with a prompt and efficient remedy.

The Convent and the Manse. Edinburgh and London: T. Nelson & Sons.

'The Convent and the Manse' is a well-constructed, well-developed story. It contains some incident, and a good deal of fine descriptive writing. But its chief excellence lies in the able manner in which it exposes the evil tendencies of Popery, and the beautiful scenes it furnishes of domestic happiness and confidence, produced by the belief and practice of a pure Christianity.

Missionary Voices to British Christians. Sentiments of the late Archdeacon Jeffreys; with a brief Memoir. London: W. Tweedie.

Two tiny publications; but full of important matter, bearing especially on the great Temperance Reformation.

A Cyclopædia of Sacred Poetical Quotations. By H. G. Adams. London: Groombridge & Sons.

This extensive and judicious selection of sacred poetry is now completed. It is to be had in one handsome volume.

The Earnest Student. By Rev. N. Macleod. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

Dr Macleod has produced a volume of great interest under the above title. It contains memorials of Mr John Macintosh, a distinguished scholar, and student of the Free Church of Scotland, who died before he was permitted to bring his ripe scholarship, and extensive observation, and warm piety to bear upon the gospel ministry. No better book of the kind could be put into the hands of young men.

The Flower of the Family: a Tale. Edinburgh and London: T. Nelson & Sons.

To those who read only for amusement, 'The Flower of the Family' presents few attractions; there is little brilliance in the style, and little incident in the plot; romantic young ladies will find no hero about whom to dream, and the great topics of love and marriage are barely touched upon. Yet we doubt not there are many readers who will drop a tear of sympathy as they read of the struggles and trials of this sweet flower; and some young earnest hearts, who long and strive after goodness, but find it most hard to attain, will have their desires strengthened, and be directed to One who will abundantly satisfy them. The writer is evidently a woman of thought; one who has dug deep into her own heart, and has discovered that no material or intellectual acquirements have power to bring happiness; that only the right cultivation and guidance of our moral nature can render us happy, and that our strength for this end must all come from God.

Select Works of Dr Chalmers. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

Encouraged by the extensive circulation which the 'Life of Dr Chalmers' commanded, the publishers have been induced to issue a uniform edition of his selected works. This is a great undertaking, and shows no small confidence in the reading public. We cannot think for a moment that this confidence is misplaced, and therefore anticipate for the 'Works' as warm and extensive a reception as that experienced by the 'Life.' This is an opportunity that should not be lost by those who have a wish to supply themselves with the works of this distinguished man, for it will be found that they can be got either in 1s. parts, 2s. 6d. vols., or 6s. vols., substantially bound in cloth. It would, of course, be out of place to give any opinion, in such a notice as this, of the works of Dr Chalmers. All that is needed, in the present instance, is to place before the reader the attractions and advantages of this edition.

The Leisure Hour.—The Sunday at Home. London: The Religious Tract Society.

These two journals present the usual variety in subjects, and care and talent in the treatment of them.

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LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

To undervalue altogether the worth and the effects of public speaking, were alike presumptuous and unfair. And yet the longer we live, the more we are convinced (although, perhaps, the majority of the public are against us on this point), that the power, the value, and the intellectual and moral influences of oratory are, and have always been, prodigiously overrated; and that too often popular speakers, whether in the parliament, on the platform, in the pulpit, or the lecture-room, are a race of clever charlatans, who live by pampering a depraved appetite in the public mind, and who are not the creators or commanders, but the creatures, and often the victims, of popular excitement. How often do we hear the words, 'This age is far too enlightened to be humbugged,' uttered by persons as they are hurrying away to listen to some 'two-penny tear-mouth,' who, brimful of disgusting egotism, is about to pour out his pietistic rhapsodies to eager crowds; or to some wondrous spouter, whose theatrical action, vermicular twistings, indian-rubber movements, vulgar mimicries and ventriloquisms, make indeed the judicious grieve, but delight whole theatres and churches of groundlings; or to some preacher, who contrives, by his whining tones, lily hand, scented handkerchief, and a well-managed tremble or lisp in his voice, to be the admired and beloved of whole churches full of ladies; or to some lecturer, who, by dint of what seems beautifully-attired and dexterously-veiled heresy, keeps large audiences in a kind of pleasing horror and irreligious awe, till his lucubration is over, and till, on reflection, they find that, instead of telling them new falsehood, he has only told them old nonsense; or to some platformist, teeming with silly anecdotes, barefaced clap-traps, and every artifice to gain applause which a *man* would disdain, and who, perhaps, at the close, takes out the copy of his speech, which has already been printed, and *interlines it with the cheers* that it has received ere it goes finally to press; or to some pompous metropolitan divine, who overcrows the town through the depth of his pretentious piety, the warmth of his affected zeal, or the splendour of the 'good degree he has purchased' for himself; or—but in pity to ourselves and to our readers, not to the charlatan race, with whom we are on terms of mortal enmity and defiance, we cut short the list. Suffice it to say, that, with all our boasted enlightenment as an age, there never were so many 'whited sepulchres,' so many mouthing pretenders in the walk of public speaking, as there are at the present moment; and never have they enjoyed a kindlier welcome, or reaped a richer harvest. The public and the press seem both absolutely resigned to every infliction from every quarter: the larger and more impudent the hoax, it is the better; and if a man have only a skin differently coloured from other people, or a Syrian dress, or a fine voice, or a popular cause, or a reputation of marked character, though it should be for infamy, his success is sure. And as there is a great demand, so there is a vast and constant supply of the needful article, as well as ever-ready purveyors. So soon as one notorious quack departs, or goes down in chaos, another rises up to supply the room. When was there, especially, a foreigner who came to our shores, without telling of some still more surprising personage that was at hand? A swears that B is incomparable, and B in his turn becomes the trumpeter of some other tremendous 'Coming Man;' and thus the worthy public are kept in a state of agreeable expectancy, and the cry is still, 'They come!'

There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. We were right, for instance, in welcoming Frederick Douglas, the gentleman, the wit, the orator, with the brand of man's whip on his back, while the stamp of God's nobility was on his brow. We were right in shouting one pæan of gladness when Mrs Stowe set the impress of her light, lady-like foot upon our shores, her silly 'Sunny Memories' as yet slumbering in that uncreated dust whence they should never have been taken, and her name still identified with 'Uncle Tom,' and with nothing else. And although not coinciding in every point with the general judgment about Louis Kossuth, we are ready to grant that the nation was right when, at the gate of Southampton, it up-

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lifted a voice of unmingled enthusiasm on the landing of the King of Hungary; or which, if it was mingled, it was only because groans at the name of his oppressors arose irresistibly, and added their fierce bass to the shrill treble of the shouts which saluted *him*.

Ever since the hour we read the account of this triumphant reception, and of the monarch-like progress which succeeded, the words 'Louis Kossuth' had been a magic sound to us, as to so many more in this and all other civilised lands. It was, therefore, with no common emotions that we repaired to the *conversazione* which took place last July at the Observatory, Glasgow. We had never attended a *conversazione* before, and it certainly took us by surprise. It seemed to stand to other meetings in the relation in which a republic stands to a monarchy or an oligarchy. The absence of all ceremonious stiffness—the want of any *apparent* president—the free and fluent motion of the company through the various rooms—the rapid formation, and equally rapid dissolution, of the various little circles, like knots of foam in the wave—the footing of equality on which men of such different occupations, and ages, and principles, all for the evening stood—the lively current of conversation, producing now a uniform murmur, and now diversified by explosions of loud glee or earnest controversy—the presence of ladies, not stiff and stationary, but threading the throng with light and graceful step—all this produced an agreeable confusion, an interesting variety, and an almost democratic ease. But there was no feeling of anarchy. That was prevented partly by our admirable host moving to and fro like an 'affable archangel,' and partly by the thought which was ever recurring—'Kossuth is in these rooms somewhere; *he* is giving a unity to this otherwise disjointed though delightful scene; he is its centre and temporary sun.'

We cannot dwell so long or so freely as we would wish upon the particulars of this large re-union. It consisted of more than 150 persons, of all creeds and all varieties of profession, brought together, and melted down into one *menstruum*, by their common attachment to Kossuth and to the cause of human liberty. Yet let none of our readers imagine that it was altogether a grave scene, like a meeting of conspirators! Merry conspirators, and motley as mirthful, as a whole, they were. The world of Glasgow, nay, of Scotland, was represented. Few, indeed, of the so-called respectables, and none of the millionaires of the West were there. We saw no breast wearing the star of nobility, although we saw some of nature's nobles in the room. Neither had our universities sent more than two representatives of their cloistered wisdom. But we noticed not a few of our popular divines: one enormous and well-known figure, reminding us of a converted George IV., was conspicuous among the throng; another, of learned reputation, and worn studious countenance, had come from the Modern Athens to attend the meeting; and although only few of those numerous doctors of divinity of the West, whose teeming titles perplex our almanacs, were present, yet in their stead appeared some capital specimens of our rising young clericals. Then, from various quarters there appeared the gentlemen of the press, alert and animated all, each eye acting as a daguerreotype of the lively scene, and the jokes and criticisms of the next day beginning to sharpen their nostrils, and to curl around their lips. No scribe from Edinburgh had, so far as we saw, condescended to step westward to mingle with the plebeians of Glasgow, while doing homage to the great man; but we saw some noted members of the west country press—one venerable, grey-haired, gentlemanly individual, whom we suspected, till otherwise informed, to be a professor of divinity, instead of an editor of a weekly print; another stout, large Norlander, whose step made the floor to quake as he moiled along, the Falstaff of the press; a third, a little, wiry, bald-headed, sharp-faced citizen, with a world of sly humour suppressed under a demure countenance; and a fourth, with dark elfish hair, Italian complexion, a wide black eye, which seemed to look all round, and all through every individual it rested on, and which reminded you of Carlyle's words, 'the open secret,' so transparent was its furtiveness, and so dark its glassy sheen, and whose determination to 'tak' notes,' 'mak' observations,' and extract matter of mirth out of all and sundry, lay in still savage joy upon his countenance, and made it sparkle like a dark pool on which a stray sunbeam for a moment smiles. There were, besides, a number of clever, ingenuous youths, constituting the *elite* of 'young Glasgow,' and one or two who bore the appearance, as well as the name, of poets.

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Alexander Smith, our friend, was necessarily absent; and he who rejoices in the name of Yendys was also detained. Nor were there wanting many ingenious men of the middle class and the 'movement,' who served to give a commercial, and eke a genial aspect to the whole scene, some of whose names we might here record, were it not that we fear to intrude upon the blushing modesties of private life!

After a considerable chase through the crowded rooms, we came at last upon a corner where the sun and centre of the meeting was actually shining. And here, then, was the King of Hungary! We confess that our first emotions were those of considerable disappointment, blended with not a little of the ludicrous; for we found the hero of Hungary literally crushed into a kind of cage, formed partly by the huge persons of some half-dozen of his admirers, and partly by the controversy in which they had contrived to engage him. The first sound of his voice we heard was eagerly rebutting an objection propounded by a divinity doctor beside him; and the first glance we had of his face was as contorted into contempt at some miserable sophism, which had been suddenly shot into the sphere of his vision by a bystander. The *conversazione* resembled a hustings, and Kossuth seemed a doubtful candidate for applause, rather than an accepted and universal favourite. We pitied the poor man, driven to the wall by the half of the assembly, in their turns, and compelled to defend himself against a succession of gladiators. His appearance seemed to disappoint all at first, and certainly did us. We expected a high Magyar chief, of military bearing and majestic stature; and here was a middle-sized, French-looking person, with a face which expressed rather restless activity than power, and an eye rather crafty than penetrating. We saw in him at once a type of that boundless versatility which distinguishes his genius, but no display of those higher qualities of wisdom and imagination which had been attributed to him. We were led irresistibly to contrast his appearance with that of Mazzini, whom we met two years ago in London. *He* is certainly the noblest-looking man we ever beheld. His face and head seem to have stepped out of an ancient Italian picture; a brow, large and white as marble, rises like an Alp from amid black hair; and two eyes, like dark stars, roll below—masses of dusky and piercing light—such eyes as burned in the head of the peasant poet of Scotland, but with more depth of expression—altogether, a presence in which you tremble, as though one of the high-minded assassins of Cæsar stood beside you. Kossuth has by no means such a Roman look, nor does he give you the same impression of power, subtlety, and elevation; his very moustache, compared to Mazzini's, being only a fringe of plantation compared to a forest, and the craft in his eye not attaining to that dark profundity which lies in Mazzini's—

'Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death.'

We accosted him, and pressed him to visit Dundee. In the course of the little talk we had with him on this subject, what struck us most was a kind of fiery impetuosity in his mode of speech. He is so animated in conversation, that you expect him to be far more impassioned in speaking than he is. In every look, gesture, and word, you see the natural orator. A phrenologist would be at no loss to account for this, by pointing to his back-head, which seems a very mine of passion. Indeed, we suspect that all orators, and most poets too, are supplied by nature with a similar development, and hence much of their power. The fire in them is fed and fuelled by the prodigious passion behind: *that* becomes, as it were, transmuted into the flame of intellectual power, like a vein of coal changed into sparkling gas. Those poets, on the other hand, who want passion, are considerably enfeebled thereby. Shelley, for instance, had much less passion, and consequently less power than Byron. 'Strong passions,' says Burke, 'do not permit a *single particle of the man* to be lost.' And even as divines tell us that a recovered sinner is higher than an unfallen angel, so this transfigured materialism, this glorified grossness, becomes one of the most precious elements of mental and moral influence.

We left the *conversazione*, on the whole, disappointed. We had seen Kossuth, and found him a man, after all. 'The shepherd in Virgil,' says Johnson, 'got acquainted at last with Love, and found him an inhabitant of the rocks.' Our expectations had, probably, as is generally the case, been pitched too high. We felt sad, too, as we thought, were we in like manner to meet with more of our present idols, living or dead, we should encounter similar disenchantments! And

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we were inclined for the time to say of every species and degree of hero-worship, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' We had still, however, to hear him speak, and we continued to look forward with considerable interest to the meetings on the morrow.

We repaired to the City Hall, and found it crowded. We had noticed the evening before, and noticed now on a larger scale, the sad prevalence of the 'beard mania'—a strange phenomenon, as it seemed to us, in a sensible town like Glasgow. The quantity of 'beasts in beards'—of fools and of wise men, all turned by the same hideous practice into the likeness of ounces and pards—was appalling, and our thoughts were carried back to the days of Circe and Comus. We marvelled if these modern Nazarites hoped to attain Samson's strength and size, by imitating Samson's shagginess, and were inclined to conjecture that their beards showed the longitude of their conceit, rather than added a cubit to their intellectual stature. We were almost ready to weep at seeing some honest faces, which had belonged originally to our own worthy town of Dundee, now so hid and disguised by overgrown beards, that it was rather difficult to recognise them, and still more so to refrain from grief as we thought of the words of the poet—

'O wad some Power the giftie gi'e us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.'

As we entered, Kossuth, we think, was commencing his speech. The effect of it, again, on us was disappointment. We had come expecting a torrent of lava, and got instead a clever conversation, garnished with a few rather fade figures and flowers. His apostrophe to expediency was the best part of the speech, although it had a sort of schoolboy air. The thing that struck us most about his speaking, besides his wondrous command of the English tongue, was the bar of deep-toned sorrow which ran through parts of it. He seemed a patriot standing beside the grave of his country, and refusing to be comforted because it was not. You thought of Sir William Wallace and his 'great unhappy heart' after the defeat of Falkirk, and with, alas! no Bannockburn before him. In attributing, as aforesaid, craft to Kossuth's eye, we only say that he is a foreigner; we are far from denying that he is a warm and true lover of his country. And this spake quivering in his every accent; indeed, as a writer well remarked at the time, there seemed a multitude of voices within him, all sobbing and wailing for Hungary. His voice has no very great depth or compass, but is well managed, finely tuned, and in proportion to its volume, has much variety of cadence. We did not admire his invectives against Austria. They were true, but, on the whole, were characterised rather by fury than by force. You were more astonished at the power of his fury, than at the fury of his power. He seemed to be attacking Austria from below, not from above. It was the terrible but impotent rage of a hero in chains and on the ground, not that of a prophet or angel emptying out a vial of vengeance from on high. Kossuth has been taught our 'language,' but not like Caliban, with it, '*how to curse*.' The poetry of his nature does not circulate into his bag of venom. We regard him as very inferior in invective to Lord Brougham, and this partly because his passions, though strong, are less dark and concentrated, and because he has not cultivated the blackening faculty so carefully. Brougham has studied the Satanic art. Kossuth is content simply to express, in the first words which occur, the fierce emotions of his exasperated heart. He is, too, we suspect, a very amiable man, although considerably soured, and is not native and endued into the element of animosity. Some wines, to use Shenstone's expression, 'make a figure in vinegar' much better than others. Kossuth has *soured* slowly, with reluctance, and has not yet reached that perfection of the acid, when the vinegar, like that in Hannibal's army, can split rocks and remove mountains. May he never reach it!

After he sat down, up rose our admirable friend, Dr Anderson. We had often longed to hear Anderson on—what we knew was the throne of his power—the City Hall platform; and now our wish was gratified. It is pleasant to see every creature, from an oyster to an eagle, from a minnow to a mighty orator, in his proper element and native home—and this pleasure was ours. Anderson seemed intensely conscious that he was precisely where he should have been. The glance which he threw over his spectacles around on the great and crowded hall, the solemn ease and satisfaction with which he arranged his snuff-box, his manuscript, and his glass of water, and a certain half-smile on his lips, all told that his inward

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thought was, 'This is the scene of many an old triumph, and here I intend to triumph once more.' And when he rose, the general rustle of reception, the brightening up of four thousand countenances, as if a sudden sunbeam had entered the room, the smile that ran electrically throughout all the throng, and an audible smack on the lips of some, showed that a favourite was on his legs, and that a special treat was expected. Indeed, the peculiar feeling with which Dr Anderson is regarded in Glasgow—a feeling compounded of respect, trust, admiration, wonder, and ridicule—came out in a trifling circumstance. He stopped about the middle of his speech, and drank a little water. *This* was vehemently cheered, as much as the best parts of his oration. Everything seemed to say, on the part of the audience, 'This is our ain Willie, Glasgow's wonder, laughter, and pride, at whom we permit ourselves to laugh, but wo to any one else who does.' His speech was exceedingly characteristic of the man, alike in his weakness and strength. We knew before that Dr Anderson was better *at*, though not so fond *of*, blaming than praising, better at exposing a humbug, than panegyrising a clever man. We had heard him in 1836 uttering a most overcharged and ridiculous piece of laudation on George Thompson, whom he classified with the greatest minds the world had ever produced. We were, however, even while remembering this, perfectly thunderstruck at the violence of his panegyric on Kossuth, whom he described as standing on the pinnacle of humanity, with the whole family of man (past, present, and to come, at least so we understood him) at his feet, and the Almighty above! It was the most outrageous specimen of hero-worship we ever encountered, and was received with laughter, ironical cheers, and cries of 'monstrous,' by a considerable portion of the audience. Nothing daunted, the doctor changed his hand, and having called Kossuth a demi-god to his face, proceeded to call Louis Napoleon a demi-devil, or something worse, behind his back. Such a torrent of molten scorn and rage has seldom issued from human lips! As the orator proceeded, his voice aggravated to a choking scream, his eye flashing fire, his lips foaming, and his gestures becoming almost demoniacal, we seemed to see a raven sitting on a crag, and uttering its harsh syllables of doom toward the towers of some haughty baronial castle. The words, too, he uttered, were words of lurid flame. Nicholas and Louis were both coupled together in one faggot for the eternal bonfire; and altogether, the speech seemed a 'burden' from touched lips, and the speaker swelled and darkened into something resembling the measure and the stature, the fury and the power, the inspiration and the frenzy, of an ancient prophet. And although the audience did not fully sympathise with the tone and tendency of some parts of his speech, yet the deep silence, broken at intervals by *hysterical* cheers, evinced the impression he was making; and there was no more desire or attempt to interrupt him than men seek to silence a thunderstorm, to drown the noise of an earthquake, or to say to a foaming cataract, 'Stop.' There seemed to us something almost sublime in that strange, shrieking voice, going on in its solitary way, like a separate existence, through four thousand souls, and in every vibration seeming to ring the knell of tyrants, and to prophesy the downfal of thrones. We, for the first time, realised the image of Edward Irving in one of his higher moods, when kings seemed to hold their crowns in dependence on the breath of his lips, and when the thunder of the chariot-wheels of Armageddon was echoed in the cadences of his lion-like voice.

There were other speakers after Anderson, but we felt that he had raised us to a pitch of feeling which could bear nothing inferior to follow, and we accordingly left the meeting. The proof of the power of Anderson's speech was, that that night and the next day little else was talked of. Men hurried over the necessary allusions to Kossuth's speeches, to inquire, 'But what thought you of yon awful speech of Willie's?' and the abuse it met—which was not small nor stinted—was a farther evidence of the impression which, in spite of its very extravagant praise, and its rather extravagant invective, it had resistlessly made.

At the evening soiree, we were again present, although, anxious to avoid speaking (which we had been requested to do), we contrived to be late. We got into a remote corner of the gallery, where, however, we suffered the double penalty of seeing ill and hearing worse. The chair was occupied by Professor Nichol, and he spoke in his usual felicitous and graceful style. It was a finely philosophical introduction to the whole Hungarian

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question, and justified a remark we had heard repeatedly made, that if Nichol had applied his powers to social and political subjects, he would have made a still more distinguished figure than in his chosen field of astronomy. We laboured under the disadvantage of hearing Kossuth's great speech very indistinctly. It seemed, however, whether from the disagreeable closeness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, or from his own bodily feebleness and exhaustion, to fall flat on the audience. The cheers were numerous enough, but they had a forced air, and resembled rather the ghosts of cheers, shivering through the shadowy halls of Hades, than the round hearty hurrahs we used to hear from the men of Glasgow to their favourites, or which had been given to some of Anderson's points that very forenoon. When we saw the speech printed the next morning, it assumed a very different aspect, and read, as it was, a calm and masterly exposition of a great political question expressed in language of the utmost elasticity and force. After some telling hits by the Rev. George Jeffrey, who brought in very happily his own travels in Hungary, and the tributes he had heard paid to Kossuth there, the meeting separated.

From all that we have heard since, we believe that we did not hear Kossuth in the most favourable circumstances. He had been unwell—he looked jaded and dispirited, and he did not find that enthusiasm and unity of reception he had expected in Scotland. You saw him somehow as a stricken deer, with the arrows of the 'Times' still quivering in his side. It was very different in the euthanasia of his first appearance on the British shores. Then he had, like another Joseph, 'come from prison to reign'—the memory of his wonderful efforts in behalf of his country was still fresh—the blood of Arad was hardly dry upon its disastrous plain — the hooters of Haynau were scarcely silent—the illustrious exile himself seemed inspired by the very touch of the land of Shakspere and Cromwell: 'hope still rose before him like a fiery column—the *dark side not yet turned;*' and hence the elation and vivid energy which distinguished his earlier speeches. He seemed to feel a luxury in even breathing the English air, and speaking the English tongue. Alas! he knew not how difficult it is for a foreigner fairly to take root in our fickle island—and how soon the British nation 'changes its gods'—and how irrecoverably, after it has done and disgusted itself with them, it casts them to the moles and to the bats. He knew not, it would seem either, how much we are under the dominance of that great god Mammon, and how systematically we square every enterprise and every man by the rules and ritual of his temple. He knew not, then, although he knows now, from experience both in America and here, something of the influence of expediency—that 'unspiritual god'—over the minds of even free nations; and that respectability also has too many who worship its shabby godship, even in Shakspere's and Hampden's land. During his absence in America, not only had calumny been busy with his fame, but the name 'Hungarian' had become contemptible in the eyes of many, from the numbers of tall, haggard, bearded beggars, with a whole midnight of moustaches on their faces, and the wreck of a military bearing struggling with the acquired impudence of mendicancy in their manners, all from the army of Bem, or proclaiming themselves hand in glove with Kossuth, who like locusts came up over the land, and made the cause to stink in men's nostrils. The Hungarian hero, on his return, for these and other reasons, found himself a lion no longer, and resolved, with a proud humility, to retreat into the shades of private life, till summoned again thence by the call of duty and his country.

Whether he has not heard and obeyed this call prematurely—and whether he be not laying too much stress on the cause of Hungary in comparison with the chances of general good to Europe—and whether he has proved that it were a better plan for us now to rouse an insurrection in that country, than to strike at the centre of Russian power at Sebastopol, and then have the Czar at our mercy, may be left open questions. We leave them to purely political writers, and shall proceed, instead, to analyse the constituents of Kossuth's powers, so far as we can gather them from those speeches of his we have been able to see. He has astonished the whole world by the versatility of his gifts. We remember this strikingly illustrated in an American newspaper we happened to see, containing three long speeches of Kossuth's. One was addressed to an assembly of American lawyers, and was filled with legal lore, as if he had been studying

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Justinian, Grotius, and Puffendorf all his life; the second was addressed to the officers of the American army, and overflowed with strategic sense and information, as if he had read nothing but Carnot and Las Casas' 'Campaigns of Napoleon;' and a third to the ladies, was full of soft-sawder, pretty nonsense, and quotations from 'Romeo and Juliet.' We know that this fact savours of charlatanism, and may be held to substantiate the charge of suppleness which some have supported from his face and bearing, but must be admitted to prove great variety of power; the more as his speeches seemed quite unpremeditated. Still we do not lay much stress on it. It is connected more with mechanical readiness, and the talents of an improvisatore, than with genius, and shows him rather as the Lopez de Vega than as the Shakspere of orators. We heard a distinguished American once say, in reference to his countryman Elihu Burritt, and his reported command of fifty languages, that he wished '*he* knew *one* as it ought to be known.' We have heard of a late notorious M.P. who once attended the United Secession Hall, and was appointed to make a speech at the presentation of a portrait to the venerable Dr Dick. Knowing nothing of the 'serene and silent art,' he hied in haste to the poet Pollok, then also a student in the seminary, and requested his help. Pollok good-naturedly gave him a few names of the principal Italian painters, and pointed out the general characteristics of their style, and to his astonishment heard the substance of what he had given repeated in the evening, when the presentation took place by the neophite, in a flaming oration, in which he so dexterously managed, and beat so broad and thin his little information, that the audience imagined him a thorough connoisseur, although we suspect he did not deceive the sagacious doctor himself; who probably, to use the words of Goldsmith, a little altered,

'When he talk'd of his Raphaels, Coreggios, and stuff,
He shifted his spectacles, and only took snuff.'

We are far from seeking to level Kossuth with the paid slave of the planters, but there was not a little clap-trap in the manner by which, as Mrs Stowe said of him to us, 'he turned the Yankees round his two hands.' Indeed, almost all foreigners, including Americans, possess a portion of the same power—of what shall we call it?—universal accommodation. They are all, in various degrees, actors, elastic, wiry, with a certain ape-like agility and grimace, which we, 'hearts of oak,' stiff, sturdy, unbending, are entirely unable to emulate or to comprehend.

Still Kossuth has beneath all this something far higher and better. He has given, in some of his speeches, evidences of rare poetic genius. We remember, ere the first *furor* about him had fully subsided, having had a little conversation on the subject with Edward Miall, the able editor of the 'Nonconformist.' He admired him to enthusiasm, and preferred him to Burke; a preference in which we did not coincide then, and far less now, since we have seen and heard the man. Kossuth, with all his knowledge and insight, is essentially a singer, a Magyar scald, a sublime rhapsodist. Burke was a philosopher, who became ever and anon passionate and poetical, but whose habitual sphere was thought. Kossuth's speeches abound in clap-traps and commonplaces, mixed with bursts of rare magnificence. Burke has no platitudes—no appeals to the passions of mobs; and though amid his flights he often *rests*, yet he never *flags*. The poetry in Burke is ever interpenetrated with his thought, and attains sometimes to epic grandeur; that of Kossuth has less weight of matter, and is more lyrical and fluctuating in its movement. Kossuth's speeches are wild melodies wailing out truth; Burke's are high arguments, kindling as they move into music and poetic song.

The Magyars notoriously have Asiatic blood in them; and Kossuth, the model Magyar man, evinces his descent by the lofty orientalism of his figures and language. What would seem bombast in occidentalists, is called nature in him. He revels in large-sounding words—such as 'gigantic,' 'mighty futures,' 'pyramids of civilisation,' 'pulsations of mankind's approaching liberties,' 'carrying the woes of millions of Magyars in his bosom,' &c. You bear with this as you do with the wild eloquence which an aboriginal Indian has learned under the shadow of the millennial forests, and by the brink of the old cataracts of his country. And then, beside all these tall, sounding, but barren trees, there grow little 'plants of renown,' loaded with fruit.

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As a general principle, the most of Kossuth's long sentences are empty though eloquent; the most of his short ones are true, good, and memorable. We give an example of each class, as proving our statement. 'Myself, the wandering son of a bleeding nation, feels, after two hard years, my heart flushed with joy, because on seeing the English people, and on inhaling their public spirit to my vexed soul, I can't forbear to believe that the freedom of such a nation must be the pulsation of mankind's approaching liberty; and that the part of the world where such a pyramid of civilisation stands, cannot be doomed to be the prey of Russian or Austrian despots.' That is a fair and a tolerable specimen of his long sentences. Hear now this pithy short one:—'I know that here was the workshop of Watt, whose steam-engines blotted out the word "distance" from the dictionaries.' And none of his long and highly-wrought perorations can be named for effect with these simple words—'It was not I who inspired the people of Hungary—they inspired me!' Such brief electric touches remind us more of the style of Chatham or O'Connell, than of anything in the present day. They may be called the algebra of oratory, effecting vast results more by swift symbols than by language. Those are the strongest words for popular effect which are the simplest and most direct. *Fiat lux* was but two words—the result was the universe!

These words of power we have quoted, —and we could have quoted hundreds more—are bare of figure. But he has scattered through his speeches some most striking metaphors, bold almost as those of Homer or the Bible. 'I know,' he says, 'that the light has spread, and that even *bayonets think*.' 'I know that all the Czars of the world are but mean dust in the hand of God.' 'Even the *grass that will grow out of my grave will cry out* to heaven and to man, England and America! do not forget, in your proud security, those that are oppressed.' Akin alike to his oratorical and poetical power, is that unexpectedness which distinguishes much of his speaking. In some parts of his orations, each sentence is a surprise, not rising up from, but leaping out of, the womb of that which preceded it. His periods generally are connected together, not by the links of logical consequence, but by the unity of feeling and of poetic growth. A fire, in climbing a tower or a hillside of pines, does not ascend by regular stages, and in measured, modulated waves, but by hasty rushes, scattered tongues, and sudden shoots of flame, often returning on and relapsing into itself, but always at last completing its purpose; and thus travels to its climax the mind of poetic, and especially of lyrical genius. Indeed, no mind so intensely oriental as Kossuth's *can* calmly or consecutively reason. The stamina of argument may be present, but it is hid, even as the trunk of a tree on fire is hid by the towering flames, to the momentum and terrible richness and glory of which it nevertheless *adds*.

We have heard a good deal of discussion, and noticed a good deal of diversity of opinion, about Kossuth's religion. Dr Anderson claimed him as a devout and orthodox Protestant; and so we are most anxious to believe him, and so many of his expressions would imply that he is. On the other hand, we are stumbled with some strange thoughts, such as this, 'My belief is, that it is the instinct of the people that is the true revelation of man's divine origin!' This we scarcely understand. In another place he talks of 'the *mythic* heaven and hell.' We by no means charge him with deliberate infidelity, but simply with want of knowledge, and the loose and unguarded employment of language on subjects with which he has only an imperfect acquaintance—an ignorance which, along with his look and his manner, he shares, we suspect, with most foreigners. We have often called the Continent a vast religious corpse, and are certainly not induced to change our opinion by all we have seen of its emissaries to this country. To do him justice, Kossuth is about the best of them; and the people of Pesth, who probably knew him better than others, are, we have been lately assured on good authority, unanimous in praising him as a man and a citizen.

He often, in his lofty language, speaks of a 'future for Hungary.' We confess an interest nearly as deep in the question, What is to be the future of Hungary's hero? What a pity that such a man should lie fallow, and live a life of occasional *lionship*, continual uncertainty, and baffled expectation, instead of one of hopeful activity and useful eminence! *Why* he has not been permitted to do this hitherto, is a question that may be asked at Eternal Providence, and not at

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man. That he may, even yet, assume his native and most justly-deserved ascendency in his own country, is possible, but not very likely. We fear his career is accomplished, his work over. The greatest men of a land are not always the most successful. The Wallace sows the seed in tears, which the Bruce afterwards reaps in joy. Kossuth is the Wallace of his country, and seems destined to a subordinate measure of the same fate. But he has approved himself a greater than Kosciusko in Poland. Many who never heard of Hungary—except as a subaltern appendage to the Austrian empire—have heard of it as the birth-place of Kossuth; and as the spot where for some immortal months he and his coadjutors made a stand for their own liberties, and those (prospectively) of Europe—which only the blow behind, the dark stiletto stab of treachery, aided indeed by Russian force, was able to overwhelm. The usual meaning of the term, and the fashionable outcries about liberty, we despise. Liberty, unless softened by love, sublimated by righteousness, sustained by order, and steeped in Christianity, is but mad licentiousness, and its war-cry is equivalent to the 'abolition of all asylums all over the world.' Nay, true liberty, in the highest, fullest sense of the word, we know shall never appear in this earth, till it appear in the train of the Prince of Peace, and as one result of the Great Last Monarchy—a dominion in the possibility of which Kossuth does not seem to believe, and leaves on our minds a doubt whether he has even heard that any others believe in it. But all attempts at getting rid of even a portion of our bondage we honour, just as we admire the effort of him who breaks down a bit of a Bastile, and escapes through the breach, although he be not able to raze from the foundation the whole pile of iniquity. All heroes, patriots, and martyrs we admire, not only for what they have done, but for what they have not been able to do—for the proof they have given of what is possible, and of what is not possible, to merely human power—admire them as antitypes of the valour, the wisdom, and the heroic enterprise of the past, and as types of the divine agencies which are to be introduced into the great drama of the future. It is in this sense alone that the words of the poet are true—

'But freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is *ever won*.'

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day broke clear, bright, and beautiful; with just enough wind to temper the unusual warmth of the April sun, and just enough cloud to lend the enchantment of variety to earth and sky, by alternating light and shade, full sunlight and cloud-shadows.

The little party at Ash Grove were yet at the breakfast-table, when Gilbert Karne came up the garden, and presented himself at the open window.

'You see I mean to enjoy country life to the full, by cultivating the praiseworthy habit of early rising,' he said, when the usual morning salutations had been exchanged. 'I feel less lazy already, from breathing your pure fresh air.'

'Come and prove that it has given you an appetite,' said John; and Aunt Margaret urged the same request.

'No, I shall not even come in; my mother is waiting breakfast for me. I am the bearer of a request from her, that Miss Elton will to-day redeem her promise of being our guide to the hills. It is so lovely a morning; and as it is April, we cannot expect to have many that can so safely be trusted. Besides, soon it will be too warm for making long excursions; in fact, I am provided with an immense number of reasons why what we wish to be done ought to be done, and if you do not wish all my missiles to come flying fast and thick about your heads, you had better speedily give me a favourable answer.'

He saw a dark cloud gathering on Gertrude's face, and hastened to add—'Notwithstanding all these potent reasons why we should go to-day, I am sure my mother would rather defer

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the pleasure, than inconvenience Miss Elton.'

'I do not remember to have made Mrs Karne the promise that I am called upon to redeem,' said Gertrude, not very graciously.

'Perhaps I was wrong in calling it a promise. No doubt I have clumsily delivered my mother's message. At all events, I am quite sure that she would be very unwilling that you should go on her account against your own inclination,' he said, very gently, but in a tone that contrasted greatly with the warmth and ease with which he had spoken at first.

Gertrude hesitated; Mrs Essery looked at her appealingly; John had relapsed into the perusal of a letter, after bidding his friend 'good morning;' Mr Karne turned from the window, and looked into the garden. Perhaps Gertrude felt the more obliged to look stern and uncomplying, because her inclination secretly pleaded against what she considered her duty. The more conscious she became of the desire to go, the more firmly she resolved to stay. A day on the hills, and such a day, was indeed a temptation; for she had a hearty, genuine love of nature, which had been to her hitherto a saving love, preserving in her soul much that was fresh, real, generous, and holy, that without it must have been stifled by the rank overgrowth of many faults. She was silent, wondering *how* she should refuse, while meditating with downcast eyes, and balancing her spoon upon the edge of her cup, one of those idle tricks that she so much condemned in other people.

'Well, dear,' interposed Mrs Essery, timidly, 'could you not manage it?'

'No,' said Gertrude, decidedly.

'Manage what? What's the debate about?' said John, having finished and re-folded his letter, and noticing that Aunt Margaret was looking anxious. 'Why are you all looking so grave? What is it, Karne?'

Mr Karne turned, but did not make any haste to reply, preferring that Gertrude should explain the matter.

'Mrs Karne is desirous of visiting the Dursden Hills, brother, and wishes me to accompany her, but I think—I am afraid ——'

She hesitated and paused, expecting John at once to finish the matter by saying that she could not go. He had so long been a tutor, almost a father to her, that she paid him an implicit obedience, strange to see in one of her spirit, and with her theories concerning self-reliance and self-government.

The purport of John's letter had evidently been satisfactory; he was in high spirits, and answered very differently from what Gertrude had expected.

'Well, you will go, of course! Oh, you fancy you cannot spare time; but go, one day won't make much difference; the walk will do you good.'

Mr Karne still looked inquiringly at Gertrude, and she felt obliged to answer his look, so she said, 'I shall go.'

'You will come too, John?' questioned, or rather asserted Gilbert.

'Me! no—yes! I am not much of a walker, in general, not fond of long rambles, as Gertrude is, but if you wish it I will come.'

'Yes, you must come.'

'You must not be left out, Aunt Margaret,' said John; 'we will have the old pony saddled, and you will come too.'

It is difficult to say which of the party was most astonished at this decision. Mr Karne was much surprised at Gertrude's ready acquiescence with John's wish, supposing, from the previous expression of her face, that in yielding she made a great sacrifice. Gertrude was surprised that John should wish her to go, still more that he should go himself. John was surprised at the fascination of Gilbert's 'you will come too.' Mrs Essery was beyond measure astonished and delighted at the whole scheme, though inwardly trembling at the part she and the old pony were to play in it.

'I may return triumphant then, a successful negotiator?' said Mr Karne.

'So it appears,' answered Gertrude, for a glance still indicated her as the person from whom he chose to have an answer. 'At what time will it please you that I shall be ready?' she asked, a smile on her lip belied by the scornful expression in her wonderful eyes.

'That at least *you* shall decide, Miss Elton; the days are long now, and the moon rises early to-night, too; so do not fix an inconveniently early hour, as, if we return after sunset, it will be light enough for us to find our way.'

'O! Mrs Karne ought to see the sunset from the hills,' exclaimed Gertrude. 'Suppose we start at noon. We will meet you on the bridge, it lies in our way.'

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'At noon we will meet then, so good-by to you all for the present.'

Once more Mr Karne looked at Gertrude, hoping to obtain this time a more benignant glance from those strange eyes, which he thought would be gloriously beautiful, if only a more loving and lovely spirit looked forth from them, but the long dark lashes lay heavily upon the cheek—he was not vouchsafed another look.

The party met at the appointed time, Aunt Margaret perched upon what she deemed the perilous height of the quiet old pony's back. Gilbert and John stationed themselves one on either side, and succeeded in re-assuring her. Gertrude and Mrs Karne walked together. The way to the Dursden Hills lay first through a winding lane; as yet but lightly shaded by the spring foliage, but later in the year completely arched over by meeting and interlacing branches. Leaving this lane, they at once began to ascend, for a long time only gradually, a sloping green hill-side, but after a time the ascent was really steep, stony, and difficult, and Mrs Essery's courage and self-command were sorely tried.

The walk, the beauty of the country, and a long, interesting conversation with Mrs Karne, towards whom she was irresistibly attracted, had quite dispelled all remains of Gertrude's ill-humour, and by the time the summit of the hill was reached, when the fresh, bracing air had blown upon her, she was quite inclined to be good-natured, agreeable, and fascinating, as she well could be when she chose; kind and attentive to every one, even to Mr Karne, though to him in rather a condescending manner. This condescension, however, did not appear at all to wound the feelings of the person who was the subject of it. A quiet inward kind of smile flitted across his face once or twice when he observed it, which, to a close watcher, might have betokened a consciousness of power and a meek confidence in himself as being far other than an object for condescending kindness.

A halt was called when they reached the highest part, and Aunt Margaret very gladly and thankfully dismounted.

'We have earned our repose,' said John, 'and so it will be doubly sweet. We never enjoy thoroughly what we have not obtained by earnest and laborious endeavour.'

'That is not so original a remark, that in impugning its truth I shall be contradicting you especially, John,' said Gilbert, smiling. 'Are you sure that you really think so?'

'It is one of the things so often and constantly asserted, that no one thinks of doubting or disputing them,' said Aunt Margaret.

'Well, I venture to dispute this assertion. I think that the choicest, purest, and most precious blessings of our lives come to us, I will not say spontaneously, but without our having made any effort to obtain them, often without our even having recognised them as blessings. They are like Malvolio's expected greatness, "*thrust* upon us."'

'And often,' continued his mother, 'they come so suddenly and softly down, and lie so near us, that we, blindly pressing towards some fancied good, trample them under foot, and pass on.'

'It may be so sometimes,' said John, musingly, 'yet is not life a struggle, a race? Does not *to live* mean to struggle, to stride, to endeavour, to press onward towards a goal?'

'Have we not each work for our doing? Are we not all to put our own shoulder to the wheel?' asked Gertrude.

'A qualified "yes" to all those queries,' answered Gilbert. 'But our own efforts, our own struggles, our own speed, our own toiling and working, are not *enough* for the accomplishment of any of our ends. Was not the man in the fable, to which Miss Elton alluded, told that if he helped himself the gods would help him? He was not told that if he tried, he could succeed unaided. So God often works in us and through us; but we should recognise His help. Surely,' he added, very earnestly, 'there is far more danger in too much self-reliance than in too great self-mistrust?'

'Often,' said Mrs Karne, 'all grows dark around us, and we do not know which way to move. If we can stand and wait for God's dawn, all is well; but if we go madly, blindly dashing on in our own night, or by the light of some world-lighted torch of error or falsehood, we rush on to our own destruction. Self-reliance destroys—reliance on God saves us.'

There was a long pause; neither John nor Gertrude finding anything in this they could contradict, yet both feeling that there was something in it that was not included in their creed.

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At last Gertrude said, 'I do not think that most people trouble themselves at all with theories and ideas concerning life; many are satisfied with the knowledge that they exist, that day follows day, and week week, each bringing its low concerns and duties. Life, as a whole—its nature, its meaning, its mystery—does *not* present itself to their earth-turned sight to perplex their narrow souls. Mystic ideas they have of time and of eternity, but they regard the two as separate, as wholly distinct, with no connection or relation of meaning and purpose. They are content with the present, though it be little more than an animal existence they lead in it. They forget the past—they ignore the future; and never strive to raise themselves, or to attain to the higher intellectual life.'

'Spiritual life, dear Gertrude,' said Mrs Karne; 'spiritual life is surely the highest life.'

'I hope,' interposed Aunt Margaret, 'and I think, that not many are so thoughtless about the end of their being, and about a hereafter, as Gertrude supposes. I, in my small experience, have met with few, even among the lowest, most ignorant, and most neglected of the people, who have not some thought of doing their duty; and that is something beyond merely vegetating.'

'Yes; but how indefinite, how meaningless is that phrase; they could not tell you what duty is!'

'Indeed, I think that to discover our duty is not always an easy task to any of us,' said Mrs Karne; 'but to do our duty, is to do our all and our utmost—both as to quantity and quality.'

'Most people,' said Gilbert, 'picture to themselves so stern and repulsive a figure when they personify duty, that it is no wonder they are unwilling to follow the steps of so unattractive a guide.'

'Pray describe your ideal of duty,' said Gertrude.

Mr Karne paused a moment, and then said, 'I would represent duty as a pilgrim—a heavenward pilgrim, with wayworn feet, toil-hardened hands, and travel-soiled raiment, but with an upturned, heaven-searching face, that, catching some lustre from above, becomes illumined with unearthly light, radiance, and joy; around whose stern and steadfast mouth ever plays a calm fearless smile; in whose eye dwells a guiding holy light, which, when its glance is turned earthward, maketh dark places bright; and whose head, towering high above those wayworn feet and toil-hardened hands, rises high into heaven, and is crowned with immortal and starry glory.'

'I,' said John, 'would rather personify duty as an armed warrior, steel-clad and iron-visaged; one mailed hand pointing sternly, rigidly onward, the other raised with a menacing gesture, threatening all loiterers, striking terror into all lingering or recreant knights.'

'Look on this picture, and on that, and choose between them, dear Miss Elton,' said Mrs Karne.

Gertrude looked thoughtfully and searchingly at the two artists, but made no comment upon their respective productions; soon after she rose, and, leaving the others to continue their conversation, paced slowly and musingly up and down on the short smooth turf. It was new to her to hear of the *danger* of self-reliance. She had always regarded it as a noble, lofty virtue; a most desirable state of mind. There was much in the conversation she had listened to that did not at all harmonise with her preconceived ideas, yet nothing that she could immediately and decidedly contradict. It was strange and displeasing to her to be obliged to doubt the entire truth and sufficiency of her own views.

The little party staid on the hill till sunset. It was very dusk in the narrow shaded lane, but bright broad moonlight when they came out from among the trees, and reached the bridge which had been the place of meeting in the morning.

John requested that the party might not separate here, but that the Karnes should accompany them to Ash Grove, to take tea, and spend the remainder of the evening. Aunt Margaret warmly seconding the invitation, and Gertrude adding, 'Do come, dear Mrs Karne,' the unanimous request was complied with.

'I want,' said John to Gilbert, as they walked home together—'I want to hear again some of the music I listened to from you years ago. I have never cared for music before or since, so pray feel flattered by the high compliment I pay to your performance.'

'I think it likely that the compliment belongs rather to my favourite composers, than to my rendering of them. However that may be, I shall be glad to

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please you, and very glad to touch a piano again.'

'Ours is at least better than the one we had in our college rooms. Indeed, I believe it is a very good instrument, for Gertrude chose it, and she is a first-rate judge, although she does not spare much time for playing on it.'

'Do you not love music, Miss Elton?'

Gertrude could not say 'No,' and, very perversely, would not say 'Yes,' so returned the equivocal answer, that in Midford she had never had much opportunity of cultivating any natural taste for music that she might possess.

'Excuse me, Miss Elton, but I think that even now nature is sounding some low chords and sweet harmonies on her harp of the universe that, rightly understood, would both awaken and cultivate the taste for music in any soul.'

Gertrude thought this a very silly, sentimental speech, and answered, very coldly, 'We were speaking of music in a narrower sense, I believe, Mr Karne; of music as an art, the production of human beings.'

They reached home as Gertrude said these words, and the discussion was 'nipped in the bud.'

After tea Gilbert Karne played, while they all sat idle in the half-darkness, and listened.

Mrs Essery and Mrs Karne, sitting together, hand in hand (an outward mark of affection on which they would not have ventured, had the room been lighter), spoke at intervals low soft words, only audible between themselves. John had drawn his easy-chair close to the piano, and leaning back on it, had given himself up to luxurious enjoyment. Gertrude sat alone in the window, looking out into the garden, now steeped in white calm moonlight, secretly impatient of the dusky room and her constrained idleness.

Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathétique,' with its many various strains, changing from earthly triumph to human sorrow, and from human sorrow to divine joy; from earthly tumult and strife, to grief, penitence, and patience, and soft, low-breathed heavenly peace, came instinct with its full life, fraught with its full meaning, from Gilbert Karne's skilful fingers and comprehending soul. As it were in spite of herself, Gertrude felt its tones thrill through her whole being — her cheek flushed and paled, grew hot and cold, her eyes flashed or filled with tears, her lip quivered or grew still and marble calm. Her face was turned from them all; she felt that no human eyes could peer inquisitively into her own, that no scrutinising glance would try to read her heart, so she shielded her face from the moonlight, and abandoned herself to the power of the music.

When it ceased, a silence followed which no one felt willing to break. The musician leaned over the piano, and passed his fingers softly and lovingly over the notes. At length he said, 'That slow, plaintive movement, after the hurry, strife, and tumult of the commencement, is so expressive. Each time I play it, some new meaning and fresh beauty strike me. It suggests many thoughts and feelings which, even were it possible, I should not dare to put into words. There is such power, such life-like, death-strong power, in Beethoven's utterances! He was surely "strong to suffer as to do!"'

'Play something else,' said John, abruptly.

Mr Karne glanced towards the window where Gertrude sat; her face was turned away, and her figure motionless. From neither could he obtain any information, but on the hand that lay in her lap a tear had fallen unknown, and lay unheeded. It sparkled in the moonlight; he saw it, and obeyed John's command. He would not play much more, however; he did not wish to wear out the feeling he had awakened.

'This appears to me to be the most beautiful prayer—too beautiful to be approached by articulate words; after this I shall play nothing else,' he said, as he brought out passionately and fervently, then softly and sweetly, the deep harmony of an andante movement.

It seemed not a prayer to Gertrude, but it moved her strangely. When it was finished, she very softly opened the window, and stole out into the garden, that she might strive to grow calm and cool before the tell-tale lights were brought into the room. Before long she returned, looking as composed as usual, perhaps even rather more stately than her wont; the Karnes were just wishing 'Good night.'

'You will often give us such a treat, dear Mr Karne?' said Aunt Margaret.

'Certainly, if you all esteem it a treat,' he answered, with a quick glance at Gertrude. She said nothing but 'Good night,' and even that without raising her eyes

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higher than the hand which she just touched with her own cold fingers.

CHAPTER V.

Many such long days and evenings the inhabitants of Ash Grove and Beech Cottage spent together. John had yielded himself to the old influence. Gilbert Karne had taken *almost* full possession of his old place in his heart; his heart and his manner had insensibly softened under this influence. He certainly had not worked as hard as was his wont, but he felt that the last few months had been peculiarly rich in thought, and so he could console himself for his idleness by reflecting that his time had not been wasted. Spring had deepened into summer, summer was imperceptibly going forth to meet autumn, when one day John and Mrs Essery were taking tea alone, as they had often done lately.

'Is Gertrude with the Karnes?' asked the former.

'Yes; Mrs Karne and Gilbert came to fetch her for a long evening walk. They wanted you, too, but I thought you would not wish to be disturbed. If we had taken tea early enough, I meant to have proposed that we should walk to meet them.'

'Gertrude has, like myself, been making holiday of late; but she is young, and has plenty of time before her. How old is she this September, aunt?'

'Twenty-two.'

'So much as that! Well, we must both work hard next winter; her book *must* come out early next year. Do you know when the Karnes talk of leaving?'

'As soon as the cold weather sets in, I believe. They *talk* of spending the winter abroad.' Aunt Margaret said this with a smile, and a doubling emphasis on the word talk, and continued—'Do you remember, John, a conversation we had last year, and your saying that love would always conquer ambition in a woman's heart?'

'I believe I said something of the kind. Well?'

'Why, I think, I hope—no, I am too doubtful of the result to venture to hope—but I think that the truth of your theory will soon be put to the proof.'

John Elton opened his eyes very wide. 'Why, surely, Aunt Essery, after these many years, you are not thinking of making a second trial of the "holy estate?" Who can be the happy man? Why, there's Mr Johnson, the doctor, but he is past seventy. There's the rector, but he is married already. The young curate is the only eligible "party," but he is too young, surely. Pray relieve my curiosity.'

The ludicrousness of John's supposition, and of his speculations as to the other 'party' concerned, made Aunt Margaret burst into a hearty laugh, in which John joined.

'Can you not think of any person in Midford more likely to fall in love than your old aunt?'

John reflected, seriously enough now; light seemed to break upon him. 'You surely do not mean ——?' he began.

'In sober earnestness, I mean that your friend Gilbert loves our Gertrude. *I* should not think him one likely to be obliged to love in vain, but ——'

John gave a long low whistle, more expressive than elegant; then said, 'You cannot surely mean this—it is so preposterous! But what of Gertrude? You do not think she likes him—loves him?'

'I do not know, she is so different from most girls. I do not think she will allow herself to love him, if—if she can help it.'

'I should hope not; it would be a pity. Of course they could never marry, and a hopeless attachment might sadly unsettle Gertrude, though I believe her too sensible and strong-minded to give way to feeling, as most women do.'

'In what lies the impossibility or impropriety of the match?' cried Aunt Margaret, perplexed in her turn. 'He is not rich, but you don't think much of that. I believe him exactly suited to make Gertrude happy.'

'Make Gertrude happy!' echoed John, angrily. 'Ridiculous! absurd! That is the way you women talk! Is she not happy now? With her talents, her prospects, such a marriage would be madness. Gertrude the wife of a poor man! Gertrude! my sister, my pupil! become a mere household drudge; for such the wife of a poor man, the mother of a poor man's children, must always be! Aunt Essery, I thought you had more sense than to dream of such a thing!'

Mrs Essery shrunk within herself, startled beyond measure at this outbreak from her taciturn nephew; regretting, too, that she had mentioned her suspicions, and provoked anger when she meant to have given pleasure. The union of a beloved sister with a favourite friend, seemed to her simplicity a fit matter of rejoicing.

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She had doubted Gertrude's acceptance of Mr Karne, but had not thought of how John would view it.

Both aunt and nephew remained silent, till at last Mrs Essery said very timidly, 'Remember, John, I do not *know* anything; I have only told you my suspicions and surmises. There may be no ground whatever for them, save in the imaginings of my foolish head, and the wishes of my foolish heart.'

'I hope it may be so, Aunt Essery, but I shall be on the watch. I have been too rash; I had well-nigh forgotten that Gertrude is only a woman after all!'

Aunt Margaret sighed, and wished in her heart that Gertrude were in reality 'nothing but' a woman—a simple, loving, true, devoted woman. 'Try and forget what I have said, John, and be kind and cordial, for here they all come.'

They were at the window almost before John and Mrs Essery had time to smooth the careful wrinkles from their faces.

'My son and your sister have been engaged in a wordy warfare during the greater part of the evening, disturbing nature's calm by their contention and strife,' said Mrs Karne, with a smile.

John glanced at the two in question, and was not displeased at the expression of their faces—Gilbert's pale and grave, Gertrude's flushed and excited, and bearing evident signs that the excitement was not of a pleasing nature.

'May one ask the disputed point, without provoking a fresh outbreak?' he inquired.

No one appeared much inclined to answer; at last Gertrude said, haughtily, 'Mr Karne has taken upon himself to preach, for my edification, a discourse upon humility, and to charge me with cherishing the unwomanly qualities of pride and ambition!'

'Nay, nay, not so fast, fair Amazon,' said Mrs Karne, trying hard to give a playful turn to the controversy. 'Some of your theories he called in question, and charged them with a tendency to cherish such faults; but at the same time he gently insinuated a doubt whether, on reflection, you would call such theories really yours.'

'In that case,' answered Gertrude, 'it was my truthfulness he called in question, and to this I am still less willing to submit patiently.'

'I seem to be doing harm instead of good, so retire from my position of advocate. Gilbert must plead his own cause.'

'Let me constitute myself judge between you,' said John. 'I summon you, Gilbert Karne,' he continued, 'to appear before me to answer to the heavy charge of having slandered and falsely accused a fair lady.'

'To that charge I plead most honestly and most earnestly, "not guilty,"' said Gilbert, with perfect calmness, and a smiling lip, though really wounded feeling was apparent enough, to his mother's eyes, in every line of his face. 'The difference between this fair lady and myself,' he continued, 'arose from our differing in opinion concerning a book we have both lately read—the 'Life and Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli;' I being inclined to think that the said Margaret Fuller Ossoli had, towards the close of her life, after her quitting America, attained to a much truer idea of life and of woman's sphere, duty, and mission (pardon the use of three such odious words, Miss Elton), than she appears to have possessed during the earlier manifestations of that singular existence of hers.'

'And I,' said Gertrude, 'thinking her early life glorious—glorious in its rich intellectuality—deem her later life comparatively inglorious. I hold that at her outset she possessed a truth, of which she gradually loosened her hold, and that, when she had quite let it from her grasp, having lost the charm, the talisman, the source of all her power, she sunk rapidly to an ordinary level—shrunk rapidly to the dwarfed dimensions of an ordinary woman.'

'And I, deeming the true power, charm, and talisman of a woman's life to be the power of love ——'

'That sentiment you doubtless learned from your mother, Mr Karne,' interrupted Gertrude, sneeringly. 'Aunt Margaret has favoured me with it occasionally; no doubt we both have acquired it from the same source!'

'It is possible,' replied Mr Karne, a deeper shade stealing across his face. 'I, indeed, have learned its truth from my mother. But,' he added, trying to assume some gaiety, 'it is so late, I had better abandon my defence, and commit myself to the mercy of the judge.'

'No! you must continue,' said John, who wished him fully to develop opinions which he thought would for ever deprive him of all chance of finding favour with Gertrude.

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'Proceed, defendant,' he cried, as Mr Karne still hesitated.

'If I must, I must. I, then, holding that the power of a woman's life is the power of love—of love,' he continued, with a deprecating glance at Gertrude, who stood haughtily confronting him; 'of love in no narrow restricted sense; but love universal, catholic, all-embracing, God-serving—see something far more glorious, more admirable, more true and noble, in the self-ignoring spirit in which Margaret Fuller devoted herself to the care of the sick and the suffering in the hospitals of a foreign land, during her last few years, than in all the intellectual pomp and display of her American life. I, holding, too, that there cannot be so good and true a way of showing humility towards God, as that of practising it towards his creatures, am inclined to deplore Margaret Fuller's scorn towards her fellow-beings, and her want of patience and forbearance with human weakness. She was in her earlier life a self-worshipper; within herself she sought to find sufficient of the beautiful, the true, and the good; to find God in her own soul, not to turn her life towards God, was her endeavour; she nourished the most dangerous, because most seductive and apparently the most noble form of pride—pride of intellect—

'Yes, the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals, the nearest to angelic nature.'

This form of idolatry—the deification of self—is, I believe, the most fruitful source of crime and misery. It is the rock on which many noble, richly-freighted vessels have split. No human creature can limit its interests, can confine its aspirations within so narrow a circle, without coming constantly and painfully in contact with its self-imposed encaging bars; without being well-nigh crushed or maddened by the sense of pressure from "the vaulted adamant and dolour of inexorable things." Would that I had a "more persuasive eloquence," to set before you in broad, truth-telling, daylight colours the danger of the errors I so deeply deplored when reading the memoir of which we have been speaking!'

Gilbert Karne's voice had deepened, his manner grown more and more earnest, as he proceeded; he had forgotten the playful way in which his defence should have been conducted; he had evidently pleaded for much more than his opinion of a book. John had heard more than he wished; a long silence followed when Gilbert ceased, no one seeming inclined to break it.

At length John remembered that such words should not be allowed to sink into Gertrude's heart; he would willingly have provoked from her some contradiction of them, but found she had left the room. After a few constrained and painful efforts at conversation on indifferent subjects, the Karnes took leave of Mrs Essery and Mr Elton, and returned home.

Their walk through the very calm and sweet night air was at first a silent one. Mrs Karne knew that her son was deeply moved, and half guessed the reason of such strong emotion from so apparently slight a cause. She longed and yet half feared to speak to him about Gertrude; after awhile she said, pressing his arm, on which she leaned, 'Gilbert, my son, you take this matter too seriously to heart; you should not suffer such a trifle to affect you so deeply.'

'Mother, it is no trifle that troubles me. In spite of all her faults' (oh, Gertrude, your eyes would flash at those words, 'in spite of all your faults!'), 'Gertrude Elton has come very near my heart!'

'I feared this, Gilbert; but, indeed—indeed she is not worthy of you! I have watched her and weighed her; she is not worthy of you; she has no heart to give you; pride, ambition, fill it, and leave no room for love.'

'You do her less than justice, mother. She is a glorious creature! She is dazzled now, almost blinded, by looking too much at her own brightness; but there is a right royal and noble nature beneath the overlaying and poisonous scum of error; one strong fresh breath of truth and love might clear it all away. I must, I will so clear her life. O God! that she would love me, then I could do all things with her! Ah! she despises me, thinks me weak!—she should then feel my strength and my power for her good—for her salvation;' his voice had grown almost menacing in its deep earnestness.

'Be calm, my son; be calm, and listen to me! I sincerely believe you have no chance of winning her; I believe she would pay you scorn for your love. Will you be guided by me? Will you leave this place soon? Go back to your usual

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pursuits, and strive to forget her. That were the wiser way. I know how impossible it must seem to you now that you should *forget*. How hollow a mockery my advice appears; have patience with me, notwithstanding.'

'I shall stay here and try my power, mother. I am not sanguine of success *now*, but it is my duty to try my utmost. It would be cowardly to shrink from any suffering the endeavour may entail on myself. It is a poor love that would not venture somewhat for the sake of the beloved.'

'We will stay, then. You will be calm, and strong, and patient; you will rest in the Lord; and in the end may he give thee thy heart's desire!'

CHAPTER VI.

Gertrude passed a restless night after the dispute recorded in the previous chapter. Fighting her battle o'er again, and gaining imaginary victories, kept her from sound sleep. She was troubled, too, by an uncomfortable consciousness that she had lost her temper and her dignity, and must have greatly lowered herself in the estimation of her friends. Yielding to a natural and generous impulse, as soon as it was light she rose, and wrote the following note:—

'Dear Mrs Karne,—I feel that I owe you and Mr Karne an apology for my conduct last night, which was both uncourteous towards you, and unbecoming in me. It is not in accordance with my nature to delay discharging any debt that I may incur, so please to consider that, by this acknowledgment that I was wrong—not in opinion, but in my manner of supporting that opinion—I make full and ample compensation. Believe me, it is a new and difficult thing to me to make such a confession.

'Say to Mr Karne, for me, that I regret his sentiments should so much have irritated me, that I was not able successfully to dispute their truth.—I remain, dear Mrs Karne, sincerely your friend,

GERTRUDE ELTON.

'P. S.—Take no notice of this note when we meet. I could not hear patiently any comment upon my *apology*.'

Gertrude kept this note many hours in her possession before she could quite make up her mind to send it. When it was at last despatched, the thought of its being received and discussed, more than once sent the proud hot blood rushing across her face. Yet she firmly believed that it was only for Mrs Karne's opinion of her that she had the slightest regard. All that day Gertrude was restless and uneasy; her attention constantly wandered from her books; she fancied she heard a step on the gravel-path continually. As often as the wind bowed down the branches, so that their shadow crossed the window, she looked up quickly, fancying that it was some one crossing between the window and the sun. In the evening, when the long twilight enforced idleness, her uneasiness assumed double force.

'We have really seen nothing of the Karnes all day,' said Aunt Margaret. It was a sufficiently unusual occurrence to provoke many comments. 'I should have walked up this evening, only I thought they would be sure to call in to ask you to walk with them. Is there not some one coming down the opposite slope now?'

'No one, Aunt Margaret, and it is now so late that they are not the least likely to come to-night.' And Gertrude went into the garden, to escape Mrs Essery's farther wonderments, and to indulge, according to her custom, in uninterrupted introspection. She tormented herself most ingeniously by various theories concerning the non-appearance of the Karnes. Mrs Karne she believed to be proud; perhaps she was seriously offended, and her apology was a useless, as well as humiliating concession. With this, and many other as painful thoughts, she agitated her mind, and so much excited herself, that again she passed a sleepless night, and came down the following morning looking pale and languid, thereby incurring many loving, but unwelcome, expressions of solicitude from Mrs Essery.

That morning Mr Karne came alone. He was the bearer of a note to Mrs Essery, begging her to come and solace the solitary confinement of a guiltless prisoner. Mrs Karne had the morning before sprained her ankle; not thinking much of the sprain at first, she had not sent for any advice, but had contented herself with lying quiet. This morning Mr Karne said the foot was much inflamed, and very painful, and Mrs Karne herself was feverish; and he begged Aunt Margaret, who was well known in the village as a skilful doctress, to come at once and prescribe for his mother.

Mrs Essery was full of sympathy for her friend; of regret that she had not

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known of the accident earlier, and of haste to go to her.

'My mother begged that I would try and induce Miss Elton to come and see her in the course of the day. She is exacting, you see, and not content with one attendant,' he said, looking, not at Gertrude, but at Mrs Essery. 'Will you come, Miss Elton?' he added, turning quickly, and looking her in the face.

Gertrude blushed, and was angry that she did so, and John answered for her. Expressing much regret for Mrs Karne's accident, and full confidence in Aunt Margaret's nursing, he added, that he could not that day spare Gertrude.

'Give my very kind love to Mrs Karne, Aunt Margaret, and say how sorry I am for her,' said Gertrude.

'I do not know how *little* sorry you are, Miss Elton, as you will not spare an hour or two to console her,' said Gilbert, smiling. 'My mother will be really disappointed.'

'If Mrs Karne so much wishes it, I will certainly see her some time to-day. I will walk over in the evening, and spend an hour, and then accompany my aunt home. Will that satisfy you?' she said, with a smile, very sweet in spite of herself.

'You know that a beggar should not quarrel with either the quantity or quality of his alms,' he answered, as he and Aunt Margaret went off.

Gertrude settled to her books, and tried to make a long day short, by hard work. Yet, in many an idle minute, Gilbert Karne's peculiar eyes looked out from the dry page, in which they were quite out of place, and his rare sweet smile spread over the close-printed lines, dazzling her, as if a sunbeam had fallen on the leaf.

'You will go to Beech Cottage with me presently, John?' she asked, in the evening, as she made her brother's tea.

'No! I cannot. My work is sadly behind-hand. There is no necessity for your going either. Aunt Margaret will be home soon, and will tell us how Mrs Karne is.'

'I promised to go,' said Gertrude, quietly.

'Well, go you must, then.' John knew that 'I promised' was Gertrude's *ultimatum*, putting an end to the possibility of discussion as to the 'to be, or not to be.' 'Come home as early as you can, I want you to read over some proofs.'

Gertrude's 'as soon as I can' was not so soon as she was expected, and had intended, to be at home.

She found Mrs Karne much more seriously ill than she had imagined her to be. It seemed quite requisite that Mrs Essery should not leave her friend that night. And, to satisfy Gilbert, they arranged that a medical man, the village doctor, should be called in. 'Though,' said Mrs Karne, 'I am fully satisfied with the advice of my patient, good doctress.'

Dr Johnson lived in the village, and to go home that way would not make Gertrude's walk very much longer; so it was settled she should call, and send him up at once to Beech Cottage. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastened to bid 'good-night,' before it grew quite dark; but, when she had done so, she found that Gilbert stood at the door, hat in hand, evidently meaning to accompany her home. She tried hard to dissuade him from taking such very unnecessary trouble; telling him there was no such thing as fear in her nature, and that she would not mind walking home through Midford alone at midnight. Mr Karne listened, with a smile, and a look of quiet determination to have his way; so she had to submit, and for once did so with a good grace.

They maintained a very amicable conversation during their walk, as Gilbert took pains to keep far away from all debatable ground. Gertrude found much to admire in the depth and earnestness of thought, that now, when off her guard, and not feeling compelled to keep on the defensive, irresistibly interested her. Once only they were on the verge of a dispute. They had commented upon the changing hues and falling leaves, and Gilbert lamented the departure of so happy a summer.

'It is the most thoroughly idle time I have ever spent in my life; I mean, of course, as to external acting.'

'How can it have been happy, then? Has not your idleness worried you? Inaction is so galling! Have you not longed to be "up and doing?"'

'No, indeed! I have felt that to be still, to stand and wait, was a good thing. I have been pausing to take breath!'

'Well! I have never felt the pleasure or the good of any kind of waiting. Enforced pauses in my progress always irritate me.'

'You are so full of energy and enthu-

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asm! You are young, too, and I suppose your thoughts of life are always so fraught with purpose, there always seems so much work waiting for you, that you have never been able to realise that life itself was worth living for. You have lived in a hurry hitherto, dear Miss Elton; there are some things to be learned by keeping quiet, and listening.

'You are surely not a quietist, Mr Karne?'

'Certainly not, in the technical way in which the term is generally used. As to the nature and merit of real quietism—— but I fear we should not agree in our notions concerning it.'

'We must agree to differ, if we agree at all, about most things, I fancy, Mr Karne.'

'About *some*, certainly; I *hope* not many; I believe not *most*.'

'Why, even about so commonplace and external a thing as the coming of autumn, about which we spoke just now, we do not hold the same opinion. My soul goes forth joyfully to meet the autumn; I revel in the first cold wind; it fills me with an almost triumphant sense of power and life; it makes me feel strong and brave to do and to dare all things! The prospect of winter never dismays me; the power to act that it brings, more than compensates for the mere enjoyments of which it deprives me. But here we are, and so I must cut short my rhapsody.'

'You did not show me Dr Johnson's house. We passed it, I suppose,' said Gilbert, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Gertrude blushed crimson. 'I am very sorry; but you will find it without any difficulty. It is just opposite the large elm-trees that grow in our principal street. Good-night; I hope we shall hear your mother is better to-morrow. I must not ask you in,' she continued, hurriedly, 'as John is busy; besides, you had better go back to the village as quickly as possible.'

'You will come and see my mother to-morrow?' he asked, still holding the hand she had given him.

'Yes, some time in the day, if I possibly can,' she answered, drawing it away, and going in.

Quietly and quickly she laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and went to her brother. She paused a minute before opening the study door, to try and assume her usual expression. She felt uncomfortably conscious of flushed cheeks and trembling hands, and feared they would not pass unnoticed.

'I am ready, John; what shall I do first?' she said, when she presented herself.

'You are very late, Gertrude; what kept you?'

'Mrs Karne was worse. Aunt Margaret is to stay there to-night.'

'Who came home with you, then? I heard voices in the garden.'

John was inclined to be far more observant and inquisitive than usual; and Gertrude was growing nervous again.

'Mr Karne walked home with me,' she answered, slowly and proudly, suppressing by a powerful effort every sign of emotion but a vivid blush.

'Does not Mr Karne intend calling in Dr Johnson?'

'Yes, he is to go there this evening. Mr Karne will call for him on his way home.'

'It would have been better if you had called as you passed, it is so late; the good man will be gone to bed.'

'We were to have done so, but forgot it.' Her habit of truth-telling obliged Gertrude to say the *whole* truth, as well as nothing but the truth.

'Forgot it? Hey! Was your conversation so interesting?'

'I think,' answered Gertrude, very haughtily, pride getting the better of embarrassment, 'that you have cross-questioned me sufficiently. At all events, I shall reply to no more inquiries. You say it is late; if you want anything done to-night, I had better begin at once.'

'Well, take these, look over and correct them,' said John, not choosing to provoke his sister farther. Submissive as she generally was to him, he felt he must use his power discreetly.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs Karne continued about the same for many days—not ill enough to keep her bed, nor well enough to go out, or to dispense with Aunt Margaret's nursing and companionship. The inflammation of her foot had subsided, but she was forbidden to use it much for some weeks. The time fixed for their return to town had almost come, but their departure was likely to be delayed by Mrs Karne's accident.

John, in the meantime, when not so much pre-occupied as to forget his fears and

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suspicions, tried to keep Gertrude as much at home and at work as possible, hoping thereby to keep her 'out of mischief.' But many of his best-planned schemes were frustrated by Mrs Karne's evident pleasure in her company, and Aunt Margaret's anxiety to have her as much at Beech Cottage as possible. When she went there to spend an evening, however, John contrived to be able to go and fetch her, thus preventing any more dangerous *tête-à-tête* walks. But on one memorable day Mrs Essery was obliged to return to Ash Grove to set her house in order, and attend to many domestic matters, that had not prospered under her niece's less skilful and less practised hands; and Gertrude, early in the morning, went to Beech Cottage to supply her place. This day was a very peaceful and happy one. Mrs Karne's influence with Gertrude was great, and very softening and salutary. Gertrude sincerely and heartily admired her new friend; and the mere exercise of the faculty of admiration, whether in the exaggerated form of hero-worship, or in a milder, more modified degree, always does great good, especially to those who are inclined to enwrap themselves too much in self, and to see everything through a medium of self.

The greater part of the morning Gilbert read aloud to them passages both of prose and poetry, that were favourites of his and his mother's; many of which Gertrude also knew and admired. Many things which he said, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, about his reasons for admiring or agreeing with what he read, threw a new and bright light on thoughts and ideas, of which Gertrude had before believed that she knew and felt the *full* beauty and force. She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that she had been mistaken in her first judgment of Mr Karne—that she had greatly undervalued his intellectual power. When a generous spirit becomes conscious of having done *less* than justice, in the reaction of feeling it often inclines to do *more*. With reading, music, and talking, the hours of what Gertrude had imagined would be a long, because an idle day, slipped quickly away. The evening was very mild and lovely, and Mrs Karne, tired of lying still on the sofa all day, was anxious to try and get into the garden, with the assistance of Gilbert and Gertrude. After some doubts as to the prudence of allowing her to try, it was settled that she should go, if she would allow them almost to carry her between them. Gertrude put her arm round Mrs Karne's waist, to support her better, and, as she did so, her hand touched Gilbert's. Urged by some impulse too strong for the control of his reason, he pressed her fingers warmly. The casual touch had thrilled her with undefinable and not unpleasant emotion; the intentional pressure brought an angry and indignant flush into her face. Two or three turns up and down the path outside the drawing-room windows were all Mrs Karne could manage. She had talked to them of how soon they must leave this pretty place, and her kind friends—of how sorry they should be, and how much she hoped to see them all again before long;—she had talked, but had found her companions absent and pre-occupied—had received strange and contradictory answers to her few questions—so she asked them to help her back to her sofa, and then extend their walk. Gertrude would have staid with Mrs Karne, but was gently repulsed, and desired to go out again for a little while. A strange spell of obedience made her comply; and with mingling new strange emotions, hopes and fears, she found herself alone in the garden with Gilbert. She felt the warm pressure of Mrs Karne's hand still on her fingers—her earnest maternal kiss still on her cheek; a rushing of thought incongruous, of emotions expectant and inexplicable, overwhelmed her, excluding any definite consciousness of who or where she was, of what it was she hoped or feared. She walked on as in a dream; everything swam before her; it was with difficulty she could see her way. Gilbert was calm, but very pale and grave; perhaps there was more fear than hope in his heart. But he felt he must now ask, and hear answered, the most momentous question that can be asked and answered between mortals. There are more momentous questions possible for the asking of a human heart, but they concern not human and human—but human and divine. The silence had become exquisitely painful to them both, when Gilbert broke it, by saying, 'If we go to my favourite seat, at the edge of the little fir-crowned hill, we shall see the sunset in full perfection, Miss Elton. Shall you feel cold?'

'No,' answered Gertrude, while a quick shudder ran through her frame. The same spell of obedience was on her; she

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walked on, feeling constrained to do so by some external, superior, controlling power. They reached the edge of the hill; they stood, and looked down into the glory-lighted western vale.

'Miss Elton'—he dared not even now call her Gertrude—'Miss Elton, you know how soon I leave this happy valley; when I do so, must I indeed leave all hope of earthly happiness behind me?'

Gertrude stood motionless, gazing straight on and far away, with wide-open but almost sightless eyes; a great dread had fallen on her; she could neither move nor speak. There came no eloquent blood into her face; she looked cold and statue-like.

Gilbert, feeling reckless from an almost entire absence of hope, took her hand. 'Gertrude! will you not hear me? I will speak plainly now. Gertrude, I love you—I love you—will you be my wife?'

Very plain words these; no sentimental adornment or disguisement of their simple, holy meaning. So plain, so truth-telling were they, that they at once broke the dreamy spell that had enthralled her to whom they were addressed. Life and warmth came into that statue-like figure now. She turned abruptly from her long gaze into the distance—she turned round, and confronted him. The red sunset light illumined her; the rays of the sinking orb just then shone out with their last brightest glory.

She looked splendidly beautiful, but there was a proud, fierce light in her eyes, a scornful curve on her lip. One glance was answer enough; there was no love-light, no loving softness, no blushing joy in that glowing face.

When she turned to confront Gilbert, bitter words were on her tongue; her heart told her she had done him wrong, and that consciousness added extra bitterness to her feelings. She would have poured on him the scorn she felt at her own inward weakness; but when she gazed on him—he looked so noble, so good, so sorrowful—there was no red glowing light on his face—a deep dark shadow fell across the place where he stood—his aspect subdued, though it could not move her. She only said, proudly and sternly, 'Mr Karne, you have made a great mistake. Forget this folly; I should have thought you knew me better than to address such words to *me!*' She swept from him majestically, and walked slowly towards the house. She did not think—she kept off thought, pushed it back, saying, 'Not now; not now.'

Mrs Karne looked up quickly and anxiously when she entered the room, but did not speak; the expression of Gertrude's face told more than she wished to know. A bitter pang shot through her motherly heart; she could hardly suppress the cry of anguish that came to her lips.

Gertrude's forced composure would hardly serve her now, as she took *his* mother's hand and said, 'Dear Mrs Karne, think always the best you can of me.'

There was no answering pressure on her hand, the face she sought to read was hidden. Mrs Karne did not speak. Gertrude stood a moment irresolute; she longed to fall on her knees, and say, 'Forgive me.' She could have borne reproaches, anything, rather than that silence, that averted head, that passive hand.

But soon calling up all her strength, she fetched her shawl and bonnet, put them on, and left the house without another word. She went away *alone;* was she not to walk through life all alone—alone in heart and soul? Had she not so chosen? had she not scornfully refused watchful, loving guardianship?

Some such thoughts as these would come, but they were weak and unworthy, she said. So she strove to clothe herself again in the love-proof armour of pride; again to take in her hand her shield of ambition, that she might hold it up between her eyes and the sun of truth.

Although it was nearly dark, she wandered on, unconsciously going farther and farther away from her homeward path. She felt she must be alone. The false idols in the temple of her soul had been roughly shaken; they tottered to their fall: the lying dragon had well-nigh been dashed from his throne by the blow of a world-weak hand, heaven-strong through love. To regain her self-governing power, she must again set up these her slavish ministers, must firmly establish them, giving them yet more of power and dominion.

It may be that *before* she had ignorantly worshipped idols; *now*, the innocence of ignorance was no longer hers—she must sin splendidly, in the light of knowledge.

She wandered on and on, lost in self-communing. She tried to laugh a laugh of

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scorn at *his* folly and presumption. 'Should she, within whose reach golden Hesperian fruit hung invitingly, stoop to pluck the lowly, homely, common russet?' Her laugh rung out so shrill and hollow, its echoes among the hills, in the deep night stillness that had fallen, sounded so strange and unfamiliar, that a mysterious dread came over her. She could almost have believed that the demons who, in olden tales current in the neighbourhood, were said to inhabit the caves under the hills, were, with shrill mimicry, insultingly repeating her laugh.

She knew she was getting frightened and nervous—feelings which before to-day she had hardly ever experienced. She stopped to see where she was, and then turned to go home.

It was bright moonlight now; she wished it had continued dark, and crept along as much in the shadow of the almost leafless branches and hedges as she could. She did not choose that even that fair, calm, meek-looking moon should gaze steadily into her face.

When at last she reached home, very weary, it was nearly midnight. She had the house-key in her pocket, and slipped quietly in. Aunt Margaret had retired, thinking Gertrude would, of course, stay the night at Beech Cottage. As she passed up-stairs, with stealthy step, she paused at the study-door. In the profound night silence she heard, or fancied she heard, the tireless scratching of her brother's pen. The sound, she knew not why, made her heart ache. Should she go in, she asked herself, and at once tell John all, for, of course, he must know, sooner or later. No; not now. In the morning she *would* be calm and strong again; so she passed on with undrawn breath, and reached her own room—that room which had always seemed a haven of repose—would it now be a chamber of torment? She would not allow herself to think any more; she threw herself on her bed, and physical weariness insured sleep. There was not much rest in that sleep, however; it was troubled by ugly visions. She dreamt that she was dying in extreme agony, and that, in a senseless fit of pride and passion, she dashed away the healing cup that was held to her lips. Again, she was struggling in a fathomless lake, whose bitter, buoyant waters would never let her sink and be at rest; that a hand was stretched out from the shore ready to draw her up on firm, safe ground, and she dashed it away with words of scorn and reviling. And once again, she dreamt that her soul was sick unto the death of sin, and that she stopped her ears against a voice that pleaded earnestly with her, telling her of grace, mercy, peace, and rest. In her dreams, the hand, the voice, were always Gilbert Karne's.

From such sleep she woke, unrefreshed and unnerved. For perhaps the first time in her life, when the morning light broke, she turned away from it with a heavy sense of misery, wishing she could turn as easily from life to death. But 'to be weak is miserable,' was a sincerely-accredited article in Gertrude's creed; perhaps not the only one she held in common with Milton's Satan; so she hastened to find, in the cold raw air of an autumn morning, the invigorating influence sleep had failed to exercise. The sharp air brought the blood, at least, into her cheeks, and obliterated the ghost-like look that had startled her when she first saw herself.

Mrs Essery, on learning from the servant that Miss Elton had returned, though much astonished, immediately started for Beech Cottage, thinking Mrs Karne could not yet dispense with her assistance. Gertrude was therefore spared any cross-examination from her aunt for the present; but the dreaded interview with John must take place at once.

'How could you think of coming home so late last night by yourself, Gertrude?' was John's first question. 'Aunt Margaret did not expect you till this morning.'

Gertrude's colour came and went as she answered, 'A circumstance happened which made me alter my plan. I was foolishly excited, I believe, and walked round by the hill, instead of coming straight home, and that made me late.'

'A *circumstance* happened—what was that *circumstance?*'

John was reading, or attempting to read, his sister's face, with a cold, scrutinising glance, which was at the same time so unsympathising and so unpleasing to Gertrude, that, overcoming all maiden bashfulness, she raised her proud eyes, and looking him steadily in the face, answered slowly, in a low, but very firm voice, 'Your friend, Mr Gilbert Karne, told me last evening that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife.'

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'And you?' John asked, eagerly.

'And I!—have you any doubt as to how I should answer such a question? Do you think me so weak, so soft-hearted, so girlish and frivolous, that the first offer of love and marriage would be able to tempt me to step aside from my self-appointed road? I answered as became me. You insult me by asking the question,' she answered, with flashing eyes, with quick-coming words, and passionate breathing.

'Well said! nobly done, sister mine! my true sister!' exclaimed John, rising, and printing his hard mechanical kiss on her brow. 'But how hot your head is; and your hand, too, it burns me! Ah! you do not yet know the wisdom of taking things coolly. You have suffered this foolish affair to excite you too much.'

Gertrude did not answer, and a long silence followed. 'Poor Gilbert!' broke involuntarily from John's lips. 'Poor Gilbert!' he muttered to himself more than once again in the course of the morning. 'Poor Gertrude!' it never occurred to him to say; yet she was the far poorer of the two.

ODE TO THE GRAMPIANS.

BY R. M. WEBSTER.

My steps are on you once again, ye hills!
Whose dark-blue peaks rise in the morning sky,
Haloed with glory, like the pinnacles
Of some vast temple, rear'd to the Most High—
Within whose rugged walls unceasing ply
The elements—the thunder's echoing fire;
The winds in storm or breeze; the mellow cry
Of summer brooks, or wintry torrents' ire;
The diapason full of nature's mighty choir.

No avalanche, or gorges, thunder-riven,
Your graceful forms enshroud in terror drear;
No icy summits, towering proud to heaven,
Enthrone sublimity on wondering fear;
Though skyward swelling, yet to earth more near,
Ye keep benignant watch o'er plains below;
Nor tempests breed, nor storm-gusts hurling sheer
From rock to rock their thunderbolts of snow;
But peaceful grandeur reigns, and balmy breezes blow.

Glorious ye are, when morning from your breast
Rises to greet the sun, or waning day
Comes down upon your peaks, to watch the West
Gathering his curtains round the dying ray;
Glorious in calm, or when in wanton play
Ye pierce, with jagged lance, the thunder-cloud,
And wreath your brows with lightnings of the fray,
And shake your torrent-locks, and to the proud
And vengeful peal respond with thousand peals more loud.

When Time began, ye stood there with the stars;
When Time is well-nigh o'er, ye stand there now;
Whole dynasties have pass'd, and feeble scars
Are all that Time hath graven on your brow.
The rolling centuries have witness'd how
The race of man from youth to age hath grown,
But still your giant heads ye scorn to bow;
Amid the wreck of years and races flown,
Ye stand mute monuments of all—sublime, alone.

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Your high embattled ridge, from sea to sea
  Stretching—a rampart rear'd by the Almighty Hand
Each mountain-pass a new Thermopylæ
  Of untaught freedom, where your patriot band
  Have quell'd each new invader of their land.
O'er walls of adamant, and hearts as firm,
  No conquering foe hath pass'd with hostile brand;
Shiver'd at your base, hath sunk each tyrant arm—
The Saxon's hardy rage, high Rome's imperial storm.

Here, Queen of Empires! thy victorious tide,
  Flowing o'er a prostrate world, first found a shore
The thunderbolt that smote the Alpine pride,
  Here harmless fell, omnipotent no more.
In vain thy baffled eagles tried to soar
  Over these heights of freedom. Foul dismay!
The hosts unconquer'd, arms unfoil'd before,
  That Carthage smote, and o'er a world held sway,
Recoil'd from rugged rocks, and tribes as rude as they.

Ye glorious hills! no more your echoes ring
  To Roman shout, or fierce domestic jar;
The dove hath scaled where droop'd the eagle's wing,
  And peace hath tamed, where fail'd the might of war.
  May despot hand ne'er stain, nor craven mar
Your hallow'd grandeur; to all time still be
  Stern barrier to oppression—famed afar
As birth-place and asylum of the free—
The temple, altar, capitol of liberty!

My native hills! through proudly-swelling tears,
  I see in mirror'd thought each well-known height,
Glowing with the deathless fame of strifeful years—
  With newer, gentler triumphs, still more bright.
  So rise in fame—unsullied as the light,
That dims your peaks with splendour; so in grace
  Of peaceful beauty—as yon cloudlet's flight,
That bathe with dewy kiss your wither'd face—
Cradle, in ev'ry age, of Freedom's youngest race.

SONNET.

How much on earth doth tend to make us sad!
Life seems a weeping pilgrimage—we know
O'er mirth and pleasure there must be the flow
Of bitter tears; that that which made us glad
Must be our grief; and beauty pale and fade;
That music soon must cease to charm or glow;
That love from love, and friend from friend, must go;
All that is dear be lost when low we're laid.
But let us cheer—for high above it all
Our Father sits—all works but for his praise.
He marks our tears, and counts them as they fall;
And blessings he shall deal a thousandfold;
Even as the rain from earth the flowers doth raise,
So shall our tears have fruit—they steep no barren mould.

F. C.

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'A SUPERFINE ARTICLE.'

VISITERS to the West of England, as often as they have whisked along the 'broad-gauge,' have had their sleepy eyes brightened, and their tired frames refreshed, with the scenery between Swindon and Gloucester. From London onwards, the country is pretty enough, but unstriking. Where the South Wales line branches off, it enters new and original scenery. Hilly woodlands take the place of meadows; rocks and trees grow more and more imposing, till the guard cries, 'Stroud.' At this point a landscape may be glanced up, fairly vieing with the most noted spots of English beauty. A lengthened, irregular vale bursts upon the eye, and transfixes the beholder with admiration. The mountainous sides are clothed with foliage to their very summits, except here and there where the rocks peep out, or where roads have wound themselves, or where many a great, white, square, many-windowed building has chosen a deep ravine over which to rear its hoary head. Huge things are these buildings, but, having the grand and sublime all round them, they look but pigmy light chalk rocks, to stud and diversify the scene. The beauty would not be complete without a river, so a river is here too. The Slade, or Stroudwater, twines and wreaths itself along like a silver eel. At every short interval of a mile or more it has a progeny of streamlets. These are always in the neighbourhood of the white buildings; and, what is very curious about them, they are of as many colours as the fish in the Arabian Tales. In one place we see a pool of milk, as white as any in the cheese island of Gulliver. In another place is a stream of indigo blue. To-morrow our eyes would open wider still, by finding the milk changed to red ink, and the indigo to yellow or green wash, fit for a water-colour artist. Where the tall factories are not embellished with these ornamental waters, another kind of decoration is in use. Over the grass grounds, lie bleaching and drying thick layers of snowy wool, making the spot wear quite a wintry aspect. Adjoining fields are crossed with lines, from which hang, what we rashly pronounce, blankets. The colour would lead us to such a thought, but seeing what extensive blankets they must needs be that stretch from one end of the field to the other, we fain call our judgment back, and believe the hangings to be undyed woollen cloth.

This is the secret of the whole: We are in the centre of the woollen trade of the West of England; the former staple, and an ancient branch of England's great doings in trade. Though cotton has outrun woollen, yet the value of the last is more than £25,000,000 sterling every year; and it employs more than 300,000 of our people. Stroud, and the adjacent 'Chalford Bottoms,' together with Ebley, and other towns in the immediate vicinity, have long been famous for their broadcloth productions, not only for the texture, but also for the brilliancy of the dyes, a quality which they owe, it has always been thought, to the water of the streams that run by the mills. The Yorkshire market has gallantly combated the superiority of the west in both particulars for a good many years, yet, in the public mind at large, a 'superfine wool-dyed West of England broadcloth' still bears the palm.

Our curiosity had been excited many times over by the sights which our carriage-window had revealed to us. We had often wished to arrest our locomotive, so that we might enter more into their details. The hive-like animation of a busy community we knew to be always interesting. Here, in addition, we could get some of the most romantic scenery in our country, disfigured, as minds akin to the place would say, by ugly invasions of stone and brick. Emblems of the age, they peep into the most secluded spots, with maiden modesty at first, but creep on surely as old Frost himself, till they steal the green banks of the rivers, and split the rocks that stand in their way.

One fine morning, not long ago, we had an opportunity of gratifying our wishes. Behold us, then, stopping at Stonehouse, on the route for Messrs Marling's mills at Ebley, the most extensive works in the district, if not in the whole western trade. By the good offices of a friend at court, we had assurance beforehand of a ready admission. One of the managers received us with courtesy, and supplied us with an antiquated cicerone. From his age, you would think he had grown up with the place; he would have been a capital subject for the Archæological Society to de-

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scant upon. Old Peter (if we remember right) told us he had been at his post a long time, and that he knew every stone in the place; and we did not doubt him in the least. He was a little thin fellow, but nimble withal. He proved his knowledge of the 'stones,' and his agility at the same time, by scrambling up the steps leading to the wool-sorters' room. Not to be outdone, and exhilarated by a real autumnal morning, we were at the top as soon as the old man. There is such a plethora of work in the factory, that much of it, without special arrangements, would ooze out at the windows, which are placed, seemingly to aid such an operation, so thickly side by side, that very little room is left for the bricks and mortar. Out-buildings, therefore, like limpets to the rocks, attach to the main building. In the wool-sorters' room, our senses are regaled with the sight of many large baskets, and with the smell of strong greasy wool. The man in charge of the room appears little enough affected, for he is the heartiest specimen of an English workman that we have seen for a long time. We address him, and he immediately becomes full of explanations and instruction. As he stands before his bench, which is covered with wirework, like a bricklayer's screen, and picks the wool apart into its proper qualities, he tells us that there is a great deal of fat and dirt left in the wool after it is washed at shearing time. To get these impurities out, is the next process to sorting the wool.

'Now, which would you think is the best quality of these two sorts?' asks the man, putting into our hands the sorts named. Having pulled out each sort in turn, like a connoisseur, we very knowingly pronounce for the last; for, as we said, 'there are so many threads in that.'—'And that's just why it is the worst,' the man answered; 'that's about the coarsest quality we have; and the other, where you can hardly see the threads, because they are so fine, is the best.' Failing so wofully in choosing between the very best and very worst, we gave up the task of discriminating the degrees of quality into which the man was sorting the wool before him. Out of one heap he made seven. Spreading out the wool on the wire bench, the dust passed down into a kind of bin, while the wool was separated as fast as we could have taken up handfuls of it from one of the baskets. The best wool comes from Germany, we are told—still a great source of our yearly supplies, although we have lately heard so much of Australian wool. England produces about 1,000,000 packs of wool annually. We import about 100,000,000 lbs. More than half of this quantity, though not the finest quality, comes from our own colonies. The wool from Silesia has the pre-eminence over all the rest. Even to our unprofessional eyes, the sample shown to us looked beautifully fine, and felt silky soft. That wool, the workman assures us, is worth half-a-guinea a-pound; and it will take two pounds to make a yard of cloth. Think of that, ye exquisites! The coat on your back, before it has endured one of the inflictions of manufacture, to cost at the rate of a guinea a-yard! Our preceptor, interested in the eagerness of his pupil, is next anxious to show us some wool from the Cape, but fails in finding a specimen. We go off, therefore, as the wool itself does after sorting, to the cleansing house, leaving, without more than a passing glance, the stores of full sacks in an under room, where a capacious area holds them as they come from abroad, till the imperative voice of the sorter above calls them out to daylight and to usefulness.

In the cleansing house, a man has under his care an enormous boiler, from which is rising a fragrance most abominable, in volumes of steam. A cold-water bath is also one of the appurtenances of the house. Everything that comes under the influence of the vile decoction in the boiler must find the bath a requisite. The man is now at the copper; let us watch his doings. Over the boiler is a board made of cross pieces of wood, like an area grating, or the foot-board of a bath-room. He takes out a soft, greenish mass of queer-looking stuff, which we are still told is wool, and lays it on the board. Having heaped up enough to drain for a few minutes, he goes off to the cold bath. He clearly has not a moment to spare. Wool is in the bath also. In the boiler it rolls over and over, and moves about in all manner of ways, of its own free will, as though it had really determined to get clean. In the water it is knocked about by the labourer's long but narrow-pronged pitchfork. He dashes to and fro, without mercy for the wool or for himself. When he has knocked it about enough, he takes it out with his fork, and forms a heap of white, clean washed wool. This, when drained, be-

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comes the fleecy coverlet to the grass plots. The boiling took out all the grease; the rough usage in the bath has made the wool quite clean. The bath emptied, it is replenished again from the board over the boiler. Just as we have seen the complete cycle of operations in the cleansing room, our old friend from the sorters comes running up to us as fast as his rotund geniality admitted of running. He had found some Cape wool, and asks our opinion of it. 'Why, it is all matted, and full of hair,' we said; 'it is in our opinion the worst we have seen.' We did honour to our teaching, for we were quite right; a fact that pleased our teacher, and elated us. 'Cape wool always has some hair in it,' he continued; 'it is not of good quality, though seldom so bad as this sample. It is almost black now,' the good man proceeds, 'but when it is washed, it will be so white you wouldn't know it again.' With that he pulled a handful out of the pile of the washed wool, to show how white he meant. 'The washing does not get the bits of stick, and things of that kind, out,' we remarked.—'No,' says the man, 'they have all to be picked out by hand. Come this way, and you shall see.' With this we go off to another part of the premises, where we find a row of women, seated at benches, hard at work, picking away at the wool, till the baskets at their side are filled with a clean and clear substance, ready for any after operation. Machinery has been tried for this picking, but has not yet superseded hand work; nor does it seem likely soon to do so, for the pieces of dirt are so irregular in size and place, that only the hand yields enough to all the inequalities.

We beg pardon of our venerable guide for leaving him in the background, when, as the leader, he ought throughout to have been foremost. He replies to our question as to what is the next sight to be seen, by leading us along a dark lane, the thoroughfare to a gloomy apartment, where dwells an old woman, and a queer-looking piece of apparatus. The wool picked and clean as we have seen it, is brought here. Nothing is going on for a moment, and we wonder why the old woman has her mouth muffled. In a little time she begins to feed the machine with wool, and immediately we hear its masticating organs at work. The digestive powers of this great box-like machine are only limited by the quantity of food given to it. And no wonder; for, while we look, behold, the wool fed in at the back is pouring and puffing out of the front, in large and beautiful snow-flakes, which soon lie thick upon the ground. The machine is the same that is used to separate the cotton seeds from the cotton wool, but here it only tears the fibres of wool apart, and by so doing, allows all the remaining small impurities to fall to the bottom, while the now perfectly cleansed fleece is blown out in a snow-storm. If we were to look inside, we should find a drum set with naily spikes, and working in and out other spikes or teeth set in the box-work round the drum. A most fearful-looking engine it is. We ask our old man what is its name?

'Well, sir,' he says, hesitatingly, 'I don't know what is its proper name, but I hear it called the *devil* oftener than anything else.'

'That's near enough,' answered we; 'for it is more like Old Scratch than anything we have seen for a long time.'

It was clear now why the place was so dark, since such a notable individual resided there. It was also evident why the old woman had her face muffled. 'Avoid bad company,' was one of our earliest text hands, so we will hasten from his sable highness. If we stay much longer, more wool-flakes will get into our lungs than would do us good, thus proving that we cannot associate with what is evil, without coming to harm.

We have traced the wool up to the point when, if the cloth is to be 'wool-dyed,' it is ready to go off to the dyers. We lose sight of it, therefore, for a time. The dyeing and weaving are not carried on in the same factory. Entering at last the *bona fide* mills, we find that the dyers have done their duty, and that all the workers are using coloured wool. All the best broadcloths are dyed in the wool; and here they produce, as we promised, 'a superfine article.'

In one long and spacious room we get introduced for the first time to the machinery. Down our path are ranged alternate *scribbling* and *carding* engines, which form an avenue, with *billies* or *slubbing* machines on the opposite hand.

The 'scribblers' and 'carders' are nearly the same in shape, but the first is much the largest. Scribbling is in fact only a preliminary carding. Both engines consist of a number of rollers, with faces of felt. The felt is covered with close

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short wire, like the hair of a scrubbing brush. Each roller acts as a card or a comb to another. Supplying, therefore, the 'scribbler' with the soft dyed wool, one roller directly takes it up, but in the course of the first revolution loses it again. A second roller meeting the first, but revolving in an opposite direction, neatly pilfers every filament, by combing it off the first roller. A third roller serves the second just as badly, and a fourth serves out the third. By the time the wool reaches the opposite side of the machine, it has been delivered from one to another of a whole series of rollers, till each fibre is brushed and combed, and made to lie evenly with the rest. It falls a broad, thin fleece or *lap* into a basket ready to receive it. This first carding is similar to the process which cotton undergoes. There is a similarity of filament in the two products which causes a like treatment to be pursued to persuade the fibres to lie all in one direction. To take up a cotton pod, and draw out its contents, or to look into a matted piece of a fleece, would make one despair of ever getting the fibres side by side.

Carding is but the repetition of scribbling with a smaller machine. The last roller which the wool has to pass is, however, not uniformly covered with the wire bristles. The wiry surface is divided into half a dozen parallel strips. The consequence is, that there is not a continuous delivery of the carded wool. Long snaky *slivers* are given off instead, and roll down into a trough placed before the roller, and of the same length. These slivers remain in the trough a very short time, for a little maiden is feeding one of the slubbing machines as fast as they render themselves. She joins them to the end of the other slivers that went before, with a peculiar twist of her thumb and finger, which we try to excel, but wofully fail in, much to the maiden's diversion, and not less to our own. We should fail still more wofully, if we attempt to tell how it is that a row of 200 bobbins wheel up to meet the newly supplied thread, and how they know exactly when to stop, and how the wool spins round the top of the spindle without breaking, and then how the bobbins go back again, stretching out and twisting round, at the same time, the sliver. It came out from the carding operation as thick as one's finger, and is now a slightly twisted, spongy, worsted thread, or roving. So these strange automata will keep on. Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, twisting and twirling they go, till the bobbins are all filled with thread. All down the long room these operations are *vis à vis* with the scribbling and carding. In such a vast establishment, the blending of processes is an important consideration. One process follows so immediately upon another, that it is very convenient in some parts of the work to have different machines near together. Our curiosity in this quarter being now pretty well satisfied, we are about to leave, but first ask our ancient, 'What the workmen call the machine for filling the bobbins?'

'They do call that a *Warder Billy*,' says he.

'A Warder Billy,' we muse; 'what can that mean?' but our etymology was entirely at fault.

Another large apartment, a storey higher, discloses just the same work going on as below—no end of machinery, the same endless noise of wheels, and the same whirr every now and then with the 'Warder Billies.'

'Oh, no,' cries our guide, as we mention the last words; '*these* are "Hand Billies."'

'Then why do you call the others Warder Billies?'

'I suppose it is that they do work by warder,' answered he, in the true Glo'stershire improvement on the Queen's English. 'We have some that do go by hand, and some that do go by warder, but the warder has failed lately, and we are having some to go by steam.'

Our discovery as to the identity of 'warder' and 'water,' has not yet helped us to the derivation of 'Billy,' as applied to these machines. Perhaps some clever lexicographer can help us out. Even the other name of 'slubber' does not assist.

Now that the woollen thread is ready for weaving, we follow its course into an immense room on the ground-floor. It is a great space, filled with machinery again. We pace from one end to the other, with power-looms on both sides of our path, shuttles flying to and fro to form the *weft*, and the thousand threads so perfectly arranged in the loom, crossing each flight of the shuttle so as to form the *warp*. Each loom is so large and complicated, that it would excite surprise, and cause surmises as to its cost. Here we have passed twenty on each hand, in going up only one side aisle.

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Having reached the end, we stay to take survey. One of the most extraordinary sights presents itself to a strange eye. The whole space is filled with looms at work. So much movement is at first bewildering. Our wits go a wool-gathering. When they come home again, we are beset with all manner of thoughts at once. The opposite path down to the door has looms as many as the path we came up. Eighty looms on one floor, and not small things either. Each of these has its great length of black or blue cloth weaving. But eighty does not satisfy the greed of business. Twenty smaller looms are placed on each side, in open galleries, which run the whole length of the room, like the side galleries of a church. All the work at the looms is done by women. It adds very much to the curious aspect of the place to see these women. They are dressed in uniform. A blue cotton pinafore, fastened round the neck with the usual string, makes them look like great gawky girls. At first we thought they were only girls, and were not a little struck, on addressing one of them, to see her marriage ring on her blue-dyed hand, and to find that she was quite an elderly woman. Our chief thoughts upon leaving this scene were computations, which we gave up, of the vast capital sunk in a place so choke full of valuable machinery; and economic speculations upon the employment of the labour of women. A very great deal of the work of the factory is done by women; so much, it seemed to us, that we asked our attendant whether any men were employed at all?

'Oh, yes, we shall come to them very soon,' says he. 'Yes,' he says again, in reply to a question about the work-women, 'we employ nearly all the women about the town, and a good many have to work for themselves and their husbands too.

'But how is that? Can't the husbands get work?'

'Oh, yes, they could easily, if they tried, but while their wives earn any money, they won't work; they only go idling about and drinking.'

So much for the morality of the married men. We hope there is not a large proportion amongst them of the lazy good-for-nothings.

If you think the cloth is now ready for the tailor, you are under an unusual delusion. It has to go through more numerous ordeals than before it was woven. Broadcloth indeed it is just now, for, fresh from the loom, it would well carpet the Great Western 'broad-gauge' that runs close by. Common baize, rough and coarse, would also exceed it in beauty of texture. How it is to be made into 'a superfine article' puzzles us for some time longer.

Our leader ascends to another floor, where there is again an assemblage of machinery. The unwieldy breadth has to be reduced, and the substance has to be thickened. This is the first step towards making the coarse baize put on a respectable appearance. The *fulling* mills undertake the task of shrinking the cloth. Enormous tilt-hammers, according to good old fashion, move up and down at a great mechanical disadvantage, by the turning of a bulky toothed wheel, moved in *its* turn by water-power. They are called 'the *stocks*,' and are constructed of wood. By their bulk and cumbersome aspect they get attention, much more than by the elegance of their motion. They are odd-looking, overgrown leviathans, and from their very ugliness claim inspection. Several of them tumble in succession side by side upon the cloth exposed to their heavy and frequent falls. But their doom is fixed. Modern craft cannot endure their clumsy style of work. Some of them have already vanished. One by one the others are going. We can safely predict a clearance not long hence. A modern method of 'milling' is gradually usurping the rights of the 'stocks.' By the improved plans, great economy of space is effected, and the apparatus is much more sightly. The cloth in these last is sewn into an endless piece, like a jack-towel, and wends its way upwards, twisting and turning like a boa-constrictor, squeezing between two vertical rollers at top, whence it descends again into a bath, containing a compound of a soapy character. Saturated over and over again with this thick mixture, it is as often relieved of it by a passage between the rollers. Whether in the stocks or in these new mills, the cloth submits to a 'milling' for many hours. Its thickness is increased by the treatment. The length is diminished by a third, and the breadth by a half. We perceive also that it has lost its coarseness. It has become a fine grained cloth. If extra thickness and strength be required, the process is repeated. 'Double-milled broadcloth,' as the drapers advertise it, is the result of this second operation.

The milling having been accomplished,

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it is as necessary to get all the soapy compound out, as it was before to get it in. Onwards we go, following the destination of the cloth, till we arrive at another cleaning house. All the cloth made in the factory passes through this house. It is a cold, stone-paved room, containing a few troughs and tubs. Why the cleansing rooms should be filled with viler odours than any others, seems at a first venture rather odd. The troughs round about us scent the air far more outrageously than did the boiler in the wool-cleansing house. In fact, the cleansing liquids consist of unnameable and almost unbelievable abominations. They are far more odious in their own nature than are the impurities they are used to remove. Strange to say, all the resources of art and science cannot substitute, or have not yet substituted, any substance of a little more delectable nature than excrement, to perform the duty of a cleansing agent in this and kindred branches of industry.

We have seen the cloth woven and shrunk, and now, after a thorough washing in clear water, it is quite clean. Can a fastidious taste require more than this? Yes; you, our readers, who of course are not the least fastidious, would not be pleased without a fine gloss upon your new coat. It is the next duty of the manufacturer to put this gloss upon the cloth, or to 'dress' it, as he himself would say. Dressing the surface is one of the most curious operations amongst so much that is curious. Teasels, a large kind of thistle, are used for the purpose. The wiry sharp hooks of the thistle head (which we all well know, from school-boy experience, to possess a 'touch-me-not' character) become an indispensable utility in cloth-dressing. We noticed two boys, when we entered the factory, busy with these teasels, fixing them in frames ready for use. By leaving a little of the stalk, they were able to fix them in rows, and, by a tap with a small mallet, to keep them in their places. The stalks, peeping through the narrow aperture in which they were fixed, were afterwards shaven off close, and the little rack was ready to go into the 'dressing'-room, and do duty there. Teasels are named from their size, (so the boys tell us), 'kings, queens, middlings, and small ones.' The kings and queens are large enough to be placed side by side, and fill the frame with a single file. The middlings and small ones are put end to end across, and pressed together, taking two with their points rather overlapping to reach the frames. The teasels, thus fixed, are placed in the 'dressing' machines. The room where these machines are is crowded with them. 'More machinery; more machinery,' we soliloquise, in astonishment, although we had nearly lost our power of astonishment. As for counting the engines and apparatus, we had given that up long before. Here they are again all in motion. Thousands upon thousands of teasels revolving, are dressing up the surface of the cloth exposed to their friction. As the cloth reaches the ground, small jets of water play upon it, which keep a moist surface for the teasels to act upon. Manifold schemes have been devised to do away with the teasel heads, but all have failed.

'You see,' our old pioneer says, 'when we tried wires, the points used to turn back, and then they wouldn't return to their places.'

'And will the teasels?' we ask.

'Yes, we can use them over and over a dozen times.'

The new teasels, as they are wanted, are put in at the top of the apparatus, and gradually get removed lower and lower, till, by the time they have gone round the whole circumference of the wheel, they are pretty well used up. Children pick them clean when filled with the nap from the cloth, and, when they are softened by the moisture, drying restores their elasticity. Even though serving a dozen times nearly, as the man tells us, the consumption of teasels must necessarily be immense. A procession of ten or twelve waggons laden with teasels is not an unfrequent sight in the neighbourhood of the mill gates. The number in daily use is immense. The number in store is this countless quantity many times multiplied. The store is in the open air. We are led out of the factory to a large, open, wooden erection. Ready for use, and already fixed in their frames, they are here kept in vertical racks, reaching a good height above the ground, like the receptacles for 'cases' not in use, at a large printing office. Neighbouring counties, more than Gloucestershire, supply the teasels. Somersetshire is one of the chief places of their cultivation. Capricious in their yield, they sometimes double or triple the always heavy item on their account in the balance-sheet of a cloth factory. When the teasel harvest has failed, from blight or other causes, they have gone as high

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as £4 a-bushel. Their common value is twenty shillings. No wonder, then, that manufacturers have tried hard to find some instrument less whimsical in its supply, and less perishable when obtained, to dress the face of their cloth. The achievement is not, however, an easy one. To blend, in any artificial contrivance, the beautiful elasticity of the teasel hook, which yields to the cloth without injuring it, with the stiffness and strength which render it more durable than one would think, has been, and promises to be yet awhile, unsuccessful.

Looking at the cloth after the teasels have done their office upon it, we see how nicely all the ends of the wool have been hooked out and laid straight, so as to form the *nap*. There is now a face upon the material. Still, it is not yet 'a superfine article.' The teasels have done their duty like faithful servants; but, though they have pulled out a 'nap' from the substance of the cloth, they could not insure that all the ends should be of equal length. The whole surface has next to be sheared. 'Is there really no end at all to these machines?' we cried, half in soliloquy, half to our indefatigable pioneer. There was, indeed, reason for the ejaculation. Again, a great apartment astonished us with a sight of a multitude of shearing machines. The first workman we greet is so obliging as to stop his work, to show us how he contrives to take the superfluous floss and long ends from the beaver surface that the teasels made. Under his tuition, we find that the cutting part of his apparatus consists of a roller, round which wind spiral sharp edges. As the roller revolves, it presents these edges to a fixed horizontal blade. Meeting together, they act as several sharp scissors, cutting clean off anything going near enough, as the workman satisfactorily proved by an experiment with a sheet of paper. The operative hooks the cloth with about half a dozen hooks across its breadth, and sets the machinery a-going. While the cloth passes under the cutting instruments, he, with a youthful assistant, starts to another machine to do the same things. Each man takes charge of two machines. It is wonderful how clean shaved the face of the cloth is after going under the blade of this unusual barber. We could recommend some of our friends seized by the hirsute epidemic, to try the same artist on their chins. Sometimes the cloth is teaselled twice and sheared twice, before we have in good faith 'a superfine article.'

We follow it very little further. One more room, and we have traced it through most of its stages. Several big presses are giving the cloth a good squeeze, which, as if their affection were very strong, they will keep up for a whole day. This pressing will take out all the creases, and reduce the bulk, and leave the cloth ready for packing.

In going through one spacious room after another in this gigantic factory, we could not but admire how gradually steam is invading the domain of water-power, and of the hand. The three giants work here pretty harmoniously while they are really at it, but it is plain that hand labour is 'getting smaller by degrees, and beautifully less.' Water power, too, a big brother of hand labour, is destined to annihilation some day, not long hence; for, while it has to give constant battle to its vigorous, hissing, and hot kinsman, steam, the source of its strength—the stream that flows by—has been for some time failing. Such a tremendous place as one of these cloth factories takes as long a time to revolutionise, as Parliament to pass a Reform Bill. Revolution is going on, notwithstanding. Two great steam-engines, of 45-horse power, are clutching hold of one department after another, till some future day will hail them as lords paramount over the whole of the works. Modern improvements, unhappily, too often increase the risk of accident. It is hardly more than a year ago, that the bursting of a steam-boiler tore down and laid in ruins a large corner of Messrs Marling's mill. The old guide referred to it as a fearful catastrophe. Yet it is not in these unusual accidents that injury is to be so much apprehended. Where such a huge amount of machinery is accumulated, occasional accidents, however pitiful, seem to be unavoidable. Printed warnings and rules are put up in every available spot, which, if attended to, would doubtless prevent all accident. But it is more than we shall find or can expect in human nature, that people will be thoughtful at all times. A moment's carelessness at the scribbling or carding engines might fearfully lacerate a poor girl's hand, and the other machines in motion show no mercy towards the thoughtless, and have no pity. The machine whose name we dare not mention

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to ears polite, would play havoc with a limb, and tear it into sausage-meat very expeditiously. This terrible engine luckily works in a box, and we can only see its effects upon the wool, and hear its internal working.

We are now about to leave this busy hive. We have seen hundreds of 'hands,' men and women, so closely occupied, that they could not afford more than one look up, however long we staid watching their quick movements. Trying to find the manager, to whom we were indebted for our admission, we play hide-and-seek amongst the offices for a time, and then find that he is off amongst the work-people somewhere. Masters and managers, clerks and operatives, labourers and machines, stop not a moment till the steam is turned off at night. We never saw so large a number of people so completely engaged. Perhaps this excessive occupation accounts for the courtesy of the manager ending with the admittance he gave us; a fact a little disappointing to us, for we doubt not that where so large a number congregates, many interesting incidents might have been told us by a cultivated and observant man, in the habits and mode of life of his work-people, and not less in the efforts which good masters now nearly universally make for their happiness and mental welfare. We were, however, left to ourselves in our perambulation. Rambling, without question, wherever we pleased, was a privilege, as far as it gave us opportunity to make a most leisurely survey, yet it was a privilege that surprised us somewhat, for it had been whispered to us that the western manufacturers are apt to view with jealousy strangers who wish to see their works.

The picture we have sketched of Messrs Marling's, though lengthy, is incomplete. Except as to the extent of the works, it would serve for any of the numerous establishments of the kind in Wiltshire, Glo'stershire, and the vicinity. We have been over the largest these counties can boast. Of the trading transactions, vast as they are, and of the system of business, it has not been our province to speak. We heard the other day the casual remark of a Northampton prince of leather, which showed the nature of business, and exemplified what is also done in cloth. Some one said to him, 'This loss of 19,000 men at Varna will make you busy in the boot-and-shoe line!'—'Busy! Why, it was but a day or two ago we refused an order of 60,000 pairs, because we were already so full of work!' It is by home illustrations that the magnitude of the princely doings of our manufacturers can be best understood. There are cloth lords as well as cotton lords. Each of the mills maintains a corps of itinerant ambassadors, who negotiate with the drapers all over the land, and are the medium of communication between the magnates of the mill and the heads of wholesale houses.

As to the healthiness of factory work, we speak with feeling, yet, withal, with great diffidence. Great part of it is done with the cloth in a moist state. The work-people, on the whole, seem healthy, except the women at the power-looms. We could not decide as to their healthy looks. Hands and faces were dyed as deep as the cloth they were weaving. Many had the 'blue disease,' and the rest the 'black fever.' It is not possible for the various strong smells through which we passed to be quite innocuous to those who breathe them all day long. Of the effect upon ourselves, we are bound to add, that, unless we were predisposed to fever, this morning's catering for our readers' entertainment cost us several weeks' inaction, too much of which was spent in bed.

SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME.

THORNHILL was small, it could not be denied; it was old-fashioned also; which is to say, that its quaintness of construction was balanced by certain peculiarities which conventional fastidiousness might even decry as inconvenient. It had narrow passages, a steep staircase, low ceilings, clumsy doors; and a general want of what auctioneers call 'ornamental finish,' was perceptible in every part.

On the other hand, it was equally indisputable that it was a bright, sunny,

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little place, and home-like as a nest. Moreover, Miss Blackburn had taken a genial pride and interest in arranging it, both within and without. Her servants had been busy among the rooms, until the floors and walls, furniture and draperies, absolutely glistened with snowy cleanliness —the loveliest of household decorations.

The garden, too—the little domain which surrounded the tenement—was green and gay as spring verdure and April blossoms could make it, and as neat and well ordered as could be effected by a week's labour of Miss Blackburn's gardener, Joy, a person enthusiastic in the theory, but somewhat over-deliberate in the practical department of his profession.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which the travellers were to arrive, Joy and his mistress stood on the tiny lawn in front of Thornhill Cottage, contemplating the general effect of their combined preparations. The finishing touch had just been put to the garden; Joy had mowed the grass, closely, evenly, with the tender nicety on which he prided himself; and now, having swept up the last fragments, and deposited them in his wheelbarrow, he gazed, broom in hand, his large black eyes quite pensive with satisfaction.

'I think that's about as fine as it can be done, ma'am,' was his observation, as he wiped his forehead; 'and them beds look well, too, now, don't they? I like to see 'em. Them anemones are the proper sort; and as for that 'ricula of ourn, I don't know I ever see such a free blower, *and* such a blossom! Why, it's as big—not to say bigger—than the Crown Prince that gained the prize last year. Oh, it's a pretty thing! I like to see it.'

'Yes, Joy, we've done very well,' remarked Miss Blackburn, complacently. 'The place looks very bright and pleasant; I think they will like it.'

'There's not another such a bit of ground—to say for flowers—in the parish, 'cept ourn,' Mr Joy pronounced. 'I always thought the plants took uncommon well to this bit of ground. They growed clean and healthy like, even when there warn't a soul to look after 'em; and the mignonette, and sweet peas, and such, they come up, self-sowed, every year. You see, it's the right aspect—doo south —as straight as it can stare. There isn't a single inch o' this garden that don't have its partik'lar drink o' sunshine at *some* time o' day; and bless yer, ma'am, sunshine's everything to flowers.'

'Very true,' assented Miss Blackburn, looking at her watch; 'and now, Joy, we may take ourselves home again. The family will most likely arrive here in the course of an hour. We have done our part; we have no further business on this territory. Pack your tools; away with you,' she cried, with a hasty sort of jocoseness; to which Mr Joy responded slowly, as was his wont, by giving a final comprehensive gaze around the scene of his completed labours, and then lingeringly turning away to collect his scythe, and hoe, and other implements, flinging them into his wheelbarrow, one by one, pausing between whiles to pick off a withered leaf, or a dead flower, that marred the ordered beauty of the borders. In fact, his proceedings were altogether too circumspect, not to say dilatory, for his mistress, as alert in her movements as in her glance, as agile of body as active in mind. So, with a last despairing injunction to her retainer to follow her home as quickly as possible, Miss Blackburn stepped out at the white gate into the winding lane which was the approach to Thornhill.

A bridle path through Hillington wood led to her own abode. To gain this, she had to pass the dozen scattered cottages termed 'the village,' and the long pasture-field where the cricketers played in the summer time, with the shallow stream skirting it on one side, and the line of trees marking its course; the trees, vital, fresh, renewed in their spring loveliness, so that it made the heart bound with a sense of joyous life only to look at them. Past all this, she descended into the thick greenery of the wood, as into a sea, deep and still, with strange, solemn whispers murmuring through it, and now and again the rich notes of a blackbird throbbing upon the silence.

Through the vista of the over-arching hazels, Miss Blackburn saw two figures advancing down the narrow path she was ascending. And presently, the blackbird ceased to hold sole empery of sound in the quiet wood.

'We thought we might meet you. We have just been at your house. They have not arrived yet?'

'No. The coach is not due till six. They will be at least an hour driving from Castleton. They cannot be here till seven.'

'We are going to wait for them,' said Miss Selina Grant. 'We thought you would wait too, perhaps.'

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'Oh, no. I shall call some time to-morrow. Give my kind regards to Miss Dynevor. I won't detain you.'

'We are not hurried,' observed gentle Mrs Grant; 'and, indeed, I should have been earlier, but for my letter.'

'Mamma has been writing all day,' explained her daughter, 'to my brother.'

'Ah!'

Miss Blackburn's onward step and her attention were both arrested.

'This morning's post brought me a long letter from my boy,' cried the mother, her face beaming, 'the first I have had! And he was well, and happy—though they had a terrible storm!'

'The first letter!' repeated Miss Blackburn. 'I congratulate you.' She pressed her hand with cordial sympathy. 'Good news to greet our friends with,' she added, smiling.

'Yes, yes. They will all be glad. They all loved Edward. Everybody loved Edward. Ah! I wish you had seen my Edward,' went on Mrs Grant, the tears swelling in her eyes.

'I shall look forward to seeing him, at no very distant day,' said Miss Blackburn, genially, as she took leave of them; 'meanwhile, don't you find yourself wondering at the strange new happiness you have made acquaintance with? The first letter—and looking for other letters ——'

'Ah, you understand it!' and the mother almost embraced her in her delight. '*You* must have known it, *you* must have had letters coming from far, like bits of the life that had been torn from you given back!' she cried, graphic in her earnestness. Too graphic, too earnest, perhaps, if she had but known. Miss Blackburn almost snatched away her hand.

'Do you know you will be late, very late,' she said, hurriedly; 'and I—I am expected home. Good-by.'

She looked back, smiling in adieu, but it was a forced, painful smile. Such as it was, it passed unnoticed. Mrs Grant's mind was filled with other thoughts, and Selina was not a quick observer.

Onward paced Miss Blackburn through the wood, rapidly, with hasty, impetuous footsteps, rustling the last year's dead leaves; a mournful sound always—it made the blackbird's song more plaintive, and the murmuring of the wind grew dirge-like. But soon the clear white daylight shone at the end of the path, framed softly in the bending branches of two young beech-trees, which stood as if guarding the entrance to the wood. And Miss Blackburn emerged into the free air and open space.

A few steps now brought her to her home. There it stood, the grey old-fashioned house, with its many narrow windows, and its broad flight of steps, and massive entrance-door in the centre. It stood in the midst of a broad sloping meadow, to which two or three grand old oaks, and an occasional group of smaller trees, gave almost a park-like appearance.

Entering her domain by a side wicket, Miss Blackburn for the first time slackened her pace, drew a deep breath, and slowly ascended the slope. Her eyes were drooped, she did not look before her at the pleasant home, its bright flower-garden immediately in front, and its shrubberies and grove of dark firs rising behind. But as she neared the house, a large greyhound, which had been lying *couchant* at the door, bounded towards her, with its peculiar, hollow bark attuned into something that sounded joyous and welcoming.

'Ah, Jess! faithful old friend,' said Miss Blackburn, as she stroked the head that slid itself expectantly under her hand for the caress. She went on in a subdued tone, as if half ashamed of her own earnestness—'Do you love me, Jess? do you care for me? Will you always love your mistress better than any one besides?'

Jess, if she did not understand the words, comprehended the gentle and loving murmur of the voice, and responded by a look of exceeding affection from her large brown eyes, and a whine expressive of the same, after the fashion of dog nature.

'You do—you will —— Pshaw! If I were to go away, you would forget me in a month,' she declared, with a scornful laugh, flinging her aside; 'which is allowing about three weeks' longer duration to canine memory than to human recollection. In with you, Jess. Don't whine. Oh! I believe in your love! You look to me for your dinner every day. A fair case of barter—and this is a commercial country, and you are a dog of integrity. While I feed you, you'll love me. Isn't it so, Jess? Good Jess—honest lassie! In with you!'

And laughing forth these exclamations—to which due response was made by wild leaps and loud barkings—the mis-

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trees, with her dog, passed over the threshold of their home.

. . . . .

If incessant movement, brisk and hurried, impulsive and energetic—and vocal utterances of all varieties, shrill, clear, loud, deep, and rapid—if these are constituents of cheerfulness, then was Thornhill Cottage a scene most cheerful during the whole of the day following the arrival of the Dynevor family.

It was a real April day—lustrous with sunshine, glistening with rain—the fitful, passionate spring rain, which was always falling, or had just ceased falling, or was immediately about to fall. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west; it came across the sea, and bore that peculiar saline aroma in its breath, which is like new and dearer life to those who love it. The trees swayed to and fro with an elastic vigour that was healthful to look at. The light, beautiful spring clouds—opal, and palest grey, and white, and yet again 'whiter than white'—careered in impetuous troops before the wind; dividing—meeting again—blending with fresh groups—shaping themselves into new forms at every moment—now irradiated by the sunlight into brightness at which the eyes ached—now subdued again into a softer loveliness—and anon cushioning on their breasts the mystical glory of a rainbow.

Within doors was a disquiet less variously beautiful. Order was not to be established in the several tiny apartments of Thornhill Cottage without considerable expenditure of ejaculations and frettings, loudly audible doubts, surprises, hesitations, disappointments, and various voluble manifestations of excitement on the part of Mrs Dynevor. That lady was indeed in the very hey-day of delight, all the keener that the superstition was duly kept up of her being 'fidgetted to death, harassed beyond endurance, with more to do than ever could be done, and labours before her so hopelessly crowded and entangled, that it was impossible to know where a beginning should be made.' While she made these statements, in divers forms, and at divers times and places, Anne was busied in the performance of the multifarious duties that now more than ever fell to her share—busied with a desperate energy and activity that appeared never contented to be still, much as the worn face seemed to call for rest. In the general toil, even Helen was not idle, but addressed herself to the quieter employment of arranging books and work-boxes, pictures and flowers, in the larger of the two sitting-rooms, thenceforward to be styled and entitled 'the drawing-room.' On a sofa in this room Mr Dynevor reposed, after the fatigue of his journey. He lay beside the window, with yesterday's newspaper in his hand, from the perusal of which he sometimes looked up to gaze out on the garden and the green lane beyond, and the wide stretch of landscape beyond that. Confusedly mixed in his mind were the items of public intelligence, so long familiar to him, with the strange newness of the scene his eyes rested on. His face wore an odd look, half-puzzled, half-contented, and he occasionally gave utterance to brief observations, and fragments of political and other news, partly to himself, it seemed, as well as to Helen.

'This must be cold enough when the wind blows from the north —— Another insurrection in Spain, I see. Hum, hum.' And the 'Times' received all his notice for a few minutes. Then, looking up suddenly, he would be struck by a sense of the novelty of all around him, into an exclamation—'There's rain! How it pelts those gay-coloured flowers; what are they called, Helen? Anne told me this morning, but I've forgotten.' And he listened with an air of pleased attention, while Helen enumerated all the names she knew or remembered.

'Look at the trees, how they are rocking about in the wind! And the clouds, how they rush along. What a sense of motion—of tumult, they give. Here comes more rain. Upon my word, your April in the country is a vehement affair enough. I never saw such enthusiastic weather in my life.'

All day long, the two children, unnoticed in the general confusion, wandered together about the precincts of the place, in open-eyed, wondering observation, and almost awed into quiet by the newness of their position and environments. Every commonest incident, every small detail, familiar as light to happy country children, was marvellous, mysterious, to these poor little exiles from nature. They knew nothing of the spring—that wondrous miracle which we yearly look upon, scarce less wondrous than the creation of a world out of chaos. They knew nothing of its history—too infinitely beautiful not

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to be pathetic, even in the midst of all its brightness and joyance. The first trembling out of the dark—the first thrill of life that comes to the waiting earth—and then the first timid peering forth of green in hedge and tree—all these were experiences utterly unknown to them. Who shall estimate the value of such unconsciously learned lessons in a child's life? They knew nothing of that childish calendar of days and weeks, which dates from eras such as the finding of the first primrose—hearing the first blackbird—or when the ash-buds relent from their blackness—and the first swallows come—and the wind begins to rustle in the trees, instead of complaining and crashing among the leafless branches, as the wintry winds crash and complain. They were strangers to all the innocent associations which a child instinctively loves so dearly—which becomes so entirely interwoven with its life, that the song of birds and the ripple of the stream are as a second language—and flowers and trees companions superhuman, not the less beloved that there is a mystery in the companionship.

Children bred up in cities! how shall we think of them, but in tender, regretful, reverent pity, as of angels shut out of heaven without fault; the sinless thrust among the sinful—the pure imprisoned in corruption—the inheritors of nature cruelly kept from their birth-right. Poor little things—stunted in mind—bereft of the fairer half of the faculties God set in each tiny being—dwarfed, deformed souls, that will never on this side of the grave attain to their full altitude, their complete symmetry. A child in a town, even under the most favourable auspices, is either a sad little alien, a forlorn wanderer in strange scenes; or else, sadder yet, becomes by habit and use so citizenised, that nature is the most foreign of all its associations, and the language she speaks is incomprehensible to its ears. Most melancholy orphanhood! They who, from any other cause than direst necessity, condemn their little ones to such, have surely much to answer for.

But a new life has dawned for Albert and little Grace. They have not passed out of the white realm of childhood yet. There are niches still vacant where fair images will stand in the festal chambers of their hearts — whereinto, long hence, they may enter, and recognise how holy is the place. They may even now begin to learn at their mother's knees, and love her none the less that they have been estranged from her so long.

On that first day all was too mysterious, and too new, for them to be quite happy. They were rather daunted, too, by their earlier experiences. Little Grace had an adventure in the lane, with a large sheep-dog belonging to a neighbouring farmer, which alarmed her greatly, and almost made the valiant Albert inclined to run away. Did such fierce-looking animals infest that longed-for paradise—the country? Then a great spider, innocent enough, but terrible to their unaccustomed eyes, dropped on Albert's arm, and vanished up his sleeve—an event which occasioned much dismay and agitation. A frog leaped in their path as they were walking about the garden; and an earwig crawled out of a china rose that Grace had gathered, and was fastening in her frock. Its tiny pincers nipped her finger; and the fright, more than the pain, sent tears to the little girl's eyes, and made her very much inclined to keep still, and not to wander far from the protecting presence of her sister Anne, for the rest of the day.

Towards evening, the internal and external disturbances in and about Thornhill Cottage appeared to subside, and a calmer spirit reigned. The repose that sunset always brings hallowed the sky, and made serene the earth. The passionate gusts of wind, and weeping rains, had ceased; grey and quiet clouds arched in the world, save where, at the west, a golden gate seemed opening wider and more glorious every moment.

The Dynevor household might rest now, since all was done that need be done that day; and, indeed, every one seemed glad of a temporary cessation of confusion and toil, including even the over-anxious and mercurial mistress of the family. Helen, after newly arranging her hair and dress, sat down at the window near the invalid's sofa—a pretty picture of industry, her bright curls dropping over the gay-coloured netting with which she was employed. Mrs Dynevor leaned back luxuriously in a large arm-chair, a position rarely assumed by her for so long together as she seemed content to maintain it on this especial evening. There is a quietude in such a change, as from London to the country, that insensibly influences even the most restless. Anne, in a different way, felt this influence at length creeping into her soul, filling its cold spaces with

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soft, comforting calm—breathing on it like a loving south wind on troubled water. She left the house, and went out through the little wicket at the back of the garden, on to a wide heath on which it opened. Her face wore a look of weariness, sad to see; and there was an expression in her dark eyes, eloquent of cold, hopeless, blank desolation.

Slowly she ascended the slope—the grey, evening landscape growing before her gaze at every step. It was one of a variety peculiar to that part of England, made up of woodland and pasture, occasionally broken by huge stretches of ploughed lands, rich and red, or waving green with the young corn. Here and there came in a bold bit of bare, bleak down, and abrupt hills, where the rich short turf was darkly green, and embossed by clumps of furze, or flecked with patches of sudden, startling whiteness, where a land-slip, or perhaps the remains of a chalk-pit, betrayed the nature of the soil. So stretched the landscape—alternately fair and rugged, quaint and pastoral, like the union of strength and beauty—of a Saxon warrior with an Arcadian shepherdess. Anne looked around, and drank in thirstily the influences of the scene and of the time. The amber light yet lingering in the west, of the April sunset—the clear notes of some rival blackbirds in the adjacent wood—the pureness of the evening air, sharp and wiry though it was—and the quiet, cloudy, mysterious veil of twilight, which seemed to close in the world as with visible folds, soft and gentle, yet inexorable—all these sights, sounds, feelings, were blended together in Anne's mind, and were henceforth to be inseparable from the remembrance of that first evening in the country. Her eyes grew calmer, and a new light rose in them; the sad constrained lines of the mouth relaxed. So she stood for awhile, less thinking, as it seemed, than looking at, and listening to, the thoughts visible and audible around her. Thus she was discovered by Albert and Grace, who came to call her to the house, where Miss Blackburn awaited her, they said. Anne hastened to return; but, even while she was descending the heathery slope, the visiter appeared, advancing to meet her, and to detain her where she was.

'Don't stir a step! These moments are too precious; it is wicked to waste them in-doors,' cried Miss Blackburn, in her kind, clear, yet sharp tones. The voice came upon Anne's ears almost like a familiar sound. Vividly it recalled to her the day of the picture-seeing—that day of brief, sweet, trembling happiness.

Her face flushed, her eyes brightened, as she extended her hand in cordial greeting. Miss Blackburn noted the brief gleam of sunshine with much satisfaction, though even while she smiled her pleasure, the light faded, and left the face pale and grey again. Anne had noticed the mourning dress of her companion, and it sent a chill to her heart where the icy consciousness of sorrow was ever present. She shivered with a half fearful desire that Miss Blackburn would speak of that sorrowful subject—would tell her perhaps something of what she so yearned to know.

Very dimly did she comprehend what the visiter was really saying, although the clear, rapid utterance scarcely ceased for a moment.

'I have seen your mother and father, and have got over the awful ordeal of introducing myself to the whole family, and now I have only to give a brief welcome to you, and then depart before the way grows dark. Welcome to Hillington! But you don't look well,' added she, abruptly and impulsively, and then ceased speaking with equal suddenness, as if vexed with herself for having spoken.

'I have not been ill; I am not ill,' said Anne, simply.

'You are tired then, no doubt. *Cela va sans dire.* A family is not removed to a new abode, sixty miles distant from the old, without a considerable cost of labour and exhaustion to the elders. Well, a few days in the blessed country air will set all that right. Are you not happy to be freed from the city?' went on Miss Blackburn, talking very fast, and looking towards the sunset all the while. 'Don't you feel the sense of freedom entering at the open gate of your soul already? Are you not glad to be in the country?'

'Very glad,' replied Anne. She tried hard to summon up some degree of animation, and she partially succeeded. 'I am very glad also to see you again—to be able to look forward to being with you sometimes, and knowing you.'

'That's right!' put in Miss Blackburn, with blunt heartiness. 'I hope you will like this place,' she continued, after a brief pause. 'I do; but then I have lived

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my life in it and *to* it, and it is no wonder that for me there is a radiance in its colours, and a music in its sounds, such as I see and hear nowhere else. I don't expect new-comers to share my insight. They don't see the enchanted halo of childish and girlish memories crowning every tree and every hill-top; sleeping in every dell, and glade, and slope, so that to look on the visible landscape is to read chapters in history—the great, little self-history which is so sweet, so sad, so irretrievable, inexorable, and ——'

She stopped suddenly, and laughed. She was amused, she said, to catch herself in the midst of such a finely melodramatic sentence and voice. Those who knew her well, might have justly thought that it was rather a frequent habit of hers, this forgetting herself whilst speaking, until she burst forth with a warmth and earnestness that seemed strange and uncalled-for. Anne was not yet so experienced in her new friend's idiosyncrasy, as not to be a little startled at the abrupt flash of something almost tragic which had for an instant appeared in her face and manner.

It was all gone, however, now. Miss Blackburn resumed speaking quite calmly and equably. 'A little higher up this hill,' she said, 'you have a view of the sea. It is only a mile off, yet it looks very far and out of reach, as the distant sea always does to those who have made a friend of it, and love to be closely beside it, watching its changes, and studying its looks and sounds, as we *do* study what we love. From this distance it is only a long line of light, or a dark leaden-like streak on the horizon, colourless, lustreless—a blank mysterious hiatus between the earth and the sky. Yet it is pleasant to gaze even at that, for it *is* the sea, and I know it, and can feel its influence. Cannot you?'

'Yes,' replied Anne, looking towards the dim distance with a troubled look.

'Well, I want more than that *yes*. Don't you love it? Don't you feel at rest under its influence? I ought to apologise,' she added, laughing, 'for being so unceremoniously catechetical; but I feel as if I ought to know more than I do about you—that is, of the inner, intangible *you*—and I am impatient of the initiatory part of acquaintanceship. I like to plunge *in medias res* at once. And so —— Do you love the sea?'

'I fear it,' said Anne, hesitatingly; 'it looks to me strange, awful, terrible, like thunder made visible.'

'Ah!' said Miss Blackburn, thoughtfully, and paused for a moment. She continued, in a musing tone—'I never met with any one who fully shared with me in my feeling for the sea, except Walter Avarne. He loved it—loves it dearly.'

Anne made no reply.

'Poor fellow, I suppose he may be at this very minute sailing on it. It is a sad coming home, leaving his mother's grave behind him.'

'I was grieved to hear,' began Anne, in a constrained voice, which softened and melted as she concluded—'to hear of his trouble.'

'Did you know Mrs Avarne?' Anne shook her head. 'She was my dear friend from early girlhood.' And here Miss Blackburn's voice faltered.

Impulsively, Anne took her hand, and pressed it in her own.

'It must have been a great sorrow to you,' she said, softly.

'Yes, it has been—it is,' answered Miss Blackburn, with hard brevity, though looking into her face almost with tenderness the while. Then, with sudden animation, she turned towards the house. 'Do you know that it is getting quite late? The sunset glow has almost left the sky, and the air grows chill. You must go in, and I must wend my way homewards. I have not far to go. My home is distant from yours only a pleasant half-mile. I shall show you the way to it, I hope, very soon.'

They walked slowly on. Anne did not hear much of what her companion was saying. She was trying to raise her courage to the point of asking a question. 'Did you say Mr Avarne was travelling still?'

'He is on his way back to England. I expect he will arrive by the end of the week. I wanted him to come and stay with me for a week or two, but I am afraid he will not be persuaded, from the tone of his last letter to me. He seems to have determined on leaving England altogether for some years, directly he has completed the arrangements, and fulfilled the duties devolving upon him by his mother's death. I wish he would stay at home. I don't like these self-imposed unnecessary exiles, though I suppose he has some plan in view connected with expatriation. He is not a man to suffer his life to degenerate into aimlessness, or to let time lie fallow for long, because

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one of his first aims has failed him. But this has been a heavy trial to him—heavier than even I anticipated, with all my knowledge of his love and devotion for his mother.'

'Has he been ill?' Anne asked.

'No. I almost wish he had. Physical exhaustion often offers a safe outlet for mental disturbance. There is something far more wrong with him than that. With all his bravery, it peeps out now and then in careless sentences—in unthought-of words. It is rather a negative than a positive change that I perceive in his letters. There is an absence of what used to be. But after all, I may be needlessly anxious. It is only natural that under the first dark shadow of such an affliction, all should seem not only discoloured, but distorted. Yet I wish I could see him.'

'You will, will you not, before he leaves England?'

'I don't know; I shall try,' replied Miss Blackburn, absently.

They were now standing by the garden gate, which led into the lane. The visiter held out her hand.

'We seem to have entered into rather dreary subjects of conversation,' she observed, smiling. 'And now I must depart as quickly as may be. Good-by; I shall see you again soon.' She retained for a minute the hand she had taken. 'I am ashamed of my own want of thought,' she exclaimed, vehemently; 'you are quite cold and pale, with being out so long in this chill twilight. Pray go in at once; I shall wait at this gate till you have entered the house.'

Anne said 'good-night' quietly, and quietly turned away. A bright fire-light was shining from the uncurtained window of the cottage, showing the group gathered about the hearth. It looked cheery, home-like, Miss Blackburn thought, as she stood watching the slender and unusually erect figure of Anne move slowly up the path, towards the glow of light and warmth.

'Happy girl; she is going *home!*' the watcher murmured to herself. 'Troubled, anxious, she may be; nay, she is—I can see it. But sweetening all sorrow, soothing all pain, she has the dear blessing of home, and the dearer knowledge that she is loved, that she is necessary to other lives and other happiness than her own. I do not compassionate her, sad though she looked just now. I could almost envy her,' Miss Blackburn said, hurriedly pressing her lips together.

So Anne, the happy and the envied, passed in at the open door of her home, and Miss Blackburn's quick, firm footsteps presently sounded sharply on the stillness, as she went on her way through the darkening twilight.

RESIGNED, YET FORLORN.

BY JAMES ORTON.

He's gone! I'm alone! Ochone!
And where—he would never tell;
And these eyes, now dim as the wan twilight,
Were once blue as the heather-bell.
He fell like a star-beam o'er my path,
And silver'd our mountain cot:
But the mountains now look grave and chill;
No music is left in the wailing rill;
Like a tomb, I am left all lone and still,
Heart-weeping my alter'd lot.

Brightly the Earth laugh'd out to see
Her true-returning Sun,
As I climb'd to the purple mountain's scalp,
When the day had scarce begun.
From its fearsome height I hoped to see,
Through some valley, my love returning,
But I only saw the silent lake,
And the kine to its brink their pathway take,
And their gentle thirst so coolly slake,
Whilst my heart lay fiercely burning.

Then I clove the waves of the deep Guitane,
Alone in our fairy boat,
And soon o'er its blackest depths I lay,
Sad-musingly afloat.
And I gazed with awe down the silent gloom,
Till shadows sway'd to and fro,
And visions fair of my love's young prime,
Of my youthful hopes, and a happier time,
Of my broken heart, and my lover's crime,
Gleam'd up from the deeps below.

I had a thought to leap adown,
And solace my cares for aye,
But a holy calm stole through my soul,
And I humbly knelt to pray.
Earth fled, and a glimpse of heavenly rest
Through my streaming eyelids shone;
So I calmly wait for the blissful time
When the angels shall come from the golden clime;
Yet I sometimes think of my youthful prime,
And grieve I'm alone. Ochone!

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LETTERS FROM PARIS.—No. IV.

'Star of the brave, whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead!
Thou radiant and adored deceit,
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet!'

THE rights and separate existence of the ancient French noblesse perished virtually in that memorable storm of honest enthusiasm (honesty is not invariably the best policy), when, on the night of the 4th of August, 1789, the National Assembly repealed the whole feudal system, from baronial rights and ecclesiastical tithes, down to the rights and privileges of provinces and corporations. By a subsequent and more special repeal (that of 19th June, 1790), the same Assembly abolished the use of all nobiliary titles—a measure finally consummated by the decree of 30th July, 1791, cancelling the existence of all orders of knighthood. The storms of enthusiastic theory, however, were soon swallowed up and hushed by those of practical and stern reality. The newly-constituted nation was so hotly tried in the first brunt of its novelty, so thoroughly annealed in the fiery furnace of revolutionary experiment, that it veered, half-unconsciously, as it were, round to the point from which it started, listening without much either of regret or emotion to the imperial statute of the 11th March, 1808, instituting a new nobility, with the hereditary titles of prince, duke, count, and baron. Now, boldly as these two dates of 1789 and 1808 do stand out in their relief of opposition, we instinctively feel they are bound together by the general philosophy of events, and can therefore afford to submit to the contradiction they involve with all the good grace of men who ground their submission on the notorious fallibility and inconsistency of our common nature. But our feelings assume quite a different shade of acquiescence, when we detect a spirit of daring hypocrisy at work, tampering with, warping public morality, and endeavouring to give an aspect of transcendent reason to national inconsistency; impudently asserting, for instance, so early as 14th May, 1802, and in presence of a legislative body, that instituting a new order of knighthood *was issuing a new and undebasable coinage*, and that all danger of return to the past was more than sufficiently obviated by the oath binding the members of the new and honourable order. The oath is rather an early specimen of that one-eyed and brazen logic which was so long to characterise the communications of government, and was in substance nearly as follows:—'Each member of the order shall conceive it binding upon him to defend the integrity of the territory, the laws of the republic, the property consecrated by the republic; to combat, *in* short, every enterprise tending to *restore the feudal regime, or revive those titles and additions* which were its concomitant *attributes!*'

Having moralised thus far, for the discharge of our own conscience, and the benefit of that of the public, we proceed to lay before our readers some account of the sudden rise and rapid progress of this same honourable order, which we are now enabled to do through the satisfactory medium of a recently published work, 'La Legion d'Honneur, son Institution, sa Splendeur, ses Curiosités'—a title whose powers of attraction are further heightened by a label as comprehensive as it is ambitious—'Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France, de 1802 à 1815.' The author of the work—a M. Alexandre Mazas, a military writer of talent, and who has already distinguished himself by such productions as 'Les Grands Capitaines Français du Moyen Age'—gives us to understand, that the publication under review, though it appeared so late as 1854, was really begun in 1842—a pledge, at all events, of its impartiality. In fact, the origin of the order and decoration is given without the slightest attempt at fustian; while the hard-fought fields and bloody feats of arms of which the honourable gew-gaw was the glittering recompense, are glanced at with a soldier's eye, and related with a soldier's earnestness. In the somewhat lengthy summary we mean to lay before our readers, we shall eschew as much as possible the labours of Mars, though these are not to be avoided, confining, for a time at least, the greater portion of our attention to such learned or literary characters as received, refused, or were refused the flattering distinction.

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The idea originated with Bonaparte, first consul, in the month of February, 1802. He had just returned to his favourite retreat Malmaison, from the Tuileries, then the centre of official dinners and receptions, on a Monday evening at six o'clock, and sat down to table immediately on his arrival. He had been ruminating, it would appear, on what had passed the day previous at the Tuileries, for he had scarcely risen from his meal in the company of De Ségur, Duroc, Denon (the artistic friend Lady Morgan used to puff so much about, just appointed director of the museum), Arnault (a hot republican, in his tragedies at least), Monge (the first inspector of the Polytechnic School), &c., when he all at once entered on the subject nearest his thoughts. 'Citizen Monge,' was the consul's abrupt address, as he stood within the circle above alluded to, 'I did not see you yesterday at our Sunday's grand reception, when the ambassadors of the foreign powers came to present their respects to the consuls of the republic in the Tuileries palace.'—'Citizen first consul,' replied Monge, 'I was busy communicating to the different professors of the school the regulations for the course of studies: the conference lasted the whole day.'—'Your time could not have been better employed. So brilliant a reception,' resumed the first consul, after a pause, 'had not yet been seen since the Tuileries have once again become the seat of the French government. The republic being at peace with all the continental powers, the number of ambassadors has increased; the list of foreign envoys was complete. How eagerly the beholders gazed on the ambassadors with the badges and ribbons of their various orders. Denon, didn't you remark this?'—'I did; and the more so,' was Denon's reply, 'as I had myself a fellow-feeling with the spectators. It must be allowed that those broad and showy ribbons, those badges and enamelled crosses, produce a fine effect: they complete a man's dress.'—'There spoke the artist,' drily observed Monge; 'your crosses, badges, and ribbons are mere tinsel toys!'—'Tinsel toys as much as you please,' was Bonaparte's rejoinder, 'but if people are fond of them: those crosses and ribbons are the outward symbols of human greatness; they strike the eyes of the multitude, and impress them with involuntary awe.' Here the first consul launched out warmly in praise of the cross or star of St Louis, which had enabled the *Grand Monarque* to hold out against combined Europe during the war of the succession, when he was interrupted by Monge, who coolly observed, it might be as well to revive said cross at once. The hit came with peculiarly bitter effect from Monge, who was precisely one of the commission from whose report the convention decreed the suppression of the cross of St Louis, on the 15th October, 1793, a hundred years after its institution by Louis XIV. The first consul, who had been throwing out a feeler, drew it in at once, though not without darting a rather significant glance at the polytechnic inspector. A dead silence ensued, which was broken by the consul's proposing to join the ladies in the drawing-room. Few minds were more tenacious of a purpose than Bonaparte's. Two months after this *scene*, he a second time mentioned his plan of creating an order similar to those existing in the different states of Europe, and this before the privy council, and in presence of his fellow-consuls, when he dwelt on the subject with much strength and perspicuity. There was a good deal of opposition, of course. Cambaceres backed Bonaparte's views, however, by stating that no republic of antiquity ever proscribed distinctions. This was something; but a clever and more availing assistance came from the acute and penetrating Regnaud de St Jean d'Angely, who very seasonably remarked, that the American government thought it had *crowned* its republican institutions by creating the order of Cincinnatus! This silenced opponents. Bonaparte also repeatedly advocated the scheme in the council of state; and when, after considerable bickerings and opposition, he was again taunted with attempting to introduce badges of distinction which were mere toys in the eyes of republicans, he unceremoniously replied, that toys were what men *will* be led by, adding, in his usual exaggerated style of language, 'See how the people prostrate themselves before the decorations of foreigners.' Within a few months, the institution of the Legion of Honour won the assent and sanction of the three deliberative bodies of the state! As, however, an endowment of six million francs was necessary to the founding of the order, one of the closing articles of the project announced that the institution should be finally organised on the 23d of September, 1804—in the course, that is, of something more

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than two years. Five months before the expiry of this delay, Bonaparte had assumed the imperial crown! Meantime the precious interval had been vigorously put to use by malcontents of all parties, in the way of jokes, jests, puns, and quibbles on the new institution of honour. Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, stood at the head of the republican party. He already bore the victor of Marengo no great good-will; the future order was not of a nature to diminish his aversion. In a public dinner he gave in the spring of 1803, Moreau had his cook called up, and told, in presence of his numerous guests, that he had positively distinguished himself, in return for which he (Moreau) meant to bestow upon him a *saucepan of honour!* This, though not of the very first order of witticisms, was keenly felt, and never forgotten by Bonaparte. The royalists, however, shot far keener shafts than the rough republicans; but, as they were more lawful game than the latter, the first consul was not slow in pouncing upon them. Madame de Stael had just begun to see company on her return from Germany. Her *salon* soon became such a focus of royalist opposition, that the wary Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, found it too hot to continue his visits. The lady herself absolutely emptied the quiver of sarcasm. When any public or literary character entered her saloon, the daughter of Necker failed not to apostrophise him thus: '*Eh bien! vous êtes sans doute des honorés*' (you are among the honoured, I presume); rather a slippery compliment, as, by running the two latter vocables together, the salutation amounted to this: *vous êtes sans doute deshonoré* (you are dishonoured, I presume). This was too good a thing not to reach the ears of the first consul, who, never overgallant in his dealings with the fair sex, speedily took his measures. He viewed Madame de Stael in the light of a foreigner, and, laying hold of a simple police regulation, ordered her to quit France on the shortest notice. No intercession of friends could mitigate the decision. Madame de Stael left Paris in company with Benjamin Constant, also involved in her disgrace, and ousted on the same plea, namely, his being a foreigner. Constant, in fact, was the descendant of a French refugee family, and born at Lausanne in Switzerland. Several appointments took place in the new institution during the existence of the republic. Among these we meet with the distinguished names of such first-rate generals as Massena, Jourdan, Bernadotte, &c., created simple members of the Legion, and, to our no small surprise, Moreau himself, and that, too, within the very same year on which he had promised his head-cook the culinary honours above alluded to. But consistency, as we shall more than once have occasion to observe, is not the cardinal virtue of Frenchmen. No promotion, however, had as yet taken place, nor did any occur till the month of June, 1804, when the emperor despatched new letters to the existing members of the order, advertising them of their rise in the institution, but announcing, at the same time, a change of oath, one of allegiance to himself—that is, instead of one of fealty to the republic. The *étoile* (star), as it was originally denominated, to avoid calling up certain reminiscences of the *croix* or cross of St Louis, to which it bore an undeniable resemblance, now exhibited in its medallion the effigy of Napoleon. This must have been galling enough to republican feelings; but, if we except a few subaltern officers, who sent back their brevet, and a sprinkling of old legislators, ashamed to add a new oath to an already lengthy list of similar engagements, there was little to remark in the shape of protestation even from those who had played prominent parts in the course of the revolution. What the salary connected with said institution had to do with this general hush, we are not prepared to say, though we consider it an item of some importance to add, that every grand officer of the order was entitled to five thousand francs, every commander to two thousand, every officer to one thousand, and every legionary to two hundred and fifty francs per annum. There was one refusal, however, which made some noise at the time. Lemorcier, the author of the tragedy of 'Agamemnon,' an assiduous guest in the Bonaparte family, and a great favourite with the hero of Marengo, received his first appointment with lively gratitude. His second, sent him some five months after the first, and inferring the necessity of a new oath, was too much for the choleric republican. He returned his brevet to the secretary for the home department, accompanied with a letter, in which he stated, in lofty and energetic terms, that the firmness of his principles was an insurmountable bar to his accepting the

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decoration on such terms. But dissent such as this was soon drowned in the bustle of preparation for one of those picturesque exhibitions which no government here thinks it safe to dispense with. The emperor had resolved on giving out his decoration under the highest ecclesiastical as well as military auspices. The 15th July, 1804, was set apart for the ceremony, which came off with great *éclat* at the Invalides Hotel; the emperor seating himself on a throne within the choir or chancel of the temple, though not in his imperial robes, as no coronation had as yet taken place. High mass was performed by the Pope's legate, Cardinal Caprara. After the gospel for the day, and a speech from Lacepede, the immortal Buffon's successor, in which England came in for her due share of dignified abuse (*her signal perfidy* had just caused the rupture of the peace of Amiens), the roll of grand officers was called over. Most of these approached the throne, and took the oath prescribed by the statutes. One grand officer's absence was remarked —Augereau's. He was a declared enemy to the new batch, and after attending the emperor as far as the Invalides, separated from the train, remaining in the courtyard with some sixty officers, classed like himself in the list of *mauvaises têtes* (wrong-headed), according to Bonaparte's own expression. A greater name than Augereau's was alike wanting, Lucien's. He had been throughout a decided advocate of the new order, but at the distribution of the insignia he was absent in Italy, whither he had abruptly retired in a fit of passion, in consequence of a rupture with Napoleon. After the oath was individually taken, and at the close of divine service, two large basins—one gold, the other silver—were brought to the foot of the throne. These contained the insignia. De Ségur, grand master of the ceremonies, having taken from these basins a star or cross of each metal, delivered them to the grand chamberlain and actor of all works, Talleyrand, who conveyed them to Louis Bonaparte, Constable of the Empire, and father of the present emperor. This latter personage attached said decorations to the person of Napoleon, when the vaults of the church rung with acclamation. After such high and solemn sanction as this, we hear little more about principles being a bar to decorations, even when clogged with an oath of allegiance. By a stroke of tact as well as policy, even the adversaries of the measure were included in the order; and not a murmur was heard, no, not even from Joseph Moreau, member of the Tribunate, when appointed to the humble rank of legionary; and yet his brother, the general, had just settled accounts with Napoleon, paying for his culinary allusions and other equally founded misdemeanours, by undergoing a sentence of banishment. The *austere* republican Monge, the *rigid* republican Berlier, the *obstinate* republican Savoie-Rollin, and the *inflexible* republican Thibaudeau, surnamed the *iron bar*, all submitted to be ribboned, and bore their cross with exemplary meekness. A few nonconformists might yet be met with, however. The tragic poet and royalist, Ducis, that shadow of Shakspere, entreated the minister Chaptal, who had just informed him his name was on the list of admission, to be so kind as strike it out. Ducis relented in 1814, it is true; but then the decoration was tendered him by royalty. Delille went further than Ducis. That poet was luxuriating in one of those returns to his country, rendered so delicious by repeated proscription. He was furthermore pleasingly engaged in superintending the impression of his verse translation of the 'Æneid.' The announcement of legionary honours was peculiarly grating to his royalist prejudices. He therefore begged the minister, in a fit of nervous impatience, to do him the favour not to think of him, unless he wished him to retrace his steps into exile! But the hour had come for Napoleon who had been refused, to become a refuser. The name of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was erased from the list of candidates, not for anything like over or overt independence, but merely because the author of 'Paul and Virginia,' failing to perceive in the shadow of the first consul the substance of the future emperor, had unwarily launched out into an inconsiderate defence of Madame de Stael, on her expulsion from France. We find him decorated two years after, however; which naturally leads us to suppose that events had corrected his views, as well as taught him to give a proper direction to his artistic sensibilities. The Abbé Morellet's name was set aside, we are told, with a certain degree of affectation. We mean to dwell somewhat on the abbé's case as well as character; both are interesting. The abbé was born in 1727,

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and therefore, by this time, something of a veteran. A fine old spirit was old Abbé Morellet's, one of the inquiring and scrutinising tribe; a man equally apt to discuss art in its most abstruse and hidden recesses, or political economy, the discovery of his day, in its largest as well as most Lilliputian applications. He had been much struck by Smith's ingenious 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' published in 1758; and on meeting the author some four years after in Paris, at the well-furnished table of the Baron d'Holback, had exchanged presents with him in the fashion of Homer's heroes of old. Of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' he subsequently wrote, in 1766, a clear and able translation, which he was unfortunately never enabled to publish, being forestalled by Blavet's blundering version. Blavet had already traduced, not translated, Smith's 'Moral Sentiments;' thereby securing, in the French booksellers' eyes, a sort of prescriptive title to murder the 'Wealth of Nations.' Of Smith's three French translators—Blavet, Roucher, and Marquis Garnier—the latter, a friend of the abbé's, is unquestionably the best, and was so even in the abbé's own opinion; who, on Garnier putting his hand to the business, never after mentioned his own rejected and unpublished manuscript. Morellet was no child in economics. He distinguished himself by a publication in favour of the liberty of trade, so early as 1758; a period when Smith was, in all probability, exclusively immersed in the depths of moral speculation. His animated, nay, vehement gesture, as well as the marked intonation of his diction in discussion, had more than once been the study of Garrick, who used to sit with folded arms and attentive eye, as Morellet and Diderot, or Morellet and Marmontel, tilted away on some knotty point in literature, morals, or theology. Garrick's unpractised ear could enjoy, without detecting, the measured and prosodic march of Morellet's southern pronunciation (the abbé was a native of Lyons), and taking a strong liking to the spirited, though amiable arguer, would have him read 'Othello' and 'Richard III.' in the original; making frightful faces, and calling him *French dog* when he saw the patient wince under one or other of those broad Shaksperian liberties, as yet but imperfectly known to French literati. Garrick's little German wife did the honours of Hampton Court to Morellet; and the mighty artist himself played before him on his own London stage, and on the previously settled condition that the Frenchman should take no copy of the play with him into the theatre, but read and understand the English Æschylus, by perusing the speaking lines of the player's own expressive countenance. And Morellet avows there was something in the condition; though he now and then dived for information into a text he had contrived to secrete from the actor's notice, much to the disappointment as well as indignation of the English Roscius! Morellet was almost familiar with British manners. His honourable intimacy with Lord Shelburne (subsequently Lord Lansdowne) gave him the very best opportunities of cultivating the highest society. The practical turn of his mind too; his dry and caustic mode of reasoning, on paper; his long and interesting conversations with Franklin, the diplomatic lion of the day, not so much on the new theory of electricity, as on the most approved mode of constructing chimneys, must have had their value in English eyes; while his claims to the sympathy of the children of the North were pleasingly established by the frequency and delight with which he would listen to 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill.' Morellet's intellect was one of no ordinary pitch, and his dialectics and deism were more than a match for the superficial infidelity of his usual atheistic society at Holback's, or the house of Helvetius. Wit was next to everything in those saturnalian times, when believers met unbelievers, broke a lance in favour of their respective principles, after which they would sit down to a copious refection, or slide into some more general topic of discussion. Thanks to Morellet's ingenious spirit of observation, and to his habit of jotting down contemporary sayings and doings, we have a most valuable peep into the French part of our planet, and one in most characteristic keeping with the then manners and ruling fancy of its mercurial inhabitants. 'Holback, Roux, and Diderot,' says Morellet in his 'Mémoires,' edited by the academician and historian Lemontey, were one day vieing in argument on the question of atheism, and uttering things to bring down a hundred thunderbolts about their ears, if thunder could come down for such a cause. The Abbé Galiani, secretary to the Neapolitan embassy (this Galiani, by the way, was one of those lithe, subtle, and

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witty Italians, who so cleverly compound for want of practice by a large reliance on the virtue of principle) had listened patiently to the whole dissertation. He now took speech in hand, and said, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen philosophers, you are going it at a fine rate. I tell you, first and foremost, if I were the pope, I should turn you over to the Inquisition; and if King of France, I should lay you by the heels in the Bastile. But as, happily for you, I am neither pope nor king, I mean to dine here on Thursday next, when I expect you to listen to me with as much patience as I have listened to you.' Thursday came. After dinner and coffee, the abbé sets himself down in an arm-chair, with his legs across in tailor fashion, as was his custom; and as it was somewhat hot, he takes his wig in one hand, and, gesticulating with the other, begins pretty much as follows:—'I suppose, gentlemen, were the man amongst you the most convinced the world is the work of accident, to be playing with three dice—I don't mean in a gaming house, but in one of the best houses in Paris—and his antagonist were to sweep stakes by throwing six once, twice, thrice, four times, constantly, in short; were the thing to last ever so short a time, my friend Diderot, on losing his money so, would exclaim at once, and without the shadow of hesitation, "The dice are cogged; I am in a nest of thieves!" Aha! my good philosophers, because ten or twelve throws of dice have come from the dice-box in such a way as to make you lose six francs, you firmly believe it is in consequence of a clever manœuvre, an artful combination, a well-woven tissue of knavery; and on seeing in the universe such a prodigious number of combinations, a thousand and a thousand times more difficult, more intricate, more sustained, more useful, you have no suspicion that nature's dice are also cogged, and that there sits aloft a shrewd gambler, whose sport it is to take you all in, &c.'—'I do not,' says Morellet, 'remember the abbé's development; but it certainly was one of the most entertaining things in the world.' We do believe it was. Our military author states, that Morellet had been slighted in the distribution of honours in consequence of his affecting a sort of Jansenism (a species of Protestantism) in his Catholic tenets. Nothing we can remember, or have been able to hunt up in the 'Mémoires,' can at all substantiate such a charge. We firmly believe, on the contrary, that a short dialogue which took place between Morellet and Bonaparte in 1803 was the real cause of the exclusion. Madame Bonaparte had once or twice invited the abbé to spend the evening at the first consul's, without the abbé's having the pleasure of meeting the general. The meeting took place at last, and was followed by a conversation, in which Bonaparte, a most expert catechiser, and an enemy to all speculation in morals and politics, kept up, on the principle of military tactics, a most annoying offensive. In this momentous encounter, the hoary and impenitent economist advocated liberty of trade, the annihilation of custom-houses and their dues, with other *enormities*, which must at once have set him down in the mind of one so notoriously afflicted with the disease of ideaphobia for a most pestilent *idéologue*. Let us not forget, in this rapid and somewhat digressive sketch, that Morellet had ever been a stanch supporter of rational liberty, that his voice was heard in favour of justice, when that of every other literary character was hushed or extinct, and when he had neither a roof of his own nor the roof of a friend under which to shelter his head; that the French Academy, of which he was appointed a member in 1792, is indebted to him, not merely for the preservation of its annals, registers, and manuscript dictionary, but even for the charter of its existence, which he secreted during that stormy period, and secured in his own private dwelling. Morellet wore the decoration at last, and became a member of the *corps législatif* in 1807, where he contrived to sit, till a fall he met with in 1815 reduced him to a state of hopeless and helpless infirmity, in which he lingered till his death in 1819. If the claims to attention of the Abbé Morellet were, as our author observes, affectedly set aside, those of his colleague in office, the grammarian Domergue, remained utterly unnoticed. Napoleon had been almost profuse in his favours to the scientific section of the Academy, of which he felt as well as exhibited a certain politic pride in being a member. But, as he slightly undervalued the mere literary character, unless in a case of celebrity, or where the labours tended to the furtherance of his designs or ambition, he must have entertained more than his usual indifference for the learned trifling of the grammarian, even

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when, as in Domergue's case, the importance of the *high function* was backed by a newspaper, and further enhanced by a seat in the French Academy. Very different was the reason to be assigned for the exclusion of the Chevalier and elegiast De Parny. To a certain pruriency of erotic composition (which, however it might have told on certain state dignitaries, his patrons, had no charms for the sane and active mind of the master), the French Tibullus had added a scandalous attack on the whole scheme of Christianity. Napoleon was inflexible in his refusal — an inflexibility which naturally extended to the veteran infidel Naigeon. Naigeon, the editor of 'Diderot,' into whose works he unhesitatingly foisted the most ludicrous and gratuitous blasphemy, was quite a character in his way; one who, like the Pharisee of old, would have compassed sea and land to make a proselyte. During that pleasing period of philosophic supremacy involving the suppression of all outward form of Christian worship, Naigeon's red-hot atheism had cooled down into something like a hobby, which he was trotting with great complacency, when, in 1793, he was roughly unhorsed, and restored to his usual fiery habits of intolerance. The anecdote, such as it is delivered in Génin's life of Diderot, is rich, and, authenticated as it is by a member of the family where the scene occurred, worth relating. 'One day, in the very hottest of the terror of 1793,' says the recent editor of Diderot's works, 'Naigeon made his appearance in a family sincerely attached to him, for, bating the man's atheism, and excessive conceit of his thin and mincing person, he was what the French call *bon homme*. He entered with a face of consternation, and exhibiting signs of the deepest despair. He had just time to sink into a chair with every appearance of fainting. Of course there was a general rush, great alarm, and a run of questions. "What could be the matter? Where was the peril? Was his life in danger? The purveyors of the guillotine must be at hand! Where shall we hide him? Are you on the list of victims? Is there a decree out against you?"—"A decree out against me! No; worse than that!"—"What on earth can it be?"—"O, that monster Robespierre!" exclaimed the desponding but inveterate atheist, "*il vient de décréter l'Etre Suprême*" (he has just decreed the existence of the Supreme Being).' In these and similar refusals the emperor gave proofs at once of his power and sense of propriety; in others the same sense of propriety impelled him to waive the exercise of his power, and listen to dictates at variance even with his personal affections. We have a striking instance of this in the case of his favourite Talma. Towards 1807, the player and playwright Picard, jealous of sundry of his fellow-dramatists already decorated, and anxious to pave the way for a similar distinction in his own case, left the stage as well as managership of the Odeon Theatre. Shortly after this decisive step, he was informed by the Secretary of the Home Department that his nomination might be daily expected. Aware of this circumstance, which the papers of the day had magnified into a positive fact, Talma made a personal appeal to the monarch for a decoration which he alleged had been promised his fellow-player. The emperor's reply was this—'Picard *will* receive the cross in his literary capacity, and not as a dramatic performer, since he has retired from the stage. Talma cannot leave the stage, inasmuch as he is the greatest tragic actor of the age. But society entertains a prejudice against players which it is not in my power to dispel; and this is the motive which, certainly much against my inclination, prevents me from complying with your request.' No man had a greater apprehension, or better knew the power of prejudice, than Napoleon. His refusal of Talma's demand put a stop to many *others* of a similar nature which would have poured in upon him from the French theatre. It did more; it was the main reason why Picard's claims were postponed indefinitely. Indeed, the witty dramatist was not finally decorated till towards the close of 1814. About a year after Talma's failure, another unsuccessful but indirect demand was made by a rather singular applicant, Madame de Genlis. This lady, whose life and literary habits were somewhat of a masculine stamp, being a free liver, a prodigious snuffer, and a most voluminous writer, had, in 1806, and for certain nameless services, been appointed, though not officially, one of the head keepers of the Arsenal Library, with a salary of six thousand francs. She had, with other short-sighted critics, been a zealous vituperator of the Legion of Honour, but, on witnessing its marvellous success, had set

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about giving breadth to its basis, for the disinterested purpose of introducing females of merit into the order. This she fancied she might accomplish by memorialising the founder at some length, adducing instances of female excellence at once literary and artistic. She was even so fortunate as to be able to quote a scientific name, that of Mademoiselle Sophie Germain, a near relation of General Pernetti, just then competing for the prize of mathematics, much to the dissatisfaction of several members of the scientific section, and who ultimately carried away, in 1816, the great gold medal for her memoir on equations. When the learned memorialiser had drawn up her document, said by her colleagues in office to be a masterpiece, she prevailed upon her son-in-law, the senator General Valence, to present it to the emperor. An opportunity occurred, as the general imagined, in March, 1808; but he prefaced the subject so awkwardly, that Napoleon, as soon as he could make out the meaning of the senator's exordium, gave the whole business a flat and decided denial. Females have since been decorated for deeds of heroic daring or equally heroic self-denial. The lady directresses of the imperial houses of education of Ecouen and St Denis wear by courtesy the broad ribbon of the order; the lady ushers bear the legionary cross on the left breast; but neither of these insignia are borne beyond the precincts of either establishment; nor has any clause similar to that forming the object of the memoir of Madame de Genlis ever been introduced into the statutes of the order, either then or since. The same year (1804) which witnessed the dramatic scene at the Invalides, saw another equally imposing in the neighbourhood of Boulogne-sur-mer. Bonaparte, seated on a relic of the seventh century (the bronze chair of King Dagobert!) after the deafening roll of eighteen hundred drums, and in sight as well as within hearing of a cannonade exchanged between the French gun-boats and the English fleet in the channel, distributed for the first time, in presence of an assembled and enthusiastic army, what he termed the 'pay of glory,' the 'undebasable coin' of the Legion of Honour! A few days after this solemn distribution, a fifth degree of knighthood, superior to the four already in existence, and denominated the *grand decoration*, or *grand eagle*, was instituted, entitling its members (sixty in number) to wear a silver badge, and one of those broad and showy ribbons so eagerly coveted by the artistic Denon. The Grand Eagle was offered the Emperor of Austria, by way of diplomatic barter for his order of St Stephen; but his imperial majesty, justly alarmed by Bonaparte's assumption of the crown of Italy, begged to defer the exchange. This significant postponement was the prelude, as it were, to Austerlitz, Napoleon's pet battle—one of the most scientifically won since the early wonderful campaigns of Italy—the first in which the newly invented order received its baptism of blood—that, too, in which the fantastic conception of a western empire first dawned on the proud and heated imagination of the conqueror. The battle of Jena was a mere mathematical calculation, borne out with the rapidity of lightning—a species of human hunting-match. On entering Weimar in pursuit of the fugitives, Napoleon, with that love for classic imitation for which he was so famous, stationed sentinels before the house of Goethe; and when that great literary character came to present his thanks and homage to the victor, he was honoured with the insignia of *the legionary*. Both these battles were bright occasions, however, for a new though not over-splendid issue from the inexhaustible mint of honour. The services of the rank and file in the campaign which brought Prussia to the very verge of destruction, were somewhat sparingly remunerated by a total of two hundred stars or crosses. The institution had taken root, which was Napoleon's main object; he knew too well its value could only be lessened by profusion. The frightful butchery at Eylau and Friedland made such gaps in the order, that he could afford to be generous, without the risk of depreciating the new currency. Yet even here he was parsimonious. The Russian general, Benningsen, seems to have been the first general of any *marrow* Napoleon met with. He assumed the initiative of attack in the heart of winter, and compelled the emperor to fight at such manifest numerical disadvantage, that nothing but the most devoted bravery on the part of his followers could redeem his honour. The graveyard in which Napoleon took his stand was hampered with the dead. Battalion after battalion, blinded by snow and sleet, had been literally blown to atoms by the Russian grape-shot. Grouchy,

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heading a charge of four thousand horse, in a desperate attempt to disengage Davoust, lost the third of his division in an instant, was severely wounded, and extricated from the frightful mêlée only by the intrepid hardihood of his aid-de-camp, Georges de Lafayette. Grouchy we have met in after years in a sequestered bathing-place (*quantum mutatus ab illo!*), with a slur upon his name, and stooping under the weight of years. We fancy we see him still, as, with a look of almost second childhood, he bared his bald head, and showed us the marks of the Russian sabre deeply indented in his skull! In his gratitude, the future marshal of France had his deliverer's name put on the list of promotion for the Legion of Honour. Napoleon erased it. At Friedland young Lafayette behaved with equal spirit and gallantry, contributing largely with his division to secure the victory. His name was a second time inscribed, and a second time effaced from the list. In an evil hour, and when acceptance was of some consequence to the founder, old Lafayette not only refused to be appointed grand officer of the infant institution, but actually added, 'the thing is preposterous!' The remembrance of this (no man could treasure up an affront like Bonaparte) lay cold at the bottom of his heart, like a stone at the bottom of a well, and Georges finally paid the penalty. Grouchy, who knew his master, gave the indignant youth a serious hint, of the value of which he showed himself sensible, by immediately quitting the service. 'The Russians, broken and defeated, hastily withdrew behind the Niemen to join their Czar, who, terrified by this fresh disaster, sent Prince de Labanoff to solicit an armistice. This negotiator, ever friendly to the interests of France, met with a distinguished reception. The armistice was granted. Napoleon moved his headquarters to the small town of Tilsit, situated on the Niemen. The interview between the two monarchs took place on the 25th of June, when Alexander at once passed from a feeling of animosity to one of admiration. The two emperors vied in courtesy. The Czar was anxious to see those French soldiers who, in the space of eighteen months, had won four signal victories. The autocrat obtained his wish. A grand parade took place, at which he was present. Alexander made his appearance before the troops with the badge and cordon of the Legion of Honour; while Napoleon, in testimony of his friendly feelings, wore the insignia of the order of St Andrew. The manœuvres of the parade were directed by General Mouton (in the sequel Count Lobau), who, as a commander, possessed the finest and most sonorous voice in the army. The Emperor of the French expressed a desire to see the Russian army. On the following day he crossed the Niemen, and admired the brilliant appearance of the guards. After the parade, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine, Napoleon requested to be shown one of the bravest soldiers of that *corps d'élite*. A non-commissioned officer was desired to step out of the ranks, when Alexander named and presented him. Napoleon examined him attentively for a few seconds, then taking from the hands of one of the generals of his train a cross of honour, slipped the ribbon through one of the button-holes of the foreign sergeant. To this distinction a pension of a thousand francs was added by the emperor's orders. The victor of Austerlitz and Friedland could scarcely have devised a more appropriate method of testifying his admiration for Russian valour. Since the opening of the contest between France and the continental powers, the Muscovite army alone had shown itself worthy to cope with our valiant legions. This nomination, bearing as it did a chivalrous impress, produced an indescribable effect in the camps separated by the Niemen. The sergeant's appointment, however, was not a solitary instance of the kind. On the day the two emperors took mutual leave, Napoleon commissioned General Duroc to deliver the Grand Eagle to Duke Constantine, brother of Alexander, and to the successful negotiator, the Prince de Labanoff. The victory of Friedland, more hotly disputed than that of Jena, less murderous than that of Eylau, was most decisive, since it compelled the enemies of France to sue for peace (the peace of Tilsit, 7th July, 1807). Napoleon, the umpire of nations, had now reached the climax of his power. His sole business, therefore, was to reward the services of an army, whose tried valour had been the cause of such splendid results. The Grand Eagle was given to General Dupont, besides a considerable pecuniary settlement. The same honour was awarded to Generals Grouchy and Nansouty.' We pass over a host of minor nominations, and proceed to state, with our author, that

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'the number of simple crosses given at the close of the Friedland campaign might amount to six hundred, one of which is, by reason of its particular nature, deserving of special mention. Several distinguished members of the old noblesse formed part of the Legion of Honour, and among these De Talleyrand, De Brissac, De Choiseul-Praslin, De Luynes, De la Rochefoucaud. But no great name of France had as yet conquered the cross at the point of the sword, and on a field of battle. *Heaven* reserved this favour to a young officer of the first regiment of dragoons, a descendant of one of the most illustrious houses of the ancient monarchy, M. Casimir de Mortemart, great-grandson of the Duke of Mortemart, one of the generals who most contributed to the victory of Denain, won by Marshal de Villars over Prince Eugene in 1712.' A more striking, in the eyes of a mere Englishman at least, as well as a more singular example of a decoration won, and the value attached to it, was that of the Mameluke Cambosos. This Syrian, a native of Nazareth, had won the distinction, following General Rapp in his charge against the cuirassiers of the Czar. On dashing through the ranks of the Russian infantry, along with the grenadiers of Colonel Lepic, Combosos' head was shattered by a cannon-ball. His brother, a Mameluke like himself, and fighting by his side, immediately leaped from his horse, and snatching the cross, in the midst of the mêlée, from the breast of Cambosos, swore he would carry the glorious ensign home to the bosom of his family. He kept his word. Our military authority, travelling in the East with a view to clearing up certain points of historical science, himself beheld, in the house of a third brother, the identical cross hanging on the wall, under the Mameluke's yatagan! The Legion of Honour was territorially and financially organised in 1804, by a division into sixteen cohorts, each cohort with a marshal at its head, and comprising six, eight, or even nine departments; the total number of departments being one hundred and six—Belgium, the provinces of the Rhine, and Piedmont, then forming part of the empire. A castle or palatial abode, state property, was assigned as the chief place of the district or territory constituting the fictitious residence of the cohort; and to each of these head residences a sum, or revenue in landed property. The whole of these revenues amounted to nearly six million francs, the sum originally contemplated. A grand council, consisting of juris-consults and financiers, was commissioned to manage the property of the order. Each cohort consisted of seven grand officers, twenty commandants, thirty officers, and three hundred and fifty legionaries, presenting a total of six thousand six hundred and twelve members. The order was not exclusively military, but open to every species of merit; and this, in fact, ultimately proved its salvation. So long, however, as its founder ruled the institution, extraordinary dotations, as also the highest offices, were the exclusive privilege of the military. Be this as it may, the cohort organisation never really existed in anything approaching to perfection except on paper. But the stages or degrees of the order were finally, with few exceptions, the foundation on which rose the new nobility of 1808; the majority of the grand eagles being named dukes; the grand officers and generality of commandants, counts; while the officers were dubbed barons, and a certain number of legionaries, knights, or chevaliers of the empire. The emperor, in his tenderness towards his elect, went farther than making them dukes and counts; he endeavoured to clothe them with a sort of political entity. The grand officers, officers, and commandants, he made members of the Electoral College of the department in which they were settled, or of one of the departments of the cohort to which they belonged. The legionaries he made members of the Electoral College of their arrondissements. But the dukes, counts, barons, and knights of this order showed not even the shadow of a wish to exercise such extensive privileges; nor is such apathy to be at all wondered at. During the whole existence of the empire, the representative system was but an ingenious toy, a piece of political legerdemain.

Neither your limits nor our inclination will admit of our following in the blood-stained track of the conqueror. We cannot, however, close our gallery of pictures without adding one military portrait more to the list; a portrait supplied us by the battle of Wagram, one of the many gigantic conflicts which proved all but fatal to the ambitious chief. Napoleon, though master of Vienna, felt

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it necessary to cross the Danube, and come to a decisive action with his adversary, the Archduke Charles. To facilitate his purpose, he took possession of the island of Lobau, connecting it with both banks of the river by a couple of bridges. Thirty-five thousand French troops, on reaching the left shore of the Danube, were attacked by eighty thousand Austrians, and two hundred cannon. This was but the prelude. Both armies received reinforcements, and the action was renewed by daybreak on the following morning. By ten o'clock, the Austrians had begun to waver, and the French columns to follow up their advantage, when an aid-de-camp rode up in hot haste, to inform the emperor that the main bridge, connecting the island with Vienna on the right bank, had been swept away by the stream. Neither ammunition nor additional troops could now be expected to come to the rescue. Four hundred pieces of cannon poured their projectiles on the French, literally unable to return one shot! Happily, communication with the left bank was still open, so that retreat, however disastrous, was not utterly impossible. The island was regained after immense loss; and a six weeks' incomprehensible inaction ensued—incomprehensible, at least, in the case of Charles. The archduke evidently deemed he had his enemy, dead or alive; and, dreaming of the possibility of a second Bayleu, coolly awaited the result of distress, and an untenable position. Napoleon, meanwhile, was not idle. The language of cheer, the future promise or present award of the Star of Honour, whatever, in short, could stimulate the soldiers' spirits, was earnestly ministered. The silent hour of the bivouac saw him wandering like a troubled ghost, or listening to the talk of the soldiers, happy and proud to hear its light careless tone proclaim the irrepressible buoyancy of the national character. Orders, besides, were issued to the widely scattered French divisions to join him under the walls of Vienna. That of Eugene, the viceroy of Italy, was included in the number. But Beauharnais' military talents, none of the brightest, could hardly cope with his immediate enemy, the Archduke John. An order was therefore immediately despatched for Macdonald to join him. Such an order speaks volumes. Macdonald, in fact, had been the intimate friend of the banished Moreau, and had, out of retaliation for such friendship, been purposely stripped of all military command. He had been living in retirement for the last five years on his estate of Courcelles, near Gien, in the central department of the Loiret. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed upon to obey the summons; the haste and hurry of which was such, that having no time to get a new uniform made, he was fain to carry with him his old republican general's coat! This piece of antiquated raiment was, at first, a subject of much merriment to the youthful officers of the army of Italy. Fashion, however, soon became a secondary consideration, even with these facetious worthies, when they saw themselves, within the space of three months, and after a series of brilliant rencounters, enabled to form their junction within sight of the banks of the Danube. The battle previously fought was Essling, the worthy companion-piece of the bloody Eylau. Preparations were now making for that of Wagram. It was fought on the 6th of July, and was such a scene of horror and bloodshed as might have been expected from a conflict between three hundred thousand men, backed by nine hundred pieces of cannon. Massena and Bernadotte were hard put to it; and the archduke was just on the point of realising his cherished scheme of cutting in between the French and the Danube, and seizing the bridges, when Napoleon drove up against him the artillery of the guard. But even this fiery succour came too late, and Charles was about to accomplish his purpose by a tremendous pressure on the French centre, when the third division (that commanded by Macdonald) came labouring up in a long square of living flame; Macdonald himself, conspicuous in his republican coat, ploughing his way, and coolly breasting the crush of the Austrian cuirasssiers led on by the archduke in person, and supported by a body of flying artillery. Napoleon saw at a glance that the furrow thus opened by the old republican leader was the road to victory; so, ere it had well closed, he had it once more torn up and widened by the hoofs of Nansouty's heavy horse, and the whole cavalry of the guard. On the archduke's retreat, Napoleon overtook Macdonald, moving on at the head of his column at the same steady pace, gave him a hearty hug, notwithstanding his republican coat, and made him marshal of France on the spot; the

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glorious fellow already wore the insignia of grand officer of the Legion of Honour. We might, were it our cue to pander to the passion for historic bloodshed, lay more than one sanguinary battle-field under descriptive contribution. This we deem sufficient. The institution could scarcely show a bloodier dye than it now did, or sink deeper into the character and constitution of Frenchmen. The reverses of its founder dimmed its lustre for a time, which may have originated the passionate and highly figurative burst—

'Wild meteor of immortal birth,
Why rise in heaven, to set on earth?'

but, however well grounded might be the aversion of the Bourbons to the order, they were fain to continue, if not the letter, at least the spirit of the institution; which they contrived to do by putting Macdonald, the soul of honour, at its head, ousting the effigy of the obnoxious Corsican, and substituting in lieu thereof the most reputable face of their own line, that, namely, of the gallant Gascon, Henry IV. Even thus modified, this heirloom of the empire was not accepted by the Bourbons without more than one qualm of honourable compunction. But virtue, as every one knows, is its own reward; and more than one service, which no amount of specie could have requited, was conveniently, as well as satisfactorily, discharged by a timely distribution of the undebasable coin of Napoleon. The verses with which we open our summary are headed thus in the original, 'From the French,' and have been further alleged to be an English transcript from lines by Chateaubriand. Chateaubriand was passionately hostile to the order, and earnest with Lous XVIII. for its suppression. On entering the French Academy in 1814, he made his appearance with the cross of St Louis; nor did he consent to bear that of the Legion of Honour till 1821, a full year after it shone on the breasts of Nodier, Lamartine, and other literary characters of the day. The 'radiant and adored deceit,' however airy and unreal it may seem in English estimation, has long been, and will probably longer be, one of the few substantialities of French opinion. We therefore think it just that a second textual quotation should be given from our military authority, and one directly in defence of the 'wild meteor of immortal birth;' it will, at all events, supply us with the French moral of the tale:—'Ambition, unquestionably, was no small element in the motives which induced Bonaparte to institute the Legion of Honour; but there was also another very laudable object, and one which has not been sufficiently attended to. On emerging from our civil discords, profound division existed in the bosom of society. It was *the bounden duty* of the head of the state, be he who he might, to study how men were to be reconciled; and, above all, to take measures for *securing that equality* of which the nation showed itself excessively jealous; *liberty it held at a cheaper rate.* By means of the Legion of Honour, Bonaparte created a sort of link between Frenchmen of the most opposite opinions; founding, at the same time, the *only equality* which can exist among men—*equality through merit.* In this respect, the Legion of Honour deserves to stand among the most prominent facts of modern times.' Were might always right, or had power the immutability of principle, our author's aphorism of *equality through merit*, decidedly Chinese though it be, might with some consistency be subscribed to. But in a land where society is so frequently represented by antagonistic principles, the head of the state must, as a *bounden duty*, hoist the colours of the principle in office; nor can any merit, however eminent, ever hope to attract his patronising notice, unless by the exhibition of such chameleon qualities as are utterly at variance with the very essence of honour. Unribboned and untitled Englishmen are not, perhaps, the most competent judges in a case of this peculiar kind. We venture to avow, nevertheless, that we can discern nothing either very profound or very fascinating in this ticketing and labelling of humanity and its deeds. In short, we deem, in the homely yet haughty strains of Scotland's poet,

'A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that!'

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MR STEELQUILL: WHAT HE IS, AND HOW HE BECAME SO.

Mr Steelquill is a ruined man! We thought a few days ago that he was absolutely good for nothing; but it has just struck us that we may put him to one last use, before altogether banishing him from our society and thoughts. In order once more to make him of some slight service to his fellow-men, therefore, we propose to set up Mr Steelquill, in a brief history of his career, and shocking fall, as a striking example of the evil and misery which may result from apparently trifling, and certainly not universally reprobated, deviation from the path of ordinary life.

Mr Steelquill was once an articled clerk in the office of Shearem, Fleecy, & Co., the well-known solicitors, and had the bright prospect of being one day himself a prosperous member of the legal profession. Successful as studious, honourable and gentlemanly as well-born and educated, he bid fair soon to master the mysteries of Blackstone & Co., and eventually to rise to eminence in his profession. The woolsack was before him; his hopes of attaining that Mont Blanc of the legal Alps were somewhat faint, but still, the woolsack *was* before him.

At this period of his history, Mr Steelquill's personal appearance presented nothing remarkable. A smooth, glossy hat surmounted a fringe of nicely-combed hair; his juvenile promises of whiskers, rather than whiskers themselves, were small, but well kept; his countenance wore the open, joyous aspect of one who ceased study when he left his desk, and could walk to and fro without troubling himself with much thought. He dressed in plain, but well-made clothes, always scrupulously brushed; and his boots, in their unsullied brightness, looked as though he had had them cleaned at the nearest corner. In fine, from top to toe, Mr Steelquill presented the appearance of a quiet, steady, young gentleman, of good position and better prospects. That is Mr Steelquill of old—as he was some six years ago. A sad change is apparent. His position now is that of—well, to use his own term, though it is perhaps rather too dignified—an author. In fact, Mr Steelquill is a periodical scribbler. He does that indescribable sort of work, called 'writing for the magazines.' Nobody seems to know what he writes, nor when, nor where; nor does he himself seem to be much in advance of his age in possessing information on this mysterious subject.

It is evident that his circumstances are not very good, though, fortunately for him, he is the recipient of an annuity to which the income he derives from his pen is merely supplementary. He looks fully twelve years older than when we first introduced him; and his face habitually wears an anxious, care-furrowed expression; ever and anon intensifying into a look of horribly fierce determination. At such moments, it must charitably be concluded that he is *labouring* under a fit of inspiration. A thought—a great idea—a grand conception—has arisen in his mind; or a startling denouement, or ingenious plot, has suggested itself to his fancy; or, perhaps, something so alarmingly funny has presented itself to his imagination, that it is only by contorting his features into an aspect of extreme gravity that he is able to prevent an unseemly explosion of mirth. He walks along, lost in sublime speculations and glowing aspirations. His search is after originality. He regards commonplace objects, scenes, persons, and occurrences, with a view to an original treatment of them in 'Someone's Journal.' He affects humour and wit, and is ever on the watch for subjects on which to exercise his gifts; so that, while the fates of nations and continents tremble in the political scale, he thinks of their most momentous questions as scenes for a burlesque, or jokes for an extravaganza; and a war or a revolution provides him with matter for a comic song.

Then, as to his attire, it varies. Occasionally it is incongruous, and also presents that appearance consequent on overlong wear, which has been happily termed 'seediness.' At other times he is, so far as the texture of his garments goes, well dressed; but still his dress is characterised by a peculiar showiness, almost gaudiness, of colour, and a singularity of make.

His hair he wears exceedingly long, as the customary and universally recognised sign of genius; and brushes, and combs, and strokes it back from his forehead,

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until little is left visible from the front save its roots; and it looks as though it had had a very narrow escape of being completely eradicated. He wears, too, what would be a moustache, if nature and he were but of the same way of thinking on the moustache question. As it is, he encourages the diffident capillary shoots, displays those of more luxuriant growth, and, in short, makes as close an approximation to that hirsute appendage as circumstances admit of. His gait assumes rather a slouching, lounging character, except when he is impelled by one of those fits of inspiration by which he is visited, and then he strides along at a smart pace, until the violence of his emotions has subsided.

A fearful alteration has, indeed, taken place in poor Steelquill. He is but the wreck of his former self; and, from a peaceable, respectable citizen, is reduced to the poor, objectless, aimless, restless creature we see him now. And yet, we must not imagine him a miserable man. Providence has kindly rendered him insensible to his misfortunes, and he is even so enamoured of his sad state, that he has rejected several overtures of his friends to reinstate him in his former position. Yes, strange to say, he prefers literary poverty to professional affluence, and would rather write what he mistakes for an epigram, than make out a bill of costs. Here then, is a case pregnant with warning to the young and ambitious, to avoid the pernicious ways of literature as they would the plague. The love of it entrances, entices, and, at last, irresistibly fascinates; but the pursuit of it makes a Samuel Steelquill of a man in the end. How the transition in Mr Steelquill's case took place, we design to relate.

Mr Steelquill, senior, was a very respectable retail dealer in West Indian produce; in fact, a grocer. Well-to-do and contented he was; and, intending to qualify his only child for a profession, he gave him an excellent education, and had the satisfaction of seeing him, for some time, advance steadily and rapidly towards an established position. But Mr S. Steelquill, as we have seen, departed from the path of prosperity and fortune, and eventually wandered very widely astray.

Of course he did not plunge at once into the wilds of literature. He stepped aside, and culled a flower or a leaf, and then sprung hastily back into the beaten track of professional propriety. In all cases of thus forsaking the right course, vagabondising for a time, and at length marching off in a totally different path, there must be a commencement. Some spot might be pointed out as the site of the first deviation—some point where the fresh course branched off at a most acute angle—some puddle of a Rubicon which bounded the forbidden ground; but, in after days, it is not easy, nor always possible, to indicate this starting-point. In Mr Steelquill's case, it is believed that the perpetration of an anonymous parody was the first act of delinquency, and that this was followed by several explosions of squibs, a *jeu d'esprit*, and some foundling jokes, the parentage of which, however, it is but just to him to state, he has never confessed to. These attempts all proving abortive, owing to the stupidity of publishers—who, with a strange blindness to their own interests, refused their insertion in their various periodicals, 'unless paid for as advertisements'—we feel at liberty to pass them by without further notice, and proceed to his first acknowledged production—'The Philosopher's Stone.' We shall spare our readers the pain of skipping this quaint effusion, by refraining from reprinting it, and merely state, that it appeared in an ill-known monthly periodical, authenticated by the initial signature 'S. S.,' and accompanied by a semi-apologetic explanation by the editor, that it was evidently the performance of a very inexperienced writer, and, viewed as such, was not wholly destitute of merit.

When Mr Steelquill procured the magazine in which 'The Philosopher's Stone' appeared, and read in the list of contents the title of his little piece, he experienced a sensation of agreeable bewilderment, known only to persons in his position; but, when he read the verses themselves, and saw the 'S. S.' appended thereto, his delight and astonishment were quite unbounded. Of course he cut the particular leaves between which the precious gem lay concealed, while he walked towards his office, and perused it in such a trepidation of pleasure, that, in his insensibility to external impressions, with his eyes fixed on the page, he walked over a little child, through a flock of sheep, and into the wrong office, besides all but running his open pen-knife into the eye of a boy, who, not being aware of his abstraction of mind, walked dange-

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rously near him. To this state of mind, a lofty assumption of indifference to sublunary things in general, magazines in particular, and, especially, to his own trifling contribution, succeeded, as re-action ensued; so that, in the evening, he presented the periodical to his father, and pointed out his own handiwork, or headiwork, with a calmness truly surprising, particularly when viewed as merely the mask of intense emotion.

Had not Mr Steelquill, senior, been an imbecile old grocer, instead of praising his son's impotent attempt, he would have expressed surprise at any young man writing, and any editor publishing, such trash. As it was, he read it as he would have read an invoice; and, seeing that each line began with a capital letter, he inferred that it was poetry, while the fact that it was divided into verses, led him to the conclusion that it was a song; and, feeling very proud at seeing his son's production in print, he pronounced it capital—excellent—and so forth; frequently exclaiming, 'Well, I never ——!' but, provokingly leaving the sentence in that unfinished and ungrammatical form, he rendered it impossible for any person to understand to what he denied being, doing, or suffering.

His injudicious expression of approval produced two results: 1st, Mr S. Steelquill immediately laid before him a large collection of similar pieces, in manuscript; and, 2d, Mr S. Steelquill began seriously to contemplate freeing his genius from the confinement of legal studies, and allowing it to soar, in majestic freedom, towards—towards—wherever genius does soar.

Shortly this determination was carried into execution, and Mr Steelquill resolutely refused to proceed with his profession, and declared himself resolved henceforth to devote himself to literary pursuits. The fact of this course being strikingly at variance with the advice he had offered, and the sentiments he inculcated in his own philosophical poem, did not at all affect his resolution, as he claimed the freedom from general rules usually accorded to genius. He received, indeed, a slight check in his career, on having, as soon as he thought to make merchandise of his ware, almost every paper he forwarded to publishers returned to him. In vain did he pass from tale to sketch, and thence to essay; in vain did he, with the versatility of genius, turn from prose to verse—blank and rhymed; in vain did he write lengthy pieces, and equally in vain did he cut down his articles into mere scraps—editors were insensible alike to their own interests, and to his extraordinary merit. In vain did he seek fresh editors; alas! they were all alike insensible. True, they all '*regretted*'—but still they *did* 'regret'—'that the paper, 'Memoirs of a Monkey, or an Account of an Ape,' was unsuitable for insertion in ——. The M.S. might be had on application at the publisher's.' Occasionally, indeed, some unfortunate editor, worried beyond even an editor's patience by his pertinacious applications, did not vouchsafe him quite as polite a reply; and his favour was ruthlessly and thanklessly declined. As a general rule, his papers would not become contributions.

Disgusted by the want of taste and discernment he discovered among editors, Mr Steelquill made up his mind to leave them to their fate, and to turn his attention to the stage. Though feeling himself fully equal to a tragedy in five, or a comedy in three acts, he nevertheless very modestly decided on making his *debut* as a writer for the stage as the author of a farce in one act.

He plodded at his plot until he fancied it unexceptionable, and polished his jokes till, in his own estimation, they were as brilliant as Bude lights; and then, perusing it once more, with a half-repressed self-complacent smirk writhing over his features, he put it in his pocket, and went forth in quest of a manager, intending, as it was a first attempt, and he had a name to make, to offer it gratuitously.

Fortunately, he was able to procure a letter of introduction from an influential friend to a celebrated manager, remarkable, however, for not manifesting in a most extraordinary degree, that *suaviter in modo*, which so frequently renders even opposition to one's wishes tolerable. Armed with this note, he sought the manager, presented his farce, and was requested to call again in a month or so. This short age having elapsed, he again waited on the man who, to his apprehension, held his fate in his hand. The manager had satisfied himself by a glance that the piece was infinitely below par, and totally unfit for representation 'on any stage;' but to afford an author such satisfaction, he experimentally knew was impossible. So, thinking it best

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to cut short any parleying on the subject by decisively intimating his opinion, preliminary civilities having been briefly hurried through, he bluntly said, 'Mr Steelquill, it's a perfect farce!'

Mr Steelquill, quite mistaking the meaning and scope of this statement, bowed courteously, smiled complacently, and modestly replied, 'I am delighted to hear you express such an opinion. I feared that, being my first essay, it might betray many imperfections.'

'But, sir, you altcgether misunderstand me—I dare not attempt to put it on the stage. It would be laughed at!'

'Laughed at! Why, of course it would. I expect it would prove a screamer. That scene, now, in which Giles Bumpkin tells the dairymaid ——'

'Really, sir, to be plain with you, I cannot accept your piece.'

'In that case, I have no objection to take a moderate sum in payment for ——'

'Payment! Good heavens, sir, you must be mad! Me pay you for such execrable rubbish! I'll be hanged if I —— But, good morning, sir. There's your farce! Good morning!'

Mr Steelquill has an indistinct recollection of some bowing taking place, and of his offering to shake hands with the servant man, but when he fairly recovered his consciousness, he was walking along the street.

To attempt to convey any just idea of his discomfiture and intense mortification, would be futile. But even this decided treatment of his sad case failed to effect a cure, and from that time to the present he has continued to write all sorts of pieces; as yet unsuccessfully striving to attain a respectable literary position, he still lives on in the hope of one day taking the reading public by storm, and springing suddenly from his present obscurity, into all the splendour of a popular author.

THE SEA AND THE ROCK.

Be still, oh sea! Grow still and calm, oh sea!
Wilt thou thus win unto thy wayward will
The stern grey crag, that with world's use is chill,
And make it bend down o'er thee tenderly?
Nay, nay, wild sea! Be still and calm, mad sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!
Thou deem'st thyself an heiress, richly dower'd!
Thy white foam pearls, so prodigally shower'd,
The lordly rock flings back in scorn to thee;
The scorn of such light offerings, changeful sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!
Dost think that it is beautiful or meet,
To fret and foam around so steadfast feet,
To trouble such high, hoar tranquillity?
Nay, nay, wild sea! Be still and calm, mad sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!
The shadow of the rock will only rest
In love upon a fair untroubled breast;
It doth not choose to be toss'd fitfully
With all thy wanton motions, changeful sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!
Spread out a broad unwavering expanse,
Unbroken by one wavelet's restless dance;
To thy beloved's feet steal quietly,
In rev'rent love. Be still and calm, oh sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!
As the great stillness of the calm night sky:
As that calm deepeneth, the rock shall lie
Within thine arms, mirror'd more perfectly.
So hush thee, sea! Grow calm and constant, sea!

ILFRACOMBE.

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THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY years ago, the British Association for the Advancement of Science held its first meetings in the city of York. The recent meetings of that distinguished body were held, towards the end of September, in the town of Liverpool. In the interval, the annual gatherings of the promoters and patrons of science have taken place in the chief towns and cities of the empire. Edinburgh and Glasgow have vied with Oxford and Cambridge in giving substantial encouragement to the National Institute; while Dublin and Cork were not a whit behind Manchester and Liverpool in the kindness of their reception, and the sincerity of their admiration. Bristol, Birmingham, Hull, Ipswich, Newcastle, Plymouth, Southampton, and Swansea, besides those cities already named, have each honoured the association with a warm and generous welcome; and (might it not be added?) have equally honoured themselves by so doing. Speaking from some little observation and experience, we should say that these re-unions are felt alike by cities and association, to be mutually a privilege and an honour.

Some eminent men have stood aloof from the association, and some organs of public opinion have spoken lightly, if not contemptuously, of its organisation and objects; but, from its commencement, it has received the confidence of philosophers, and men of science generally, and commanded the approbation and good services of the press.

Whatever may have been the case in the past, we are safe in affirming, that in the present time, almost every British philosopher stands in some friendly relationship to the association; and every organ of public opinion is loud in its praise. This must be extremely gratifying to those distinguished men, now veterans in the service of science, to whom it owes its existence. The proposal to establish such an institution sprung out of a discussion on the state of science in Britain, which was carried on for some years previous to 1830. In the October of that year, Sir David Brewster, in an article on Mr Babbage's work, entitled, 'Reflections on the Decline of Science in England, and on some of its Causes,' which appeared in the 'Quarterly Review,' discussed the question in a masterly manner, and submitted certain remedies for the universally acknowledged evil, and concluded by suggesting an ASSOCIATION for the development and application of the proposed remedial measures. Early in the year 1831, Sir David communicated his plan to the Philosophical Society of York. The following letter, after some correspondence with the party, was addressed to Mr John Phillips, secretary to that society:—

'Allerly, by Melrose,
Feb. 23, 1831.

'Dear Sir,—I have taken the liberty of writing you on a subject of considerable importance. It is proposed to establish a *British Association of men of science*, similar to that which has existed for eight years in Germany, and which is now patronised by the most powerful sovereigns in that part of Europe. The arrangements for the first meeting are now in progress, and it is contemplated that it shall be held in York, as the most central city of the three kingdoms. My object in writing to you at present is, to beg that you would ascertain if York will furnish the accommodation necessary for so large a meeting, which might perhaps consist of above 100 individuals; if the Philosophical Society would enter zealously into the plan; and if the mayor, and influential persons in the town and in the vicinity, would be likely to promote its objects. *The principal objects of the society would be to make the cultivators of science acquainted with each other—to stimulate one another to new exertions—to bring the objects of science before the public eye—and to take measures for advancing its interests, and accelerating its progress.* The society would possess no funds, make no collections, and hold no property; the expense of each anniversary meeting being defrayed by the members who are present. As these few observations will enable you to form a general opinion of the object in view, I shall only add, that the time of meeting which is likely to be most convenient, would be about the 18th or 25th of July.—I am, &c.,

'D. BREWSTER.'

The plan submitted by Sir David was highly approved of by the Philosophical Society; and on the 26th September, 1831, the new ASSOCIATION was inaugurated

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by a public meeting, held under the most favourable auspices. Instead of 100, according to the original calculation, there were upwards of 350 persons enrolled as members of the association; and among these there stood the names of such men as Lord Milton, Sir D. Brewster, Sir R. Murchison, Dr Dalton, Dr Henry, Dr Scoresby, Dr Daubeny; Professors J. D. Forbes, Johnston, Phillips, Potter, &c. At this meeting, it was arranged that reports should be prepared, against the time when the association should re-assemble at Oxford in 1832, on the following subjects, by the persons whose names are attached:—Progress of Astronomy during the present century, Professor Airy.—On the Tides, W. Lubbock.—On Meteorology, Professor Forbes.—On Radiant Heat, Professor Powell.—Thermo-Electricity, Professor Cumming.—Optics, Sir D. Brewster.—Mineralogy, Professor Whewell.—Geology, Rev. W. D. Conybeare.—Chemical Science, Professor Johnston.—On the History of the Human Species, Dr Prichard.

We have been thus minute, that the reader might have an accurate idea of the origin of the British Association, and the important objects it has, from the beginning, sought to accomplish. This was the more necessary, as some statements we have observed in recent publications were somewhat apart from the truth, and calculated to mislead.

In attending the meetings held in Liverpool in September last, certain reflections forced themselves upon our minds, to which we must be allowed, even here, to give brief utterance. The first thing that struck us was the large—in some instances, the very large—numbers of both sexes who attended the meetings, both sectional and general, and the eager interest manifested in the proceedings. From the statement made by Professor Phillips, at the concluding meeting, we learn, that no fewer than *one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one* persons attended the meetings held in Liverpool—the largest number, we believe, that ever were enrolled in one year on the books of the association. The rate of progress has been very great—great beyond the most sanguine expectations. Of that number there were—

Life members,	358
Annual members,	239
Associates,	761
Ladies,	523
Total,	1881

The sum paid by a life member is £10, and this gives him a right to a copy of all the reports and publications issued by, as well as renders him eligible to, all the offices in connection with the association. Annual members pay £2 entry-money; and, by an additional annual payment of £1, regularly—whether present at the meetings or not—they secure the same advantages as the life member. The associate pays £1, and is a member for the season only, with no other advantages than the very great one—namely, that of attending the current series of meetings. It does not always happen, as in the present instance, that the associates are the majority; but, when the meetings are held in large cities, it is generally found to be the case. This fact tells favourably on the growing intelligence of the people, and their increasing appreciation of scientific pursuits. The utility of science, and the practical bearing of the British Association on its advancement, is thus, year by year, attested, by the presence of many who are engaged in trade and commerce, and whose time is far too precious to be wasted on that in which they have no particular interest; and which does not, in some way or other, contribute to their advantage.

Another thing that struck us very forcibly, was the practical character of many of the communications, and the no less practical turn the discussions on those communications invariably took. There were, indeed, many high and difficult questions introduced, and some startling theories mooted, as one might expect on such an occasion; but even in discussing these themes, utility was seldom lost sight of. Very appropriately, many papers placed before the sections had a close and important bearing on the interests of such a commercial community as that of Liverpool. There were geographical discoveries detailed, thus opening new fields for the spirit of enterprise; the mode of sailing by 'great circles' was demonstrated, thus effecting a saving, in many cases, of a third of the time, and, consequently, a considerable portion of the expense, in traversing the ocean; suggestions in magnetism and the compass were freely offered, whereby life and property, when exposed to the mercy of the winds and waves, might be rendered more secure. Then there were other themes of universal interest, such as the statistics of pauperism and crime, the great coinage question, &c. &c.

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Still another thing struck us with equal force—namely, this: The wonderful change which twenty-four years had wrought upon the active working members of the association. Many familiar names were not enrolled in the books—many much-respected forms were met with in none of the sections. Death had called them away from this scene of effort and excitement, or the gathering infirmities of age now rendered such scenes uncongenial. Many who, a quarter of a century ago, were but commencing their career, had grown grey in the service of science; and well did they become their honourable laurels. Such are Sir C. Lyall, Sir R. Murchison, Professors Trail, Phillips, Powell, Sedgwick, and a host of others. Many young men were there, at once the hope and the pride of British science. Some that we include in this class have, indeed, been long in the field; but their herculean efforts are unimpaired, and their youthful enthusiasm unabated. Such are Professors Owen, E. Forbes, Balfour, Stokes, Williamson, &c. Associated with them, and worthy of the confederacy, are the younger men—men of some performance, but men of greater promise—Professors Thomson, Tyndall, M'Cosh, &c. To these we must add the names of several distinguished foreigners, all of whom have done good service to science in their respective departments.

It is impossible to describe the benefits which the British Association has, directly and indirectly, conferred upon science during the period of its existence. It never was in a better position to realise the objects it contemplates. With the experience and sagacity of age, it combines the energy and enthusiasm of youth. All the elements of a successful instrumentality are blended in this National Institute.

But we must now come to the present meetings. It was arranged, according to custom, at the close of the business of the preceding year, where the association should assemble in 1854. Liverpool was the selected place; and well has Liverpool justified the choice. The time fixed was the third week in September. Accordingly, on the 20th of that month, the business was commenced by a general committee meeting, held in St George's Hall, at twelve o'clock; and in the evening of the same day, an address was delivered by the new president, the Earl of Harrowby.

St George's Hall, although not finished, was so far advanced towards completion, as to admit of the meetings being held under its capacious roof; for which purpose it was kindly placed at the disposal of the association. It would be away from our professed object, even though we had space enough at our command, to give a description of this hall. It is, perhaps, enough for us to say, that it has been fourteen years in building, has cost about a quarter of a million of money, and is so capacious, as to have given accommodation to seven separate sections at a time—each having, besides a large place for the public meeting, a suite of committee-rooms; and we conclude by affirming, what those who were present on this occasion will readily acquiesce in, that it is the most magnificent hall in this country.

The president's inaugural address was delivered in the Philharmonic Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th September. By the hour (eight o'clock) when the business was to commence, a very large and brilliant company had assembled. After a brief address by the retiring president, W. Hopkins, Esq., the Earl of Harrowby said:—'When I first set myself the task of preparing to address you on the present occasion, my impulse was to begin with an apology for appearing before you in so prominent a position—for assuming apparently a station in the world of science for which I had no pretensions. On second thoughts, however, it appeared better—more respectful, in fact, having consented, though with unfeigned reluctance, to accept the office, to say no more on that head, but to discharge its duties as best I might. This, however, I must ask of you, not to expect from me what you have had from many of my predecessors, a luminous review of the state of physical science, a recital of its recent various triumphs, and suggestions for their further extension; that I should, in the words of the poet, though in a different sense, "allure to brighter worlds, and point the way." Though I have been no indifferent spectator of that rapid and triumphant march of science which, within the last fifty years, has been extending and enriching the old domains of knowledge, and planting, as it were, new colonies in hitherto unexplored and untrodden regions, yet I have been only a spectator—my avocations have been less with the properties

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of matter than with the busy concerns of men; and if I attempted now to assume, for the first time, the philosophic garb, I am afraid that the awkwardness of my gait would soon betray me. There are, however, some points of high and general interest which, in a meeting like the present, cannot be entirely neglected, and in regard to which the kindness of friends has supplied me with some matter not unworthy of being submitted to your notice. How, for instance, in the land of Newton, and in the greatest sea-port of the world, should I neglect astronomy?'

The noble president then read various memoranda furnished by Professor Challis and Captain Fitzroy: that by the former, on the present state of Astronomy; that by the latter, on Meteorology—interspersing them with original reflections on various subjects. We can give only the merest outline of these interesting documents, and are under the necessity, also, of greatly condensing the president's own remarks:—

'Since the meeting of the British Association last year,' says Professor Challis, 'four planets and four comets have been discovered. Three of the new planets were found at Mr Bishop's observatory, two by Mr Hind, and one by Mr Maith. This last was also discovered the following night at the Oxford Observatory—another of the many instances presented by astronomy of independent discoveries made nearly simultaneously. The fourth planet was found at the observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, by Mr R. Luther, an astronomer distinguished by having already discovered two planets. Of the comets, one was discovered at Berlin, two at Gottingen, and the fourth was seen very generally with the naked eye at the end of last March. None of them have been identified with preceding comets.

'The large number of planets and comets discovered of late years, while it evinces the diligence of astronomers, has, at the same time, brought additional labourers into the field of astronomical science, and contributed materially to its extension. The demand for observations created by these discoveries, has been met by renewed activity in existing observatories, and has led to the establishment, by public or private means, of new observatories.

'In addition to the advantages just stated, the observations called for by the discovery of new bodies of the solar system have drawn attention to the state of *stellar astronomy*, and been the means of improving this fundamental part of the science. The following are a few words on the existing state of stellar astronomy, so far as regards *catalogues* of stars. Subsequently to the formation of the older catalogues of bright stars, astronomers turned their attention to observations in *zones*, or otherwise of smaller stars, to the ninth magnitude inclusive. Lalande, Lacaille, Bessel, Argelander, and Lamont, are the chief labourers in this class of observations. But these observations, unreduced and uncatalogued, are comparatively of little value. The British Association did great service to astronomers, by reducing into catalogues the observations of Lalande and Lacaille. A catalogue of part of Bessel's zones has been published at St Petersburg, and a catalogue of part of Argelander's zones at Vienna. Lamont's zones have also been reduced in part by himself. The above are the catalogues which are principally used in the observations of the small planets, and of comets. This class of observations must generally be made by means of stars as fixed points of reference. The observer selects a star from a catalogue, either for the purpose of finding the moving body, or for comparing its position with that of the star; but, from the imperfection of the catalogue, it sometimes happens that no star is found in the place indicated by it; and in most cases, unless the star's place has been determined by repeated meridian observations, it is not sufficiently accurate for final reference of the position of the planet or comet. In catalogues reduced from zone observations, the star's right ascension generally depends on a single transit across a single wire, and its declination on a single bisection. This being the case, astronomers have begun to feel the necessity of using the catalogue places of stars *provisionally*, in reducing their observations, and of obtaining afterwards accurate places by meridian observations.

'It will be seen by this statement, that, by the observations of the small planets and of comets, materials are gradually accumulating for the formation of a more accurate and more extensive catalogue of stars than any hitherto published. The British Association would add greatly to the benefits it has already conferred on astronomical science, by promoting the

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publication, when sufficient materials can be collected, of a *general catalogue of all stars to the ninth magnitude inclusive, which have been repeatedly observed with meridian instruments.*

'The determination of differences of longitude by galvanic signals, is an astronomical matter of great practical importance. This method, employed first in America, was introduced into England by the Astronomer-Royal, and has been applied to the determination, in succession, of the differences of longitude between the Greenwich Observatory and the observatories of Cambridge, Edinburgh, Brussels, and Paris. In the first and last instances, results have been published which prove the perfect success and accuracy of the method. Mr Airy, on recently announcing in the public papers the completion of the operation between the Greenwich and Paris Observatories, justly remarks, that such an experiment could not have been made without the assistance afforded by commercial enterprise, and that commercial enterprise is in turn honoured by the aid thus rendered to science. Generally it may be said of astronomy at the present time, that it is prosecuted zealously and extensively, active observations being now more numerous than ever; and that the interests of the science are promoted as well by private enterprise as by the aid of governments.

'You will have observed that Professor Challis speaks of the activity of private enterprise in the cause of astronomy; and can I in this place pass over the labours of a Lassell, or the enlightened public spirit of the corporation of this town, which, stimulated by your visit in the year 1837, has now for some years maintained an excellent and well-provided observatory, under the able management of Mr Hartnup, who has not only conferred great benefits on the navigation of the place by the regulation of its chronometers, but great honour upon the institution, by the general services which he has rendered to meteorological as well as to astronomical science. You may remember that, at the period of your last meeting, arrangements with government were in progress for the construction of a reflecting telescope of four feet aperture, which should bring to bear upon the nebulæ and other starry phenomena of the southern hemisphere a far higher power than that to which they had been submitted by Sir John Herschel. You will regret to hear that, although the estimate was not objected to by the government, it has not yet been submitted to Parliament. The labours of your Kew committee are carried on with unabated assiduity, and extending usefulness.

'A report of a committee of the Institute of France, consisting of MM. Lionville, Lameé, and Elie de Beaumont, on the subject of a theory of earthquakes, has been transmitted to me for the use of the association. From a careful discussion of several thousand of these phenomena, which have been recorded between the years 1801 and 1850, and a comparison of the periods at which they occurred, with the position of the moon in relation to the earth, the learned professor, M. Perrey of Dijon, would infer that earthquakes may possibly be the result of an action of attraction exercised by that body on the supposed fluid centre of our globe, somewhat similar to that which she exercises on the waters of the ocean; and the report of the committee of the institute is so far favourable, that at their instance the institute have granted funds to enable the learned professor to continue his researches.

'On Geology (I am sorry for the slightness of my acquaintance with so captivating as well as so practical a study) I have nothing to report, save that the increasing scarcity of ironstone and coal is driving the practical men to have a greater respect for a science which enables them to form a very sound conjecture where such minerals are likely to be found, and to come to something like an absolute certainty as to where they are not.

'What apparently can be less subject to rule and law, even to a proverb, than the changeful wind and the treacherous wave? Yet, even here, observation and comparison have done some good work for science and for man; and are about to do more. You are all aware that the American Government have now for some years, at the instance, and under the direction, of Lieutenant Maury, been collecting from the mercantile vessels of that nation observations of certain phenomena at sea, such as winds, tides, currents, and temperature of the ocean; and that the results, digested into charts and books, have already been the means of adding speed and safety to their voyages in an extraordinary degree. You are aware that application was made to our government, to co-operate in this great work of common

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benefit to every mercantile nation, and that the subject was brought before Parliament by one of our vice-presidents, Lord Wrottesley. You are perhaps not aware that the government has agreed to the proposal, and has created a special department for the purpose, in connection with the board of trade, placing it under the management of perhaps the one man best fitted to carry it out with energy and success, my friend Captain Fitzroy—one not less known on the banks of the Mersey by old associations, than on the general fields of maritime science. Conceiving that this was a subject of special interest to the place of our present meeting, and that for such an object it was desirable, as publicly and as widely as possible, to solicit the co-operation of all who are connected with the commerce of the country, I have asked Captain Fitzroy to communicate to me the present condition of the question:—

'Wind and current charts have been published of late years, chiefly based on the great work of the United States Government, at the suggestion of, and superintended by, Lieutenant Maury; and by studying such charts and directions, navigators have been able to shorten their passages materially—in many cases as much as one-fourth, in some one-third, of the distance or time previously employed. Much had been collected and written about the winds and currents; but general attention was not attracted to the subject—however important to a maritime country—till the publication of Lieutenant Maury's admirable observations. Encouraged by the practical results obtained, and induced by the just arguments of that officer, the principal maritime powers sent duly qualified persons to assist at a conference held at Brussels last year, on the subject of meteorology at sea. The report of that conference was laid before Parliament, and the first direct result of it was a vote of money for the purchase of instruments, and the discussion of observations.

'A very large number of ships, chiefly American, are now engaged in observations, stimulated by the advice, and aided by the documents so liberally furnished by the United States Government, at the instance of Lieutenant Maury, whose labours have been incessant. Not only does that government offer directions and charts, gratis, to American ships, but also to those of our nation, in accordance with certain easy and just conditions. In this country, the government, through the board of trade, will supply a certain number of ships, which are going on distant voyages, with "abstract logs" (or meteorological registers) and instruments, gratis, in order to assist effectively in carrying out this important national undertaking.

'I cannot doubt,' said the noble president, 'that the spirited merchants and shipowners of England will not be slow to follow the example of their brethren in the United States, and will lend their heartiest assistance to a work so useful. Great facilities will be afforded them in the way of instruments of tested accuracy; and the increasing number of scientific seamen, which is resulting from the local institutions of education, and the system of examination of masters and mates for certificates, will furnish them with observers in every part of the ocean fit to be intrusted with such instruments, and skilful in their use. Let not the practical man think lightly of such matters, when he is reminded of the great services of the barometer in forewarning of the coming storm, that the ascertained temperature of the sea which his ship is traversing will inform her master whether he is engaged in one current or another, and announce to him the approach of the dangerous iceberg, when it is not discoverable by any other means.

'I will now, with your permission, proceed to the consideration of some other departments of our work, such as Geography, Ethnography, and Statistics, which are more connected with my own pursuits. The apprehension that they must introduce the spirit of party into our proceedings has been most honourably disappointed; and as one who, in the capacity of a member of the legislature, has to act from time to time on the subject of some of their inquiries, I cannot but express my gratitude for the assistance which they have afforded, both by informing and forming the public mind on many important questions; and, above all, for the lesson they have taught on the importance of testing every theory, by a patient collection and impartial discussion of the facts.

'By its employment of the doctrine of probabilities, one branch of statistics is brought into immediate contact with the higher mathematics, and the actuary is thus enabled to extract certainty in the gross out of uncertainty in the detail, and

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to provide man with the means of securing himself against some of the worst contingencies to which his life and property are exposed. In fact, statistics themselves are the introduction of the principle of induction into the investigation of the affairs of human life—an operation which requires the exercise of at least the same philosophical qualities as other sciences. It is not enough in any case merely to collect facts, and reduce them into a tabular form. They must be analysed, as well as compared; the accompanying circumstances must be studied (which is more difficult in moral than in material investigations), that we may be sure that we are (that is to say, in reality, calling the same things by the same names) treating of the same facts under the same circumstances; and all disturbing influences must be carefully eliminated before any such pure experiment can be got at as can fairly be considered to have established a satisfactory conclusion.

'What shall I say to the statistics of crime, of education, of pauperism, of charity, at once and reciprocally the effect and the cause of that increasing attention to the condition of the people which so favourably distinguishes the present age? Who can look at the mere surface of society, transparently betraying the abysses which yawn beneath, and not desire to know something of their secrets, to throw in the moral drag, and to bring to the light of day some of the phenomena, the monstrous forms of misery and vice which it holds within its dark recesses? and who can look at these things, no longer matter of conjecture, but ascertained, classed, and tabled, without having the desire awakened or strengthened to do something towards remedying the evils thus revealed, and without feeling himself guided and assisted towards a remedy? Yet here, more than in other cases, should a man suspect himself; here should he guard himself against hasty conclusions, drawn from the first appearance of the results; for here are disturbing influences most busily at work, not only from without, but from within; not only in the nature of the facts themselves, but in the feelings, passions, prejudices, habits, and moral constitution of the observer.

'Among the objects which may best occupy the attention of the statistical section, at the present moment, will be the discussion of a decimal coinage, and the statistics of agricultural produce. It is important in regard to both, that by previous sifting and discussion not only the best conclusion should be arrived at, but the subject should be so familiarised to general apprehension as to secure the widest co-operation. In regard to a change in the coinage, the interests and feelings of the lower class must be especially consulted; and, with this view, without expressing any ultimate opinion, I would recommend to those who are considering the question the perusal of a pamphlet, full of important matter, by the late Mr Laurie, the work of the last hours of a man of eminent knowledge and virtue, which he had hoped to be able to communicate in person, as a paper, to the present meeting. With regard to the statistics of agriculture, the main object is to procure such a knowledge of the facts as shall guide the operations of the consumer and the merchant. I would suggest that they should be taken and published at two periods of the year: once in the spring, recording the extent of soil devoted to each kind of grain—a fact easily ascertained; the second time as soon as the harvest is concluded, announcing the amount of the crop, as ascertained on several specimen fields under different circumstances of soil and climate, and applying it in due proportion as a multiple to the acreage already published.

'In regard to Geography and Ethnography, there are few sections, I believe, which have more general interest, and none, I imagine, which would be more attractive here. Where every new discovery is connected with the material interests of the place, a new source of raw material, or a new destination for finished work; and where every new communication, established and reported, is another channel for the extension of that commerce which, bursting from the channels of the Mersey, permeates and percolates every creek and cranny of the known world.

'The great navigations which are opening up the heart of the South American continent, by the Paraguay, the Amazon, and the Orinoco, and that are traversing and uniting the colonies of Victoria and South Australia by the River Murray; the projected exploration of North Australia, which, I am sorry to say, is as yet only a project, and may require some of the fostering warmth of the association to bring it into actual existence; the wonderful discoveries in South Africa by

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Livingston and Anderson (I am happy to say that Mr Anderson is here, to tell his own story), and the explorations of Central Africa by Barth and Vogel; the pictures given us by Captain Erskine and others of the condition of the islanders of the South Pacific, passing in every stage of transition from the lowest barbarism to a fitness for the highest European and Christian culture;—these, and a hundred other topics, awaken an ever new interest in the mind of the philosopher and statesman, in the feelings of the Christian and the lover of his kind. What new fields for science! What new openings for wealth and power! What new opportunities for good! How important that those who issue from this great emporium of modern commerce, this more than Tyre of modern times, should know how to turn them to advantage. Surely your periodical visits here, with their kindling, stimulating—I was going to say infectious—influences, are no mean instrument for such a purpose. It cannot be for nothing that the heroes of every branch of science are assembled from many countries within these walls, and are brought into personal contact with the most enterprising and public-spirited of our merchants; that, in the language of my distinguished predecessor in this chair, slightly adapted, "the counting-house is thus brought into juxtaposition with the laboratory and the study." Commerce will more than ever be auxiliary to science, and science more than ever the helpmate of commerce, and a still further impulse will be given to those beneficial influences which, in spite of some painful though necessary interruption, occasioned by our present state of war, a good Providence is so visibly extending over the whole habitable globe.'

After some liberal observations on the subject of education, and some guarded remarks on the encouragement due to science and scientific men, and expressing the hope that a thorough acquaintance with science might soon become 'the common appanage of all well-educated men,' the noble earl continued:—'To accelerate, however, this process, I would gladly see a more direct communication established between the organs of power and scientific bodies. Something in this respect has already been done by the parliamentary committee of this association, and the results have been already seen in the increased attention of parliament and government to scientific objects. Still, however, in regard to science, I must admit that there is one great deficiency; for often may it be said of science, as it was said satirically of virtue by the poet, *laudatur et alget*—it is praised and starves. The man of science may not desire to live luxuriously; he may not, nor ought he, desire to rival his neighbours in the follies of equipage and ostentation, which are often, indeed, rather a burden imposed by the customs of society, than an advantage, or even a gratification to the parties themselves; but he must live, and for the sake of science itself he ought to be able to live, free from those anxious cares for the present and the future, or from the calls of a profession, which often beset and burden his laborious career. Why was our Dalton compelled to waste the powers of such an intellect on private teaching? As a teacher, a physician, or a clergyman, or more rarely as a partner in a profitable patent, such a man may earn a competence, and give to science the hours which can be spared from his other avocations; and it is indeed astonishing what results have been the produce of these leavings of a laborious life; these leisure hours, if so they may be called, of men who are engaged in arduous duties of another kind. But this ought not to be; and it will not long be, I am confident. It must give way before the extended cultivation of science itself. The means of occupation in connection with our schools and our colleges, and our examinations, will increase; and I cannot but hope that a grateful country will insist upon her benefactors in science receiving a more liberal share of her bounty than has been hitherto allotted them. If I recollect right, out of the £1200 which are annually appropriated in pensions to the successful cultivators of science, literature, and art, a poor pension of £50 is all that last year fell to the lot of science; and in former years the disproportion has often been little less remarkable. I do not grudge their share to literature and art; but I confess I cannot but consider that the labours of science are at least of equal value to a nation's welfare—that they have at least an equal claim upon her gratitude; and I am sure that they stand in no less need of encouragement and support.

'Once more assuming for a moment the character of a representative of this great town, I welcome you, the British Association, a second time to Liverpool. It is

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right that you and Liverpool should have frequent meetings, and should cultivate an intimate acquaintance. There is no place which can do more for science, if she pleases; none has opportunities so extensive of becoming, by her ships and her commercial agencies, by her enterprising spirit and her connection with every soil and climate, the missionary of science—perhaps I should rather say, the importer of the raw material of facts and observations, the exporter of the manufactured results arising from their scientific discussion. There is no town which owes more to science. Without science, can her vessels stir, without danger, out of sight of land, or walk the waters independent of wind or tide? Without science, would they have docks to shelter them, railroads to bring their produce to the docks, telegraphs to announce their movements, manufactures to freight them to distant lands? I do not believe that Liverpool is insensible to her obligations. This magnificent reception is one evidence of the feeling; but a still better is to be found in her liberal support to such institutions as the public libraries and museums, as her Collegiate Institution, and her Mechanics' Institute, and, above all, to her magnificent observatory.'

The real business of the association commenced on Thursday. At eleven o'clock of that day, the seven sections into which it is divided began their work. They were arranged in the following order:—

Mathematical and Physical Science.
Chemical Science.
Geology.
Zoology, Botany, and Physiology.
Geography and Ethnology.
Statistics.
Mechanical Science.

We shall give as full an account of the proceedings in each section as our space will allow; and, first, we begin with

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

There were many valuable papers read before this section, and these were generally followed by discussions of a most profitable description. It would be impossible even to enumerate the titles of these papers, far less to characterise them in detail. Suffice it to say, comparatively few of the communications were of merely speculative importance; almost all of them had a practical bearing—a goodly proportion of them, indeed, were thoroughly practical. Meteorology, Magnetism, Motion, Heat, and many other subjects, were brought under discussion, in which Dr Faraday, Dr Scoresby, Professor Powell, Professor Thomson, Professor Tyndall, &c., took part. We take the only extract that we can afford to give, under this head, from a most valuable communication by Mr Hartnup, of the Liverpool Observatory, on the 'Variation in the Rates of Chronometers.' The subject is one of immense importance to the entire shipping and commercial interest of this country:—

'There is one department of the observatory to which public attention has not been directed so fully as, I think, its importance deserves. I allude to the rating and testing of chronometers; this being, moreover, the main object for which the observatory was established. In the memorial from which I have quoted, it is stated, that a captain could not, at that time, obtain the correct error and rate of his chronometer, in consequence of the time not being accurately known. Since the establishment of the observatory, this deficiency has been removed; the arrangements for obtaining and carrying on the time are so complete, that no sensible error can possibly arise in that way. Having accomplished this object, our attention has been directed to further improvements; and the exquisite arrangements which we possess for testing time-keepers, has led us to the discovery of a source of error, to which chronometers employed in the merchant service are subject, the importance of attending to which I will endeavour to explain. To enable the mariner to find his longitude at sea by the chronometer, he is furnished with its daily gain or loss, which is called its *rate*. The practice almost universally adopted has been to take for granted that this rate is uniform during the voyage. Chronometers are supposed to be compensated for the changes of temperature to which they must necessarily be exposed at sea, in different latitudes, and captains are instructed to use the same rate in all climates. Now, we are prepared to show that, for chronometers employed in the merchant service, the average change of rate caused by changing the temperature from 40° to 60° of Fahrenheit, is *seven seconds* a-day. Hence, if we ascer-

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tain the rate of a chronometer on shore with the most scrupulous degree of accuracy, in a temperature of 40°, and this chronometer be afterwards taken to sea, and exposed to a temperature of 60° for the short period of eighteen days, the accumulated error on Greenwich time, according to the above-named average, will be upwards of two minutes; and an error of two minutes, it is stated in the memorial before referred to, might cause a wreck. This variation of rate, from change of temperature, differs so much in different time-keepers, that, without a trial, no idea can be formed of its amount in any particular chronometer. In order to show this more clearly, we have compiled, from the records of the observatory, three tables; each table shows the change of rate for each of one hundred chronometers, caused by changing the temperature to the extent named in the respective headings. Notwithstanding the great change of rate (shown by the tables to have been produced by change of temperature), we find that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the original rates return the instant that the original temperature is restored. It appears, that about five per cent. of the chronometers which have passed through the observatory are altogether unfit to be used for nautical purposes. With the means which we possess for testing, there is no difficulty in detecting such chronometers in a trial of two or three weeks. With regard to the remaining 95 per cent., it appears, that very great dependence may be placed in them, if we take into consideration the change of rate due to change of temperature. Unfortunately, we have no record of the temperature to which the chronometers that have passed through the observatory have been exposed during the voyage; but we find that the average of the sea-rates of chronometers employed in the American trade, agrees with the rates of the same chronometers on shore, in a temperature of about 60°, and that the average of the sea-rates of chronometers which have been exposed to a tropical climate during great part of the voyage, agrees with the rates of the same chronometers on shore in a temperature of about 80°. I am not aware of the existence of any other establishment in the world, in which captains of merchant ships can obtain any information relative to the variation of the rates of their chronometers in different temperatures. Attention appears to have been exclusively directed to accurate astronomical means of determining the rate. Now, our records show, that the average variation of rate caused by changing the temperature so small a quantity as one degree of Fahrenheit, is very much greater than the probable error in the rate arising from any imperfection in our astronomical means of determining it. If we assume the rate to be affected by no other cause, the variation arising from change of temperature is so great, that, unless we take it into account, the agreement between the land and sea rate must be the result of mere accidental coincidence; and, practically, this is found to be the case. Professional raters make themselves acquainted with the sea-rates of the various chronometers which pass through their hands, and then adapt the shore rates to them. The cause of this variation between the shore and sea rate is generally supposed not to be known. The duty of finding out the amount of variation by collecting and discussing the sea and shore rates, is confided to the professional rater; and captains are kept in ignorance of its existence; so that a change of temperature may at any time be the cause of the chronometer deceiving both the rater and the captain. That serious disasters do occasionally occur from this cause, there cannot be a doubt; and it is quite certain that they might be avoided, either by captains being made acquainted with the variation of rate peculiar to each of their chronometers, or by makers removing the fault, by effecting a more perfect compensation. If some method could be devised of disseminating knowledge on this subject amongst captains, shipowners, and underwriters—all of whom are deeply interested in a quick and secure passage—surely some means would be taken for testing all chronometers in those temperatures to which ships are liable to be exposed at sea, previous to their being placed in the hands of captains. By so doing, navigation would be greatly facilitated, and rendered much more secure; and the best method of accomplishing this object is, I think, a subject well worthy of the consideration of the British Association.'

CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

The meetings of this section were numerously attended, and the proceedings were of an interesting and important

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character. W. Symons, Esq., read a paper on a 'New electrical battery,' which he exhibited, and pointed out its advantages. A report on the influence of the solar radiations on the vital powers of plants growing under different atmospheric conditions, being a continuation of a report of experiments previously brought before the association, was read by Dr Gladstone. The experiments were described with great clearness. James Turnbull, Esq., M.D., physician to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, read a paper on the 'Physiological properties of some of the compounds of the organic radicals, Methyle, Ethyle, and Amyle.' Professor Calvert exhibited carbazolic acid, which is extensively used in silk-dyeing, and described some physiological properties that he had discovered it to possess. Dr Edwards, the secretary, read a report on the 'Gases evolved in steeping flax,' by Professor Hodges, of Belfast; also a paper, by J. A. Davies, Esq., on the 'Decomposition of magnesian limestone' at Brodsworth. A very interesting paper on the 'Artificial preparation of sea-water for marine vivaria,' by G. Wilson, M.D., was also read. Two papers were read by Dr Anderson—one on the 'Constitution of meconine and sapaverine, and their relations to the other constituents of opium;' and another on the 'Alkaloids produced during the destructive distillation of animal substances.' The former threw considerable additional light upon the basis of opium; and both papers were very warmly received. Communications were made to the section on the 'Distribution of iodine in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms;' on the 'Accounts and methods of estimating ammonia and nitric acid in rain-water;' on the 'Re-cutting of the Koh-i-noor diamond;' on the 'Management of some difficult subjects in the application of Photography to science,' and also on the 'Means of applying Photography to war purposes in the army and navy;' on the 'Cause of the phenomena exhibited by the Geysers of Iceland;' and on many other subjects. We give an extract from a valuable communication by Mr Hamilton, on a subject which has been mooted in our pages—'Experiments on the preservation of flesh meat:'—

'The following are the principal experiments, with their results:—Experiment 5. Placed a piece of beef, weighing about 8 oz., in a stoppered bottle, the beef being supported by a piece of wood thrust through it. The bottle was filled at the pneumatic trough with binoxide of nitrogen. Result: At the end of 21 days, the colour was not changed; there was a faint odour of nitrous acid; and the beef was perfectly fresh and good. This was the principal experiment, with its results, in the first series; there were others, such as placing the beef over a layer of chloride of lime, in a glass bottle filled with chlorine, and in a bottle of ammonia, but they were not successful in preserving the meat. In a second series of experiments, a piece of beef, weighing about 6 lbs., was placed in a large glass jar, the beef being supported on the point of an inverted glass funnel, and the gas filled with binoxide of nitrogen. The result was as follows:—The exuding juice dropped into the plate, forming a scum on the surface of the water, and a white, fatty-looking deposit at the bottom. At the end of 28 days, the water had an excessively offensive odour. The beef was taken out at the pneumatic trough, without removing the gas, and was found to be perfectly fresh. It was replaced in the gas, and fresh water added. During three months the water gradually rose in the jar; it was found necessary to add some binoxide of nitrogen, and at the end of 150 days the meat was taken out. Result: In colour and consistence it was almost undistinguishable from fresh meat, the colour being slightly paler; and it had a faint odour of nitrous acid. It was boiled for three hours and a-half, and the water frequently changed: when eaten, it tasted tender and good, not so juicy as boiled meat; and the fat was particularly fine. A piece of the meat, uncooked, left freely exposed to the air, dried up, in twelve months, to a hard, brown, shining mass; it exhibited a few mouldy spots on the surface, but did not putrify. The cooked meat, when exposed to the air, was fly-blown, and in ten or twelve days decomposition had commenced. The water in which the meat was boiled smelled strongly of nitrous acid. Similar experiments were made with lungs, &c. Fresh hides were also placed in a jar of binoxide of nitrogen; and the result was, that after 70 days, when they were taken out, they were free from taint; the skin was much thickened; the hair loose; and the colour changed—the brown part having become yellow. Another experiment was with four ounces of beef placed in a

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bottle of binoxide of nitrogen, the beef being supported on a piece of wood thrust through it. The bottle was kept at a temperature varying from 76° to 93°, and was fully exposed during the day to the light of the sun. Result: After 90 days, it had lost about three fluid ounces of liquid, had shrunk in size, and the colour had slightly changed. When cooked by roasting, it became very compact, tasted harsh and sour, with nothing of the flavour of roast meat. Another series of experiments was made, to ascertain the effects of mixtures of different gases, particularly with the view of ascertaining whether atmospheric air, deprived of its oxygen, could be employed as one of the ingredients, and in admixture with it the minimum quantity of binoxide of nitrogen which would suffice to preserve meat from decay. The conclusions which Dr Hamilton drew from these experiments were: that the fumes of chloride of lime will not preserve meat from putrefaction; that chlorine gas cannot be employed to preserve from putrefaction meat intended for human food; that ammonia cannot be employed to preserve meat, since it imparts a repulsive taste and odour; that binoxide of nitrogen preserves beef from putrefaction for at least five months. The meat retains its natural colour and consistence almost perfectly unchanged. The gas is absorbed into the pores, and the juice of the meat exudes. The quantity of the juice lost is great when the volume of the gas bears a large proportion to the volume of the beef, and the loss is augmented by exposure to light. The loss is least when these two conditions are reversed. But, on the other hand, when the volume of the beef bears a very large proportion to the volume of the gas, the beef will not be preserved at all. The meat preserved in binoxide of nitrogen, when cooked by roasting, has a disagreeable acid taste; when cooked by boiling, the ebullition must be continued at least twice the usual length of time required for fresh meat, and the water must be changed until there is no longer an odour of nitrous acid. The meat has a fresh, tender, and agreeable flavour. The results of other experiments indicated that the injurious action of binoxide of nitrogen could be much modified by an admixture of nitrogen.'

GEOLOGY.

From the numerous attendance, of which a large proportion belonged to the fair sex, the proceedings of this section appeared to have been looked forward to with considerable interest. Nor was expectation disappointed. Besides a host of other communications, papers were read, and discussions were conducted, on the 'Structure of lunar volcanic craters;' the 'Probable former existence of Palœozoic Glaciers;' the 'Submarine Forest of Leasowe;' the 'Silurians of the South of Scotland;' 'Glacial action in Scotland;' the 'Geology of India;' the 'Palœozoic Rocks of the Hartz, the Thuringnerwald, and the Rhenish Provinces;' the 'Structure and texture of stratified rocks, as a means of determining the conditions under which they are formed.' The reader will observe that the field traversed by this section was very wide, and very important; and when it is considered that the cultivators of no department of science are more independent in their opinions, and valorous in the defence of the positions their researches have led them to occupy, he will readily perceive that the scene must have been lively and interesting. We find a valuable and convenient extract, in a brief communication by Professor E. Forbes, on the 'Metamorphic rocks of Scotland,' in which he distinguishes between lamination, cleavage, and foliation:

'The question of the construction of rocks was, he said, a matter of considerable importance; but all that he had to say depended upon a few minute observations. The distinctions between lamination, cleavage, and foliation, were distinctions of great importance in geology. Lamination, in the sense which he would use it, was applied to the deposition of sediment; cleavage, to the splitting up of a rock; and foliation, the separation of a rock into laminations which were of different characters. He remarked, that those distinctions were confined to the geologists of Great Britain, and continental geology did not conform to this division. The causes of those structures were very different, and different opinions were held about them. Professor Sedgwick attributed cleavage to the result of electrical action in the mass, although many papers had been read, showing that mechanical force had a good deal to do with rock cleavage; whilst others attributed it to the union of both forces. Foliation, as seen in the mica slate, was a separation into thin layers. That struc-

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ture had been attributed to various causes. One ingenious theory attributed it to a metamorphic change in the layers of sediment of different mineral matters becoming different to the representative and appearance of the depositions. Others thought that foliation and cleavage passed into each other; whilst others thought that foliation was a superinduced structure, quite distinct. He then directed attention to the limestone quarry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in which was a pale blue limestone, exhibiting curious mineral appearances, depending on the presence of decomposing iron, the lamination of colour running parallel with the bed of the limestone. He referred to several cases where a curious phenomenon was exhibited by foliation in metamorphic, illustrating his views by a reference to drawings; and concluded by saying, that, without venturing on the question of general foliation over large tracts of country, he submitted, that cases of the kind described should induce them to be cautious in coming to conclusions. The decision to which he had come was, that, though in this case limited and local, there was a difference between foliation and cleavage, and that foliation superinduced structure; that foliation was a distinct structure from cleavage, and produced by chemical phenomena, and induced by more agents than one.'

ZOOLOGY, BOTANY, AND PHYSIOLOGY.

The communications made to this section were equally numerous, and many of them were very valuable. We must, however, entirely pass over the most of them, giving the titles of only a few, in order that we may find room for an ingenious paper on the 'Power by which insects are enabled to adhere to smooth perpendicular surfaces,' by Dr Inman, of Liverpool; also, a brief communication on 'Materials for making paper,' and the conversation to which it gave rise. Among the mass of matter, were papers on the following subjects:—'Traces of harmonious colouring in plants and the plumage of birds;' the 'Balance maintained between animal and vegetable organicisms in sea-water;' the 'Anatomy of the great ant-eater' (the creature described in a previous number of the INSTRUCTOR); the 'Torbanehill coal, and other varieties;' the 'Vascular system of the lower animals;' Comparison between the skeleton of the gorilla and the skeleton of man;' 'Literary and scientific pursuits conducive to longevity.' The communication on the 'Materials for making paper' was read by Mr T. C. Archer.

'He said that Dr Royle had brought under the notice of the section the fibrous materials of India; and he seemed to be extremely sanguine that they would prove very useful in making paper; but, from his (Mr Archer's) own examination of the fibres of India, he was inclined to think that they were rather too harsh, and would require too much labour to reduce them to a pulp sufficiently fine for making ordinary writing paper. Most vegetable fibres could be made into paper, and, therefore, there was no fear as to the supply of the coarser kinds of paper. The present difficulty was to supply paper for printing and writing upon. This paper required to be extremely white, and smooth in texture. All the materials from the East Indies, except cotton wool, were destitute of that roughness of surface required to form a tenacious pulp; and, when broken up, they resembled straw rather than the fine woolly fibre of linen rags. There were China grass, plantain fibre, jute fibre, the fibre of the paper mulberry, and the aloe fibre. These and other fibres he had examined, and they appeared perfectly smooth, hair-like tubes. Cotton, and old linen, after use, and only after use, had both rough surfaces on their individual cells. He thought it an important point that paper materials should have an adherent surface rather than a strong fibre, which had the means of attaching itself to its neighbouring fibres, and allowed the pulp to be thoroughly amalgamated. Instead of going to the East Indies, he suggested they should go to South America. He believed that the materials of a proper kind for paper could be procured there abundantly. He had been led to this conclusion by receiving a single sample of bark, which he was told could be bought in unlimited quantities. In those countries, the more they cut trees, the more luxuriantly they grew up. He was totally unable to tell them the name of the tree, as that was the only specimen he had seen. They would see by the specimen itself, that this was a suitable material, possessing all the woolliness of cotton fibre, as he had proved, by submitting it to a microscopic examination. Each individual cell was rough on the

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surface, and this he thought was the desideratum required. The plant had three or four layers of this fibre. He thought it belonged to the class Thymelaceæ, and nearly allied to lacebark-tree. He thought from the palms of South America, from the grapes of the savannahs, and other natural products of that continent, more suitable materials could be found than could be derived from India.—The president said, the section was very much obliged to Mr Archer for his communication. In this country, the nettle and many other plants might be used for making paper, but the difficulty was to get the paper sufficiently white; therefore he thought it was desirable that the plant from South America, to which Mr Archer had referred, should be tested, to see whether it would form paper.—Mr Archer, in reply to a question, said the specimen was from Brazil.—Dr Lankester remarked, that there could be no doubt that many other fibres could be made into good paper, such as we could use; but that was not the particular question. The question was, could they bring forward a material which would enable the paper-maker to make paper as cheap or cheaper than he could make it from rags? He was of opinion that many of the materials which might be procured for making paper would increase the price of the article. Perhaps Mr Archer could give the section some information upon the point. However the materials might be got from abroad, it was desirable to see whether we could not get them at home. If sedges and other plants, which grew in our marshes without culture, could be brought into use, he thought they would answer; but, if any other materials came into the market at a higher price than rags, that would prevent them from being materials which it was desirable to use for making paper.—Mr Archer said, the specimen to which he had called attention was introduced into Liverpool, with the information that a ship could be immediately loaded with the material at £10 per ton. He thought that would bring it very much below the price of any rags which had ever been used for making paper in this country. Moreover, it was quite evident, from the specimen before the meeting, that it could be cut into lengths, which lengths could be stripped, the fibrous parts separated, and then the lengths could be laid on a machine, and cut in the manner of chaff, so that the process of pulping and 'teasing,' as it was called, would be very much lessened in making paper. It was quite evident, from the extreme cheapness with which it could be produced, that the material was not very far from the sea-coast.'

Relative to the peculiar power possessed by insects whereby they are enabled to adhere to smooth perpendicular surfaces, Dr Inman stated, 'That about three years ago his attention was called to the subject, by an assertion that the microscope revealed the fact that flies and other insects were enabled to walk against gravity by means of a suctional apparatus on their feet. Having entertained the impression that such was not the case, he instituted an inquiry, and came to the conclusion that the use of a suctorial power was rarely called into operation. Since that time he had had many more opportunities of examining the question, and found that it was very necessary to modify the views he then expressed. The points which seemed then to be established were, that the feet of insects consisted essentially of two distinct parts, hooks and adhesive membranes. That the former were universal, or nearly so; but that the latter were frequently absent. That the hooks changed their character according to the habitation and habits of the insect. That they were commonly double, and moved on a universal joint; but that sometimes they were single, and their motion limited. That sometimes they were very numerous, at others freely serrated. That the adhesive apparatus varied very materially. That it was commonly nothing more than a membrane covered with an immense number of minute hairs, having a knobby, curved extremity, and furnished with a glutinous secretion, but that this membrane varied materially in many minute points; whether large or small, there was always some particular plan adopted for keeping it in a nearly horizontal position, so that the whole could be put down flat upon any surface. In some, this was done by curving the membrane upwards, or from side to side; in others, by furnishing it with strong stays along its length or breadth; in others, by substituting a great number of small stays for the one large one. That in other insects the membrane was free from hairs, but that the membrane adhered not by atmospheric pressure, but by its adhesive sur-

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face secretion. That the insects which he had been able to experiment upon could walk quite as easily up the sides of the exhausted receiver of an air-pump as they could in the open air. At that time he was only aware of two insects in which there was a genuine suctorial apparatus. The error arose from the difficulty which he had in procuring insects for examination in a living state. Since that time, by the kindness of friends, he had been able to examine many insects in a living state, and to convince himself that the presence of a suctorial apparatus was as easily demonstrable in some, as its absence was proved in others. Nor was it uninteresting to notice, that the plans adopted to bring the atmospheric pressure into operation were almost as varied as those he had before adverted to, although the type in all must necessarily be much the same. Dr Inman then proceeded to give microscopic illustrations of suctorial apparatus in insects. The best illustration which he knew, was that which had long been familiar to naturalists in the fore-leg of the male Dytiscus. There the leg was furnished with two large, and an infinite number of smaller suckers. The next variety met with was the leg of the Cymbese luted, in which there were four suckers attached to the four terminal joints. A third kind of sucker was met with in the terminal joint of the same insect; a fourth form was seen in the wasp and hornet, and a fifth in the honey bee. The result of Dr Inman's investigations was, that not only were those observers right who had asserted that insects walked on smooth surfaces against gravity by means of a suctorial apparatus, but those were equally correct who asserted that they walked by means of adhesive bosses. As in the story of the chameleon, both were right, and both were wrong. It was therefore with peculiar interest that they met with one form of foot in which the two plans were absolutely united—in which there were adhesive flaps, and a regular sucker, in addition to the ordinary hook appendages. This was to be met with in the Phryganea, or case fly. If the foot of this insect was examined, there would be found proceeding from the base of each claw a long and comparatively weak flap, which was kept in position by a stay along its posterior surface; and in the middle there was a long pillar, having the usual smooth, hairless membrane at the end. It was not improbable that the former were brought into operation when the insect was running on the surface of the water, and the latter when it was climbing the smooth stems of grasses emerging from it. It was not without considerable interest that he had learned that the old idea had not been altogether incorrect; and, after having combated stoutly against it, he felt no slight gratification in finding that a coalition might be effected between the combatants, and that both might be able to admire the wonderful prodigality of means which appeared to be lavished to effect a single purpose.'

GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOLOGY.

The chairman (Sir R. Murchison) opened the proceedings by calling attention to the importance of the papers to be read in the section, which had reference to subjects intimately connected with the interests of the great and flourishing sea-port of Liverpool. The first paper, which was a communication from Captain C. Sturt, would afford a variety of information connected with the British expedition for exploring Northern Australia. The scheme had been sanctioned by the government, and Captain Sturt was to be the projecting genius of the expedition. Dr N. Shaw then read Captain Sturt's communication; from which it appeared that the object of the expedition is to commence on the northern coast, at the Victoria river, traverse the country between it and the Albert, examining any rivers it may intersect, and endeavouring to ascertain the northern limits of the desert. A description was given of three Esquimaux, lately exhibited in London; and a discussion followed on the language, &c., of that people.—H. Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., read a paper comprising extracts from the MS. notes of travels of General Ferrier, in Central Asia, from Teheran to Herat, Balkh, Candahar, and along the course of the Helmand, to and round the Lake Sistan. The paper, which was of great length, contained a variety of information relating to the character of the people, soil, climate, government, resources, &c., of the countries above named. This was followed by 'Notes on the Etruscan Question;' an able communication on the 'Arctic and Antarctic currents, in connection with the Expedition of Sir John Franklin,' which gave rise to a lengthy and highly-

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nteresting conversation; a paper on Glaciers in the Arctic regions;' another on 'Certain relics of an early population of the south-eastern corner of Yorkshire;' and a most valuable communication was placed before this section by Mr Towson, on what he calls the 'Theory of great circle sailing'—a theory which has been recently reduced to practice, and in accordance with which nearly a third of the time, expense, &c., of a voyage is saved. Mr Seymour also read a paper on the 'Caucasus, and parts of the Crimea,' which was listened to with marked interest; but our space forbids us to attempt the merest outline. We insert the official despatch relative to the discoveries of Mr Livingston in South Africa, to whose researches we have called attention in a former number of this Journal. The progress of geographical science is likely to be greatly advanced by the travels and observations of Mr Livingston, who has succeeded in accomplishing the arduous and dangerous task of crossing the continent of Africa. From a communication which has been received by the Earl of Ellesmere, as president of the Royal Geographical Society, written by a gentleman at St Paul de Loanda, it appears that Mr Livingston reached that place on the 31st May, 1854, having, by the most extraordinary perseverance and energy, travelled through the interior of the continent, between the meridians of 23° and 26° of E. longitude, from the Cape of Good Hope, to 9° of S. latitude. Mr Livingston set out from the Cape in May, 1852, for the purpose of exploring the country, and at the same time entering into friendly relations with the native tribes, with a view to the future establishment of missionary stations amongst them. The despatch received by Lord Clarendon from Acting-Consul Gabriel, is confirmatory of Mr Livingston's arrival at Loanda:—

'My Lord,—I have much pleasure in acquainting your lordship that the Rev. David Livingston, who set out for the Cape of Good Hope in May, 1852, for the purposing of exploring the interior of Southern Africa, arrived at this place on 31st ult., after having, with the most inadequate resources, traversed the interior of this continent between the meridians of 23° and 26° of E. longitude, as far as 9° of S. latitude. Mr Livingston sojourned about eight months in the country of the Yambeze, lying in the centre of the continent, between the parallels of 14° and 18° of S. latitude, where he appears to have been received in the most amiable manner by Sekeletu, the paramount chief, and during that time he seems to have laboured diligently in propagating the gospel, and attaining a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants. He started from the capital of Seketu, on the margins of the River Cholé, in latitude 18° 17′ S., and longitude 23° 49′ E., in November, 1853, accompanied by seventy-seven of the natives, and a sufficient number of oxen for the journey, which he obtained from that chief. Ascending thence one of the branches of the River Yambeze, which flows through a portion of the Balonda country, he proceeded westward, and entered within the limits of this province at Cassangé, in latitude 9° 37′ 30″ S., and longitude 17° 43′ E., having experienced considerable obstructions from the native tribes with whom he came in contact as he approached the Portuguese territory. From Cassangé, he followed a direct course to Loanda, and travelled through some of the most important Portuguese settlements in the interior of Angola, receiving every facility from the Portuguese authorities through whose jurisdiction he passed. The adventures and discoveries of this enterprising and energetic traveller will doubtless be laid before the public in due time; but I hasten to report to your lordship the interesting fact of his arrival at this place, feeling assured that it will be gratifying to you to hear of the movements of a gentleman, who, notwithstanding all the dangers and difficulties which surrounded him in travelling amongst a people who had never seen a European before, and treading on grounds the knowledge and true position of which had been hitherto wholly unknown, has, by his own personal exertions and dauntless courage, done so much to enlarge the bounds of geographical science. I have the honour to enclose herewith the official bulletin of this province, containing a short announcement of the arrival of Mr Livingston. Mr Livingston's health has, I am extremely sorry to say, suffered severely since his arrival at this place; but he, notwithstanding, seems resolved to proceed on another tour of discovery, as soon as the state of his health and other circumstances will permit. I have read this despatch to Mr Livingston, whose illness will prevent him from preparing any re-

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port of his movements for transmission to England by the present opportunity. That gentleman requests me to add, for your lordship's information, that it is with peculiar satisfaction he has learned since his arrival here of the efforts now making by Commander Bedingfield, of Her Majesty's steam-vessel Plato, to open up commercial intercourse with the chiefs of the Congo, because in the course of his travels he crossed the river Casai, flowing N.N.E. and N.E., and the Urango (*sic*) flowing due north, which are reported by the Portuguese traders in the interior, as well as by intelligent natives, after watering an immense extent of well-peopled country, to form, by their junction, the River Zairo or Congo. Mr Livingston is of opinion, that if legitimate commerce were once established in the Congo, there is a high degree of probability that the slave trade would be effectually checked throughout the whole extent of that country.—I have, &c., EDMUND GABRIEL.'

'LOANDA, June 22, 1854.'

STATISTICS.

In this section, papers were read on an 'Improved mode of keeping and stating the national accounts;' the 'Preston Strike;' the 'Laws of the currency;' 'Exchangeable value of gold;' 'Progress and direction of British exports;' the 'Effects of good or bad times on committal to prison;' the 'Current prices of wheat in England in 1844–54;' the 'Coinage,' 'Education,' and other kindred subjects. Almost all the communications gave rise to animated and protracted discussions, especially those on strikes, coinage, and crime; but, from the nature both of the papers and discussions, it is impossible for us in this paper to do more than refer to them, and commend those of our readers who may have the opportunity, to study the printed reports with care. They will be amply repaid for their trouble.

MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

Many valuable communications were made to the mechanical section during the course of its sittings; but the length to which our article has already extended, forbids our doing more than extracting the brief report of an ingenious plan of communicating by telegraph across rivers and seas, without the aid of a submarine cable. The paper was read by Mr R. B. Grantham, the experiments being by Mr James Bournan Lindsay, of Dundee. Mr Lindsay's proposition or invention consists in communicating intelligence across rivers and seas without the use of a submerged cable. An experiment was tried, on a small scale, across the mill-dam at Portsmouth, in the middle of last month, in the presence of Captain Beattie, royal engineers, and other engineering officers. The distance was 536 feet; and it is a noteworthy fact that, in the mill-dam, and close to where the experiments were made, there are two large iron drains which discharge themselves in its centre, and that the presence of so large a body of metal had no influence on the success of the operation by producing counteracting influences, and the messages sent across by Captain Beattie were conveyed with accuracy, the indicator being attended by parties appointed by Captain Beattie himself. The next and last experiments were on the 11th and 12th of September, across the entrance of the harbour at Portsmouth; one distance is said to be 600 yards, and the other 1380 yards. I will now describe the plan he adopted to perform these operations. He placed along upon each shore a copper wire, to both ends of which he attached a sheet of copper, one pair of these sheets being opposite to the other pair upon each shore. All the four sheets were immersed in the water, but they were not isolated. Upon one line of wire the battery was placed, and upon the other the telegraph, and upon the battery being brought into action, the needles were put in motion on the opposite shore. Mr Lindsay considers that the distance between the copper plates upon each ought to be equal to the sum of the two widths across the river or sea, at the plates; but, by increasing the strength of the battery, or by enlarging the area of the copper plates, the plates can be brought nearer to each other. Mr Lindsay, judging from the results of these experiments, believes there is scarcely any limit to the employment of this kind of telegraph, and if he had the opportunity, he would not fear to extend it across much wider spaces than have hitherto been attempted.

In answer to a question from the chairman, Mr Grantham stated that the plates were put into the river, and were very successful, even at 1380 yards.

The chairman.—Then it is the water which acts as a conductor?

Mr Grantham.—Yes.

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Mr Webster said, that it had for some time been the practice of the telegraph companies to work with the earth as a returning current. The paper was valuable as a practical experiment, showing that plates placed in the manner described, under water, did not destroy the electric current.

The chairman thought the proposition involved in the paper of considerable value and importance, inasmuch as it might be practicable to carry it out in communicating between Dover and Calais, and, if so, between this country and America.

We have devoted as much of our space as we possibly could to the business of the sections, and must, therefore, curtail greatly the remaining matter, although much of it is very valuable. The president's dinner was largely patronised, being attended by no fewer than 600 persons; and the mayor's soiree was also attended by many of the leading members of the association, and gentlemen of influence in the town. The first public soiree in connection with the association, and open to all the members and associates, was held in St George's Hall, and was numerously and fashionably attended, upwards of 1600 persons being present. On no previous occasion did the hall present a more brilliant or animated appearance, the striking beauty and elegance of the interior of the building being heightened by the number of elegantly-dressed females occupying the galleries, and promenading in the hall. The company began to arrive about eight o'clock, and before half-past nine nearly all the arrivals had taken place. After a minute survey of the hall, the visiters were amused by an exhibition of experiments with Ruhmkorff's induction coils, and with Professor Magnus's polytrope, by M. Gossidtt. Mr Grantham's model of a high level railway along the docks was also exhibited, and attracted much attention, as did likewise a number of models of steam, war, and other ships, kindly furnished by Mr Scott Russell, and other shipbuilders of eminence. A very fine collection of photographic pictures and portraits was placed at various points of the hall for the inspection of visiters, and was much admired. During the evening, Dr Webster performed several pieces of music on the organ, for the purpose of displaying its great capabilities, so far as it is completed. The second soiree given by the British Association, took place also in St George's Hall, and, as on the former occasion, it was filled by a large company, a very large proportion of whom were elegantly attired ladies. The proceedings of the evening commenced by demonstrations of the rotation of the earth, by means of M. Léon Foucault's beautiful invention, the Gyroscope, which, although entirely different in principle, as plainly indicates the earth's rotatory movement, as the pendulum experiments. Those experiments, which were loudly applauded, were succeeded by MM. Moigno and Duboscq's experiments with the electric light, explained by Professor Stokes. This series of experiments, which illustrated most of the fundamental laws of light, was one of the most beautiful exhibitions we ever witnessed, and from the commencement to the conclusion, elicited an expression of admiration from the company. Moigno and Duboscq seem to have mastered, to a great extent, the chief difficulty of the electric light—want of continuity. In their ingenious and beautiful apparatus, the light burns steadily and continuously, and is rendered available for any purpose to which they may wish to direct it. The manipulation of the apparatus, and the mode in which the whole of the experiments were executed by M. Duboscq, intimated a perfect acquaintance with the principles and laws which govern light, and a full command over the wonderful and elegant machine which he and his fellow countryman have brought to such a high state of mechanical perfection. Mr Stokes's explanations were lucid, and easily comprehended by the general audience. The great power of the electric light was shown with excellent effect on several occasions during the evening. With the gas extinguished, for the purpose of the experiments, the light, when uncovered, illuminated the immense hall, producing on the highly decorated roof and pillars a singularly elegant and chaste appearance. The photographic views of the moon, taken by Mr Hartnup, of the Liverpool Observatory, were next projected on a 50-foot disc. These views were of the most beautiful and interesting kind. They show the moon's appearance in a variety of phases, and are universally admitted to be the most perfect and elegant representations of that body yet attained.

There were other meetings connected directly or indirectly with the British

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Association, to which we cannot do more than make this reference; and the pleasures, too, of the various parties that embraced the opportunity of going, per rail, to places of interest in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, must be left untold.

The following extracts from Professor Owen's lecture on 'Anthropomorphous, or Man-like Apes,' with which we close this article, are worthy of careful perusal, and ought to shut the mouths of those would-be philosophers who are so fond of prating about 'development,' and such-like themes. Well might the 'Times' ask, when reporting this lecture in full, 'what came of the advocates of the development hypothesis, that none were found in that large assembly to combat the professor's arguments?' We presume, that they found discretion to be the best part of valour. Professor Owen said:—'The facts which they possessed relating to that species of the brute creation that made the nearest approach to themselves, must be one of the subjects of the most general interest, more especially as the consideration of this subject bore on some of those higher generalisations that of late years more particularly occupied a great deal of the attention of the reading and scientific world of England. It had been suggested that the character of those species might not be so fixed as to appear to them, after the opportunities of observing them through periods of 2000 or 3000 years—their external circumstances might modify them, that one species might pass into another; and, in fact, the idea was, that this transition was in the ascending direction, so that even the origin of the human species itself, according to that hypothesis, might be from some of the lower or inferior grades of the animal creation. To put this idea to the test, was the main object of the discourse which he should have the honour of delivering; to state the main facts that zoology had attained with reference to the highest forms of the animal creation, and point out the precise distinction that divided them from the physical character of man; to enter into the question how far any influence with which they were acquainted might diminish those distinctions and gradations, and bring the lower species nearer to humanity; to enter on the question whether from this particular branch of zoological knowledge they could arrive at any conclusion whether the known species was a single species or not; and, finally, to say a few words respecting what was known of the relative period in the world's history in which the quadrumana and man made their appearance on earth. In the great race of animals they could trace gradation, but that gradation was not regular; it was interrupted in many points, and modifications of form branched out at every step.'

After showing wherein the order of gradation consisted, and having recited the knowledge possessed of the true character of the full-grown ourang-outang and chimpanzee, Professor Owen proceeded to consider what were the main distinctions between those quadrumana and the human species? He pointed out the great differences in the skeleton of man, as compared with those of great apes. The first was found in the feet of man, consisting of a series of bones ranged in the form of an arch. Continuing the comparison upwards, the lecturer proceeded to show the radical differences of formation in the legs, pelvis, the series of curves of the spine, the head, arms, and hands, remarking, that the most striking difference in man was his dental system. Ethnology had determined that the human form was subject to every variety, well known with regard to the colour of the skin, the character, the colour, and the texture of the hair. As regarded the general stature, there were modifications of the skeleton, more particularly of the cranium. Colour was modifiable to a great degree. The Jews afforded a most striking evidence of this: it was stated there were families of Jewish people in the valley of the Jordan who were as black as negroes, whilst among civilised people, and in northern climates, this same race in some instances had blue eyes and light complexions; but this in no way affected the conclusion that man was one of the inferior animals. He entered next upon a disquisition of the causes of these varieties, and proceeded to examine how far any of the known causes which modify specific characters could have operated so as to produce in the chimpanzee or ourang-outang a nearer approach to the human character than they actually present. There was not, according to the lecturer, any other character than those founded upon the developments of bone for the attachment of muscles, which was known to be subject to change through the operation of external causes; nine-tenths, therefore, of the differences, espe-

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cially those very striking ones manifested by the pelvis and pelvic extremities, which Professor Owen had cited in his memoirs on the ourangs and chimpanzees, published in the 'Zoological Transactions,' as distinguishing the great chimpanzee from the human species, must stand in contravention of the hypothesis of transmutation and progressive development, until the supporters of that hypothesis are enabled to adduce the facts and cases which demonstrate the conditions of the modifications of such characters. There was the same kind of difficulty in accounting for the distinctive characters of the different species of the ourangs and the chimpanzees, as for those more marked distinctions that remove both kinds of apes from them. And, with regard to the number of the known species, Professor Owen remarks:—'It is not without interest to observe, that, as the generic form of the quadrumana approach the bimanous order, they are represented by fewer species. The gibbons scarcely number more than half-a-dozen species; the ourangs have but two species, or at most three; the chimpanzees are represented by two species. The unity of the human species is demonstrated by the constancy of those osteological and dental characters to which the attention is more particularly directed in the investigation of the corresponding characters in the higher quadrumana. Man is the sole species of his genus, the sole representative of his order. He has no nearer physical relations with the brute kind, than those which arise out of the characters that link together the great group of placental mammalia, called *Unguiculata*.' In conclusion, the professor briefly recounted the facts at present satisfactorily ascertained respecting the antiquity of the quadrumana and of man upon the surface of the earth. At the time of the demise of Cuvier, in 1852, no evidence had been obtained of fossil quadrumana, and the baron supposed that both these and the bimani were of very recent introduction. Soon after the loss of that great re-constructor of extinct species, evidence with regard to the fossil quadrumana was obtained from different quarters. In the eldest tertiary deposits in Suffolk, specimens of jaws and teeth were found that unerringly indicated the former existence of a species of monkey of the genus *Macacus*. About the same time, the tertiary deposits from the Himalaya Mountains gave further evidence of the quadrumana; jaws, astragali, and some other parts of the skeleton, having been found completely petrified, and referable to the genus called *Semnopithecus*, which is now restricted to the Asiatic continent. Dr Lund discovered in Brazil remains of an extinct platyrhine monkey, surpassing any known ecbus or mycetes in size; the platyrhines are peculiar to South America. Lastly, in the middle tertiary series in the south of France, was discovered a fragment of the lower jaw, proving that at that period some species of the long-armed ape must have existed. But no fossil remains have been found in the regularly deposited layers of one of the divisions (not even the pliocene) of the tertiary series. Human bones have been found in doubtful positions, geologically considered, such as deserted mines and caves in the detritus at the bottom of cliffs, but never in tranquil undisturbed deposits, participating in the mineral characters of the undoubted fossils of these deposits. The petrified negro skeletons in the calcareous concretes of Guadaloupe, are of comparatively recent origin. Thus, therefore, in reference both to the unity of the human species, and to the fact of man being the latest, as he is the highest, of all animal forms upon our planet, the interpretations of God's works coincide with what has been revealed to us as to our own origin and zoological relations in His Word. Of the nature of the creative acts by which the successive races of animals were called into being, we are ignorant. But this we know, that, as the evidence of unity of plan testifies to the oneness of the Creator, so the modifications of the plan for different modes of existence illustrate the beneficence of the Designer. Those structures, moreover, which are at present incomprehensible, as adaptations to a special end, are made comprehensible on a higher principle, and a final purpose is gained in relation to human intelligence; for, in the instances where the analogy of humanly invented machines fails to explain the structure of a divinely created organ, such organ does not exist in vain, if its truer comprehension in relation to the divine idea lead rational beings to a better conception of their own origin and Creator.'

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MEMORANDA BY A MARINE OFFICER:

OR, GLASSES FROM LIFE'S PHANTASMAGORIA.

SUPERVISED BY ABEL LOG.

GLASS XXXV.

MR LOCK MAKES HIS TOILET. I ENTERTAIN A FEW FRIENDS.

'My dear Maurice, you are really an extraordinary fellow,' cried Morgan, entering my room rather unexpectedly one morning, and surveying me with an air of comical surprise; 'one day I drop in and find you with the boxing-gloves on, pommelling poor Job almost to death; the next I interrupt you in the midst of a savage hand-to-hand combat with single-sticks; another time you are to be seen blazing away with a pair of pistols at the further end of the back garden; and now here you and your man are glaring upon each other, like a couple of deadly duellists, over a pair of flashing foils! What is the meaning of all this, and what end is it to answer?'

'That of healthy exercise and recreation; to develop the muscles, my dear Morgan, to brace the nerves; besides, who knows but some of these days I may get called out, particularly as duelling is so much in fashion; and one should always hold himself in readiness either to oblige a friend or accommodate an enemy. Take Job's foil, and let us have a bout!'

'Thank you, I prefer playing the part of spectator; let me see you, now, pink Job in some vital part.'

'Chalk a little heart, then, on his left breast, and you shall be gratified; though I have taught the rascal all my feints, and shall have some difficulty in getting at him.'

Morgan did as he was bidden, and Flowers resuming his wire mask, put himself on guard.

'Keep your eye on me, Morgan, for I am going to astonish Job, who, because he baffled me yesterday for more than twenty minutes, thinks to do the same again to-day. I will show you a very pretty sort of parry and thrust (I suppose you don't understand the fencing technicalities), but I should scarcely venture them if we were fighting for our lives, because, should I fail, there is the danger of running upon his sword. He's coming at me now; see how the villain's eye twinkles! There he has it.'

Just as I spoke, Flowers made a lunge at me. Instead of putting it aside in the usual way, as he expected, I allowed my left foot to slide suddenly back, brought my whole body below the level of his point, and coming under at him *en carte*, left the print of the foil button, in chalk, an inch below the heart that figured upon his buff jacket. Job, as I anticipated, was very much astonished, for I had never shown him this trick before; and I must do him the justice of adding, that he never allowed me to practise it on him again.

'Very pretty indeed,' said Morgan, 'I should like Graham to see that; I don't know what sort of a hand he is with the small-sword, but they tell me that with a pistol he can hit a button at twelve paces.'

'Graham and I are not on the best of terms just now; he has not spoken to me since the night of the general's party. I have endeavoured to conciliate him—for he really is a fine fellow—but to no purpose.'

'You didn't go quite the right way to conciliate him, it appears. You took that lovely dark-eyed girl, that he had set his heart upon, down to supper.'

'Could I do less, when the general gave her to me? Upon my word, I would willingly have resigned her to Graham, if I could have done so without being thought rude, for I am sure she would have preferred his arm to mine.'

'Well, take care that you do not offend him again, for he will be at the Ladsloves' to-morrow night, though she of the dark eyes does not visit there.'

And Morgan took his leave. He was in a very agreeable mood to-day, and not at all disposed to carp or criticise. I had scarcely indulged in this reflection, ere back came Morgan. He had left one of his gloves on the table.

'I shall see you at the Ladsloves', of course,' said I, by way of covering his exit.

'No, you will not indeed. I thought I made myself quite understood on that point before. I will not go anywhere without a proper and formal invitation.'

'Well, well, that is settled then. I only thought, as you are my friend, and

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I am begged to bring a friend (or two, if I please), that—that ——'

'It is of no use, Drummore, I will do nothing of the kind. My resolution is taken, my mind is made up, and nothing you can say will induce me to alter it. Pray do not try.'

'Of course not; I know when once your resolution is taken, it is like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. I am quite satisfied; I only said what I did, because I was sure you would spend a pleasant evening, and I thought it a pity that a piece of absurd formality such as ——'

'Now pray, Drummore, do not multiply words on so idle a subject; I have stated to you my intentions, and should feel particularly obliged if ——'

'Words! words! my dear Morgan, have we had any words? while I am absolutely planning schemes for your enjoyment!'

'It is absurd to carry the argument further; I cannot agree with you, Drummore; I cannot agree with you, and I *will* not, that is more'—and his voice grew fainter and fainter down the staircase. When he had reached the gate of the garden in front, I threw up the window, and put my head out.

'I will bet you a new cocked-hat and gloves that you go, after all, Morgan,' cried I.

'I will bet you a whole suit, cocked-hat, sword, epaulettes, feathers, and all, that I don't,' cried he, putting his face over a rose-bush, and waving another adieu.

'Well, we will see about that;' and I immediately despatched a note to Mrs Ladslove by Ted; but Ted came sauntering back, presently, with the note undelivered (he had quite forgotten what he was sent about), so I then committed it to the care of Job, who never failed to keep an appointment, or perform what he had undertaken, in his life.

True-hearted Ted! I learned something of the poor fellow's history from his sister Polly. He had for many years paid his addresses to a pretty girl named Sally Northall, who, however, did not countenance them, and had plighted her troth to another young gentleman; but, just as they were upon the eve of marriage, Sally fell ill and died. Ted never alluded in any way to the story of this unfortunate amour, till one day, having strolled out with him by urgent request, he led me to a neighbouring churchyard; then, turning suddenly round, and pointing with the hooked stick to a grass-covered grave, he cried, 'There she lies—poor Sally Northall—mouthful of dirt—cover her up—cover her up!' and burst into tears.

A word or two more about Ted's father. One morning Job came into my room, as I was dressing, and told me that Mr Lock, senior, was in the kitchen performing his toilet, and if I would have the goodness to step down. Job's features, at the same time, underwent an extraordinary sort of twitch, which was meant for a laugh.

'Performing his toilet, forsooth; and what has that to do with me?' but, as Job had already disappeared, and my short experience of his ways led me to feel sure that he had some motive in making the announcement, I hurried on some of my clothes, and complied with the invitation.

Job, who was in a closet furbishing my sabre, held his finger up before I reached the bottom stair, so, as I already had a full view of the kitchen from where I stood, I did not proceed further.

Mr Lock was just in the act and crisis of shaving, which, with him, was a somewhat curious process. It was to this that Flowers had wished to call my attention. Upon the table stood a good-sized earthen pipkin, full of lather, with which, by means of a huge brush (much such a tool as you would employ in painting a house or barn), the old gentleman (walking the room, meantime) was anointing his chin, throat, face, and, indeed, his whole head; he lathered himself from crown to collar-bone, and looked as though somebody had taken him by the heels and dipped him in a flour-barrel. This done, he took his razor, and cut a clean swath, first on one side, and then on the other, in the same easy and indiscriminate manner that had marked his use of the brush; clearing away beard, whiskers, eyebrows, and what few straggling hairs yet remained around the sides and upon the top of his strangely-undulating cranium. I fully expected every moment to see him gash his cheek, or cut his nose off, or slice an ear away, or otherwise painfully mutilate himself; but he did nothing of the kind, notwithstanding that he entirely repudiated the assistance of a glass, and performed his long parabolaic scrapes with a degree of reckless despatch that made me shudder. I was glad when the operation was over, and I saw him put the razor away in a table-drawer. Job told me that Mr Lock generally indulged in about one of

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these grand latherings per week, and always appeared much refreshed after them.

To resume. Morgan came back in very good spirits to my rooms in the evening.

'Drummore! what do you think? I shall be with you to-morrow night, after all. I have just received a most agreeably-couched invitation from Mrs Ladslove herself (she sent it direct to the barracks), and, upon my word, I think you will win the cocked hat and gloves.'

'But you assured me nothing would tempt you to go, my dear Morgan, and, taking all circumstances into consideration, I quite approved of your reasons for re ——'

'I cannot help it, Drummore; I have quite made up my mind to go. The case is altered; my objections are removed; and I beg that you will not call my judgment into question, or challenge my right to do as I please, especially in a trivial matter of this nature. I have said that I will go, and go I will; nothing earthly shall now prevent it!'

And Morgan gave his hat (he had come in plain clothes) such a thump upon the table, that I was surprised to see the crown survive the shock.

'Far be it from me to call your private judgment in question, or attempt to control your actions. I was merely remarking that I thought you a little inconsistent. I only offered it as my opinion that you had better ——'

'It is of no use your saying another word, Maurice; I have decided; I cannot agree with you—I cannot, upon my honour, and, what is more, I *will* not.'

'Humph; are you walking to-night?'

'That brings the thing to my mind'—with a serene look and smile. 'Half-a-dozen of our fellows talked of looking in upon you to-night, so, knowing their intentions, I thought I would just run up and give you warning. There's Waiteley, and Wing, and Rivers, and Parsons, and one or two others that you haven't seen much of yet. A pity you are not friendly with Graham. What are you going to do?'

'Ring the bell for Job; nothing more. Flowers, I expect half-a-dozen gentlemen here presently.'

'Very good, sir.'

'You may go, Job.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'Is that all you have to say to him?' asked Morgan.

'That is all,' as the door closed.

My brother officers did not fail to carry their threat into action, and we had a very convivial evening. We only wanted the old major there, to make the party complete; but, in default of him, we had Waiteley and Rivers, who sang an excellent song, and told a capital story. Rivers, too, had a happy knack of making himself the hero of every story he told, and so imparting an air of truth that insured it a favourable reception. I heard somebody (a calculating sort of man, with an interrogative nose and double eye-glass) ask him once, whether one of them was really a fact? 'I must first inquire whether you are at all disposed to doubt it!' said Rivers, applying his hand with a mock ferocity to the hilt of his sword. Those fellows are great bores who can't be content with a good joke, but must always turn round upon you to know whether it is true. A plague upon such an audience.

By and by I touched the bell.

'Supper, Job.'

He threw open the folding-doors that separated the two rooms, and there was a perfect banquet awaiting us! It was a mystery to me how he had got it together in so short a space of time. I can compare him to no one but the slave of the lamp, in the story of Aladdin. Job is a whole retinue of servants in one. I don't know what I should do without him.

'A wonderful fellow, this man of yours,' said Morgan, as he passed me on his way to the table; 'I wish I had such a servant.'

'Oh, he is a mere novice yet.'

'I cannot agree with you, Drummore, I cannot, indeed; Parsons, you had better take the foot; Waiteley, you be my *vis-à-vis*.

I am not eager to relate the sequel to these festivities; but, as I have no wish to paint myself or friends in better colours than we deserve, let the truth be told. If it does no further good, it may serve to show how much more rationally young officers spend their evenings now than they used to do in my early day, at the period of which I write; and the issue, too, will perhaps operate as a caution upon such gay young dogs as have just joined the service, and are disposed to indulge in similar irregularities.

I held out my hand as my visiters were retiring, but they insisted, though it was already late, on my seeing them a little of

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the way home; and off we went arm-in-arm together, forming a line that stretched nearly across the road. The night was rather dark, and Parsons rather merry; so, making a jump at a projecting barber's pole, he brought it down with him, and, being hoisted on the shoulders of two friends, contrived to sling it over the stall of a green grocer. Waiteley next wrenched the kilted Scotchman from a snuff-manufacturer's door, and lodged it at that of an optician—at the same time removing the gold spectacles from the optician's, and adjusting them over a convenient bolt that secured the shutter of an apothecary; while the gold pestle and mortar that drew custom to the surgery of the man of drugs, was carefully lodged upon the window-sill of an undertaker. The next proceeding was a more complicated one. Parsons, emerging from a narrow entry that happened to be the residence of a lamplighter, with that functionary's ladder, reared it against the domicile of a hatter, and began to unship the cocked hat that swung above. The cocked hat, however, was firmly fixed, and would not yield; so Parsons got down, and sent up Rivers, who had very muscular arms. Rivers was not a whit more successful, and then it was proposed that I should ascend and make a final effort. They had about half done their work, and I was just wriggling out the last nail from between the bricks, when up went the window close over my head, and a white figure in a nightcap, thrusting a brass blunderbuss almost into my face, pulled trigger! How I managed to escape instant death, has to me always been a matter of curiosity, for the blunderbuss (as was proved afterwards) had been loaded with slugs, and the proprietor of the hatshop took what he considered to be a most deliberate and deadly aim. The surprise was so perfect, and the explosion so loud, that in my confusion and hurry I let go the ladder, and down we both came together, and the cocked hat on the top of us. I thought at first that I had fallen into a watchman's clutches, but this was not the case; for Job Flowers, fancying we were bent on mischief, had followed us out, and arrived in time to pick me up, and bear me away on his shoulders. I told him that I was not hurt, and could walk; so he set me on my legs, and we were about to make off, when an old Charley (as Morgan informed me watchmen were termed), hearing the report of the blunderbuss, jumped up with the intention of sallying out of his box, and springing his rattle; so Waiteley and Wing, aided by Rivers and myself, slammed the double doors in his face, and then, tilting the whole concern up, carried it away with us—man, caped coat, watch-box, rattle, lantern, and all—for upwards of a hundred yards, and finally deposited him, doors downwards, round an unfrequented corner. We overtook another of the same vigilant fraternity on our way, but, finding that he was fast asleep in his box, did not think it worth our while to disturb him; though, as a precautionary measure, Parsons proposed to carry away his rattle. 'Rattle!' cried Rivers; 'ay, give it me; I'll rattle him;' and, seizing the noisy instrument, he sounded an alarm that roused the whole neighbourhood, and, reaching as far as the barracks, almost caused them to turn out the guard. That was, of course, the signal for a general scamper, and quick dispersion to our respective homes. It was the first piece of riotous dissipation that I had participated in, and you will not feel surprised or displeased to learn that it was the last.

GLASS XXXVI.

THE LADSLOVES' PARTY, AND ITS RESULTS.

On what trifling incidents great events will sometimes hinge! I started for the Ladsloves' in the pleasing anticipation of spending a quiet and sociable evening. I had no idea that an evening which commenced in so amicable a manner, could terminate in one so hostile. Trim the lamp, Job, and let us see the effect of this new glass that we have been painting.

There never were prettier preparations: wax-lights, flowers, dark eyes, white arms, rosy lips, scarlet coats, glittering epaulettes—blaze, beauty, and bewitchment!

'Bravo, Maurice, my boy,' cried Morgan, as he passed me with a lovely girl on his arm; 'I am delighted that I came.'

I sought out Mrs Ladslove in the throng, and found that lady, in spite of her attempts to appear gay and unconcerned, looking exceedingly anxious and harassed about something or other. 'I hope she has not had a quarrel with her servants again,' said I to myself, 'for I was never here yet but I found some little domestic insurrection afoot.'

'Ah, I have been searching for you, my dear Drummore,' cried Mrs Ladslove,

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taking me aside. I guessed what was to follow. 'To you I can open my mind, to you I may speak as to an old friend,' said the good lady, shutting up her fan. 'I am in a sad state of alarm and nervous apprehension lest anything should go wrong in—you know what I mean. I wish Ladslove were at home, then all would be right; as for my brother, he has no control over them whatever, and declines to interfere.' (I should like to make his acquaintance, thought I; he must be a sensible man.) 'At another time, I should be comparatively indifferent to any little misunderstanding that might arise; but to-night, just when I want things to go smoothly, it would be excessively provoking to—to—— Are you listening? No; you are looking after Julie Llanwarne. Well, I will introduce you in a minute; she was talking of you yesterday (by the by, you needn't allude to that). I meant to bring you together; but take care of your heart, Maurice, if it is not gone already. Come with me.'

At that identical moment, Graham happened to be advancing with the intention of asking Miss Llanwarne to dance. I could not help it; she had already accepted my arm, and we were moving away. I could see that Graham was terribly piqued. It was an unfortunate thing, for I wished to be friendly; and this was the second time, though quite unintentionally, that I had supplanted him; before, at the general's ball. I determined to remedy matters, if possible, and, apologising for half a moment's absence (under pretence that Mrs Ladslove had beckoned me), going to Graham, I said, 'I feel that you have a prior claim to the hand of Miss Llanwarne, Captain Graham; and if you will come and ——' I had got thus far, when he bit his lip, made a stiff bow, and turned away. I told Julie that I feared I had committed myself, that Captain Graham was a little before me in ——

'Oh no, no. Pray! unless you have some more agreeable partner in view, do not make that an excuse for leaving me,' said Julie, in a way which almost persuaded me that she was quite satisfied with the arrangement. I don't remember exactly what reply I made. 'I am anxious to hear something about the bombardment of Boulogne,' she said, 'and a little more of that interesting old gentleman—your grandfather, I believe—of whom Mrs Ladslove is continually talking. I have a great deal to learn, and a number of inquiries to make, I assure you.'

What a charming way of prefacing an acquaintance! No insipid nonsense about the room being warm, or the last ball, or whether I was fond of dancing, or how delightful the weather had been lately, and whether I thought the opposite young lady pretty, or a fright; here was a plunging at once *in medias res;* no ice to be broken; no odious small talk to be got through; but received without further form on the footing of an old acquaintance. Julie so young too! she could not have been more than seventeen. As for her beauty, I must not attempt to describe; but it was of that dangerous, intoxicating kind which drives everything else, for the time being, from your head, and heart, and cares, and wishes.

'For the third and last time, Mr Drummore, will you take any refreshment? and if you will not take any yourself, will you kindly permit Miss Llanwarne to take some?' said a voice in my ear.

'Eh! I—I beg your pardon, Mrs Ladslove; did you speak to me before?'

'Only twice, Maurice—only twice; there—through yonder door, and turn to the left; follow the stream.'

'Will you—will you do me the favour of accepting my arm, Mrs Ladslove?' said I, taking very excellent care though, at the same time, to retain that of Julie.

'No,' and she gave me a most agreeable little slap with her fan.

'Ah! how delightfully cool this room is, after the other,' said Julie, accepting some grapes. I took some too—they were not at all sour.

'Perhaps you will oblige us by passing a few this way,' said Morgan, 'unless you are laying in a stock for the season.'

'I will trouble you also,' said Parsons, who was quizzing me from the other side of the table; 'and, if you would have the condescension not to appropriate three decanters at once to your own private use, it would be so much the more satisfactory to those who are at present only looking on.'

The deuce take the grapes, and the decanters, and the wine! I was not thinking of them.

I began to get quite ashamed of having monopolised Julie so long, and was glad when somebody came and took her away; not glad, by the by, but I felt relieved, though I privately hated the

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man who bore her off. She even went reluctantly; or perhaps my conceit led me to think so.

Captain Graham did not go near Julie again once during the whole evening; I noticed that. And when our eyes accidentally met, he threw a great deal of insolent contempt into his.' 'As you please sir,' muttered I; 'but if you think I am going to put up with any nonsense, you are mistaken.'

As I was looking round the room, wondering where Julie was, I saw Mrs Ladslove in great agitation. I knew it by the way in which she fanned herself. There was mutiny without. I went to see what was the matter. It turned out quite as she foretold: the servants—those pests of her existence—had got by the ears, and there was a pretty to-do indeed below stairs. The cook was jealous of the housemaid; the housemaid had insulted the footman; the footman had maltreated the cook, and they were all up in arms, while the supper—the all-important supper—was at a stand-still. There was no reducing them to any order. The footman declared that he would give notice that moment, and did, most vociferously; the cook threatened to leave to-morrow; and the housemaid put on her things to depart forthwith; upon which the cook made a rush at the housemaid, and seizing her suddenly round the waist, actually carried her as far as the door. I was in time to witness this summary proceeding, and just at the moment in came Job with my cloak, for the night had turned out cold. 'Job, you are the very man we wanted. Mrs Ladslove, have I your permission to act?'

'Yes, my dear Mr Drummore, anything you like—only tell me what I had better do!'

'Job, put that footman out!'

'Yes, sir!' and it was done.

'Job, put that baggage of a cook out!'

'Yes, sir!' and that was done also, after much vicious resistance. Flowers locked the door on them both.

'Job, prepare supper.'

'Yes, sir;' and he prepared it. I offered Mrs Ladslove my arm, and bade her be in no apprehension whatever; everything would go right now; and this was no rash promise. So cleverly did Flowers acquit himself, that nobody appeared to be aware of what had taken place. I told Morgan the next morning, and he was quite astonished. But I anticipate.

When supper was announced, I looked round for some one to whom I might offer my arm, and, as fate would have it, Julie was close by. I made a faint effort to pass on, but fate would *not* have that; and without knowing how it came about, I found Julie Llanwarne's arm within my own, and myself leading her away.

'I am afraid I have monopolised you the whole evening,' stammered I.

'I am afraid so too,' said Julie. I caught the eye of Captain Graham again; it boded nothing amiable, and he sat down precisely opposite me.

Innocent, openhearted, angelic Julie! it was no wonder, young, susceptible, and inexperienced as I was, that I felt flattered by your marked preference. What strange, sad, pleasing, painful, emotions, the memory of that night brings me. You were one of those bright, beautiful beings, which we now and then meet

'In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain—
Creatures of light we never see again!'

I know that some will say, 'How could you fall in love with the mere acquaintance of an hour?' but it is not for me to explain that such things are possible. Others will say, 'It was not love at all, but a piece of romantic, boyish nonsense—a fancy—a flirtation.' Well, was it any the less agreeable for that? There are others who will tell you that the mind, the soul, is the thing that should attract—not the manner, or the person; and so it is, I grant—an old gentleman of sixty. I must confess that I am seldom much taken with your very clever, strong-minded, highly intellectual women. They are by no means the most fascinating conversationalists, and instead of being the taught, and talked at and down by one of these, how much more pleasant it is to be the teacher, and have a pretty little face looking up to you for information, and taking everything for granted with a rosy smile that never fails to suggest some new subject for consideration. At least it seems so to me, though I leave you to your own opinions, and am always open to conviction.

It was plain to me now that Graham had placed himself on the other side of the table, for the sole and express purpose of insulting me. I was quite surprised, not having deemed that he could stoop

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to conduct so unworthy a gentleman and British officer. I felt his foot under the table close to mine, and, ridiculous to say, presently he stamped upon it! There happened to be a full-busted elderly lady sitting to my right. I called Job, and told him to give my compliments to Captain Graham, and if he was searching for Miss S——'s foot, he would find it a little to the left of where he was trying. I saw Julie smile. I looked the captain full in the face as the message was delivered. He gave a start, and put his hand on a decanter. I involuntarily placed mine upon another, which was the larger of the two. We both recollected ourselves, but only to grow forgetful again the next moment.

'Drummore, I wish you would allow the wine to circulate in this direction,' cried Waiteley, drawing general attention to me; 'that is, if you are not too much engaged in ——'

'Pray excuse him,' returned Graham, spitefully and coarsely; 'you must bear in mind that he is but a boy.'

'Though but a boy, sir,' cried I, quickly, 'he is incapable of many impertinences that seem common with one who perhaps considers himself a man;' and I felt my cheek and forehead flush.

Graham arose from the table—he could not control his passion longer—and muttering some unintelligible words, left the room. I was extremely sorry, but he had drawn the retort upon himself. I had borne with his insolence too long.

There was a dead silence for several moments; then everybody began to talk in that constrained manner which shows that something has gone wrong. I was glad when we all arose from the table, too, and returned to the drawing-room. As I had led Julie in, it was of course my duty to lead her out, which I took good care to do; but there was no more pleasantry, no more mirth. Julie grew silent. I became thoughtful. And by and by, to the relief of all, the party broke up. Julie said, as I was bidding her good-night, that she feared the quarrel would not end there. I told her that I hoped it would, as a little cool reflection would, I thought, prove to Captain Graham that he had been in the wrong. Julie left the flower in my hand that she had worn during the evening, and, pushing through the throng of carriages, I hurried away homeward.

Morgan and Wing overtook me. 'You are in a scrape, I fear, Drummore,' whispered the former; 'if there should be anything the matter, you know where I am to be found.'

'I am determined not to involve you in any way,' I said, shaking him by the hand; and drawing my cloak closer about me—for the rain was beating in my face—I walked quickly on, with Job at my heels.

The night was far advanced by the time I reached my lodgings. The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, but that meant two. It was a most stupid clock, and appeared to have no fixed rule in announcing the hours. Sometimes it struck eleven for one, at others five for three, or eight for six; and now and then, like the famous clock of St Sepulchre's, which saved the life of a sentinel by the irregularity, it struck thirteen; I have even known it get as far as sixteen, perhaps to save trouble, for, after that, it would let an hour or two pass without striking at all. I never met with a more absurd clock.

I threw myself on the sofa, and reviewed the events of the last hour. That some friend of Graham's would presently wait on me with a hostile message from that gentleman, I felt sure, and ordered Job to leave the garden gate open, and the front door unchained and bolted, in order that his entrance might not create an alarm in the house. I told Job to keep watch below, and open without noise should any one come. I struck a light, and, without knowing why I did so, opened my travelling trunk. My eye instantly fell on the lines pasted upon the inside of the lid by my grandfather—

'Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee!'

'Yes; I will do everything I possibly can, with honour, to avoid a collision with this man,' I said; 'but if'—I closed the box, and resumed my seat—'I can conscientiously acquit myself of any wish or intention to give offence, that will at all events be a consolation under the circumstances; and if I fight, it will be because I am forced into it: that is then Graham's business.'

There was a footfall below, a softly closing door, and a creaking sound on the staircase. An officer of the name of Livingstone had waited upon me.

'You know my errand, Mr Drummore, I daresay.'

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'I suspect it, sir.'

'Then, pray oblige me with the name of your friend at once; there is no time to lose; it is nearly morning now.'

'Friend! are they picked up in every street, then? I have no friend, Mr Livingstone, in this quarter of the world.'

'Nonsense, don't detain me; we can *talk* some other time. Will you give ——'

'No; I repeat, whatever is to be done must be arranged between ourselves; we do not want any third party; state your business, if you please.'

'Captain Graham demands a meeting, and you must, or ought, to be aware that, before preliminaries can be arranged ——'

'He *demands* a meeting; suppose I refuse to meet him—what then?'

'I should not like to hint the probable consequences,' with a repulsive curl of the lip; 'among others, that of being posted as a coward.'

'I will bear with this ungentlemanly language for the present, Mr Livingstone, as the hour is at hand when I will make you retract your words, and one quarrel is enough for a man to be engaged in at a time; nay, keep your seat a moment, and listen. For four hours to-night I put up with the impertinence of Captain Graham, and because it did not produce the effect he wished, he now intends to add outrage to insult, and insist on my obliging him with a meeting—thirsts for my blood, in fact. This is strange conduct; if there is an aggrieved party, it occurs to me that I am that party.'

Livingstone shrugged his shoulders. 'I am not come here, sir, to argue points and bandy idle words; my business is to beg the name and address of your friend —some friend, it matters not who.'

'I have told you that I will give none; what is to be done, shall be done among ourselves.'

'And once more I find it necessary to tell *you*, Mr Drummore, that there is a certain etiquette ——'

'Etiquette, sir! will the man who does not scruple to play the bully in a ball-room, talk to me of etiquette? I will name no friend, but that shall not mar the sport, be sure. First, however, I have a question or two, which you will perhaps honour me by answering.'

'Oh, state them, by all means,' said Livingstone, referring to his watch; 'I hope they are short.'

'To myself my life is worth very little; the world is a troublesome one, and I am half tired of it already; on my own account, therefore, I should have few regrets in quitting it, and perhaps I may yet prove to you that the mere vulgar fear of death is not the most important item in these considerations. But, sir, I have a father, and a mother, and a sister, and friends, to whom I am led to believe that my safety is of some slight value. I would not willingly bring down the grey hairs of that mother with sorrow to the grave; I would not willingly cast a gloom over the young heart of that sister; and I would not, by exposing my life in a ridiculous quarrel, give the remainder an opportunity of saying, when the tidings of my death—should I fall—reaches their ears, "So let it be; he merited his fate; for he died as the fool, and not as the soldier." Have these arguments any weight with you?'

'They are not my business, Mr Drummore.'

'Very well, Mr Livingstone; then now *to* your business, if you please. In the first place, you wish me to select a friend. Job, come this way.'

Job came forward. and gave the salute.

'The next thing is the choice of weapons. I am the challenged party, consequently *I* have the choice of weapons.'

Livingstone bowed.

'Then I choose small-swords.' Livingstone seemed much pleased, he almost smiled. I went on. 'We will not wait till our blood cools, we are both warm now; go and fetch Captain Graham into this room. We can clear away the tables, and I will take especial care that no one offers any interruption.'

'It cannot be; Captain Graham would never consent to anything so absurd; he will meet you anywhere else you please. A room is not the place, sir, in which to keep an engagement of this kind. Are you agreeable to one of the lanes leading to Luton: You remember where the three roads meet, there is a nice piece of turf just suited to the purpose; shall we say five o'clock, before any of the villagers are stirring?

'I would rather follow you at once to the spot; as this is to be, the less time spent in reflection the better.'

'You may have some matters that require arrangement; trust me, you will find five o'clock quite soon enough.'

There was a sneer in the latter remark that nettled me. 'Job,' said I, 'show this man out.'

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Livingstone turned, and cried, 'Is that language intended to be applicable to me?'

'There is no fourth party in the room, that I am aware of,' said I, throwing myself on the sofa, contemptuously. He gave me a fierce look, but checked himself, took his hat, and went down the stairs.

You may perhaps have considered the conversation in which I engaged Captain Graham's friend a somewhat lengthy and tedious one; but really, when there is a strong possibility of it's being a man's last, he ought to be excused a little loquacity. The door had scarcely closed ere it re-opened, and Miss Lock presented herself. She took a chair, planted it close before me, sat down, and fixed her eyes on mine.

'Polly!'

'Maurice!'

We looked at each other for a full minute.

'I have overheard the latter part of the conversation; you are going to fight a duel.'

'You have been dreaming, Polly; did I not tell you that the officers talked of getting up a play? and must not the actors rehearse their parts?' and I burst into a laugh.

'Maurice, you cannot deceive me; I know what is going to take place, and I implore you, beseech you, by the fear of God, by the peace of your mother, by the love of your sister, by the happiness of all, to reflect upon what you are about to do. Lend not yourself to this wicked thing. Was not life given you for a purpose? dare you do what you will with it? is it yours? You must not go, you shall not go;' and she clasped her hands in her lap.

'Polly, you do not know what has taken place to-night; you cannot understand the position in which I am placed. Leave me; I wish to be alone.'

She took a book from the table, the book she had brought in with her, and, opening it, pointed to the words—'THOU SHALT NOT KILL.'

I said, 'No, I do not wish to kill; I do not go out with that design.'

She turned the leaves over again, and read—'IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM, AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS.'

I had learned these very words, and often repeated them upon my mother's knee, as a child. They struck home, and for a moment I was obliged to cover my face with my hands; then I sprang up, and walked about the room, to shake off the weakness. She came to me, placed her hands on my shoulders, and looked me anxiously in the face.

'By all that you hold dear, Maurice, by the hope of heaven, by the dread ——'

'Polly,' replied I, 'nothing can change my resolve; there is little danger to be apprehended, I assure you. I will not kill this man; he shall not kill me; but I must meet him—my honour demands it.'

'Honour!' she almost shrieked; 'what is the honour of man to the law of God? Does not He who made man, know what is best for man? Tear that false honour from your soul. They lie, who say that to repeat the deed of Cain is to redress a wrong. What wound did it ever heal?—nay, rather, how many has it not opened, and left to bleed on till the day of final doom! Do you still persist—will you commit this folly?'

She left the room.

'The door, Job,' cried I; 'she will go to the general's.'

Job had already locked both doors, the front and back, and put the keys in his pocket. She sat down in the hall below. She had made up her mind that if I left the house that night, I should trample upon her body in doing it. I felt that her words were truth, but I had closed my heart to that for the present.

'Job, our exit by the door is cut off; we shall have to descend by the window. Bring a rope, and see that it will bear our weight.'

I looked at my watch, and found that there wanted yet an hour of the time appointed. I opened my desk, drew out my mother's portrait, kissed the calm features, and placed it immediately over my heart. I next took a sheet of paper, intending, in the event of my receiving a death-thrust, to write a clear statement of the circumstances that led to it; but the moment the pen touched the white paper, a huge blot disfigured the sheet. Job had gone into the bedroom, and I was alone. There was a dead silence; and then I heard the ominous death-tick close above my head. 'Fool that I am,' cried I, 'it is but a spider in the wall!' I was roused from a long reverie, by Flowers presenting himself before me, with the swords under his arm. That awakened me to realities again. I nodded, arose, and motioned him to descend first, noise-

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lessly. I looked back into the room as I was preparing to let myself down; the candle was just expiring in the socket; it gave one last faint flicker, shot up brightly for an instant, and all was dark. There sat the woman, a silent watcher in the hall below, fulfilling her mission of love and mercy, while Job and I hurried along the deserted streets, upon our errand of gloom and death.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquest. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

Mr Francis Pulszky has produced a volume of great value and interest under the above title. He seems to have taken the work of Dr Wagner as the principal source whence he might draw his information, but he has not confined himself to this author. From various sources he has derived the materials, out of which he has managed to construct a work of more than ordinary importance and attractiveness. The plan of the author has led him to give the narrative in the language of those from whom he quotes, thus giving to it a directness and freshness which it could not otherwise have had. To this we have no objection; only we should have liked to know when he passed from one author to another—when we were indebted to Dr Wagner, and when to those other sources to which he refers in the general. Passing from this point, we assure our readers that in this, the third volume of 'Nelson's Library of Foreign Works,' they will find a full, fair, and lively account of the Regency of Algeria. The work is divided into three parts:—1st, 'Description of the Regency of Algeria,' under which we have a full and graphic description of the city, city-life, the neighbourhood of the city, the coast on either side, and the province of Constantine; 2dly, 'the Native Races of the Regency of Algiers,' which are stated to be seven in number—viz., Arabs, Kabyles, Moors, Turks, Jews, Negroes, and Mozabites. This part of the book displays deep research, and furnishes a great deal of valuable historical information relative to the different races, in small compass, and couched in easy and flowing periods. 3dly, 'History of the Regency;' under which designation we have a graphic and stirring account of the French campaign, conquest, and administration. As a specimen of the volume, we give Dr Wagner's account of the Moorish coffee-houses:—'No place is more favourable for the acquirement of the Arabic language. Even if not much talk is going on, still the Moors are here less taciturn than anywhere else. The long rows of different guests, sitting with crossed legs, offer a most interesting opportunity for the study of physiognomies. At the side of the immovable calm Moor or Kurugli, in gaudy Turkish garb, we behold a sable negro, in the same style of attire, but mostly of dirty yellow material. Next to him is a fine tall Arab, with sunburnt face, his mighty frame clad in white garments, and a rope of camel's hair twisted round his head. Then, again, we notice a short grown Kabyle, ragged, wild, with piercing glance, or a Mozabite of the Sahara, and a Biskari from the Belad-el-Jerid, and among them, again, a Frenchman in regimentals, or clad according to Paris fashion, adapting himself to every society, and everywhere happy by his merry turn of mind. The finest Moorish coffee-house was formerly situated in the Rue de la Marine, not far from the large mosque. It had a hall partitioned into several galleries, and supported by columns, which could accommodate hundreds of people. Another coffee-house of the same style, though not so spacious, I saw, as late as the close of 1836, in the street Bab-a-Zun. Now, however, both have disappeared. . . . The present ones are lengthy vaults, without marble columns, furnished only with two rows of benches, which are covered with mats braided with palm leaves. On these the guests sit in the well-known oriental way. The kitchen, a small smoky corner, is in a niche at the outside of the vault. The coffee is served in small China cups, resting on tin stands, and mixed for the French with moist sugar; it is pretty strong, and of pleasant flavour; the sediment fills almost half the cup. It is offered, together with a red earthenware pipe, on a long

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tube, filled with excellent tobacco. The whole costs one sou (one halfpenny), and it is hardly possible to fancy a cheaper treat. The proprietor of a large coffee-house usually little troubles himself with his business; but, sitting at the entrance with calm gravity, he greets his European guest with, "Good evening, sir," and his own co-religionists with the warmer welcome, "Peace be upon thee;" and then shouts to the servants, "Bring coffee; bring a pipe." The cook is usually a negro; the waiters Moorish lads, with milk-white and rosy faces, who, instead of the turban, wear a red skull-cap on their completely shorn heads. The larger coffee-houses have regularly music in the evening. The instruments of these African artists are most usually a three-corded violin, several pipes and guitars, and a peculiar kind of drum, which, however, is oftener heard in the streets; the brass instruments, also, which deafen us at the celebration of the Bairam, and at nuptials, are excluded from the coffee-houses. Here one seeks repose; and a soft, monotonous, lulling music, which is well adapted to the idle enjoyments of this assembly, does not disturb vague contemplation, or scare away the misty dreams in which the fertile imagination of these effeminate Moors delights.'

The Song of the Spheres. By Miss E. Hutchinson.

This is a volume of which we really don't know what to say, except that it is full of faults, errors, blunders, bad lines, mutilated figures; and that, to counterbalance all this, it has some *exquisitely beautiful* and *intensely poetical* lines. Oh, if our friend Apollodorus would but forsake for a season his labours in *old* poetry and theology, and do for this fine young spirit what he has done for Bigg and Smith, he might find rare pickings in this delicious little 'Song of the Spheres.' We shall do our brief endeavour. Opening at page 9, we find this fine expression—

'*Like naphtha meeting Persian air.*'

In page 12 the line occurs—

'God *thought on radiance,* and yon sun was born.'

A new and admirable translation, we fancy, of the words, 'Be light, and there was light.' Hear this, oh England!—

'One little isle doth live; blanch'd are her cliffs,
That point, *like Hope's white fingers, up to God.*'

Or this, thou rainbow, so often besung—

'Thou art the princely autograph of Heaven!
Divine caligraphy of God, e'en given
To earthly dust: thou fair emblazonry
Of Him who poised the sun in yonder sky,
Thou art the sign, *the seal of vanish'd wrath*—
Thou tell'st that he remembereth his oath.'

We cull a few other gems, and string them at random:—

'A bright ray of glory had escaped
Th' empyrean, and had lighted on my head.'

'I long'd to turn the iron of the heart
Of man into an anchor, thus to cast
Him, pride-despoil'd, into the Bay of Truth.'

'I love to sit beneath a mountain ash,
And look unto the distant hills, that rise
Like arbiters between the vale and sky.'

A dream follows, for which we have not room, but it is very beautiful. The following is fine:—

'I left my home, and sought the sunny south,
Where nature hath *beguiled the sky* into
Perpetual smiles.

We add but one stanza—a right noble one—relating to an orient clime:—

'Where flowers have richer hues, and nature grows
To *huge proportions,* 'midst her moral woes;
Where night is *charged* with stars, and thunder tries
To desolate that Eastern paradise!

Miss H. is a very young lady; she has published too soon, but she has real genius, which only needs culture and time to make her one of our FIRST *lady poets.*

Rome's Red Footprints in the Alps; or, the Woes of the Waldenses, in 1686 and 1689. By the Rev. David Drummond, Minister of Houndwood, Berwickshire. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.

A clever book, if not a book of high poetry, full of lively, forcible, and readable narrative, mingled with some striking descriptions; altogether, a very tolerable objective poem. It is, at least during these dog-days, not a little refreshing to turn from the sultry, although splendid, heats of 'Balder' and Smith, and to bathe in this little volume as in a cool Alpine basin. The construction of the story is not, however, very artful; and there are too many weak lines in proportion to the size of the volume.

A Book for the Sorrowful; or, Divine Truth in its Relation to Human Suffering. By Edmund Henwood. London: Grattan, Amen Corner.

This is one of the most useful, interesting, and tastefully written little books we

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have read for years. Unpretending as it is, it displays, on the part of the author, fine powers, high accomplishments, and genuine piety. We cannot compliment it more highly than by saying, that it reminds us much of Dr John Macfarlane's pleasing and practical treatises on affliction. Like Dr Macfarlane, Mr Heywood does not speak from hearsay, but from personal experience. His own heart has bled over into this precious little reservoir of love and sanctified grief. We cordially commend it to all our readers, especially to Christian mourners.

God's Bottle for Believers' Tears. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

We may say much the same of this as of the former. If less elegant than Mr Heywood's, it is still richer in its unction. A useful, delightful little work.

Congratulatory Address to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. By WILLIAM ORME HANDY. Parsonstown: Shields.

William Orme Handy, whatever else he may be, is no Irish rebel, but the most loyal subject the Queen has in broad Milesia. He sojourns in Parsonstown, and has no doubt often gazed at the stars through the giant eye of Lord Rosse's telescope. What effect this has had upon his poetic vein, may be gathered from the following magniloquent lines:—

'Hail, gracious monarch! auspicious lady, hail!
Accept the homage of our duteous feal, (!)
As to thy sacred person we draw nigh,
And raise the *lash* of our devoted eye;
Till, dazzled in the lustre of the blaze,
The less'ning pupil can no longer gaze;
Drown'd in a cataract of royal light,
The dizzy senses tremble at the sight,' &c.

Bravo! Mr Handy Dandy! Burke's picture of the Queen of France was nothing to this! The Emerald Isle for ever!

Poems. By JAMES MACFARLANE. London: Hardwicke.

This volume soars considerably higher than some we have seen of late, although it is not quite up to our standard. It has much beauty, and many brave words; but exhibits, as a whole, less power and originality than we desiderate in high poetry. Mr Macfarlane is, we fear, too often thinking about his townsman, Alexander Smith. We are far, however, from wishing to discourage him. He has very considerable powers; has written many lines worthy of Smith, or of any other poet; and we believe that his poetry, as well as his character, are both much esteemed in his native city.

Christianity viewed in some of its Leading Aspects. By Rev A. L. R. FOOTE. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas.

The chief fault we have to this volume is one which reviewers seldom require to include in their categories of complaints —it is too brief. The profound thought contained in the work could have sustained a fabric double the size. Taking into account the author's plan and object, and finding no fault with these, we say, with all sincerity, that his work is most admirably adapted, both in substance and spirit, to meet and mitigate certain grave errors that abound at the present time, relative to the principles, objects, and ends of Christianity. The headings of the six sections into which the work is divided, are the following:— Christianity a Life, a Work, a Reward, a Culture, a Discipline, a Fellowship. There is a purpose and earnestness pervading the book, that contribute greatly to usefulness, albeit good taste is not always observed.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Butler. Vol. II. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

Some two months ago, we called the attention of our readers to the first volume of Butler's Works, with Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. That volume was occupied with the first two parts of 'Hudibras,' preceded by a Life of the author. The present volume contains the third part of that famous poem, and the genuine Remains of the poet. This last is a most interesting feature in Mr Nichol's edition, and greatly enhances its value.

Whittlings from the West. By ABEL LOG. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

The readers of this Journal do not need to have the ceremony of introduction, &c., attended to, when the party to be introduced is Mr Log. They have been long acquainted with him; and many a tedious hour his writings have beguiled, and many a hearty laugh they have drawn forth, and withal many a precious grain of truth have they carried into minds ready to receive a lesson of warning or instruction, from one whose fun and drollery so obviously point to a sound moral. We need only say, that our publishers have just issued the 'Whittlings' in one handsome volume, which, we doubt not, will be as popular, as it is lively and amusing.

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Essays on the Characteristics of a Superior Popular Literature. By WILLIAM BATHGATE. London: Ward & Co.

The subject of these essays is one in which, it may be presumed, we feel a peculiar interest. From Mr Bathgate's published works, we were led to expect that he would come to the discussion of the theme well furnished, and prepared to do his work right heartily. Nor were we disappointed in our examination of the essays. In order that the reader may have some idea of the nature of the volume, we shall enumerate the titles of the eight essays. The first treats of the Influence and Destiny of a superior Popular Literature—and then the Entertaining, the Instructive, the Suggestive, the Christian, the Progressive elements are discussed in the order in which they are here placed. The last two treat respectively of the union of all these elements, and the obstacles which retard the circulation and increase of a superior popular literature. The book is full of masculine thought; and though the language is not always refined, yet it is rarely inappropriate. It is such a work as should be in the hands of thinking young men.

The Three Sisters; or, Past, Present, and Future. By the late JOHN ROBY. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

When this story appeared some years ago in the pages of the INSTRUCTOR, it created considerable interest. It is well to bring it out in this cheap and neat form; and many have but to know, to hail its appearance. The author was a writer of considerable power, and was favourably known both for his prose and poetic compositions. The story itself is very well constructed, contains a great variety of character, a good deal of spirited action, and breathes a fine moral. Done up in the railway form, it is a cheap eighteenpence worth.

Modern Household Cookery. By A LADY. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

In addition to the ordinary contents of a book on cookery, this new work, brought out in connection with 'Nelson's Household Library,' contains a great variety of valuable receipts; directions for the preparation of food for children and invalids. It is accompanied by a number of plates, that introduce the inexperienced into the mysteries of carving, &c. Altogether, we have been very favourably impressed by our examination of the work, and think it an admirable companion volume to the 'New Household Receipt-book.'

The Penny Census. London: Groombridge & Sons.

A wonderful pennyworth, and should be at everybody's elbow for reference in matters referring to population.

The Great Wine Press, popularly called Armageddon; being an intellectual battle of opinions—the Turco-Russian War—fears of it may be banished, &c. London: W. Strange.

We have no sympathy with the class of publications of which this may be considered a specimen. They are generally marked by ingenuity; but they are more generally characterised by a spirit of dogmatism and mutual contradiction. We should like to see the same talents engaged on something more practical.

The Art of Good and Cheap Cookery, for the Working Classes. By the Editors of the 'Family Economist.' London: Groombridge & Sons.

Both the style and price of this little book fit it admirably to the circumstances of the families of working men. It first gives directions how to choose economically the food required; then how best to cook it; and then gives some judicious directions relative to observances at meals.

A Letter to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, on the Order for Morning Prayer. By the Rev. J. W. LESTER, B.A. London: Seeleys.

It is not our province, as journalists, to pronounce on a question like this; but of this letter we may safely say, that it merits the calm consideration, not only of the dignitaries, but also of the clergy and laity connected with the Church of England.

The Advanced Prose and Poetical Reader. By ALEX. BUCHAN. Glasgow: Hamilton.

This is one of the best selections we have seen, since our old friend 'Hartley's Oratorical Class-book'—a book which beguiled many a weary hour of our boyhood among the Perthshire Highlands, when with us books were as precious as they were few. Mr B., too, has made a very judicious selection, and has enriched his volume, besides, by carefully-arranged questions, and a vocabulary. We cordially and warmly commend this unassuming little volume.

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'BEGGING,' said Defoe, in his own strong simple style, 'is a shame to any country. If the party is deserving, it is a shame that he should be *compelled* to beg. If he is not deserving, it is a shame that he should be *allowed* to beg.' To the principle embodied in the latter part of Defoe's deliverance, we believe, we are indebted for a Scottish Poor-law (it is only to the Poor-law, as existing in Scotland, that we direct attention in this paper); one of its leading aims at starting evidently being to compel idlers of all descriptions —'strang beggars and vagabonds,' to quote the words of the earliest Scottish statute on the subject, 'wandering and misordering themselves'—to live, to a certain extent, at least, by their own labour. As society developed itself, and year by year grew less simple in its mechanism, the original principle was extended in its operation, so as to care not only for the voluntarily idle, but also for those 'quilkes of necessitie mon live bee almes.' Without the Poor-law embracing both these classes of persons within its statutory powers, neither property nor life could have been safe: the able-bodied vagrants, if not looked after, would levy *black-mail* upon the community; the impotent poor, without public support, would die in such circumstances as would engender disease and other retributive calamities. The Poor-law may therefore be regarded, looking at it in a broad and comprehensive view, as a species of property and life insurance, which the wealthy and industrious classes are willing to keep up, even on the principle of obtaining personal security.

Such is really the present aspect of a Poor-law, wherever it obtains, in our day. There are, however, objectors upon principle to a compulsory mode of supporting the poor. Among the most zealous of these, as, we feel assured, he is one of the most honest and disinterested, is Sir George Sinclair of Ulbster, whose letters on the subject, originally addressed to the editor of the 'Caledonian Mercury,' are well worthy of a careful perusal. Sir George, if we understand him aright, contends for the abrogation of the *right* of any pauper, however helpless, to demand relief. Few, however, will feel inclined to occupy such a position. It is too startling, when deliberately considered, to hold that any human being, unconvicted of crime, lives not by right, but by the sufferance merely of his fellow-mortals. In fact, as we have already indicated, the support and supervision of the poor are very much withdrawn from the domain of charity, and placed upon a footing quite the opposite; people pay their poor-rate as they pay any other necessary tax, upon a principle of selfishness. That the influence of such a mode of supporting the poor is healthy, we will not take it upon us to affirm; and if the question lay between the comparative merits of a voluntary or compulsory support of a given number of frail old people, there could scarcely be two opinions on an abstract consideration of the matter. The suffrages of the right-hearted unequivocally go for the former. It is natural; the latter is artificial. But unfortunately the state of society is artificial too; and to treat pauperism in its simple and elementary condition, while everything else remains crusted over with conventionalism, would be neither more nor less than to leave the poor to die.

We believe, moreover, that there is a mistake at the outset, in supposing, as many do, that a poor-rate, or, in other words, a regularly organised system of legal support for the poor, is to blame for the growth of pauperism, and its numerous pernicious consequences. The canker lies much deeper than that; it is to be found not in anything so adventitious as a poor-rate, but in the diseased state of society, which renders such pauper relief necessary. We deeply lament the deterioration of character among numbers of our poorer brethren. It is painful to think that sons and daughters, who ought to reckon it among their greatest privileges to support an aged father or a widowed mother, should heartlessly cast them upon the scanty pittance of the parish; and it is a sore trial upon one's patience, when men and women, who ought to be self-supporting, become a burden upon the community, through sheer vice and improvidence. One would labour anxiously, and sacrifice much, to bring back to Scotland the ancient habitude of self-dependence among her peasantry; but we entirely fail to see that there is any connection between the lack of this desirable

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feeling and the existence of a poor-rate. The classes referred to would remain equally destitute of thrift and natural affection, although an assessment for the poor was repealed to-morrow, and starvation followed as a consequence. Meantime, speculation is useless—the matter in hand must be dealt with—and we are shut up to the adoption of a system in accordance with present exigencies. Alter the condition of the country—sweeten the breath of society—diffuse in all their power the influences of a pure Christianity—and the ground is materially shifted; but, dealing with the realities of the case, not as they might be, but as they now are, it is our thorough persuasion that no other method of support, other than a compulsory one, would be either adequate or just.

On the question of adequacy, a single sentence may suffice. We are unwilling to invoke the aid of figures—the driest of all studies—but we must ask our readers to keep in mind the numbers to be provided for annually. According to the last report of the Board of Supervision, they stood, for the year ended 14th May, 1853, thus:—

Permanent poor, . .		99,609
Casual poor, . . .		49,658
Insane or fatuous poor,	3,787	
Orphans or deserted children, . .	8,338	
		12,125
Total, .		161,392

Here, then, are these many human beings to be partially fed and clothed. The document from which we take the figures, states that the sum expended for their relief and management during the year was £544,552 : 19 : 0d. A large amount, certainly, but one, nevertheless, which we hold to be much too small, inasmuch as the pittances given to the poor in many cases—particularly in Highland parishes—are nothing short of an outrage upon humanity. Yet, will any man, after considering the magnitude of the sum, even as it stands, and knowing the state of feeling in this country, undertake to raise it by voluntary contribution?

Supposing, however, that an adequate sum could be raised by hap-hazard, for one or more years, to support the pauperism of the nation, we have strong objection to such a course of procedure on the score of injustice. We have seen a little of how the two systems, voluntary and compulsory, operate. Lairds were in the habit of receiving a paragraphic eulogium in the local newspapers for their great munificence in transmitting triennially, from London or some other fashionable place, a sum of £5 or £10 to the poor of the parish, while the same parties are now paying, under a legal assessment, £30, £40, and £50 per annum. And not too much. Yet one may well ask, who made up the deficit formerly? Just our merchants, and artisans, and industrial classes generally. Ill-fated William Thom somewhere speaks of the poor being the truest supporters of the poor, and the statement receives satisfactory verification every day. There is a breadth of truth and pathos in L. E. L.'s reflections on this point.

'Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is, to be of needful food
And needful rest debarr'd.

Their paths are paths of pleasantness;
They sleep on silk and down;
They never think how wearily
The weary head lies down.

They never by the window sit,
And see the gay pass by,
Yet take their weary work again,
And with a mournful eye.'

In parishes where there is no legal assessment, the larger share of the support of the poor is invariably drawn from those who live in their immediate vicinage. Now, the rich never have their dwellings near those of the poor, and the consequence is, that the people who are brought into contact with the misery of our necessitous brethren are those whose circumstances only set them a remove or two above a similar condition, but who, in the kindliness of their hearts, cannot withstand pleadings so clearly brought to the test of ocular demonstration, and bestow alms out of their small means, which the wealthy would never miss out of larger resources. There are a few parishes in Scotland in which recourse is had to what is designated a '*voluntary* assessment'—a thorough anomaly; and in some of these cases it frequently happens that persons make a great merit of contributing probably the *twentieth or thirtieth part* of what they ought to pay, or would have to pay, under a regular rate. Thus, the whole system of taxing the poor, or, at all events, the moderately rich, to sup-

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port the poor, long eloquently advocated as so Scriptural by lairds and millionaires, that they themselves might escape Scot-free through its influence, carries along with it a manifest injustice. Some people are afraid that the springs of private beneficence may be dried up by such a species of taxation as a poor-rate. Let them not fear. There will still remain an ample field for the law of love to expatiate in, and for the outgoing of all those nameless offices of good-will, which give so much grace and stability to the social fabric. It will be generally found that the man who pays his poor-rate readily, is also a generous private donor; and we would seriously counsel the individual who complains of his beneficence being frozen up in consequence of a compulsory assessment, to try seriously, and ascertain whether his sensibility has not been deadened by some other cause of a more inveterate character.

Having the poor with us, and holding that a legal system for their support is absolutely necessary in the present circumstances of our country, we proceed very briefly to a consideration of the existing Poor-law in Scotland, with the view of ascertaining whether it fulfils, in any reasonable degree, the requirements of such a statute. Our views will be eliminated as we proceed. The Act of 1845, in virtue of which parochial boards are now constituted, together with the older statutes and proclamations, in so far as they continue unrepealed, will form the text of our remarks, which may be mapped out under several distinct heads.

1. *The Constitution of Parochial Boards* is thus defined:—In burghal parishes, the persons assessed for the support of the poor have the right of electing a certain number of managers, not to exceed thirty; the town-councils elect four out of their body, and the kirk-sessions [established] of each parish, *quoad spiritualia*, in every such burghal parish, add a quota of four a-piece, and these three rather motley parties form the Parochial Board. In parishes not burghal, all proprietors of lands and heritages of the annual yearly value of £20 and upwards; a certain number of elected members fixed by the Board of Supervision ('having due regard to the population and other circumstances of every such parish'); and six members of the kirk-session, compose the Board. This mode of constituting a Board, intended to deal with the commonalty, is radically erroneous. The point is one seldom stirred, for the rate-payers take little interest in the matter one way or another, yet, as a piece of legislative injustice and disability, it ought to be repealed. We make no remark upon the ecclesiastical element in parochial boards, simply because, although it is the worst, it is not the only, wrong in the system, and the whole ought to be amended at once. The remedy is simple, and will commend itself to general approbation. Let parochial boards be purely and directly representative: the rate-payers electing the whole members—irrespective of social or ecclesiastical characteristics—the votes of electors being regulated by the amount with which they are charged in the collector's books.

2. *The Board of Supervision* is deserving of a passing notice. As constituted by the recent statute, its members are, the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Solicitor-General of Scotland, and the Sheriffs-Depute of the counties of Perth, Renfrew, and Ross and Cromarty (all for the time being), and to these are added three members and a secretary appointed by government. One of these three members and the secretary are paid officials, and each of the three sheriffs has £100 additional to his annual salary, with the view of insuring systematic attention to the business of the poor. Little good, and considerable evil, however, has this board done to the poor of Scotland; and recently its utter inattention to the pitiful condition of paupers in Knoydart, Strath, and other Highland districts, even when brought prominently under public notice by the humane exertions of Edward Ellice, jun., Esq., M.P., has shown that it is not only inefficient, but even conservative of wrong. Indeed, one general remark applies to it and to parochial boards alike—their members appear to act on the assumption that the business mainly intrusted to them is to save the pockets of rate-payers, rather than to care for the poor; whereas the intent of the legislature, as accordant with humanity, evidently is, that they should act as protectors and guardians of those requiring relief, and concern themselves only with the raising of funds as a secondary matter, and solely as forming a means to the end in view. A larger infusion of the popular element into its counsels, and more power to enforce these when framed into resolutions, are needed, to

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render the Board of Supervision a useful piece of Poor-law mechanism.

3. *A Poor-rate being necessary*, we wish to consider the best mode of obtaining and managing it. Several very important particulars are involved in a right understanding of this point, upon which, it appears to us, the present Poor-law is susceptible of radical improvement. We shall consider the subject as distinctly as we can within the narrow limits at our disposal; and we are anxious that public attention should be directed to it, believing that our views contain the germ of what is necessary to place the larger part of the system of managing the poor upon a satisfactory footing.

The provisions of the existing Poor-law in Scotland leave it optional to parochial boards to raise funds for the support of the poor in their several parishes by assessment or voluntarily, if either way the demands made upon them can be tided over. It is hardly necessary to say that this anomaly produces singular results. We daresay the most of our readers will understand how it operates. Thus: Parishes lying contiguous to each other—'a river here, there an ideal line,' dividing them—are so differently managed in the way of obtaining funds for the support of the poor, as to have all the appearance of being portions of widely differing countries. In one village or hamlet there is the existence of a tax, which is unknown in the others beside it. For instance, A. B., residing in a certain parish, is rated and annually compelled to pay, say 6d. or 1s. per pound on the rental of his farm, for support of the poor, because, unfortunately for him, he lives on this side of the road; C. D., his nearest neighbour, gives nothing, or, it may be, next to nothing, as the whim strikes him, because he chances to have his farm on the other side of the road, and thus lives in a different, though adjoining, parish from A. B. In the one, there is a poor-rate; in the other, the kirk-session, with the aid of such dribblets as they can pick up, try to keep life in the necessitous without levying a tax. This is no rare thing, although year by year matters are amending. Of the 882 parishes in Scotland, at the date of the last returns to the Board of Supervision, 202 were still without any regular assessment for the poor. This fast-and-loose system, in which to pay or not to pay is a question falling to be answered by interested parties, produces a twofold discrepancy—1st, there is a *bonâ fide* legal tax in certain parishes which is quite unknown in others; and, 2dly, there prevails, in virtue of this discrepancy, a striking inequality of allowance to paupers, as between assessed and unassessed parishes. The system is evidently requiring immediate amendment. It is wrong in principle, and oppugns a fundamental rule of good government—that taxation should be equally distributed over a state. Its operation is unjust and injurious to rate-payers and paupers both, but mainly so to the latter, for whose interests we ought specially to care; the former, as a general rule, being sufficiently able to care for themselves. In rural parishes, where there is no assessment for the poor, and few names upon the pauper roll, the pittances are miserably small. In urban districts, on the other hand, to which pauperism must betake itself, the rates are comparatively high, and the poor in receipt of something like needful sustentation; in fact, in those remote and thinly-populated localities, from which the necessitous are now ruthlessly driven, the few who cannot be got rid of are barely kept alive, if we may even venture to say so much regarding them. We recalcitrate with our whole heart at the cruelty of poor-law administration in various quarters of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By a return to the House of Commons, of date the 7th February last, moved for by Mr Ellice, the public are informed that the yearly expenditure for 1852, on the total number of paupers in the islands of Inverness-shire, amounted to the magnificent sum of £1 : 10 : 2¾d. per head, or something very nearly approaching to 7d. per week! In 1851, the allowance was still smaller. And these are the sums, be it observed, which relax industry and break down self-reliance, if we are to credit certain facile statements which float about fine drawing-rooms, and among parties whose industry is of the smallest, but who would reckon 7d. twice told an insignificant price for the paltriest indulgence. We pass from the topic with an indignant protest.

Another complexity in connection with the levying of a poor-rate arises from the circumstance that the new Poor-law permits a choice of three modes for doing so:—1st, 'that one-half of the assessment shall be imposed upon the owners, and the other half upon the tenants or occu-

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pants of all lands and heritages within the parish, according to the annual value of such lands and heritages;' 2dly, 'that one-half of the assessment shall be imposed upon the owners of all lands and heritages within the parish, according to the annual value of such lands and heritages, and the other half upon the whole inhabitants, according to their means and substance other than lands and heritages,' with the proviso that no yearly income can be assessed by this mode, unless it exceed £30; 3dly, 'that such assessment shall be imposed as an equal per-centage upon the annual value of all lands and heritages within the parish, and upon the estimated annual income of the whole inhabitants, from means and substance other than lands or heritages.'

It is not necessary to give an opinion upon the merits of these contending modes of assessment; we are not wedded to any one of them specially; what we hold to be desirable is, that whichever of them the voice of public opinion may fix upon as most equitable, *it*, and *it* alone, should henceforth be held as the one uniform rule for the whole of Scotland, inasmuch as, apart from the inevitable inequalities which arise from different modes of assessment, the power of choice is found to give rise to interminable bickerings, and small local factions in Parochial Boards. The Lord Advocate, in his 'Valuation of Lands and Heritages Bill,' which became law during last session of Parliament, attempted to carry through the improvement we have indicated, by a clause, to the effect that every poor-rate should henceforth be assessed only upon rental, one-half upon the owners, and the other half upon the tenants and occupants, virtually repealing all the modes of assessment sanctioned by the new Poor-law save the first one. The end was good, but as much cannot be said for the means; it looked like an attempt to alter an essential feature of the Poor-law by a side-wind, and consequently the clause was generally condemned, and ultimately withdrawn. A reform of the Poor-law should be discussed by itself, and considered in its entirety.

These remarks bring us to the radical, yet safe and simple, reform which we are anxious to press upon public notice, as a remedy for the special errors we have mentioned, and for others to be specified in the sequel.

Let pauperism be declared a NATIONAL, not a local, affair—a thing to be managed as a general, and not as a parochial matter; and let the law be framed in accordance with such a declaration, by enacting that the poor-rate shall be *universal in its application*, and *uniform in its mode*, over the whole of Scotland; and by such an enactment we should effect a change in the whole management of Scottish pauperism. The machinery for carrying out this proposal is simple as itself, and already prepared to our hands. It only requires the Board of Supervision (reformed also) to see that each parish assesses itself annually—not, be it observed, according to the number of poor resident within its bounds (which is a most fallacious index as to its pauper-producing character), but according to its wealth—at a given rate per pound for the support of the pauperism of the country; the sum thus collected, in each parochial district, to be paid into a general fund in Edinburgh, out of which local boards, in whose members the entire management of the poor in their several parishes should still be vested, would receive an annual sum for the wants of the poor in proportion to their several populations. Of course, this is the merest skeleton of the scheme in its practical details, but every one will readily be able to elaborate it for himself. And now for the advantages of such a proposal.

A national poor-rate would be a measure of public justice. We invariably rate justice at a high figure. The merchants and traders in our towns have too long borne, almost exclusively, a burden which ought to have been equally shared by the lairds and farmers, whose cruel policy it has too often been to drive into the towns all those who had the most remote likelihood of becoming paupers; in this way saving their own pockets, and adopting the sure means of reducing the poor people to that misery, the consequences of which the doers of it were determined to escape. But payment of 'scot and lot,' by every one having the means, would greatly reduce the poor-rate in large towns, through its equalisation over a larger area.

A more important improvement, however, would be effected by a national rate, in its causing the poor to be better cared for. The present Law of *Settlement*, as it is technically called in Scotland—a huge 'avatar of attorneyism'—would receive by it a satisfactory and common-

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sense solution. We bespeak attention to this point, as it is one upon which all who have had any connection with the management of the poor must desiderate improvement; and the change we are proposing would satisfactorily effect it. At present, *settlement*—that is, the right to receive parochial aid from a given parish—is gained by a five years' residence continuously in that parish, without the claimant 'having recourse to common begging, either by himself or his family, and without having received or applied for parochial relief.' A sufficiently enigmatic provision this, for 'common begging' is not now fashionable, and the inventive faculty has been largely at work in this trade as in all others, so that those decent modes resorted to in the days of our fathers would be scouted by your sturdy beggar or tramp of this present year of grace; but this provision is simplicity itself, notwithstanding, when compared with the endless variety of questions which arise in connection with the Law of *Settlement*, when taken in all its legal comprehensiveness. The truth is, that, at present, the question is so involved in doubts, and so defectively settled, or rather unsettled, first in one way, and then in another, and has come to be mixed up with such an endless variety of intricacies about births and marriages; and the decisions of sheriffs on the subject are so conflicting; that any plain man is perfectly at a loss what to make of it. If we add to this a want, now happily about to be supplied—but which will be felt in the case of paupers for many years to come—namely, a proper registry of births, marriages, and deaths, we have completed a chaos of confusion, and given ample field for Inspectors of the poor whereon to exercise their powers of legal acumen and pettifoggery, which many of them are nothing loath to do. We daresay many country Inspectors would think it a dereliction of their duty, if they allowed the claim to relief of any non-resident pauper without challenge; and the reasonings they frequently employ, if not very sensible, are at least sufficiently pompous and amusing.

The whole thing has become little short of a nuisance. Frequently, more than half the time of the managers of the poor must be consumed in discussing, not whether this and the other applicant are fit objects for relief—alas! that point is abundantly plain—but where they were born, together with the genealogies involved in so grave a subject. We have sometimes thought it would have been established that sundry poor people were born in no parish at all, but that they had dropped, a species of ill-favoured interlopers, from the clouds, to which it was very desirable they should return again, for all the welcome accorded to them in this nether world. It sometimes chances, too, that managers of the poor have to discuss other tender topics—whether certain claimants happen to have been married 'here about, or far awa';' whether A. is B.'s father; whether C. had a son before wedlock; or, whether D. is really E.'s mother—the whole forming, mayhap, a very agreeable repast for those who have a relish for such *olla podrida*, but in all other cases more than wearisome enough. The principle of the arrangement is wrong, and should be done away with at once.

Now, let a national rate be established over the whole of Scotland, and the necessity for all these gossiping and prurient inquiries forthwith ceases. The Law of Settlement might, and should be abrogated. The only question for parochial boards then to determine would simply be, whether any Scottish pauper was in such destitute circumstances as to render him or her a fit object for public charity. That point ascertained, their farther duty would be fully discharged, in considering what amount of assistance should be given in the circumstances of the case, and in ordering Inspectors accordingly. No more weary waiting on these little potentates, often harsh and unfeeling. Is the claimant, whether from Mid-Lothian or John o' Groat's, in such circumstances as to require relief, then let the requisite relief be given. Does not a proposal possessing recommendations like these commend itself to public favour?

Only one other advantage arising from a national recognition of pauperism shall we mention at this time (perhaps, in certain quarters, it may have more weight than any of the others we have specified): *It would be decidedly economical.* The sums expended in litigation by parochial boards throughout the country are very great; and, unlike other items, which have their ebbs as well as flows, the expenditure under this head has exhibited a continuous rise—at certain times in greater waves than others, but always steadily upwards, until last year, when it is to be hoped a culminating point has

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been reached. To say the least of it, the fact is astounding, that the outlay for law expenses in connection with the management of the poor, has increased since 1845, when the New Poor-law Act came into operation, from £2500, to something above £13,000. We append the expenditure of each year:—

		Increase.
1845-46.....	£2545 10 11	
1846-47.....	5022 11 3	£2477 0 4
1847-48.....	5719 6 11¾	696 15 8¾
1848-49.....	8519 11 11½	2800 4 11¾
1849-50.....	10,659 2 8	2140 10 8¾
1850-51.....	10,872 12 5½	212 9 9½
1851-52.....	13,266 8 4½	2393 15 11
1852-53.....	13,036 16 5	

By far the largest portion of this enormous expenditure arises from disputes about *settlement*—any other item of law expenses is the merest trifle; and all this money, which is often worse than thrown away, might at once be saved by the abrogation of this *settlement* clause, which would follow upon the adoption of a national system of rating. Surely our argument is complete.

We have done nothing more than glance at these several points connected with a national rate. It is beside our purpose to expatiate upon them; if they are suggestive to any extent, we shall reckon our object gained. Only two objections occur to us as likely to be started against legalising a national poor-rate. These are an objection to centralisation, and a fear of reckless expenditure on the part of parochial boards. Centralisation is a bad and expensive thing; we detest it; but, in the changes we have proposed, the business of each parish would be managed, as it ought to be, within its own limits, and centralisation would be nothing more than the proper adjustment of the several departments of an extensive business—a supervision which must be maintained for the right discharge of national duty. The objection of recklessness is also more imaginary than real. Although the fund would be spread over a larger surface than presently, each parochial board would just have as much interest as now in keeping the assessment within proper limits; a quota, in proportion to the whole amount, being exigible from every parish; and by regularly printing a periodical statement of accounts, coupled with the watchful supervision of public opinion, we see no reason to entertain the slightest misgiving on this point.

CHRISTMAS CHANGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE.'

He was a little old man, between sixty and seventy years of age, and over his thin hair he wore a black velvet skull-cap, and a pair of blue goggles concealed his fast-dimming eyes. His sharply-hooked nose, and thin compressed lips, still bespoke, notwithstanding the general dulling of his senses, the keen, cool, calculating, worldly-wise, not to say, hard man. Sitting after dinner in his favourite easy-chair, beside his handsome dining-room table, with his modicum of French brandy in a tumbler before him, to be filled up with three-fourth's hot water from the little china jug beside it, the little old man, such as we describe him, crossed one small leg over the other, and peered through his blue goggles at his pale wife, sitting opposite, for a reply to his last remark.

She, her gentle eyes cast down, and an anxious pucker wrinkling her white forehead, appeared to wish to decline a reply; but at length, constrained thereto by the piercing look from behind the blue goggles, ventured to say,

'It must be as you please, Mr Curling; but your own brother—you cannot allow it—people expect something.'

'What is it to me what people expect?' replied the old man, in his harsh, grating voice. 'At the time of the late unfortunate occurrence, I said to him, "Now, Thomas, I have once more freed you from the consequences of your imprudence. I have set you, as the phrase goes, on your legs again. If you do not now make money, it is not my fault, and I will have nothing further to do with it; so, remember never to apply to me again." He muttered something about want of capital to keep the concern going. The

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extravagant fool! he should have saved it out of his living, as I did, when I began life with two-and-sixpence.'

At this point of the conversation, the man-servant entered, with letters on a waiter. Delivering them to his master, he advanced towards his mistress; and while Mr Curling was deliberately cutting the paper round the seals, the domestic said, in a low voice, 'If you please, ma'am, Miss Curling wishes to speak to you immediately. She is in her own room.'

Mrs Curling rose, and as Joseph retired, his master inquired, suspiciously, 'Hey! what's that?'

'Only Charlotte, my dear. She wishes to speak to me.'

'Why send for you? Why cannot she come here?'

'My dear, perhaps she is not well,' said Mrs Curling, gently. 'Is there a letter for her?'

'No,' replied her husband, peering at the directions through his blue goggles. 'I am surprised that there is not one by this mail from India,' he continued. 'I trust the boy is not ill.'

'Ah! dear fellow,' said Mrs Curling, and the anxious pucker re-appeared on her forehead. Leaving the room, she ascended the stairs to the chamber of her daughter, the only one of their children residing beneath the parental roof.

It was a pleasant apartment, of considerable size, furnished with every luxury, and gay with flowers and rare birds. Its occupant ran to meet her parent as she entered, and twined a pair of emaciated arms about her neck.

'Mamma! dear mamma! *such* a letter from poor Annie. Oh! mamma, do you think he will relent! do you think he will forgive?'

She was a poor dwarfed creature, this little Charlotte, and far from strong or well. A cruel accident in her babyhood had warped her slender spine, leaving it but a weak and gnarled support for a fine and classical head, and a face lovely with the reflex of the meek, benevolent spirit within. This face, however, was now all wo-begone and tear-swollen; and a fresh burst of tears added to its agonised expression, as Charlotte hid her grief on the bosom of her affectionate mother.

'Charlotte, my darling,' said the habitually composed lady, suppressing two sympathetic drops that tried hard to fall from her white eyelids, and remained entangled in their jetty lashes—'my dearest child, recover yourself, and tell me what of our poor Annie.'

'Oh! mamma, mamma, *such* a letter, all about her husband leaving her, and —— Oh! papa will say that he is always right about people. But he cannot allow her to starve, can he, mamma?'

'I trust not, my love.' Yet Mrs Curling looked dubious. 'Some men do not believe. But show me the letter.'

Annie was not Mrs Curling's own daughter; yet the gentle stepmother found it hard to maintain her composure, as she perused the blotted lines handed to her by Charlotte:—

'My darling Charlotte,—My own loving little sister, your poor Annie is so wretched, so *very* wretched! What shall I do? *He* is gone—gone for ever! still loved, though latterly so cruel, and I have not a penny in the house. But I don't think much of that. We have been very badly off lately, often. We have wanted for food a day at a time. I did not dare to write to my father; you know what he is, Charlotte, he is so determined when he takes against a person, especially one who *dares* him, like Edward. *Dear* Charlotte, I want to come home to you and my mother; I want your society, your friendship; I want your affection to bind up this poor broken heart. The whole world is full of gloom. Do you think my father would let me come? Plead for me; ask dear mamma to do her best. I will be quiet and submissive, and please him in everything; only he must not be too severe upon poor Edward; I could not bear *that*. My poor husband, he suffered so, and men cannot endure like women, and I daresay he thought I should be no worse off without him. I scarcely know what I write; but dear, *dearest* Charlotte, let me have a few lines soon, to say what is to be done. ANNIE.'

Mrs Curling remained awhile in deep thought, then saying, 'I will go and see what can be done with your father, Charlotte,' she gave her one kiss, and left the room.

Meanwhile the little old man below sat in angry cogitation over one of the letters that he had received. Poor Annie's request came at an unfortunate moment.

'Well, what now?' he testily inquired, as his wife re-entered the room; 'what nonsense is in the wind now? Do not let it be anything to vex me, Mrs Curling; I have quite enough here to do *that*, ma'am.' And, quite transported out of

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his usual manner, Mr Curling tossed the offending letter across the table to his wife.

It was from a tenant of one of Mr Curling's small houses, in Denton Street, whose rent was over-due; and who, knowing from report the character of his landlord, wrote to beseech his forbearance for a few weeks. The poor man candidly explained his position; told Mr Curling how his wife lay dying of a fever, that had likewise stricken down two of his children, and how he himself had been cheated by a plausible friend. Mrs Curling read the letter, and returned it, saying, timidly, 'You will give him time, Mr Curling?'

'Time! yes, to take himself off, and his sick family to the hospital, before the sale commences. Do you suppose I do not see through his humbug? I shall certainly send a man in to take possession to-morrow, Mrs Curling, whatever you may think of me,' added the little man, observing that his wife looked pained. 'I have had enough of arrears of rent.'

Poor Mrs Curling! it was not a very good opportunity for disclosing her errand. But there must be no delay, Annie might be starving! So she steadied her voice, which was sadly wavering and trembling, like her whole frame, and acquainted Mr Curling, that when he was at liberty to attend to her, she had a letter to read to him. He re-seated himself, for, in his heat about the insolent tenant, he had been walking hurriedly to and fro, and fixing the blue goggles full on his wife's countenance, awaited her next words in severe silence.

Softening down what she knew her husband would regard as exaggeration, amounting to untruthfulness, she began,

'My dearest Charlotte ——'

But of course we are not going to inflict the whole letter upon our readers over again. Pursuing the same system of reducing the stronger expressions of the epistle, and omitting the writer's true, though by no means flattering, opinion of her father's disposition, the lady ended, without opposition from the critical goggles on the other side of the table.

Five minutes elapsed, and Mr Curling had uttered no word; only, he crossed one leg peevishly over the other, and, giving a jerking turn in his chair, conveyed the blue goggles so far away, that his wife could only see the extreme outward rim of the one that concealed his left eye. Another five minutes, passed in the same suspense, determined Mrs Curling upon speaking. But, just as the words hovered upon her subdued lips, she was prevented. Her husband had jerked himself round again, and was taking his purse—an old-fashioned leather one, with a steel clasp—out of his pocket. He opened it and his mouth simultaneously.

'There,' he said, depositing a bank-note on the table before Mrs Curling; but slowly and with a peculiar manipulation, as if it stuck to his fingers—and bank-notes do stick to the fingers of men like Mr Curling—'there, send that to the disobedient ingrate, and tell her she must do as better women have done, go out into the world and work for her living, thanking God that she is rid of a villain. No more,' he continued, stopping Mrs Curling as she was about to speak, perhaps to plead with him; 'no more. Write exactly as I tell you.'

His wife left the room, and hastened to her daughter, who was anxiously awaiting the result of the conference. Mingling their regrets together, the two women comforted each other, and then wrote to poor Annie, though *not* exactly in the terms commanded by Mr Curling. The bank-note was one for five pounds.

. . . . . .

It is the day after that on which our tale opens. In a small, confined bedroom, on the first floor of a tall, narrow house, in an unwholesome street about three miles distant from Mr Curling's fine suburban residence, a woman lies struggling with the scant breath of life that yet lingers in her attenuated frame. Her mother-in-law bends over her in tears, and prays that the agony may pass away, and that the Saviour in whom she has trusted may receive her to Himself. While thus praying, a man, elderly, thin, and with a look of intense distress upon his haggard countenance, enters the apartment, and beckons to his mother, who goes behind the curtain of the bed to speak to him.

'Is the doctor come?' she inquires. 'I thought I heard his voice.'

'No,' replies the man, in a hollow whisper. 'It is—it is—the bailiffs. I could not keep them out; they came upon me unawares.'

'And Elizabeth lying there! The Lord forgive him; he is a cruel man; and after your letter, too! Well, thank God, she is nearly out of his reach.'

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'You don't mean, mother—not so soon!'

'James, my poor son, you must part with Elizabeth to-day. She is drawing away fast. Thank God! her poor soul knows where to lean for support. Weep not for her, my son, it is we who are to be pitied. She is going where the tears are wiped from every eye.'

'I wish we were going with her, mother. The world is gloomy enough, and what will it be without her?'

'James, submit your will to *His*. You have great cause for thankfulness, my poor son; Mary and Jemmy are so *much* better. The doctor said last night, that he did not doubt but they would be about in a few days.'

'Ay, with nourishing food; and how are we to get it? But it is sinful to despair; God will provide for that. Yet, oh! mother, my Elizabeth! my dear, dear wife!'

It seemed as if the stifled cry of love's agony reached the dull ear of the dying woman. There was a slight stir in the bed, and James's mother hastened to her post. Elizabeth's eyes were wide open, and, as her husband likewise drew near, they fell upon him, and a faint, sweet smile passed over her countenance. He knelt beside her, and took her wan hand in his.

'James,' she whispered, so low that he had to place his ear close to her lips to catch the words; 'my children—bring them—I am going—Jesus—Saviour.'

The fluttering whisper ceased, and the soul was with its God. The mother and her son knelt in prayer, for the bereaved husband was too much awestricken even to weep. Meanwhile, the rich landlord's bailiffs kept their grim watch below.

. . . . .

The scene changes. A woman is sitting all alone in a gloomy parlour, where no sound is heard, save the buzzing of a solitary fly that has survived the autumnal frosts, and the tinkle of the dying embers of a very poor, little fire. She shivers, for it is a bitter cold day, and the room is cold, and her own heart is cold, and she feels as if nothing would ever warm it again. Yes, one thing might, perhaps, and that is denied her.

'Cruel father! he could send me that paltry bank-note, and tell me to go out and battle with the world, when I would far rather lay me down and die. Oh! if I could but spend one week, only one week, with my dear mother and sister, I think it would strengthen me to do his bidding. Oh, my home! my home!'

Poor Annie! poor deserted one! She was still young, and might have been pretty, but that her cheek was so sallow, and her eye so dull and dim, and her hair so neglected. Not in picturesque dishevelment, but all matted and forlorn, it lay in ragged masses upon cheek and neck; and the shabby, faded shawl, and the thin, elevated shoulders and crouching form, as she gathered herself together to keep out the cold, contributed to the general ungracefulness of her appearance. Talk as the poets will of beauty in distress, we are *not* loveable when soul and condition are alike wretched, save to those who love us very truly.

But what mattered it to the deserted wife? The eye that she alone sought to please, cruel and cold as it had often been, when rendered desperate by circumstances, flashing and furious, when maddened by strong drink, had vanished from her presence for ever. It even bestowed its fitful and undesirable love upon another—but Annie knew not that. Happy for her—if the word happy may be even comparatively applied in such a position—for a last drop in the cup of her bitterness might have turned her poor racked brain, and sent the disobedient daughter unprepared to her last account.

Oh! Almighty Father, may she yet atone, if not by her weary punishment, yet by acts of duty rendered where they have long been due! But her father's hard heart, *that* must be vanquished, to afford her the opportunity. Alas! how the influences of the spirit of mercy are needed in this earth of ours! Yet it is fitting, and a part of the wise designs of the Creator, that the sinning should likewise be the suffering, even in this world.

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Again we shift our scene. This time we convey our reader to a neighbouring town, and beg him to observe, in a neat room behind a small linen-draper's shop, the shutters of which last are closed, a husband and wife, who sit opposite each other in mournful silence. At length the husband speaks.

'One poor two hundred pounds would have got me out of my present difficulties, and preserved my credit until I could reduce the business, or commence another and a safer one. And he refuses! he who has thousands lying at his banker's! Why, my failure itself is entirely his fault.'

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'I have heard you say so before, my love,' remarked the wife. 'I know, and can bear testimony, at any rate, that it is no want of industry on your part, or of economy on mine, that has caused you to come to a stand-still. But explain to me exactly how it is your brother's fault, as you say. I believe he set you up with the kindest intentions.'

'So he did, Emily; at least we will give him credit for assisting me for my own sake, and not merely because I belonged to the family. But this is how it is. A kindness half done had frequently better be left undone. When Ralph saddled me with this concern, he gave me no capital to carry it on with, though he well knew I had little or nothing left of my own. Without capital, how was I to buy in the stock-in-trade? When customers inquired for this thing or the other, it was frequently wanting. Of course they soon got tired, and went where they were sure of procuring what they wanted.'

'And that, Thomas, you consider the sole cause of your failure?'

'Of course, Emily. The shop is in an excellent situation; the business an old-established one. I spared no effort to keep it together, and with a thousand, or even five hundred pounds, to turn over in the course of the year, I know I could have made it more than answer.'

'Well,' said his wife, 'there is nothing for it but submission. When do the creditors meet?'

'Mamma! mamma! are we not to go to school any more?' interrupted a rosy little boy and girl, bursting breathlessly in. 'Aunt Mary says so.'

'It is too true, my dears,' replied their fond mother, gazing sorrowfully upon them.

'Why do you say, "*too* true," mamma, and with that mournful voice, too?' inquired the little Emily. '*We* are *glad*, are we not, Ralph?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' answered the little boy, dancing about the room for joy.

'My darlings, come hither,' said their mother, and her grave tone this time made some impression upon them. 'I must make you understand how it is that you are not to go to school any longer, and then you will not be so very glad.'

So they came about her chair, and she lifted little Ralph on to her knee, and making Emily sit at her feet, she told them how their father had become very poor; and that, carefully as they had lived, they were now obliged to be much more careful.

'Then, will my father keep a shop?' asked Emily, who had always been very proud of the decked-out windows, and thought a shopkeeper rather a grand personage.

'No, my love, we are going to remove from this house and shop. We shall live in a very tiny house; and your father will go as an assistant into another man's shop.'

'O dear, dear,' said Emily, 'I am very sorry.'

'But I am glad,' persisted little Ralph, 'because I shall have no more nasty lessons to learn.'

'Do not flatter yourself, Ralph,' replied his mother; 'you will still have lessons to learn. The only difference will be, that you will say them to me, instead of to Miss Woods.'

The children retired into a corner, and talked over this wonderful news in low voices, while their mother prepared tea; for she had already dismissed the little maid-of-all-work who had been wont to share her labours. Then, when all was ready, the family assembled quietly round the table. The children ate with their usual appetite, and a mirthful word or laugh would occasionally break out, notwithstanding the shade of gloom which the manner of their parents threw upon them. Mrs Curling poured out a cup of tea for her husband, which he drank almost unconsciously, but tasted no food. She herself took nothing.

As the evening advanced, joy-bells filled the frozen atmosphere with music, and people hurried to and fro, making their purchases; but the bankrupt's shop remained dark and joyless, and in the neat parlour behind, the parents, their little ones soundly asleep in their beds above, sat together over the waning fire, and imagined all manner of dismal objects in its red recesses. Yet it was a night on which the general world is glad —it was Christmas Eve!

. . . . . .

Yes, it was Christmas Eve, and on such an occasion there was wont to be, year after year, a well-spread dinner-table at Ralph Curling's, graced by the presence of one or two old friends, whose worldly wisdom and dry humour rendered them especially acceptable to its master. But where were they to-night? and where

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were pale Mrs Curling and kind little Charlotte? and, above all, where was the little old man with the velvet skull-cap and the blue goggles, who had, for some thirty years back, never been missing from his easy-chair in the dining-room at this hour? Where was he? In his own chamber, stretched almost senseless on his luxurious bed, his gentle wife weeping bitterly beside him; and servants came and went softly; and the doctor was summoned, lest the attack should prove one of apoplexy or paralysis; and all was confusion and dismay in that comfortable suburban mansion. As for poor little Charlotte, she too lay prostrate on her bed in her own apartment, for her weakly frame could ill sustain the shock that had overtaken the family.

And the cause of all this? Have the rich man's possessions melted away from his tight grasp, leaving him in a far worse position than those on whom his stern missives and unrelenting dealings have fallen this day like a blight? Is he become a beggared bankrupt in his frail old age, after some twenty or thirty years' enjoyment of hard-earned luxury? Alas! no. A mere worldly trial, the loss of a little of the shining dust which plays so conspicuous a part in the drama of life, might have rendered the man frantic, despairing, mad; but would never have prostrated him in the speechless agony that now froze his blood. In this world-hardened and generally unsympathising heart, there yet existed an unsuspected corner, where lingered the sole remaining tenderness of the man's nature; and this secret tenderness it was which had now, by the all-wise dispensations of Providence, been converted into a fountain of anguish.

Let us, however, no longer deal in parables, but carry our reader back with us to the luncheon hour at Mr Curling's, on this same Christmas Eve. The slight meal was spread in the dining-room, and Mr Curling sat in his usual easy-chair, the blue goggles more lively than usual, and the whole man pleasanter, and less critical. The truth was, he was pleased with himself. He had succeeded in overcoming certain half-perceptible, and wholly-amazing, twinges of heart or conscience, relative to his daughter Annie; which *he* called weaknesses, but which others might have considered gleams of a better nature, or a very allowable remnant of paternal affection for the erring one. However that might be, Ralph had got rid of the suspicious emotions in a manner peculiar to himself, and was rejoicing in his renewed liberty of mind; so that he even deigned to be facetious, in a stiff, dry sort of way, with little Charlotte, sitting near her mother at the opposite side of the table. The fire blazed cheerfully; Mrs Curling's pet canary twittered in his gilded cage in the large bay-window, and peered through the plate-glass window panes at two or three sooty suburban sparrows, that hopped hither and thither on the half-melted snow of the lawn outside, leaving the prints of their tiny claws on its surface. Said canary to himself, as many of our convicted felons might say to the honest working man, 'I am better off than you, though I am in prison, and you are free;' and forthwith he nibbled his rape-seed, and sipped his fresh water from the crystal bottle, with increased gusto, and carolled a sudden snatch of shrilly song. But Mr Curling could not suffer this in his dignified presence, and he signified as much to his wife; who rose to throw her pocket-handkerchief over the cage, thus silencing the noisy songster. As she did this, she caught sight of the postman coming in at the gate.

Oh! penny-postman, liveried servant of that mighty abstraction, Her Majesty's mail, how often, when in great suspense waiting for an important letter, have we in our youthful fantasies wished you endued with bells, that we might at least know when you were in our neighbourhood! And were it likewise well, oh postman! if you carried that matter-of-fact, commonplace visage of yours, according to a prescient instinct that we suspect you to possess as to the contents of that fateful budget in your hand, that one might form a cursory guess whether it contain news that will please or freeze us, set us dancing with pleasure, or drive us frantic with wo or disappointment! Oh postman! such a sympathetic countenance would sometimes be a kindly warning, preventing the flood of joy or misery from too sudden and overwhelming an invasion of our frail human faculties.

Mrs Curling remained standing at the window for some moments, perhaps thinking somewhat in the above strain. At any rate she had fallen into a short but deep reverie; hearing, as in a dream, the postman's ring, and the entrance of the servant with letters. She was aroused by a terrified exclamation from Charlotte, and turned just in time to see her hus-

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hand falling from his chair, while an open letter, with an enclosure, lay on the table before him. So much she unconsciously noted as she sprang towards him, hurriedly desiring Charlotte, who sat as if petrified, to ring the bell for assistance.

When the stricken man had been carried to his bed, and everything done for him that duty and affection could suggest, Mrs Curling remembered the letter, and sought in it the cause of this mysterious attack. Alas! it was quickly evident. The wafer (for it was an Indian letter) was black; the handwriting that of a stranger. Mr Curling's only son had perished, not on the glorious battle-field, but in his bed, of a fever caught while attending a fellow-officer; who, in his turn, nursed the generous youth who had sacrificed his life for him, and now broke, as gently as might be, the shock to his mourning family. But, kindly as this was done, it was too much for the father, who had bestowed the whole strength of his affection upon one cherished idol.

The Great Father, with a kindly purpose, smites us in our idols; there is no use in disguising the fact. How otherwise could the hard, cold natures of men like this Ralph Curling, be broken up sufficiently to receive the dews from heaven, and the seed of the Word, that so they may, even at the eleventh hour, bring forth fruits meet for repentance?

The evening came; the half-melted snow crisped as the night set in, intensely brilliant with a frosty starlight, and a broad full moon, that hung forth in bold relief like a golden lamp in the indigo sky. The devout of various sects hurried to church or chapel; the thoughtless and the poor made their late marketings for the morrow's feasting. The joy-bells rang out in this town also, and the deserted Annie heard them in her far quarter of the city, and the widower in Denton Street heard them, as he sat desolate-hearted beside his convalescent children. Ralph Curling also heard them from the little church in his neighbourhood, for sense and memory had returned with twilight, though his left side was partially paralysed. But to him they sounded like a funeral peal.

'Sarah,' he said to his wife, in imperfect accents—he had scarcely ever called her by her Christian name—'Sarah, that letter enclosed in the other, read it now.'

Mrs Curling took it from her pocket; the seal was yet unbroken, and the superscription, 'For my dear father, with speed,' was in *his* handwriting who should never more take pen in hand. It was like a missive from the grave.

'Are you sure you can bear it, my dear?' she said, gently, bending over her husband's pillow.

He turned his face away, and covered his eyes with his bony hand.

'Read—read,' he repeated, with a husky voice.

She obeyed. The letter was short, and written with a faltering pen, and here and there was an almost illegible line, as if the writer's scanty remnant of strength had failed him. Meanwhile, the chime of the bells mingled with her voice, and filled up the pauses.

'My beloved father,—From my bed of death I write this, at intervals as I have strength, and Grey will see that it is sent to you. I am going fast, but I thank God that he has restored my reason to pen my last farewell to you. My dear father, I have not been all that I ought to have been, but my heavenly Parent has forgiven my sins, for my Saviour's sake, and is now my guide and support in this awful hour. Oh! father, make him yours. Not all the gold that you have heaped will give you one moment's pleasure, in such an hour as this. My father, kind and indulgent as you have ever been to me, I have noticed that you are hard to other people. Permit me, now standing in the light of eternity, with the portals of the other world already opening to receive me, to remind you that charity is above all things, that "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Oh! my father, my beloved father, be merciful, be pitiful, and entreat that the Holy Spirit may enlighten your soul, that you may discern the things that belong to your eternal peace. Praying that the grace of the Saviour may rest upon you, with kindest love to my good, unknown mother, and my dear little sister Charlotte, your ever affectionate, though dying son, CHARLES CURLING.'

'P.S.—Annie, father, poor disobedient Annie, I fear she will be in trouble. Forgive her, father, as you hope to be forgiven. It is my last request.'

Mrs Curling's gentle face was almost drowned in tears as she concluded. Her husband made no other comment than a deep groan, that seemed wrung as it were from the anguish of his spirit. For awhile he lay quite still, then, extending

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his hand, and muttering, 'Give me the letter,' he placed it beneath his pillow; and again turning his face to the wall, remained motionless for many hours.

These death-bed warnings, perhaps, rarely work any permanent good. In some instances, however, they are blessed, and reach their mark in the heart's core, dividing asunder the mass of old sins like a two-edged sword, stirring them up to be repented of, and causing a vital change in the whole life thereafter. Such was the case with Ralph Curling. The gentle, respectful hints and admonitions of the loved and lost, tempered as they were with the utmost filial affection, rankled in the old man's spirit like barbed arrows, and worked silently there during several days of sickness and anguish. Meanwhile the sale in Denton Street had been postponed, for want of further instructions. Annie still shut herself up with her grief, subsisting on her father's churlishly-bestowed bounty; which, indeed, was scarcely yet diminished, for the sick at heart have little care for needful food. In the neighbouring town, Thomas Curling and his patient wife were much in the same position as when we saw them last, the time for the meeting of the creditors being yet undecided; while little Emily and Ralph, notwithstanding their parents' sadness, revelled in their unwonted liberty. So the days elapsed; and now it was the morning of New Year's Eve.

Mr Curling had passed a calm night, sleeping soundly at intervals. His wife was surprised, when she came to his bedside after breakfast, to mark the vivacity of his eye, the revivification of the whole man, scarcely compatible with the fact of his recent seizure. She almost suspected some access of fever. Yet his skin was cool, though his pulses bounded like those of youth.

'Sarah,' he said, as she stood looking wonderingly upon him, 'are you at liberty to help me to dress? I must get up.'

'My love,' she replied, uneasily, for this request alarmed her, 'you know the doctor said that perhaps it would be another week before you would be able to rise with safety. You ought not to think of it, indeed.'

'Sarah, do not attempt to prevent me. I have work to do, I have business to see after, that requires my personal attention,' added Mr Curling, decidedly. Seeing that his wife still hesitated, 'If you will not assist me to dress, I shall be compelled to ring for Joseph to do so.'

'No, no, I would rather attend to you myself,' replied Mrs Curling, perceiving that the sick man would not be deterred from his rash design, as she considered it. She accordingly helped him to array himself, and having brought him warm water to bathe his face and hands, placed him comfortably in his easy-chair by the fire.

The Venetian window-blind was partially raised, and the wintry sunshine filled the room with a subdued hazy lustre. The small birds twittered their remembrance of the last spring-tide, or their hope for that which was hidden in the coming months. Conspicuous among them was a robin, who, perched on a branch of the leafless pear-tree beneath the window, carolled a lively ditty, telling of crumbs and cheerfulness; and everything testified that this was one of those sweet winter days with which we are sometimes favoured, and which unite the mildness of early spring with the pensiveness of the fading autumn. Mr Curling sat by the crackling fire for some time in silence, then turned to his wife, who was quietly working at a small table near him.

'It is a beautiful day, Sarah, is it not? almost like April.'

'Yes, my dear,' she replied, without looking up from her work.

'Have you my glasses there?'

She handed them to him. He had already put on his velvet cap, and looked much like his former self, save that there was a slight alteration of countenance, but so general and undefinable, that you would have been puzzled to say in what the change consisted.

'I cannot quite manage these glasses with this awkward hand. Thank you, my dear, that will do. And now, Sarah,' he continued, 'I am about to make what you will consider a most extraordinary request. You must be so good as to ring the bell, and give orders for the carriage to be brought round.'

'Not to take you out, my dear, dear husband,' exclaimed Mrs Curling, surprised out of her ordinary timidity of language, and looking really distressed. 'Indeed, you are too imprudent.'

Mr Curling took her hand, a thing he had never done since the days of their reserved courtship.

'Sarah,' he said, in a gentle tone, so gentle that she looked in his face to see

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f it were really he, 'I am not mad, as ou may suspect. But for this poor helpess hand and arm, and some remaining veakness, I am not even ill. But I have ommands to execute that I dare not disbey; and you know,' he added, after a slight pause, as of partial embarrassment, 'we must work while it is called to-day. Cease to oppose me, therefore, and do as I have said.'

His wife had intelligence enough to perceive that some wonderful change had passed over the once hard, keen old man. A prophetic gleam even of his intention shone through her woman's perception, and she hastened to obey his behests. The carriage was brought round, and into it he got, warmly clothed in a greatcoat and sundry furs and wrappers. Mrs Curling followed, having, at his particular request, attired herself to accompany him.

'My dear,' he said, 'desire Joseph to drive to Denton Street.'

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An hour afterwards, the poor tenant in Denton Street was sitting by himself in his little parlour, with his face buried in his hands, and crying like a child. He was still in this position when his mother returned from her small weekly marketing.

'What is the matter, James?' she asked, despondingly, as she seated herself wearily on the old sofa near him. 'What fresh trouble has befallen us now? Where are the children?' she continued, her mind recurring to them as the possible cause of grief.

'They are in the kitchen,' replied her son, lifting up his head, and exhibiting a countenance that completely puzzled his mother. She could almost have fancied that his emotion had nothing so very painful in it after all, but that she believed joy to be an unlikely guest to cross their threshold.

'No fresh trouble, mother,' he replied to her puzzled look. 'I will tell you all as soon as I can. Mary and Jemmy, though, could explain it better and quicker, so please go and ask them, for I declare it has made a complete baby of me.'

'I will call them here,' said his mother; 'we can't talk before that surly man. I wish all was over, James, and we were removed, if only to get rid of *him* sitting there.'

'Mother, he is there no longer.'

'My son, what do you mean?'

'I mean what I say, mother; he is there no longer. Look at this!' And with a kind of solemn joy, the poor man took a paper from a blank envelope that lay before him on the table, and placed it in his mother's hands. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

'But—but—' stammered the old woman, gazing helplessly upon it, 'I don't understand. "Ralph Curling," that is your hard landlord, James.'

'Hard no longer, mother, but the kindest, the best friend; though, to be sure, his manner is a little stiff.'

There was no need to call the children. Their father, now that he was fairly launched into his subject, described the events of the last hour with a certain sort of eloquence, inspired by intense feeling. How he had been startled and somewhat alarmed by the stopping of a handsome carriage at his humble door; how Mr Curling had stepped out of it and entered the house, accompanied by a pretty, but pale and timid-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife. How, with a far kinder manner than his tenant had supposed could ever belong to him, the gentleman had made minute inquiries into the poor man's circumstances, and finding his statement corroborated by the artless replies of the children, and that his poverty was no fault of his, but to be attributed to a series of circumstances over which he had no control, had not only dismissed the bailiff, and agreed to forgive him his arrears of rent until better times, but had even offered to lend him a hundred pounds, at four per cent. interest, to enable him to open a small shop, as a fancy stationer.

'I told him, mother, that I had been brought up to the business, and was sure I could make it answer, so we arranged that I should immediately take that small shop at the corner of Cross Street. And you and Mary, mother, shall knit some of those jimcrack things in Berlin wool, and put them in the windows. We will be sure to make it out, somehow—won't we, mother?'

'Thank the Lord, my son, for all his mercies,' ejaculated the pious old woman. 'He has seen your upright intentions, and though he has tried you sorely, it was but to make your reward the greater. If our poor Elizabeth could but have lived to behold this day!'

'Ah! mother——'

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An hour later still, and Annie was sitting in her mean room, but not now alone. Kind little Charlotte was there with her, seated close by her side; her transparent cheeks wet with tears, through which a smile was struggling, and her fond arms wound round her sorrowful, but no longer despairing sister. For Charlotte had been sent thither as the bearer of a note, full of affection and kindness, though couched somewhat in the dry style that was a second nature with Mr Curling, and not easily to be altered by any change of feeling. So all was harmony now, and Annie was to pack up her poor apparel and go with Charlotte in the carriage which was to be sent for them, to spend the New Year's Eve, and many more thereafter, in the sheltered retreat of her old home.

No longer sallow, dishevelled, almost ugly Annie. A tinge of colour beautifies her oval cheek; her brown hair has been gathered up and smoothed by the dexterous hand of her young sister; her dark eyes brighten and soften beneath the influence of kindness.

Oh! who would not be kind? Ye who are severe in judgment, intent on rectifying the errors of your weaker brethren and sisters, by what you consider a just reprehension of their sins, permit the due influence of those twin angels of God, Love and Pity, in your indurated bosoms, and you will be astonished to find what a paradise will spring up there, a paradise from whose shining gates shall flow out upon all the world, harmonising and cheering rays of mercy and forgiveness.

So Annie gathered up her scanty remnant of clothing, and her few little relics of early wedding-days, before the illusion of the courtship and honeymoon had been proved over and over again to be a bad delusive cheat. Then she stepped into the next street, laden with the remainder of her provisions, and gave them to a poor hard-working widow woman, for a new-year's feast for her seven hungry children. And so, extinguishing the tiny fire, closing the shutters, and drawing down the blinds, the sisters went out and locked the door, feeling as if a wo had been left behind, and locked into the dark and solitary house.

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The unconscious hours roll on, unknowing that their midnight hush witnesses the obsequies of the weary Old Year, and the installation of his hope-fraught successor, in another twelve months to lay *his* disappointed head as wearily down in the cold grave of the past. How many wishes, and anticipations, and fears, and, above all, resolutions, that tesselated pavement of the abyss, have their origin with the birth-day of each new year!

'We shall do better this year, please God, than we did the last. This year will, I hope, see my family all settled and doing for themselves. It is likely to be a bad year for the poor, God help them! With this new year I begin a new life, according to my solemn resolutions; the Lord enable me to keep them!' Such are the thoughts of hearts that shall be cold ere its close, or shall live to see their hopes, fears, anticipations, resolutions, frustrated or made void by the force of circumstances. But let us cease to deal with generalities, and take a peep at Ralph Curling's comfortable dining-room, at the usual hour for our visit thereto.

Mr Curling himself is there, seated in his easy-chair; for, though compelled to retire to bed after his benevolent exertions of yesterday, he rallied in time to join the company after dinner, on this new year's day. He is in deep mourning, of course, as are all the rest, and wears his invariable blue goggles and velvet skull-cap. But there is no peering of hard suspicious eyes beneath the glasses, or hasty questioning about the merest trifle, or peevish tossing to and fro on his chair, as if the cushions were bestudded with thorns plucked from mammon's uneasy crown. Instead, is visible a melancholy calm of demeanour, for the old man's thoughts are ever near his son's grave in the far tropical country; and an occasional ray of benevolence, as the softened eyes rest on one or another of the suffering ones with whom his awakened conscience has made its own peace. Mrs Curling has relinquished her usual seat opposite, and sits beside him, for his helplessness requires her aid, and better days than those of their early marriage are established between them. Annie occupies her step-mother's old place, and Charlotte clings closely to her, admiring how changed she is from the Annie she found her only yesterday. Thomas Curling, his wife, and their two children—the latter full of awe at the grandeur, as they think it, of everything in their rich uncle's house—fill up the remainder of the seats at the table.

Necessarily there was nothing of a gay tone in this family re-union, taking place as it did in a house of mourning. But

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hope, and forgiveness, and mutual goodwill were there; the brothers did justice to each other's better qualities; and Annie felt in her penitent soul, for the first time, how gravely she had sinned in slighting the paternal blessing upon her youthful choice.

'It was my conduct, doubtless,' she thought, and a tear stole down her cheek, which Charlotte, in her loving scrutiny remarking, placed to the account of the absent traitor—'it was *my* conduct that rendered my father's character harder than it otherwise would have been. I was his eldest, his pride, and he expected that I should have been his joy. My disobedience and poor Edward's folly soured his temper, and rendered him suspicious of every one about him.'

Perhaps Annie was right. It is certain that her stolen marriage had been a great blow to her father; and when men of a certain rigidity of mind are disappointed in their expectations of one human being to whom they have implicitly trusted, they frequently end by thinking uncharitably of all. Let children beware of violating the parental confidence; the consequences of an obstinate or thoughtless infringement of the fifth commandment may extend even into eternity.

The pet canary twittered cheerfully as the party sat over their dessert; and Joseph and his fellow-servants, soberly enjoying themselves in the comfortable kitchen, with a bottle of their master's old sherry, and a handsome cake, specially presented to them by Mrs Curling in honour of the day, chatted together pleasantly, and marvelled at the events of the last thirty-six hours.

'Master's taking a strange turn,' remarked Joseph. 'Only think of him sending me with his compliments and a fine goose to those vulgar folks in Denton Street. I wondered when him and Missus went in the carriage yesterday, but I didn't think of him treating them *quite* as if they was his equals.'

'Ah!' said the cook, 'it's ever since the news of young master's death. Losses and sickness soften the heart, Joseph, and subdue the spirit wonderful. I shall never forget how he was took that day; and he's been mild as a lamb ever since.'

'Well, *I'm* glad,' said the housemaid, who had been some years in the family. 'But for young master's death—and he's gone to heaven, if ever young gentleman did—perhaps Miss Annie, as I always calls her, married though she be, would not this day be sitting with the rest of them in her own father's dining-room, bless her kind heart and tidy figure. So it's all happened for the best, after all.'

It was not only Hannah the housemaid that thought thus. As the little Curlings went to rest, at an unusually late hour for them, in a grand bedstead all hung with handsome yellow damask, and ornamented with fringe and tassels, and upon a thick down bed, into which they sank very comfortably that cold winter's night, with the light of a fire to cheer them to sleep, Emily whispered to Ralph—she had scarcely spoken above her breath since she came into the house—'Do you know papa's going to keep a shop again? Mamma says, it is all on account of poor cousin Charles's death in India that uncle is so kind to us all. I am glad, Ralph; aren't you?'

'No,' grumbled honest little Ralph. 'We shall have to go to school again, and learn hard lessons.'

And Thomas Curling said to his wife, as they settled themselves to sleep in the blue bedroom opposite—'How changed and softened my brother is! Nothing but the death of my poor nephew could have effected such a miracle.'

'The Almighty could have used other means, had He seen fit,' reverentially replied Mrs Curling. 'But doubly blessed are those who, not content with doing all the good they can in their lifetime, amend the world even in the act of leaving it!'

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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

I.

Yon stream goes babbling on through summer woods,
And many a tree its trailing foliage dips;
Fair children wander out to seek for flowers,
With seas of laughter rippling round their lips.
Bright dreams, uprising in their spotless souls,
Go smiling up to meet the patient stars,
When cloudless heaven, with all its golden wealth,
Like silent music hangs above earth's jars.

The wind is playing round the brows of hills,
Whose sunlit peaks all gleam like warriors' helms;
It fondles flowers ne'er seen by eye of man—
Unbaptised children in the floral realms.
The woods are ringing with the songs of birds—
The clear-toned throstle, and the cooing dove,
Whose voices, mingling, shake the willing air,
And make a little parable of love!

Sweet airs of summer draw the clouds aside,
And give us glimpses of blue heavens, as mild
As when wild strains of music in the night,
Lift up the slumbrous eyelids of a child!
There is a gladness in the heart of man,
A glow of health on cheeks that once were pale,
When fragrant flowers peep out from sunny banks,
And make a paradise of every gale.

II.

I heard a mother curse her infant's breath,
And saw it smile an answer to its doom;
Saw orphans laughing on their father's grave;
A Bible trampled in an atheist's room.
And in my heart I felt a holy dread,
And through my soul a tremulous shudder ran,
Lest He who holds the lightning, curbs the storm,
Should turn His wrathful eye on sinful man.

I saw two children in a dismal street,
And on their faces hung unearthly glooms,
For Reason wander'd 'mongst their vacant words,
Like a pale mother through her empty rooms.
I turn'd away to greet a laughing child,
Lest doubting thoughts should in that hour be born;
For unbelief keeps out the light of Truth,
As mountains in the east hold back the morn.

There is a sadness in the voice of man;
A wailing in the murmurs of the bee:
There is a death-like stillness on the earth;
Strange, hurried whispers steal from tree to tree.
Sweet flowers that came to earth are gone again;
The birds that sang so well are silent now;
And yon dread sea is dreaming of a storm,
With mimic calmness on its treacherous brow!

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III.

I saw two mothers kiss their infants' cheeks,
  Their voices rising heavenward with God's praise;
The babes seem'd holier for their company,
  Like Saturdays that bring in Sabbath days!
I pass'd an old man, weeping o'er a grave;
  His thoughts had wander'd back to distant years;
And, looking up, there lay upon the sky
  A rainbow, smiling through a fringe of tears.

'Tis ever thus,' a voice within me said,
  While crowding thoughts cried out for ampler room;
'All human life is one long tale of joy,
  With here and there an episode of gloom!
Shake down the outworks of thy sin-stain'd home;
  See, saintly smiles play round the lips of care;
And rays of glory, circling round the soul,
  Proclaim the fruitfulness of earnest prayer.

Wind-scatter'd seeds are lost awhile from sight,
  Yet soon reveal themselves in fragrant flowers;
And birds that pass us, giving forth no songs,
  But rob the present for some future hours.'
Strange light flash'd through me, as the same voice said,
  'God's love still works behind all seeming frowns;
The tears men shed on earth, with patient souls,
  Will add more radiance to their purchased crowns.'

COMETS.

In the ages of ignorance and superstition, very wild and extraordinary opinions have been entertained regarding the nature of comets, and the purposes for which they appear in the heavens. The ancient Chaldeans, and Pythagoras, with some of his followers, believed them to be of the nature of the planets. Aristotle supposed them to be meteors in the upper heavens, generated when they appeared, and vanishing out of sight by being destroyed. In later times, Kepler, noted for the wildness of his imagination, as well as for the strength of his genius, fancied comets to be monstrous and uncommon animals generated in the celestial spaces. Bodin, a French writer of the sixteenth century, maintained that comets 'are spirits, or genii different from men, yet mortal, which, having lived on the earth innumerable ages, and being at length arrived on the confines of death, celebrate their last triumph, or are recalled to the firmament, like shining stars.' An opinion something like this, extravagant though it be, prevailed in remote ages; for we find that the people generally believed that a great comet which appeared immediately after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, was the soul of that celebrated man. The conjecture—for all was yet only conjecture—of Bernoulli, an Italian philosopher, was nearer the truth, and yet far from it: He thought that comets were the satellites of some far-off planet, invisible on account of its distance, which wander betimes within the sphere of our vision.

Sir Isaac Newton believed that the orbit of the comet of 1680 would become gradually less, and that at last the comet would fall into the sun; thus, in his opinion, fulfilling one of the uses of comets, namely, to furnish fuel for the sun, which was supposed to be necessary, to prevent the sun from being wasted away by giving out so much light. Mr Brydone seemed to hold the same opinion with regard to almost all the comets without

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tails, which he alleges are seen approaching the sun, but of whose return from the sun no evidence satisfactory to him was ever given. Such were the opinions of philosophers regarding comets, before the accurate observations, superior instruments, and profound calculations of modern science made us better acquainted with them.

Whilst the learned formed conjectures regarding comets that were wide of the truth, ignorance and superstition invested them with a mysterious and awful significance. They were regarded as omens or forerunners of war, or pestilence, or famine; of the birth of mortals who were to be great for good or evil among their fellows; or of those calamities which too often followed the death of the great conquerors of antiquity. Princes, popes, peoples, were perplexed and alarmed by the appearance of these strange wanderers in the heavens, as they glared down in their fiery splendour, or gave forth their pale, livid, watery light, the very emblem, as men thought, of plague and famine; or as their immense trains swept across the heavens, attracting every eye, and filling men's hearts with astonishment and anxiety.

Speaking of Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, the historian Justin says, 'The celestial signs had foretold the future greatness of this man. For, in that year in which he was born, and in that in which he first began to reign, the star of a comet, through each time, so shone for seventy days, that all the heaven seemed to be in a blaze. For it had taken up the fourth part of the heaven by the greatness of it, and had overcome the brightness of the sun by the splendour of it; and it occupied the space of four hours in rising and setting.' A comet which appeared in 837 so alarmed the reigning king of France, Louis I., that he ordered a number of churches and monasteries to be built throughout his dominions, in the hope that thereby he would appease the wrath of Heaven, of which he supposed the comet to be an indication. And in 1446, the pope of that day, Calixtus III., hard pressed by the successes of the Turks under Mahomet II., was greatly alarmed by the appearance of a remarkable comet, and he appointed a form of prayer to be used against its supposed baleful influence; and, for the same end, he ordered the bells in all the churches to be rung every day at noon. But, 'Thus saith the Lord, be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them.'

Though much has yet to be learned regarding comets, the observations and labours of modern science have led to a good deal of trustworthy knowledge of them, and have shown them to be very harmless, but very interesting celestial phenomena. In this paper we shall attempt to give a rapid sketch of what is known regarding comets, and especially of the results of recent investigations, drawing our materials chiefly from the work of Mr Hind.

Some comets are distinctly, and even conspicuously visible to the naked eye; others (and these by far the greater number) are only to be seen by the aid of the telescope. In almost every instance in which they are conspicuously visible to the naked eye, comets consist of a head composed of a nucleus of light surrounded by a mass of nebulous matter, and of a tail or train of nebulous light stretching out from the head or nucleus.

When we direct the eye or the *instrument* to the head of a comet, we see sometimes a star-like body in the centre, sometimes a disc-like appearance, and sometimes evidently only the nebulous matter, in a state of greater or less condensation. The celebrated French philosopher Arago was of opinion that some comets are solid bodies like the planets; and he rested that opinion very much on an alleged fact, that a comet has been observed as a round black spot *on the* body of the sun, in its transit across the disc of that luminary, like the planets Mercury and Venus in similar circumstances. There is the strongest reason to believe, however, that what have sometimes been taken for opaque or planetary nuclei, were nothing but the nebulous or gaseous matter of which comets are composed, in a very high state of condensation. It having been computed that the comet of 1827 would cross the sun's *disc*, the occurrence was looked forward to with much interest, as fitted to furnish the best information regarding the nuclei of comets. Unfortunately, the sun at the computed time was hidden by clouds in this country; he was seen, however, by the French observers at Verviers and Marseilles; but no spot or cloud could be discovered on the sun's disc; and hence it was concluded that the comet had no solid or opaque part whatever. Besides,

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when comets have presented to the observer what seemed to be a solid planetary disc, it has been found that the appearance of that disc underwent changes of shape and character altogether inconsistent with the fact of it being a solid substance. And it is held to be doubtful whether a single instance can be produced of a comet with a planetary disc presenting the same appearance throughout the whole period that it was observed. Indeed, the changes exhibited by the central portion of the heads of comets—in other words, the different appearances presented by the disc, in those of them which are so furnished—are among the most puzzling of the phenomena connected with these bodies.

The nuclei of different comets present very different appearances, and even the nucleus of the same comet evidently undergoes, as we have just stated, great and surprising changes. A remarkable comet appeared A.D. 389, whose head seemed composed of several small stars. The nucleus of the comet of 1835–36, usually called Halley's comet, presented at one time the appearance of a fan-shaped flame, proceeding from a bright point; at another time, it was like a red-hot coal of an oblong form; at another time, it was seen as a well-defined disc, with an apparent diameter of not less than 97,000 miles; and at another time, as a brilliant kernel of light, with a diameter varying from 250 to 1000 miles. The comet of 1807 was seen by Sir W. Herschel to have a well-defined planetary disc of a circular form. Sir William also saw a similar planetary disc in the head of the great comet of 1811; but, when that comet was examined by glasses of high power, the appearance of the stellar nucleus vanished. In 1819 a comet was observed, which exhibited phases similar to those of a crescent moon, during a part of the time that it was visible. The nucleus of a comet which appeared in 1825, as seen by Professor Santini, appeared to be composed of three bright spots. The great comet of 1843 had at one time a nucleus, small, but extremely bright; at another time it exhibited a well-defined planetary disc.

The different appearances thus presented by the nuclei of different comets, and still more the differences observed in the nucleus of the same comet at different times, seem plainly to indicate that the nuclei of comets are not solid bodies, and that they consist of nebulous or gaseous matter considerably or highly condensed.

Some comets are exceedingly brilliant; so much so, that they have been distinctly visible during the day, and while the sun was shining, and have also cast a shadow at night. This was the case with the comet mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and also with the one which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, B.C. 134, to which we have already referred. One of the comets of 1618 was distinctly seen in full daylight; and an instance occurred, in July, 418, of a comet, that had not been observed before, being detected as a bright body in the neighbourhood of the sun during an eclipse. The comet of 1744 was observed with the telescope at noonday, and many persons could distinctly see it with the naked eye for a considerable period after sunrise. Two comets of extraordinary brightness appeared in 1402; they were seen day and night, and caused great alarm.

Usually the head in comets exhibits a pale, livid, white light; sometimes it is fiery red; sometimes a dull red, inclining to yellow; and occasionally it presents a greenish, and sometimes a bluish tinge. The comet of 1811 had a disc of a pale ruddy colour; the surrounding nebulosity was greenish, or bluish green. The nucleus of the comet of 1843 was of a golden hue, of the colour of Venus, or reddish, according to different observers. The comet of 1652 was of a pale livid colour. The Chinese describe the comet of 1577 as of a bluish colour, with a white vapour.

But it has been chiefly the tails of comets that have attracted the attention of mankind, and filled them with astonishment, and often, in the days of ignorance and superstition, with terror. The generality of comets visible to the naked eye are tailed comets. The tail is usually developed as the comet approaches the sun; and, just after it has passed that body, it for the most part appears to attain its greatest dimensions. In some comets, the tail is an elongated train of light, becoming fainter towards the extremity; in others it is rounded off, bushy, or fan-shaped. Sometimes the elongated tail seems to be split at the end, so as to present the appearance of two or more tails.

The tail generally projects from the head of the comet in a direction away from the sun, so as to be a continuation

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of the line drawn from the sun to the head of the comet. This, however, is not always the case; for in the comets of 1577 and 1680 the tail deviated from the line joining the sun and the comet—that of the former 21°, and that of the latter 5°. Sometimes, when comets have two tails, the one is in the usual direction, and the other is towards the sun. The comets of 1824 and 1845 were of this kind; that of 1824 had two tails, making with each other an angle which varied from 138° to 170°; and the two tails of that of 1845 made with one another an angle of about 140°. The tail of the same comet has been observed to vary greatly in appearance, and that sometimes in the course of a single night.

Occasionally a vibratory or coruscating motion, something resembling certain of the motions of the aurora borealis, has been noticed in the tails of some comets. The Chinese, to whom we are indebted for a large number of careful observations of early comets, were the first to notice these vibrations in the tail of a comet which appeared A.D. 615, and they have often been observed since. Longomontanus described the tail of the comet of 1618 as having 'an enormous vibration;' another observer says that it appeared as if agitated by the wind. In the great comet of 1843, the pulsations of the tail were distinctly visible.

Some comets have tails not straight, but curved, presenting to the eye of wondering and alarmed nations the appearance of an immense flaming sword hung out in the heavens. Such a phenomenon was held to portend bloody wars.

The apparent and real length of the tail are generally different. If the eye of the observer be in a line drawn through the tail lengthwise, the tail will seem to make a part of the head, or, in other words, no tail will be distinguishable; if the eye be a little out of the line, the tail will appear short; and it is only when the eye is in a line at right angles, or nearly so, to the tail, that the whole length of it will be seen.

In some comets, the apparent length of the tail has been enormous, stretching over 40°, 50°, 60°, and 100° of an arc of the heavens. A comet, observed in the southern hemisphere in 1689, had a tail that extended over 60°, and was two hours and a-half in rising. And we are told of the great comet which appeared in 1264, that, when its head was just above the eastern horizon, the tail stretched away westward to beyond the mid-heavens. The nearer that the comet is to the eye of the observer favourably situated, the greater will be the apparent length of the tail.

But the real length of the train of light that accompanies these wonderful bodies, is even more confounding than its apparent length. The tail of the celebrated comet of 1680 was considerably more than 100,000,000 of miles long; that of the comet of 1744 was 19,000,000 of miles; that of the comet of 1769 about 40,000,000 of miles. The great comet of 1811 had a tail of upwards of 100,000,000 of miles in length; and the second comet of that year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 of miles in length; whilst the comet of March, 1843, had a train of light stretching away from the nucleus, or head, to the astonishing distance of 200,000,000 of miles.

There is something in such enormous measures of distance which the mind can hardly grasp, that swells out our conceptions of the wisdom and power of Him who created and rules these glorious wanderers. And in connection with that wisdom and power, what thoughts should we have of the first sleep of the Infant in the manger of the stable at Bethlehem, of the agony in the garden, of the ignominy on the cross, of the humiliation and helplessness in the tomb which a stranger's kindness supplied!

In some comets there is a rim or border of light on the head next the sun, and passing round on each side to form the commencement of the tail. That border is called the envelope. Of the manner in which the envelope and tail are formed, astronomers can as yet do little more than conjecture. But it is supposed that the nucleus, or more condensed part of the head, being acted upon by the sun, throws off, or outwards toward the sun, a portion of the cometic atmosphere, which is straightway driven back by some repelling power, and, passing along the sides of the comet, forms the tail. If this conjecture be correct, then the repelling power, whether coming from the sun, or whencesoever it comes, must be prodigiously great, for the tail generally retains a rectilineal direction away from the sun, whether the comet be sweeping down in space towards that luminary, or be whirling with lightning speed round him in its

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perihelion, or nearest distance to him, or be receding away into space after it has passed him.

There is considerable difficulty in finding the real magnitude of comets, from its being impossible to determine precisely where the nebulous matter of which the head is composed terminates, inasmuch as it appears to thin off from the centre, and gradually to shade away into darkness. Besides, the nebulous matter evidently contracts and expands, so that the same comet has different dimensions at different periods. Still the measurement of a number of comets has been accomplished, we believe, with considerable accuracy.

But, besides the contractions and expansions which take place in the heads of comets from causes altogether unknown to us, there are other contractions and expansions which some at least of these bodies undergo with considerable regularity, and which apparently depend on their approach to and departure from the sun. In approaching the sun they are observed to contract, in receding from the sun they are observed to expand. This is certainly contrary to what we would expect, and it is one of the many intimations which we have that the physical constitution of comets—the matter of which they are composed—is something of which we on earth have no experience, and can form no conception.

All comets, most probably, move in an ellipse, often of very high eccentricity, although it may be that some of them, from the very great velocity with which they pass their perihelion, move in a parabola, or in a hyperbola. Some comets have a direct motion in the order of the signs of the zodiac—*i. e.*, in the same direction as the earth and the planets; others move in a contrary or retrograde direction. Of the 206 comets whose orbits have been calculated down to the end of 1852, 105 have a direct, and 101 have a retrograde motion. The paths of comets are not confined to the ecliptic, as those of the planets are, but comets are seen in all parts of the heavens—about the poles, as well as in the zodiacal regions. They come darting forth towards the sun from every quarter in space, and having wheeled round him with inconceivable rapidity, they rush away back into those 'depths profound' whence they emerged.

Of the number of comets we can have no certain knowledge. More than 7,000,000 of these bodies, according to Arago, come within the orbit of Uranus. Mr Hind supposes that probably somewhat above 5000 comets have approached the sun within the orbit of Mars; of these there are trustworthy records of rather more than 600.

The discovery that comets move in an ellipse, having the sun in one of the foci, and that they will, therefore, periodically visit the neighbourhood of the sun, was one of surpassing interest, and the determination of the periods of their return is one of the greatest triumphs of human intellect. Let us briefly advert to that discovery.

At an early period it was thought that comets moved in straight lines. When this was found to be an error, and they were observed to move in a curve, that curve was supposed to be a parabola, or a hyperbola. And indeed the parabola and hyperbola differ very little from the ellipse in the small part of a comet's orbit, in which it can be observed. For it is only for a comparatively short space before a comet reaches its perihelion, and after it passes it, that it is within the reach of the astronomer's eye or instruments. But it was by and by found that the observations made on the orbits of different comets, would by no means agree with the supposition that they were moving in a parabola, and plainly indicated that their orbit was an ellipse. The orbits of a number of such comets have been calculated, and the result has been the determination of the periodical times of several comets; and these calculated periodic times have been verified by the return of the comets as predicted. The most celebrated are the comets known by the name of Halley's, Encke's, and Biela's comets. A brief notice of these may not be devoid of interest, and may assist us in obtaining a more distinct notion of the cometary world.

Guided by the light which his great theory of gravitation threw on a variety of astronomical observations, Sir Isaac Newton came to the conclusion that the comets, like the planets, revolve round the sun. If this had before been suspected, it had not in any way been proved. To verify it, if really true, became an object of deep interest to Newton, and his friend Dr Halley. 'At Newton's suggestion,' says Mr Mitchell of Cincinnati, 'Halley had searched all ancient and modern records for the purpose of rescuing any his-

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torical details touching the appearance and aspects of comets from the primitive ages down to his own time. On the appearance of the comet of 1682, he observed its position with great care, and with wonderful pains computed the elements of its orbit. He found it moving in a plane but little inclined to the ecliptic, and in an ellipse of very great elongation. In its aphelion it receded from the sun to the enormous distance of 3,400,000,000 of miles. He discovered that the nature of its orbit was such as to warrant the belief that the comet would return at regular intervals of about seventy-five years; and, recurring to his historical table of comets, he found it possible to trace it back with certainty several hundred years, and with probability even to the time of the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before Christ.'

From his computation, and from what he believed to be the historical evidence that he had of its former appearances, Halley boldly predicted its return in 1758 or 1759. He believed that before the predicted time arrived he would be in his grave, but with that thirst for fame which is the infirmity —shall we call it?—of noble minds, and with a patriotic jealousy for the honour of his native country, he expressed a hope that, in the event of the comet's return, it would be remembered that its periodicity had been discovered by an Englishman.

As the period of the comet's return indicated by Halley approached, the calculation of the elements of its orbit was repeated with great care and labour, and under the guidance of the results, astronomers in all quarters were on the outlook for the expected mighty traveller. A Saxon farmer, near Dresden, of the name of Palitzch, first saw it on the 25th of December, 1758. In the winter and spring of 1759 it was seen by numerous observers, and it arrived at its perihelion on the 12th of March, just a month before the calculated time. Even that small error in these enormous calculations, and affecting the passage of the comet through an orbit of such prodigious extent, was owing in great part to the want, at that time, of an accurate knowledge of the masses of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose perturbing forces considerably affect the motion of the comet.

Halley's comet was again due in the neighbourhood of our sun, and within the sphere of our observation, in 1835. As that time approached, the computation of its orbit was made with great care and labour by a number of very eminent mathematicians, and every perturbing force that might affect it was taken into account. The result established the triumph of science, and showed how firmly and successfully the human intellect has grappled with the great problem of the path of comets in space. Rosenberger fixed on the 11th of November, 1835, as the time of its perihelion; and the comet having been first seen at Rome on the 6th of August, advanced rapidly towards the sun, and made its perihelion passage on the 15th of November, only four days after the calculated time. This was indeed wonderful accuracy, in tracing the path and computing the period of a *body* that recedes into space the amazing distance of 3,370,300,000 miles, which in that long journey passes within the range of so many perturbing forces, and which travels at degrees of speed so gradually and so greatly varying. It bears magnificent testimony to the power and grasp of the intellect of man. Yet, let none be proud because of what they have received The thought that the unknown is vastly, boundlessly more than the *known*, should keep the wisest, and most learned, and most vigorous-minded, humble. And let the noble achievements of human intellect testify to man, that he is made for something better than grovelling among the sensualities of the world; for something better even than the study of the material forms of the universe, and the laws by which they are governed; that he will find his highest and ultimate occupation in the knowledge of the Creator and Lawgiver himself, and his highest and only happiness in the enjoyment of that Creator and Lawgiver as the God of grace and redemption—a covenant God in Jesus Christ—the Saviour and portion of the immortal spirit.

Astronomers, put into the right track by the computations and prediction of Halley, and by the verification of that prediction, were not long in pointing out other comets with a periodic time. In 1819, Professor Encke, of Berlin, detected the periodicity of the comet which now goes by his name, and showed that it *had* a period of about three years and a-quarter. Many opportunities, owing to the short period of this comet, have been afforded for varied and accurate observation, and for calculating its elements with

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the nicest care. Encke himself bestowed amazing labour on the investigation, and he was led to the astounding and singular conclusion, that the orbit of the comet is gradually diminishing, and that ere long it must fall into the sun. Encke's comet presents the appearance of a round nebulous body, with a bright nuclear condensation, and it is destitute of a tail. It can be seen, when most favourably situated, by the naked eye, as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude.

In 1826, the periodicity of the fine comet called Biela's comet was discovered. This comet presents the appearance of a small round nebulous body, with a feeble condensation towards the centre, and without any tail. Its periodical time has been ascertained to be about $6\frac{3}{4}$ years, or more accurately 6.617 years. We find in Mr Hind's work on Comets an interesting account of a very remarkable change observed to take place in this comet during its visit to the region of our system, in the end of 1848 and beginning of 1849. That change consisted in an actual separation into two distinct nebulosities, which travelled in company for more than three months. The apparent distance between them was, at first, little more than two minutes, but subsequently it increased to about fourteen minutes. We cannot even mention the other comets whose periodicity has been recently detected. In some it ranges from five to eight years; in others, if we may credit the calculations, it ranges from 3000 to upwards of 100,000 years!

In connection with these ascertained periodic times, and these bewildering periods and distances, the question suggests itself, Do all comets move in an elliptical orbit—from some far turning-point in space directing their course towards the sun with motion gradually accelerated, till, on their burning path, they rush past and round him, and recede away a journey of many, many years, to the immensely distant point whence they must begin again their journey towards him? —or do these travellers in space pass away into the depths of the universe till they come within the sphere of the attraction of some other sun as glorious and powerful, or more so, than ours, round which they sweep with lightning speed, and fly off to seek yet another, and from that other yet another, of the great central suns of God's stupendous universe, forming thus a connecting link between the systems of which that universe is composed?

Comets may have their motion accelerated or retarded, and even their orbits changed, by coming within the influence of the planets or other bodies which they may approach in space. Halley's comet in 1835 had its perihelion passage accelerated by the Earth $15\frac{2}{3}$ days, by Venus about $5\frac{1}{3}$ days, and by Mercury and Mars together about one day. The perihelion passage of Biela's comet in 1832 was shortened, or its motion accelerated 10.023 days by the united action of the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn. And Encke's comet, according to the calculations of that philosopher, underwent a retardation of more than nine days, from the influence of the planet Jupiter. It has been thought, also, that comets undergo retardation by the resistance of the medium through which they move, though by many the doctrine of a resisting medium is strongly doubted or denied.

But the most extraordinary change produced by planetary perturbations occurs in regard to the comet of 1770, usually called Lexell's comet. As far as could be judged, that comet had never been observed before. Yet Lexell proved, that in the orbit in which it was then moving, it had a periodic time of about five years and seven months. In his investigations, he found that this comet had approached very near to the planet Jupiter in May, 1767; so near, that the influence of Jupiter on the comet must have drawn it aside from the orbit in which it was moving into an entirely new orbit; and this had brought it so near us as to enable us to see it for the first time. As it had such a short period, its return was watched for in 1776, but it escaped observation, probably owing to its position in regard to the sun. It has never been seen again, but its disappearance has been accounted for. Lexell found that the comet, in its aphelion passage, about August, 1779, was so near Jupiter, that the mass of that planet exercised a power on the comet 225 times greater than that of the sun upon it, and must, therefore, have again drawn it quite out of the orbit in which it was moving in 1770. And subsequent investigations have shown that the action of Jupiter would so affect this comet, that when it escaped from the sphere of the activity of the planet in October, 1779, it was moving in an ellipse, with a revolution of rather more than 16

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years, and a perihelion of 3½ times the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit; and at such a distance there would be no hope of our ever seeing it again. The perturbing force of the planet Jupiter thus seems to have brought this planet within our view by its influence on it in 1767, and again to have withdrawn it from our view by its influence on it in 1779.

The nearest distance to which comets have approached the sun is a point of some interest. Of 206 comets, whose elements have been calculated down to July, 1852, the perihelion distances were as follows, the earth's mean distance from the sun, about 95,000,000 of miles, being the unit:—

56	comets	between	0.0 and 0.5	from the sun.
100	,,	,,	0.5 and 1.0	,,
35	,,	,,	1.0 and 1.5	,,
9	,,	,,	1.5 and 2.0	,,
6	,,	beyond	2.0	,,

Of all the comets that have been calculated, that of 1729 had the greatest perihelion distance—namely, 4.04; and the remarkable comet of 1843 the least, being only 0.0055; the great comet of 1680 had a perihelion distance of 0.0062. Sir Isaac Newton calculated that, from its nearness to the sun, the comet of 1680 must have acquired a heat 2000 times greater than that of red-hot iron. The heat communicated to the comet, however, would depend not merely on its proximity to the sun, but also on the materials of which it was composed.

But we probably conceive ourselves quite as much interested in the nearness to which comets approach our earth, as in the nearness to which they approach the sun. And, indeed, a very slight knowledge of the motions of the earth and of comets suffices to show, not only that they may approach very near to one another, but even that they may actually come in contact. It is certain that several comets have crossed the plane of the ecliptic almost in our earth's path; among these, the comets of 1680, 1770, and 1832. There was great alarm in some quarters regarding the comet of 1832, from its being discovered and announced, that on the 29th of October that year it would pass a little within the earth's orbit; and hence, by those unacquainted with the subject, it was supposed that a collision would take place. But M. Arago showed, that, whilst the comet would actually cross the earth's track, the earth would be at the time about 50,000,000 of miles from the point at which the comet was crossing. This same comet in 1805 was only a tenth part of that distance, or 5,000,000 of miles from the earth. The nearest approach made by any comet to the earth, is believed to have been made by the comet of 1770, which came within 1,438,000 miles of us.

No sensible effect has been produced on any part of the solar system by the numerous comets that have swept through it. The cometary bodies have been affected by their approach to the planets; but neither the planets nor their satellites have been affected by the neighbourhood of comets. This is probably owing to the extreme rarity of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed. It is so very thin, that small stars have been seen through the centre of the heads of comets, without being in the slightest degree obscured. There is, therefore, very little matter in comets, and hence their approach to the earth does not produce any sensible effect on it. Were they of larger mass, and so to influence the earth or any of the planets by coming near them, the effect would be to accelerate or retard their motions in their orbits: for instance, to make our year a few days longer or shorter. It is doubtful if any seriously disastrous result would follow, were the earth and a comet to come even into contact. And it seems probable that the tail of a comet (the great comet of 1843) actually swept over the earth, with what sensible or injurious effect many of us can perhaps tell.

To show the extreme rarity of the matter of which comets are composed, we quote the following statements of Sir John Herschel regarding Biela's comet in 1832:—'It passed,' he says, 'over a small cluster of most minute stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitude, and when on the cluster presented the appearance of a nebula resolvable, and partly resolved, the stars of the cluster being visible through the comet. A more striking proof could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which the comet consists. The most trifling fog would have effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance, and its apparent diameter, must have exceeded 50,000 miles, at least towards its central parts.' 'Olbers,' says Mr Mitchell, 'who studied the subject with great care, was disposed to think, that in case the earth

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had passed directly through the comet, no inconvenience would have occurred, and no change beyond a slight influence on the climate would have been experienced.'

Indeed, the exceeding variety and translucency of the nebulous matter of which comets are composed, taken in connection with the vast distance at which it is visible, lead us to believe that it is something of which we have no likeness on the earth. Small stars not at all obscured when covered by that nebulous matter in such immense masses—and sometimes appearing brighter when seen through it!—we inquire with wonder what it can be, but we nowhere receive an answer.

The expected great comet must have from us a brief notice before we close this paper. A very remarkable comet made its appearance in 1264, and another in 1556. Dr Halley calculated the orbits of these two comets with a number of others. Fifty years after the time of Dr Halley, the elements of the comet of 1264 were re-calculated by Mr Dunthorne, and such resemblances observed between the results and those which Halley had given for the comet of 1556, as to lead to a suspicion of their identity. About twenty years after this, M. Pingrè, by his calculations, strongly confirmed this suspicion, and predicted the return of that great comet in 1848, thus assigning it a period of 292 years. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr Hind carefully went over all the calculations, and having rectified some errors, he concurred in thinking that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. M. Bomme, of Middleburg, repeated the calculations regarding the comet of 1556, making the proper allowance for the perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and partially for those of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. In the first instance, Bomme used the elements of Dr Halley, according to which he found that this great expected comet will come to its perihelion in August, 1860. Subsequently, Bomme used the elements of Mr Hind, and, according to these, the great comet of 1556 should return, and reach its perihelion in August, 1858. Mr Hind, therefore, thinks that August, 1858, will be within two years, either way, of the perihelion passage, so that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 may be looked for in these parts of space some time between 1856 and 1860; and he is of opinion that our present means of knowledge do not admit of a nearer approximation. Many an intelligent mind will welcome with delight that mighty wanderer come back again, and will see in its return illustrious evidence of the power of God, and of his goodness to his creature man.

With respect to the purposes that comets serve in the economy of the universe, little or nothing is known. We find Newton saying, 'I suspect that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our own air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets.' And Mrs Sommerville remarks, that 'it has often been imagined that the tails of comets have infused new substances into the atmosphere.' The perturbations and retardations of comets, have been found useful in determining the bulk and density of certain of the planetary bodies, and are held to go far towards proving the existence of an all-pervading ether, exceedingly subtle, filling all the visible creation.

THE STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

After Gertrude had swept proudly from him, Gilbert long remained standing just as she had left him. The red glory had not faded from the sky behind him; but only the cold grey eastern light fell upon his face. There was something deeply significant and symbolic in his attitude, unconsciously to him, however; his grief was too real, and too recent, to seek to represent itself by outward or inward symbols.

Yet was he not like one who, having gazed and gazed on the brilliant, dazzling splendour of a gorgeous sunset, turning homewards, faces the cold, untinted, misty east, and walks onward with weak, hesitating step, bewildered by the glory left behind, chilled by the greyness and dimness of what confronts him? Had he

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not left the glory and pride of life—his first, last experience of love—behind him? Had he not so deeply drunk of its beauty and joy, that now his life-road—leading him farther and farther away—would seem indeed dreary and desolate? Would his feet not now be indeed weary, his heart heavy? 'The burden laid upon me is more than I can bear,' may be the *first* cry even of a strong spirit; but of a really strong, because God-supported and God-trustful spirit, it will be only the *first* cry.

As Gilbert Karne raised his eyes towards the rayless east, perchance even now he thought, 'from the east breaketh the beauty of the dawning.' 'The glory of the setting sun is quenched in the darkness of night; while the glory of the dawn strengtheneth and perfecteth unto day!'

It was long, very long, that he stood lost in self-commune; the moon had risen unmarked by him, and before he left the garden, it had climbed high enough in the heavens to pour a flood of silvery light over everything. Penetrating the branches of the yew-tree that overshadowed him, its bright, soft radiance fell upon his upturned face. It broke the chain of painful thought that had wound round him. It recalled the image of his mother—the thought of his mother's love; and he stretched out pale, quiet hands into its white beams. That same sweet, calm moon's light Gertrude shunned, stealing towards home on the shaded side of the road!

Mrs Karne had waited, with heart-sickening anxiety, listening for the step that now came slowly and firmly up the gravel-walk. Several times she had half-risen, resolving, in spite of her lameness, to go to him; but she knew, from bitter experience, how almost impossible it is to avoid aggravating the pain of a newly-received wound, even by lightest, gentlest touches of sympathy. She knew, too, how the masculine nature, especially, shrinks from the interposition of any human thing between it and its soul-secrets; how it proudly hardens itself against the investigation of its soul-sorrows by any, even the most loving, of human eyes; how the heart that would humble and soften itself, and receive the balm of consolation alone in God's presence, assumes a senseless and feelingless mask, beneath which to hide from the regards of fellow-creatures. So, like a wise woman, she staid in the house and waited; waited to be sought, instead of going forth to seek.

The step, advancing slowly, firmly, echoed each fall in her heart; but outwardly she kept calm; and when he came in at the window, she neither avoided, nor sought his eye.

He stood beside her, looked down on her with his faint sweet smile, and said, 'You were right, mother! It is as you feared; ambition is at present stronger than love.'

'We will leave this place directly, Gilbert; I am very well able to manage such an easy journey, with you to take care of me. Let us write to-morrow, and arrange to go to town this week.'

'Nay! nay! mother. Not yet; we will not leave till Dr Johnson gives you free permission to use your foot. There is no hurry. Do not be uneasy for me; this place will be more endurable than others to me. I was never a believer in "change of scene," or any other *external* means of conquering one's own feelings, you know.'

Mrs Karne leaned back on the sofa with a sigh, and an impatient movement of her offending foot.

'Besides,' continued Gilbert, 'you would break dear Mrs Essery's heart, if you departed so suddenly. She need know nothing of the reason that makes you wish to do so. When we do leave, do you think you could persuade her to come with us, and pay you a long visit?'

'She would not be happy in London; she is so used to country life, and country occupations.'

'We will see to-morrow, if we cannot persuade her to endure it a little while for our sakes.'

Gilbert had several reasons for urging this invitation very earnestly on Mrs Essery; so earnestly, that, much to the surprise of his mother, and of John, and Gertrude, he succeeded in conquering all her fears and scruples, and in obtaining her promise to accompany them, if they would delay their departure one week longer than the time previously fixed. The most powerful of these secret reasons of his was the thought that her friend's society would be invaluable to Mrs Karne, by preventing her allowing her thoughts to busy themselves exclusively and continuously with him. He also contemplated the possibility of going abroad that winter; and then he could not leave his mother alone. He had many plans for the full and useful occu-

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pation of his future life: he knew that idleness would, for some time to come, be the worst possible torture; and though he had told his mother that he did not believe in change of scene or any external aids and appliances for combating sorrow and disappointment, yet he felt that new and larger interests, and engrossing mental pursuits, would be very beneficial to him.

The fortnight that had to be got over before the Karnes left Beech Cottage was more or less painful to every one, Aunt Margaret, perhaps, excepted; she was too busy to notice the strangeness and constraint that marked the intercourse between the others. Her leaving Ash Grove, and leaving it probably for some months, was a matter of momentous importance; so many preparations had she to make for herself, so many more arrangements for the comfort of her nephew and niece in her absence, and for saving Gertrude all possible trouble and disturbance, that both her head and her hands were unwearyingly working from morning to night; and a fortnight seemed to her all too short a time for so much to be accomplished in.

That fortnight did at last drag its slow length out of sight of those most earnestly longing for its departure; even the cautious, oracular doctor at last pronounced his formal consent to Mrs Karne's undertaking the journey.

The last adieux were spoken; some, after the disguising manner of the wise children of this generation, expressing more love and regret than was really felt; others shrouding deep and strong emotion beneath meaningless conventional phrases. It was in the village, at the coach-office, that the parting took place, John and Gertrude having accompanied Mrs Essery there, and there meeting Gilbert Karne and his mother.

It was a very gloomy, cold, and cheerless day. Perhaps its influence alone weighed upon the hearts of the brother and sister; at all events they did not either of them seem in the best possible spirits, as they trod their homeward way, after having seen the departure of their friends.

'Now for a long winter's hard work,' said John, in what was meant for a cheerful tone, as they walked up the garden; where damp, rotten, dead leaves, lying thick, gave a muffled funereal sound to their tread.

'Yes, now for winter and work!' echoed Gertrude. The words 'winter and work' had never sounded so drearily to her before; never before had they fallen with such a weary weight on her spirit.

'And before the spring comes your book will be published, and you will "wake one morning to find yourself famous,"' added John.

CHAPTER IX.

On a wild gusty March morning, Gertrude Elton stood idly looking forth from her chamber window.

A mad March morning it truly was. Last year's dead leaves, that had been quietly heaped together in many sheltered nooks all the winter, were hunted from their resting-places by the inquisitive, intermeddling, unfeeling wind, whirled round, and about, and across the sky, or made to toss and dance about as if they were instinct with vigorous life, instead of being but the poor, withered, shrunken remnants of the glory of a year dead and gone.

Spring disturbs other things than dead leaves; other things that have lain in dreamless and painless unconsciousness all winter time. It breathes upon last year's memories, regrets, griefs, and wakens them; and it mocks them at their awakening, by its show of outward joy, beauty, and gladness. It is only a soul good and pure, and calm and strong through its goodness and purity, that can go forth in the spring-time, can hold forth welcoming hands unto the blessed spring warmth, without consciousness of the bitter awakening of painful thought and feeling, that troubled it not at all during the winter.

Do not almost all of us need to divest ourselves of self-consciousness, before the beauty of spring-tide can flood our souls, as we shall need to divest our souls of their earthy garments, before they can enter into the joy of heaven?

What thoughts chain Gertrude Elton to that spot? Why does she look forth so long and so mournfully? There is not yet much spring beauty to trouble her. But the breath, the life-inspiring breath, of spring is already pervading the earth.

Idleness is not Gertrude Elton's wont, but now she stands with listless, down-hanging hands, with curved neck and forward bent head, her eyes apparently watching the mad freaks of the wilful wind.

Some few dead leaves blew in at the window; she half-turned, and looked at

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them thoughtfully as they whirled round her room. They were leaves from a beech-tree—perhaps leaves from the tall beech-trees clustering round Beech Cottage, which showed distinctly now from among the bare branches. She looked at them long—picked them up—held them tenderly in her hand. Those leaves were the text of many thoughts that quickly followed one another through her mind. Perhaps beneath those very leaves she had walked with Gilbert Karne; perhaps they had touched her hair as she passed them; perhaps had touched his! Through those very leaves, it might be, they had watched the flickering and quivering of the light, as they sat in the favourite bow-window at the cottage. Perhaps on those very leaves they had watched the sunset flush and fade. Perhaps—but no! the steady, strong-natured, unsentimental Gertrude would not surely indulge such thoughts as these. And yet those leaves—how tenderly and regardfully she keeps them in her hand. 'Last summer,' she murmured, half aloud. There is a warmth, a softness, a brightness, lingering about the thought; with a pale, cold look and sudden shiver she shut the casement, and turned away from the window.

She has not thrown out the withered, worthless leaves; with a half-smile of bitter scorn at her own folly, she opens a little desk upon her table, and lays them within it.

What has changed Gertrude Elton? for she surely *is* changed. In the months that have passed since she and John watched Mrs Essery and the Karnes leave Midford, she has experienced the disappointment of success. She has seen the fruition of some of her most eagerly desired ambitious hopes; and, tasting that fruit, has found it insipid and worthless. She has seen fulfilled some of the strongest wishes of her proud heart; and has felt no joy in that fulfilment. She has learned somewhat of the hollowness, the emptiness, the unsatisfying nature of all schemes that have for their object the glorification of self.

Her first book, the object of so much toil and anxiety both to herself and her brother, had been published late in the winter. 'It had achieved a great success,' had made 'a great sensation.' Her brother's well-known name and well-established fame had no doubt much increased its popularity; but on *her* boundless honour and commendation had been bestowed. She had accompanied him to London; had been feted and lionised. Now, at home and alone again, with ample leisure for reflection, seeking to find what good she had gained, what happiness she had experienced—last year's dead leaves were dearer to her than any of these things.

The praise, the homage she had received, what were they? What was this fame for which she had toiled and thirsted? The words, 'last summer!' a charm lingered about them which no one moment of her triumphant London life had equalled in power. Thoughts which for months had been kept off by occupation, *would* come now and claim her full attention.

Only success could have taught one of Gertrude Elton's nature the lesson she had learned. Failure would not have taught her anything. She would have mistrusted its teachings; thinking them but the promptings of wounded vanity. Had she failed, she would have patiently turned and retraced her steps, and laboriously sought for the right path to the temple of fame. But now she had reached the temple, therefore *had* taken the right path: and in the temple she found no good thing. As she looked upon it, it seemed the heathen temple of a false god, set round with images of wood and stone, graven by man's device, the work of human hands. What had she expected to find? She knew not; while she gazed from a distance, a sanctifying mist had veiled it, investing it with the charm and sacredness of mystery.

'One would think you a vanquished, rather than a triumphant queen, by your face, Gertrude,' said John, when she went down to breakfast, with the paleness and chillness of her long reverie still lingering about her.

'I believe I am rather the worse for the wear,' said Gertrude, with an effort at gaiety. 'A life of London dissipation would soon kill me, I think. I suppose a little rest will make me well again. A little rest—if I could only *rest!*'

'What *do* you mean, child? Of course you can rest! If you are not well, you had better see Johnson. For goodness' sake, don't look so very like a forlorn and love-sick damsel. Come and give me my breakfast; quick! I shall want your help this morning. I do not think perfect idleness good for you. Now I think of it, I may as well tell you that your manner in society did not always please me. A

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proud and haughty bearing takes very well sometimes, and up to a certain point; but you were too indifferent about everything and everybody; nothing piques people's pride like indifference, and consequently nothing makes more enemies.'

'Pray, do you imagine that I choose to consider "what will take?" I do, and shall always, behave as inclination prompts me; I cannot affect likings and dislikings which I do not feel.' Gertrude spoke in an irritable tone that was new in her.

'Well, don't be angry! only be cautious in future.'

'I wonder,' said Gertrude, after a long silence—'I wonder when Aunt Margaret *will* come home. I long to see her again. It seems years since she was here!'

'She has been away a long time. I suppose, as Gilbert is still abroad, she does not like to leave Mrs Karne.'

'Where is Mr Karne?'

'I don't know exactly. In Germany, I believe. You know he wants to get occupation of some kind there, and settle there with his mother.'

Gertrude did not know it, and wanted to hear more, but John was not at all communicatively inclined on this subject.

'Have you heard whether Mr Karne's health has improved lately?' she ventured to ask.

John looked up quickly, but she had turned to the window, and was re-arranging 'Aunt Margaret's plants.'

'His health is pretty good now, I believe,' he answered, shortly.

Just at this moment—a pleasant diversion—came the post. It brought a letter for Gertrude from Aunt Margaret, which was opened and read with much more eagerness and interest than her letters generally excited.

'My dearest Niece'—so ran the letter—'You know of old my great disinclination to take my pen in hand, and so you will not have wondered much at my long silence. I hope that, now you are again at home, you are resting, after all your hard work at pleasure. Now that the spring is advancing so rapidly, I am longing very much to see pretty Midford again, and this brings me to the main point of my letter.

'You know that Gilbert is still abroad; he thought to have come back soon, but now finds he will not be able to do so for some months longer; as, when he does come, he hopes to be able to take his mother back to a permanent home. It is a great disappointment to dear Mrs Karne, this postponement. I want to bring her to Ash Grove with me to spend a part of the time, that it may not seem so long.

'I wish to know if you and dear John see any objection to this plan, or if it will in any way inconvenience you. If it will, pray say so; I have said nothing about coming to Mrs Karne yet.

'I shall hope for a speedy answer. I am longing for the country, and feel that there are many things I ought to be seeing to. Do you happen to know if Anne had her "spring-cleaning" while you were away?—With kind love to John, believe me, dear Gertrude, your very affectionate aunt, MARGARET ESSERY.'

Gertrude passed her letter to John, and sat very anxiously awaiting his decision.

She longed to see Mrs Karne, and to talk with her about many things; but yet she dreaded meeting her again, and remembered with pain how little cordiality there had been in their intercourse during the few last weeks of her stay at Beech Cottage.

John was annoyed that Aunt Margaret wished Mrs Karne to come, but could not refuse that wish, knowing how much he and Gertrude owed to her.

'You must, I suppose, say we shall be happy to see Mrs Karne, though it will not be very pleasant; but, however, I do not suppose she will accept the invitation.'

Gertrude accordingly wrote, urging the invitation affectionately and fervently, and in a few days they heard that before the end of the month Mrs Karne and Mrs Essery would arrive.

During the intervening time, Gertrude busied herself about household matters as she had never done before; expending more care and thought upon domestic arrangements, in those few days, than she had ever done in her whole previous life; more care and thought than was really required; for, according to her wont, she set about everything with a nervous energy and earnestness far greater than the occasion demanded. Any occupation that called for exertion, and gave her something to think about, was welcome to her in her present state of mind.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs Karne and Gertrude Elton sat one morning, when spring sights, sounds, and scents were again glorifying old earth, in the pleasantest sunny window at Ash

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Grove. The fingers of both were busily engaged, and, to judge from their long silence, the thoughts of both were fully occupied.

'Do you remember your mother, my dear?' asked Mrs Karne, breaking the long silence, very gently. Her thoughts had been busy with the history, past, present, and to come, of her pale companion.

'Very dimly and distantly, but very sweetly. Since you have been here this spring, I have thought of her more than ever before in my life. I have thought of her with such an infinite longing! I have fancied that, had she lived and loved me as'—as you love your son, she would have said, but checked herself, and said—'as mothers love their children, I should have been a different creature—better and happier.'

Something strange, indeed, must have come over Gertrude Elton, before she could *speak* as if she deemed any change in her were needed. What has taught her this 'trick of humility?'

'Tell me all you can remember of your mother, dear; I have never heard you or John speak of her.'

'It is but little; I was a mere child when she died. The impression of losing her was much deeper than any of having her. The first night I missed her, the first night I was made to go to bed without my good-night kiss, I soon cried myself to sleep; but I awoke in the night, and saw the moonlight streaming in: how well I remember it! I do not know how or why, but for some inexplicable child's reason, I associated my mother with moonlight. I sprang out of my little bed, and climbed up into the high window-seat. It was midsummer, and in my mother's old-fashioned garden grew crowds of tall white lilies, and still taller white campanulas. A group of these, thrown into strong relief by a thick dark shrubbery behind them, stood full opposite my window. They waved to and fro in the light wind; they bent backwards and forwards. I watched them till they assumed to my excited fancy a human form; and that my mother's. She seemed to nod and beckon, to wave her arms, and hold them out to me. The white face, the white dress—how plainly I saw her, looking just as when I had last spoken to her. Crying, "Mamma, mamma, I am coming—wait for me!" I tried to unfasten the casement, that I might jump out. My cry awoke my nurse, and I was captured and taken back to bed, screaming and struggling. Oh, how cruel it seemed to me that they shut her out in the cold moonlight and the night dew, and would not let me go to her! The queenly white lilies and tall pale campanulas still remind me of my mother. Many a night since my childhood I have stood at my window and watched them. We have many in this garden, for the love of old times.'

'Your mother was a noble woman, Gertrude. Perhaps it was fortunate you lost her before you were able to feel the full extent of your loss. She had all dear Margaret's sweetness of disposition, but yet she was not like your aunt; she was more highly gifted. Her husband often said, that she had a man's head and a woman's heart.'

'Do you think that a possible combination, dear Mrs Karne? By a "man's head," I suppose you mean masculine power of intellect and strength of will. Supposing these combined with a heart and temper as loving and unselfish as Aunt Margaret's, they would certainly form an admirable character!'

'Such a character your mother's was, in the *last* years of her life, when she had learned many things needful to its development, and which life alone can teach. I think,' Mrs Karne continued, gently, 'that the daughter might in time resemble the mother. There is power in you you are not yet conscious of, Gertrude.'

Gertrude sighed heavily; the consciousness of how much needed to be done in her soul, which was dawning slowly upon her, weighed on her spirit heavily. After a few minutes of deep thought, she said, 'Do you, Mrs Karne, think that ambition, the desire to be or to do something more than the common herd, and a longing for fame, for renown, are unbecoming and undesirable in a woman!'

'We will not talk of what is becoming or desirable for *women*. Such phrases I do not love any better than you. But now try and tell me what ideas you attach to these words, "ambition, fame." Is it a heathen or a Christian ideal of fame that you have formed?'

Gertrude was greatly perplexed; awe and doubt came over her. When talking with Mrs Karne, she had often felt that some bond of sympathy was wanting; that in Mrs Karne there was a something in which she had no part or lot. Could it be that Mrs Karne was a Christian, and

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she was not? Was this the difference between them? Hitherto she had taken religion upon trust, *supposing* she had as much as others, and therefore enough.

'I should like to put this question of ambition on the broad basis of Christian, or not Christian,' continued Mrs Karne, not appearing to notice Gertrude's emotion. 'Try and tell me why you desire fame.'

Gertrude spoke out honestly and boldly:—'I believe self-glorification was my object. I wished that my name should be known, that the world should wonder at my power. I wished it to be known how much a mere woman can do, and how well she can do it. I desired to make the lords of creation descend from their self-given elevation, and do me homage. You see,' she added, with a bitter smile, 'it was no slight thing I meant to do in one short life.'

'It was too much, and yet too little, dear Gertrude. Did you desire nothing more? When you had gained power over your fellows, did you not mean to work for them some great good? And,' she added, very gravely, 'would you not have glorified God by your life, owning him its Author and Giver?'

'No, no,' answered Gertrude, sadly; 'I had no care, no thought for these things. It was all *self—self!*'

Mrs Karne was silent, leaving Gertrude to judge herself.

'What would you call a Christian desire of fame?' she asked.

'I shall not find it easy to tell you; I will try, however. In all human beings there is an inward, deeply-rooted longing for immortality. High-minded, pure-hearted men ardently desire the life of their thoughts and recorded feelings after they themselves have passed from the earth. This is a desire that *may* be *entirely* separated from self-consciousness, from the wish to win men's praise. They may be perfectly contented that their own names shall *perish*, so that only these high, true thoughts of their thinking *live*. In this desire I can see nothing displeasing to God, nothing at variance with the purest Christianity. It is possible for us to desire the prolonged existence of our thoughts and works, solely for the sake of the good that is in them, of the power for good they may exercise over others. In cherishing *such* a desire, we might be "imitators of Christ." Do you see what I mean, Gertrude? I fear I have not clearly expressed myself.'

At this moment Mrs Essery returned from the village. Gertrude, unwilling to have newly-awakened thoughts too quickly dispelled, rose, and was leaving the room by the window to go into the garden, when the sight of a letter which her aunt had in her hand made her pause. She remained standing where the window-curtain concealed her.

'A letter from dear Gilbert for you, Mary,' said Aunt Margaret.

'It is not Gilbert's writing in the address,' pronounced the mother, quickly. She broke the seal with trembling eagerness, and the changes that passed over her face as she read alarmed her friend.

'Mary, Mary, what is the matter? Nothing ails Gilbert?'

Mrs Karne gave her the letter, and buried her face in her hands. One long, low cry—a cry of bitter anguish—escaped her lips; it went through Gertrude's heart.

The first page of the letter was written by Gilbert himself; it was full of love and hope. The last was written in a hurried and strange hand, some days after the date at the beginning, saying that Mr Karne had been seized with a malignant fever, common in that part of the country at that season; that the fever had already been subdued, but the patient was so greatly debilitated, as to make his recovery very doubtful. The physician (for it was he who wrote) went on to say, that his patient's constitution appeared to have been beforehand far from good, or he should have been more sanguine of the result of this attack. And he urged the necessity of the immediate presence of some friends.

Mrs Essery having finished the letter, laid it quietly down. Mrs Karne raised her head, and they silently gazed at each other. The mother was very calm now, but there was a depth of suffering in her eyes, an expression that was more than Aunt Margaret could bear.

'Oh, pray do not despair, dear, dear Mary! He will get well again; I *know* he will.'

'Would I had not parted from him! Would I had gone with him! But let the past rest; for the future, God's will be done! He has not been well since—since last autumn. Excitement and overfatigue had no doubt weakened him beforehand.'

'What shall you do? Whom shall you send?'

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'I shall go to him myself. Is John at home?'

'You!—impossible! You are not strong enough.'

'Is John at home? I must talk it over with him.'

'I will go and see.'

'No! stop; I will go myself.'

She took her letter, that it might tell the tale she could not, and went to seek for John.

CHAPTER XI.

Gertrude, standing concealed by the curtain, had heard all that passed. Sick and faint with undefined fear, she leaned against the wall, and could not move. That Gilbert Karne was dead, was the first thought that flashed across her mind when she heard his mother's cry. She stood for some moments very white and still, looking, against the dark crimson curtain, marble pale and cold; she heard that he yet lived—that there was therefore hope, though far more fear. Controlling herself by a great effort, she gained strength to steal noiselessly from the room. Slowly she walked down the long garden walk. Her dog, who had been basking in the sun, bounded to meet her; she stopped and patted him; there was no sign of emotion about her; she had violently pushed her suffering from her for awhile—she held it at arm's length, and looked on it pityingly, but calmly. Presently it should come near enough, into the centre of her life; but not now, not till there was no longer a possibility of any human eye beholding her. So she walked with slow and stately step all down the sloping garden. When she came to the little orchard gate, she paused, and sending the dog back to the house, went in alone.

There, passing to the most thickly shaded part, looking round, being sure that she was alone, she took her great sorrow into her soul, she threw herself down on the long, wet meadow grass, ready for the mowers; it rose up all round her; she lay there completely hidden, abandoning herself to self-reproach. The trees in the orchard were covered with white and pink bloom; at every passing breath of wind, showers of over-blown blossoms, petal by petal, fell thick upon her: they lay upon her dress, they fell upon her dark hair, sprinkling it as if with pearls, decking her out as if for some festive scene. She heeded them not. Then the wind grew bold, and seemed to mock her stillness and her grief; it played fantastic tricks with her long, loose-hanging hair, winding it round and round amid the grey moss-grown twigs of the low-bending, gnarled old tree beneath which she lay.

'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow,' these words rang solemnly out, forming the burden and refrain of all her thought. Again and again they rang out, loud and clear, heart-harrowing, soul-thrilling; it seemed as if some supernatural being chanted them in her ear.

She could not bear their sound any longer; she started up:—'What can I do? How can I bear to live, if he dies? How can I ever see *his* mother again? God help her—and me!' She fell on her knees; there—the gay birds singing blithe carols above and around—there she prayed, with a sincere desire, an earnest, simple, child-like fervour—prayed as she had never done before. Verily, we never *do* pray so truly, so earnestly, as when we pray for another! The belief in, and knowledge of, the depth and strength of human love, helps our weakness to some dim, faint, far-off conception of divine love. Gertrude's prayer was all for that 'only son,' and for 'his mother, who was a widow;' for herself she only said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' She rose, but yet lingered in the orchard awhile, feeling it was good to be there, and to gather strength for endurance. There was a look of fixed purpose on her face, when at last she left her solitude, and returned to the house; that purpose was self-abasement.

She sought Mrs Karne, and found her in her own room. Had there been others present, she would have cared nothing for them.

'Only forgive me,' she said, as she stood meekly before her; 'only forgive me, and try to love me still. I will live in future for you and for him, never any more for myself!'

'*I* forgive you, my poor child? I have nothing to forgive. For him'—and the bitterness of the thought gave a momentary coldness and hardness to her manner—'for him, he has long ago forgiven you, but he may no longer need your help.'

'He is not dead, he will not, *shall* not die,' said Gertrude, passionately, her calm quite giving way, as she fell down at Mrs Karne's feet.

'God alone knows,' answered the mother, solemnly. 'Poor child; poor, poor child,'

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she said, tenderly laying her hand on Gertrude's burning forehead.

'Do not pity me! I cannot bear it! I will bear my grief, but I cannot bear, and do not deserve, your pity. Call me once, only once, "daughter," and, whether he lives or dies, I will be a daughter to you!'

'Be calm, my daughter; my dear child, be calm. Get up, and let us talk quietly.'

'No, here, mother, I will stay here, at your feet. You will go to him—I will go to help you; if he lives, and still loves me, I will be his wife.' There was no blush on her face as she said this; grief had driven the blood that used to flush it so eloquently back to her heart. 'If he dies,' she continued, with a shudder, 'I will always live with you; I will work for you: we will live there, you and I—there, near his grave. But he will not die,' she added.

'Poor child,' the mother said again, involuntarily; deeply moved to see how grief and self-reproach had changed this erewhile so proud Gertrude. '*My* first thought was that I *must* go to him. I have been talking it over with John, and he has convinced me it will be best for him to go, alone, too; he says he shall travel night and day. He is very kind, and very sorry for us. He will nurse Gilbert, and, God grant, bring him home. Were I strong, nothing should keep me at home; but I fear my health might fail, then I should be but another burden on his hands. John starts to-night—in a few hours—is there nothing you can do for him before he leaves? Come downstairs, and let us see what we can find to do.'

John looked searchingly at his sister when they met.

'Gertrude looks very ill,' he said, when she left the room to put together whatever he was likely to want.

'No wonder,' said Aunt Margaret; 'this news has been a sad shock to us all. The first letter from you after your arrival will do us all a wonderful amount of good,' she continued, hopefully.

'Gertrude is much changed lately,' said John, still pursuing his own thoughts. 'Well, it is no use struggling against fate; what must be must,' was his philosophical remark, as he shook himself out of a gloomy reverie.

'Gertrude, you are only a woman,' he said, as he bade her good-by; 'a mere and very woman! refusing what is in your reach, pining for it when it has been withdrawn! No Amazon, no dauntless champion, but only a woman!'

Gertrude understood him, but she gave him no word or look of anger, only a very patient, quiet 'good-by,' with a fervent inward 'God speed you.'

The next few days—the days that intervened between John's departure and the receipt of his first letter—were days of dreadful anxiety. Gertrude no more gave way; she set herself the task of amusing and comforting Mrs Karne, of keeping up the mother's hope and courage. In doing this she gained strength for her own wearing. Only in the night, when in the darkness disguises are needless; only in the night, when the shield of the common cares of daily life can no longer be held up between us and truth and sorrow; only in the night, when our armour of conventionalism is laid aside; only in the night did Gertrude ever give way. During her sleepless nights her torment was often almost unbearable. When she saw, as she sat at her window, the first faint streak of dawn, hope revisited her heart. The solemn thoughts suggested by the rising of the sun out of black darkness brought her peace. After dawn, when the morning light seemed the light of hope, she would sleep.

Each morning she made it her business to go to the village to ask for letters, before there was any possibility of their receiving any news; she could not rest till she had inquired. After many disappointments, after many times turning home with the sickness of hope deferred at her heart, she gained *the* letter.

Mrs Karne was still in her sorrow when Gertrude brought the letter to her. Out of breath with running, overwhelmed with doubt and dread, she sank down by the bedside, while the mother read; and, burying her face, tried to wait patiently.

'Let us thank God together, Gertrude,' were the first blessed words she heard; 'John finds Gilbert better than we could have hoped. The sight of an old friend, too, has done him good. In a week or two he will be well enough to travel, and John means to bring him here—to Midford. He advises us immediately to prepare Beech Cottage to receive him. There is not room here for an invalid, he says. So there is plenty to be done, dear.'

She understood the depth of emotion that kept Gertrude silent, measuring it by the love and gratitude that filled her own

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heart. She wished to relieve her from the endeavour to express it, and so turned to common things. They talked of arrangements to be made at Beech Cottage, of a thousand trifles—each left untouched the deeper things beneath.

CHAPTER XII.

Gertrude sat alone in the garden at work, one warm summer day. There was not much of the old life about her yet—not much of the brilliancy in her eye or on her cheek that used to dwell there. She was cold and pale, though the sun shone full on her. She was the palest, most sober-hued thing visible at Ash Grove that morning, and her white face and light lilac dress contrasted strikingly with the rich, gorgeous flowers that made the garden dazzling to look on.

Her brother and Mr Karne had been home some days; the latter was still weak and ill, but rapidly improving.

Gertrude hated herself for the selfishness that would not let her freely and heartily 'rejoice with those who rejoiced;' but they all seemed so fully contented, so wrapped up in their own happiness; she alone seemed to stand so far off, so outside it all; to be so useless and so unneeded, that, hate herself for it as she would, she could not feel or fancy herself happy. Even John seemed to have deserted her; she had seen little of him since he came home, but enough to see that he was changed. Gilbert's influence seemed all-powerful with him; he was engrossed with Gilbert; transformed for the time into a patient, gentle, untiring nurse, he spent the greater part of the day at Beech Cottage, helping Mrs Karne and Aunt Margaret to amuse the invalid, who, in spite of all their pains, often showed symptoms of impatience and restlessness at the slowness of his recovery, that were not in accordance with his usual brave endurance.

'I am nothing to any of them, and do not deserve to be,' thought Gertrude; 'they are all happy together, and do not think of my loneliness; I have often thought and said that I could live without love, that I could be sufficient to myself; bitterly I learn how false those words and thoughts were.'

Such reflections as these were more than Gertrude could calmly bear; she dropped her work, and, though alone, covered her face with her hands, and for a few moments allowed her tears to have free way.

'Gertrude, my child,' said a voice close to her ear; and a gentle hand was laid caressingly on her shoulder.

Gertrude started, and said something about not having expected to see any one.

'What! tears, Gertrude?' said Mrs Karne; 'and what a cold hand this warm afternoon, love! What ails you?'

'I am very weak and foolish, wicked, too, to weep when we all have cause for thankfulness; I believe I am not well.'

'No, poor child, you are not; you have been too much alone lately. I came to carry you back with me.'

Gertrude shrank, an expression of pain on her face. 'Not now, not to-day; I cannot bear it yet,' she said.

'Yes! now, to-day; Gilbert wishes it; unless, Gertrude,' she added, gravely, 'you are too proud to go to a poor disabled knight, who cannot come to you.'

'Too proud? Oh, Mrs Karne! I am ready now, directly,' she said, rising, and calming, by a great effort, the emotion that shook her from head to foot.

'Take my arm, then, dear, and let us be off.'

So they went together along the well-known path that Gertrude had not traversed since; but she was afraid now to think of that last time. The hand on Mrs Karne's arm shook like 'the last red leaf in the topmost bough,' as they approached the house.

The house they found empty—there was no one in the garden. On his favourite seat in the little fir-grove they found Gilbert Karne.

Gertrude lingered behind, keeping out of sight.

'Is she come? Is she in the house, mother? I will go to her; do not let her find me here. Give me your arm, mother, dear; John has just left me.'

'Do not move; we will meet here,' said Gertrude, coming resolutely forward; 'it is best so. It is well I should remember the last time I was here,' she added, looking round, sadly.

How loving and gentle a light beamed from the eyes that met his but for an instant, as he took her hand, and held it firmly in his own. It lay there quietly, making no struggle to get free. It was content to lie there.'

Mrs Karne quietly stole away, leaving them together. Hours after she returned

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to warn them that evening was closing in, and the dew falling. Traces of deep emotion she could see on both faces, overlaid now by a happy calm. Clear, serene, loving eyes were lifted to her face, when she stood before them. Calm is an outward type of perfection. The fulness and perfectness of the love they had given and received had made them very calm.

'Sit down with your children, mother; kiss your daughter. Do not hurry us indoors; it is very mild and quiet,' said Gilbert.

'Let the sunset light fall upon us all together,' said Gertrude, very softly.

And the glorifying light did illumine their faces. It turned to gold the dark stems of the pine-trees; it gilded every weed and flower; it filled the valley beneath with splendour, tinging the evening mists. But it could not half so much brighten and glorify those human beings as love had already done. Love had worked within, only its superabundant brightness shone out. In the light of love they were truly 'glorified aright.'

After this happy evening, John did not find himself so necessary, though always welcome, at Beech Cottage. Gertrude's reading, talking, and companionship, seemed very well to satisfy Gilbert; his restlessness disappeared, and his recovery was much more rapid; though he declared that he was almost sorry to find his strength so quickly returning, he should be so loath to lose any of the attention he had received lately.

. . . . . .

'And will they all go abroad after the wedding?' asked Aunt Margaret, very sadly and apprehensively.

'No; I think not,' answered John. 'I fancy it very probable that Beech Cottage may receive the Karnes—three instead of two of them—again next summer. Gilbert must be in town in the wintertime, if he does not get a situation abroad; but I think they like Beech Cottage, and will keep it as a summer residence.'

'That will be very nice,' said Aunt Margaret; 'and Gertrude, will she write any more, John?'

John paused—'I think she will. Idleness, even "love in idleness," will never suit Gertrude. She will write, and earn money, and lighten her husband's labour.'

And so it was. When Gertrude sat, with the thin white hand she had once ridiculed, once rejected, clasped within her own, she had resolved upon the tenor of her future life; had planned how she would do the half of that hand's life-work.

Her external life would be much what it might have been, had this sun of love never risen upon it. But her whole inner being, how different, how changed, how purified, spiritualised, sanctified!

EASTERN TRAVEL.—EGYPT.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOWER EGYPT.

'We come to the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile;
We have swept by cities in song renown'd—
Silent they lie with the deserts around!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old.'—*Mrs Hemans.*

'Monsieur et Madame, je vous souhaite une bonne et heureuse année.'

Such was a salutation which took us by surprise as we sat reading in the cabin of the Scamandre, totally forgetful that the last moments of 1852 had passed away. It was a quaint, good-humoured, and sorely-bullied old garçon, who popped into the saloon, and kindly welcomed us to new year on the ocean. The first day of 1853 passed amidst drizzling rain, out of sight of land, in one of the oldest, slowest, dirtiest, and worst managed steamers that sails the sea, and the discomforts of which formed a striking contrast to the pleasant quarters afforded by every other French ship in which we travelled.

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Next morning we found ourselves in that Egyptian bay

'Where Nelson o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose;'

and the shore, from which we were not far distant, was scarcely less renowned in England's annals as a scene of glorious strife. The fame of Abercromby and of Aboukir is almost lost in the roar of later and of louder battles; and yet, amidst the triumphs of British valour, no exploit is more heroic than that determined landing in the face of a superior force, composed of the veterans of France. Straining against a strong head wind, the English sailors rowed on for three long miles, under a murderous cannonade, shells, balls, and grape-shot hailing upon them. The soldiers, their guns uncharged, sat motionless and silent, save when cheers of uncontrollable defiance burst from them, as each succeeding volley ploughed through their densely-packed ranks. In one regular line, every boat, save those that had been sunk, struck the shore at the same moment. A squadron of two hundred French cavalry charged into the sea, and died there to a man. The 42d Highlanders, leaping into the waves, dashed onwards with their still unloaded muskets. Bursting from their comrades, they rushed furiously up the opposing bank, though sinking over the ankles in the deep sand, and received unbroken a charge of cavalry with the bayonet. The landing was made good, and the French fell back, to be utterly defeated in subsequent engagements, though with the loss to the English of their gallant chief.

A quarantine of ten days between Syria and Egypt had, fortunately for us, been reduced by one-half shortly before our arrival. The officers of the Scamandre, as if to leave no doubt on our minds that they were really one and all the *mauvais sujets* of the *Messagerie National*, insisted that the whole passengers—Frank, Turk, Jew, Greek, and nondescript, with their baggage—should be tumbled *en masse* into one immense coal-lighter, half-full of water, in which most of the portmanteaus and carpet-bags were speedily submerged.

After moving in this vile tub at the rate of three yards an hour, amidst the swearing of men and the fainting of women, we were turned out on a jetty enclosed between high rails, from whence a desperate scramble took place to secure a lodging in the lazzeretto, staggering, at the same time, under the weight of our portmanteaus, as each man was of necessity his own porter.

The place was terribly overcrowded, and we had much difficulty in resisting the entrance of several Greeks into the little dormitory we had obtained. Having succeeded in ejecting the rude intruders, we remained 'monarchs of all we surveyed,' to wit, a damp, empty, mud-walled apartment, of twelve feet square. Our hard-won fortress, however, soon became untenable. The rain recommenced, and water began to pour through the roof in four different places, when our travelling companions kindly exchanged with us, their chamber admitting the rain in two quarters only. We had looked forward to our imprisonment without murmuring, on account of the rest it promised, but in this we were sadly disappointed. Torment came with darkness. Night and clouds of mosquitoes descended upon us together. Every face was covered with a hundred stings, deep and sharp. We lighted candles, and drove our tormentors away. Like flocks of crows they rose in black masses, and lighted on the sides of the room. They all sat on the walls, head downwards, resting on four legs, kicking other two up behind them in the air. Maddened by repeated attacks, we made frantic assaults upon our persecutors, and soon the walls streamed with the blood that had been our own. The sable legions scattered, fled, disappeared, and gathered again, to return like Tartar cavalry with fresh vigour to the charge. The second night we procured mosquito curtains, but could not fix them, having no framework, and after many expedients, equally futile, we resigned ourselves to mosquitoes and despair. We derived some consolation from the fact, that all our neighbours seemed to have fared even worse than ourselves. Every countenance was ludicrous from the effects of the 'punishment' that had been received. Some appeared like prize-fighters after the tenth round, some were bloated like drunkards of ten years' standing. An hospital of small-pox patients would have been beautiful in comparison; but one of the party was undoubtedly entitled to pre-eminence in misfortune. He must, on first looking in a glass, have doubted his own identity, his face having become a miniature likeness of the time-disfigured Sphinx. At length the hour of release arrived, and we joyfully bade

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adieu to our cages and to discomfort together. Skies of cloudless blue, and a sun that blazed brighter and brighter as we advanced to the south, hung above our heads, and we rejoiced with great joy to find ourselves in the land of Egypt, soon to be surrounded by all the mystery and enchantment of the marvellous old Nile. But first came Alexandria—flat, low-lying, sandy, palm-surrounded, Anglicised Alexandria.

India passengers, on awakening from their steam-boat berths, must be dubious whether it is an English or an Indian city in which they find themselves. They drive to the hotel in an omnibus, through groves of palms, and broad-leaved bananas; they see strings of camels, with turbaned drivers, Hansom's cabs, Parisian belles, and Arab damsels with rings in their noses large as a crown-piece, Egyptian urchins utterly naked, and English babies, with pelisses, the pride of their mothers. French fashions, and oriental costumes, hats, turbans, fezes, bonnets, and *yashmacs*, mingled together. Signboards, too, with Arabic inscriptions, and notices of Morrison's pills, and Warren's blacking, meet the eye, as well as mosques, churches, Turkish baths, French cafés, and Italian billiard-rooms. Among the odd sights that struck us were groups of scavengers. These were females, who scooped up the mud with their hands, depositing it in wooden, canoe-shaped vessels, which, when full, they placed on their heads, and carried away. The principal streets of Alexandria are built entirely after the European plan, but just beyond the southern gate, near Pompey's Pillar, is a large Arab village of mud-houses, wretched as any to be seen in Upper Egypt. When near this place, we observed its whole population gathered into a crowd. On drawing near, we found that a girl had just died. The body was exposed in an open space, and a number of young women were performing a wild and ceaseless dance around the corpse. Their hair was thrown loosely over their shoulders, and with loud cries they struck their faces with their hands, till their cheeks burned with the violence of the exercise and the force of the blows. These were hired mourners, and the instant they perceived our approach they ceased, and the looks of the men, and some stones thrown by little boys, reminded us that we were considered intruders upon the funeral ceremonies.

A Maltese offered his services as dragoman at Alexandria, 'Know English well, sir,' he said; 'have served many English gentlemen; I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk, get drunk, sir.' Whatever discomforts had attended our landing, we had at least escaped the usual struggle of boatmen and other banditti, but, on starting to see the lions, the rush of donkey boys was tremendous. One universal chorus filled the air. 'Ver good donkey, sair; ver good donkey,' was shouted by a hundred voices. One fellow, however, had studied the language, and screamed, with fitting emphasis, 'Dam good donkey! sair; this dam good donkey!' And good donkeys we certainly found them, all able and willing to gallop with heavy men on their backs. The attendants, too, were droll, merry, wiry fellows, with lungs and limbs alike untiring. The features of my squire, who said his name was Abd-el-Kader, were characteristic of his country, and as old as the Sphinx: a long, flat nose, a prodigious mouth, negro lips, straight eyebrows, and almost no forehead. One little creature, an infant of four years old, clad in the fragment of a shirt, who appeared as one of our attendants, shouting and flourishing his stick like his elder brethren, added to the mirth, if not to the efficiency of the party. We had scarcely sallied forth, when we were met, in a miry lane, by a string of heavily-laden camels. In vain did I drag my donkey's rein with all my might, the ass would not swerve; the bales which the first camel carried pressed against me, my saddle yielded, and the next instant I was immersed in mud, and pinned down by the donkey's feet. Whilst thus ignominiously prostrate, our accomplished dragoman, instead of coming to my rescue, rushed upon the camel driver, and having broken his stick over his head, took from the man his own strong staff of orange wood, and belaboured him with it. The camel-driver shouted, 'Allah! Allah!' while his companions looked quietly on, and did not attempt to interfere, but a soldier who was passing rushed to his aid, and on getting free of the donkey, I found all the three men struggling together in the mire. On the combatants being separated, the dragoman made one parting hit at the camel-driver, but deemed it prudent to present the soldier with coins that represented three farthings, as he said the fellow might have brought his comrades to espouse his

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quarrel. The Catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle, are the chief lions of Alexandria; and these being easily seen, we were soon ready to start for Cairo.

In the steam voyage between the two cities, there is little to note. The traveller sees, on the mud-banks, dusky and almost naked natives irrigating the soil, all sorts of nondescript birds, with long wings, longer necks, and still longer legs, and, from time to time, droves of buffaloes swimming the river in endless procession, their black noses only seen above the water. Ever and anon he passes an Arab village. On the bare sand, with nothing of vegetable life near them save groups of palm-trees, stand the houses, generally cone-shaped mud-huts, the upper part of each being used as a pigeon-house. This peculiarity is the cause of what may be called one of the features of the Nile—the countless multitudes of doves that are constantly to be seen upon its banks. These birds, though rather smaller, are the same species as our own domestic pigeon; and it is curious to observe some differences in their habits. Not being able to procure water, save from the great river, the vast flocks light upon its smooth surface, float, and drink for a moment, and then sweep off again. They also frequently alight upon trees. The turtle-dove, though not in such prodigious numbers, is to be found wherever there are palm-trees; and, with the bright-crested hoopoe, frequent the neighbourhood of the villages. Dogs, kites, and in Upper Egypt the white carrion vulture, perform the part of scavengers. For the rest, wretched children and dreadful-looking old women are generally the only inhabitants to be seen. Half stifled and gasping for breath, amidst these truly disgusting hovels, the traveller may remember the words of Ezekiel—'Egypt shall be the basest of the kingdoms.' It is humbling to human pride to admit that the miserable creatures you see around you are of the same species as yourself. Hags there are, hideous as Spenser ever drew, and naked children basking in the dirt, motionless, and covered with filth and flies. It may be one no small cause of the thousands of the blind met with in Egypt, that these unhappy children are so utterly languid, abject, and listless, they frequently seem incapable of driving off the flies that lodge within their eyes, but allow them to remain there till they fill them with maggots. Is it wrong to give such disgusting details? It may be so, but surely it is better, than to paint everything as *coleur de rose*, and describe, like Lord Lindsay, an Egyptian village as a place where

> 'The children's laugh
> Rings merrily through the date-tree bowers.'

Two days' steaming brought us to Cairo, delightful Cairo, with all its Oriental mystery, and Oriental magnificence. Since the chief city of Egypt became a halting place in the highway between England and India, it has, like Alexandria, become Anglicised; but the fusion of the East and West is not so complete; and while one part of the city is entirely European, the larger portion has retained a thoroughly Eastern aspect. Many of the streets are so narrow, that two persons can barely pass each other without touching. The architecture of most of the buildings is Saracenic, and elaborately ornamented, and several of the mosques are interesting from their antiquity. A new one, Mehemet Ali, is without doubt the most magnificent edifice in the world dedicated to the Moslem faith. Situated on what may be called the acropolis of the city, its slender minarets raise their glittering spires to an immense height. Having ascended to the summit of one of these, we looked out upon a wondrous expanse of country. Beneath and around lies the strange and beautiful city, with the majestic Nile sweeping silently past it, its waters visible for a hundred miles. The Pyramids of Geezeh, Sakkarah, and Dashour, tower upon its yonder shore, and the eye loses itself in the white sands of the Libyan Desert, which stretch far away to the west.

In the streets of Cairo, eager crowds gather around the Arab story-teller. Above hundreds of the arched doorways the aloe is suspended—the Arab emblem of patience; and through the bars of the antique, cage-like windows, glimpses of faces may sometimes be descried, which vanish the instant the eye attempts to penetrate the cruelly close meshes of the inexorable lattice. But, ere the imagination can weave a romance of captive beauties and tyrannical lords, a figure passes which sorely disturbs the dream, by the introduction of the ludicrous. This is an actual lady of the harem, a belle of Cairo, mounted on horseback. Balanced, of course, astride, upon her cushioned

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saddle, her steed led by one or more of her favourite slaves, she rides, a mighty mass of silk or linen, black or white. The human form is lost in the ample folds, and a large balloon, and not a woman, appears to rest upon the horse. But now you leave these narrow and intricate Saracenic streets, where gloom and mystery prevail; you cross a handsome square, green with quivering accacias, and enter that vast 'caserne,' as a French friend well described it, Shepherd's Hotel, to hear all the gossip of England, and all the scandal of India. The world has long been familiar with the marvels to be seen in the neighbourhood of Cairo; but modern research is ever adding to their number, and we are indebted to a Frenchman for a remarkable discovery recently made near Sakkarah. The skill and industry of this gentleman have discovered and brought to light a vast subterraneous mausoleum, containing spacious chambers filled with huge stone sarcophagi, the tombs of the sacred bulls. These immense coffins are not, however, now brought to light for the first time since the obsequies of the bull gods. Each ponderous lid has been wrenched from its centre, and all the contents of the sarcophagi, save a few bones and horns, have long since been abstracted. This has, doubtless, been the work of the treasure-searchers in the days of the Caliphs, and the site of the sepulchre having been lost, its existence has remained unknown for six centuries.

It was the Caliphs, too, who removed the exterior coating of slabs from many of the pyramids, and, among others, of the Mont Blanc of the number, the great pyramid at Geezeh. A succession of huge steps, from base to apex, is the consequence of this spoliation; and thus all the race of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are enabled to ascend with ease, to write their illustrious names at the summit. The Pyramids of Geezeh are situated in the desert, just beyond the broad rich margin of the Nile. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the dry white sand and the long luxuriant grass, particularly when seen from the top of the pyramid. There is no mingling of barren and fertile soil, and the two endless lines of green and grey come abruptly into contact. The desert and the river, the destroyer and the restorer, seem to meet in strife, and there is no debatable land between them. No particle of vegetation lives beyond the lifegiving influence of the beneficent Nile—all is sand, and gravel, and calcareous stone. Yet these bare wastes are strangely interesting. It is upon what seems to be the ashes, the whitened cinders, of a ruined, fire-devoured world, that you tread. The ground is covered with petrifactions, and each rock is pregnant with fossils, the remains of aquatic reptiles, and of shell-fish of fantastic shapes and every variety of size, from the large and finely-formed nautilus, to minute shells which enter largely into the composition of the stone of which the pyramids are built. According to Arab tradition, the Great Pyramid alone, of all the works of man, bore the weight of the flood; but, dateless and unchronicled as this mysterious monument may be, it is less old than that animal creation, the perfect remains of which are scattered around it. Here are fishes that swam and nautili that floated on the deep almost as early as when God first separated the waters from the dry land, and saw that it was good.

Too near the pyramids rests the colossal Sphinx. Ages have marred the uncouth beauties it once possessed, and beside such buildings no work of man may boast of magnitude. It lies like the silent, but sleepless, guardian of the majestic tombs or temples near it.

The mightiest of the Sphinxes may never find an Œdipus, and the nature of the relationship in which it stood to the pyramids may remain unexplained for ever, but the long-sought secret passage by which it is connected with them has been discovered and explored since the period of our visit to Geezeh.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UPPER EGYPT.

'I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

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Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:—
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'—*Shelley*.

If the sources of the Nile are still shrouded in obscurity, its banks, for the last thousand miles of its course, are now almost as familiar to the tourist as the woody slopes of the Rhine, or the broad sweep of the Danube. Wanderers from every land are constantly gliding along its majestic waters; yet, brought as it is by steam within a few days' sail of Europe, the only wonder is, that the number of voyagers is not infinitely greater. For to whom does the Nile not offer allurements, capable as it is of gratifying almost every diversity of taste, and supplying such unrivalled fields for the prosecution of so many various pursuits? Are you tired of the roar, the revel, the ceaseless struggle of cities?—the very spirit of repose has made its home upon the Nile. Is health your object?—here, with an utter change of scene, with every object new, you luxuriate in a climate which knows no chilling blast, and breathe an air ever pure and balmy. Are you a naturalist?—here nature seems to revel in wild fantasies, and the petrified remains of an old world, as well as the strange productions of the present, are everywhere around you. Are you a sportsman?—here are unnumbered game, from the sand-grouse to the cassiowary, from the slight gazelle to the crocodile or the hippopotamus. Do you love sailing?—your home is in a boat. Above all, does your soul yearn after the secrets of the far-distant past? would you sit amidst the gloom of temples that have outlived the gods to whom they once were sacred? would you see stars of matchless brilliancy gleam on unnumbered columns, the bones of cities that once were glorious? or would you wander through strange tombs, rich in the sculptured history of priests and kings?—here are the ruins of four thousand years. Do you care for none of these? Are you a prey to ennui? Is the *dolcē far niente* all you sigh for? Then be a 'lotus-eater' on the Nile, and find the mere fact of existence a delight.

The space already occupied by these notes enjoins that I may not linger among scenes which volumes have failed sufficiently to describe. Indeed, some of the most interesting monuments of antiquity almost defy the power of words to portray; and, gazing upon the elaborate hieroglyphics, and the thousand sculptured figures that cover the tombs of Thebes, I often thought how much more exact an idea of the sepulchres one flash of the daguerreotype could give, than the most skilful pen would be able to convey. The ponderous nature of Egyptian architecture, favoured by an extraordinary climate, has enabled the sacred edifices of the Egyptians to brave the wrack of time, and to defy the ravages of conquerors. Less skilful than the people they had overcome, the hostile nations who at various periods triumphed in Egypt seem to have lacked the power or the patience to overthow the vast edifices which the Egyptians had reared, and have often been content to wreak their vengeance upon the figures of their gods and heroes.

The sacred buildings of Memphis and of Lower Egypt have disappeared, but the traveller of the higher Nile sees with astonishment on either bank a hundred temples almost as entire as when Pharaohs worshipped within them. On the walls are the battle scenes, the sieges, the victories, and the triumphal returns of the conquering kings, sculptured long anterior to those which Layard has brought to light, and not buried, and so preserved as they, for two thousand years, but standing out in the sun, defying change and time. Though possessing a less imposing external appearance than the temples of Esne, Edfoo, and many others, that of Dendera is perhaps the most entire of any in Egypt; it is pervaded by a gloomy magnificence, and though dedicated to bright Aphrodite, it is dark as if sacred to an infernal deity. The portico is an imposing structure supported by twenty-four vast columns, the capitols of which are each composed of four colossal human heads. Every part of the temple, walls, pillars, roof, is covered with sculptured figures. Many of the chambers are small, and the entrances which lead to them intricate, whilst one narrow pas-

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age is carried round three sides of the uilding. The ingress to this is so small, ve had to enter by crawling; and then, by he aid of tapers, we saw with delight hat the secret chamber had escaped the earch of the iconoclasts, and that the air sculptures that adorn the walls had been untouched by the hand of the spoiler. As we threaded this mysterious gallery, strange misty forms began to flit thickly before us, and soon we found ourselves in the midst of a perfect atmosphere of bats. Masses of these animals clung to the roof and walls, so densely as to cover every particle of stone. They hung by their claw-armed feet, head downwards, whilst each giving to its wings and long ears a quivering motion, made the walls seem alive with a horrible imp-like life. The extremity of the chamber was their citadel, and we could not approach it, as they extinguished the lights with their sweeping wings, and forced us to retreat with such expedition as we could command. But the Great Temple of Karnack surpasses in magnitude and in grandeur all the other fanes which still adorn the banks of the Nile, as the ruins of Thebes, of which it is a part, exceed in extent those of every other city in the world. Imperial Rome, where, compared with the Egyptian capital, the Cæsars dwelt but yesterday, has preserved no such traces of its magnificence and extent, and our living London, when it too shall cease to be, can leave upon the banks of the Thames no such lasting memorials of its splendour. The situation of Thebes was not unworthy of its ancient renown. From the summit of the Great Temple, you see around you a vast plain encircled by mountains, and through the centre of the city flowed the majestic Nile. The most interesting remains on the left bank of the river are the tombs of the kings and the priests, vast successions of chambers hewn deep into the bowels of the hills. Upon the walls, portrayed in unfading colours, are representations of every scene in Egyptian life. The sculptures on the temples generally represent great public events, the triumphs of war, or the offices of religion, but the paintings on the tombs bring before our view the whole domestic economy of the Egyptians, as well as afford almost the only authentic records we have of their private history. Here we see pictures of every accustomed action in the life of the occupant, from the very moment of his birth. Nor do the illustrations cease with his death, but follow him through the solemn trial to which he was subjected before his carefully embalmed body could receive the rites of sepulture.

The various employments of the servants in his household and estates are as minutely depicted. We see the whole process of agriculture—the preparation of the soil, the sowing, reaping, and harvesting of the corn; the carpenter, the mason, the brickmaker, are represented, and all the mechanical arts, in which the Egyptians were so wonderfully skilled. Emblematic figures, chiefly human forms with the heads of hawks, symbolise the tenets of their religion, so grand, simple, and even pure, in its principles, so disfigured by the later inventions of the priests, and the extravagant superstition of the people. One odd scene, representing a beautiful woman toying with a figure which had the head of an ass, might have served as a perfect illustration of Shakspere's Titania and Nickbottom. It is in vain, however, to attempt any description of the figures and hieroglyphics; their numbers, which perplex the eye and baffle the memory, set the pen at utter defiance.

As is the case at the present moment in the historical galleries of Versailles, where several of the paintings are still merely outlines, so in the tombs of Thebes not the least interesting of the works of art are some of the frescoes, on which the designs only are traced upon the walls. The lines remain as if drawn but yesterday by the artist, and they show the mode in which the pictures were done, whilst those which have advanced farther exhibit the various stages in the process of painting. Near these gorgeous caves of death, the less honoured dead were laid in thousands of mummy pits. In the search for treasure or antiquities, hundreds of these graves are broken open, and rifled, and the remains of their long buried tenants scattered around. Their bones crack under your horse's hoofs as you ride over the plain. At some distance from the tombs are several colossi, once the guardians of temples which have now for the most part disappeared. Some of these statues are broken and prostrate, the gigantic head of one, just appearing above the sand, measuring some twelve feet from forehead to chin. Two twin colossi, in the posture of sitting, are still entire, and retain their position unmoved. Being sixty feet in height, they form a re-

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markable feature in the plain. One of these is the ancient Memnon, which, uttering a sound each day when the rays of the sun first touched its lips, was one of the marvels of the world. 'Spirit-rapping,' contrived by priestcraft, was the secret of the vocal statue, which when similarly struck still utters the same ringing metallic sound it did three thousand years ago.

The right bank of the river is magnificent in the architectural remains of Luxor and Karnack. A city might have stood on the site of the Great Temple, the strength of which resisted for a year all the might of hostile kings, and gave security within its walls to peoples and armies. Forests of columns, lotus-crowned, gigantic obelisks,* porticoes, from which extend avenues of sphinxes, towering propyla, and lofty walls, covered with sculptured gods, or with representations of the martial achievements of Sesostris and the other kings who shared in erecting the palace-temple, all these arrest the eye, and almost overwhelm, while they delight the imagination.

The hills on the left bank of the river have more the appearance of being the ashes of a fire-devoured world, than a living portion of God's fair earth, whilst their component parts appear equally strange and unnatural. The flinty stones, whether in huge blocks or minute as marbles, are white and globular as if they had been rolled in some torrent for ages. Large shells are abundantly plentiful, all of them frozen into flint. The most remarkable of these petrifactions were circular masses, beautifully shaped, resembling some description of fruit. In form, they had the appearance of a massive ring, a lesser and flatter circle filling up the interior of the larger — 'a wheel within a wheel.' In some places the ground was covered with flat stones or shells, that bore every appearance of coins, or of the wadding of a gun. Many other portions of the desert of the Nile resemble the hills and plain of Thebes, and the question naturally suggests itself, when and how they were thus reduced to a sterility which the shores of the Dead Sea cannot parallel. Had they been the same from immemorial time, it is not likely that great cities would have sprung up upon them; and, on the other hand, it is certain that no sudden or violent convulsion of nature can have occurred since Thebes was built, or its monuments would have been crumbled by the shock. Unexampled, indeed, has been the vial of wrath which has been poured out upon the land of Egypt. Where so many antiquities have been brought to light, it is certain that many more remain concealed. Tombs undiscovered, and therefore unmarred by Belzoni, doubtless still exist among the calcareous hills of Thebes; and at Karnack and Luxor, the deep brown sand (which closely resembling guano, would be invaluable to many of the dealers in that commodity) as certainly retains unnumbered treasures. The fact has been recognised by the Egyptian government, and M. Maunier, a Frenchman, has been appointed by the pacha to prosecute researches. This gentleman and his wife—the only Europeans in the district—have fixed their abode at Luxor; and M. Maunier finds in the interest of his occupation a compensation for the isolation of his position. We carried away with us a lively sense of the kindly welcome we received from this active and intelligent gentleman; and during our short sojourn at Luxor, his efforts were crowned with some success. We had scarcely arrived, when a small but elegant statue of Osiris was dug up, and before our departure, some Arabs, not, however, in M. Maunier's employment, accidentally discovered a more valuable antiquity. This was a double statue of a priest and his wife in black marble. The figures, which were nearly the size of life, were seated, one arm of each being thrown around the person of the other.

To the sportsman as well as to the antiquary, Thebes would present many attractions. Thousands of geese and ducks, as well as the larger birds of the Nile, frequent the neighbourhood. The sand-grouse or Egyptian partridge, a beautiful bird, bearing all the characteristics of game, but having the flight of the plover, abound among the long hilfeh grass. Here, too, foxes are to be found in what may be called perfect 'warrens.' While shooting near Karnack, I started several every hundred yards I walked, and sometimes saw three, four, and even five, almost within shot at the same instant. After seeing so many foxes, if the story of Samson and the 'three hundred' remained still a riddle, it ceased to appear so perfectly a miracle as it had hitherto done.

* The fellow of the great obelisk at Paris stands at Luxor; a noble monument, in perfect preservation.

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But Thebes introduced us to larger game. For a hundred miles we had looked for crocodiles with anxious eyes, but, though we had passed many of their haunts, and had offered a reward to the Arab who should first discover one, we looked in vain. At length the cry arose that a *timseach* was in sight, and we saw what appeared to be the trunk of a tree, extended on a sloping bank of sand. The animal allowed us to approach within some sixty paces of where he lay, when he slowly slid forwards to the water. As he moved, I sent him a heavy rifle-ball, aiming a little behind his shoulder. The '*ploup*' of the bullet as it struck the enormous brute was loud and unmistakeable, but the next instant he had plunged into the Nile, and we saw no more of him. A few days afterwards an Arab found a crocodile disabled on the strand, and, firing two shots down his throat, succeeded in killing him. Measuring this animal, I found he was twenty-five feet from the nose to the extremity of the tail, a length to which I have seen it doubted that the crocodile ever reached. Its size was considered prodigious by the natives. As I was only partially successful in my efforts to convince myself that it was *my* rifle that had dealt the death-blow to this leviathan, I shall not endeavour to persuade the reader that it was no other than the crocodile I had fired at. While at Thebes, the Arabs captured a smaller crocodile, twelve feet in length, in a net. He was brought to Luxor, strongly bound and muzzled, and there fastened to the bank, on the margin of the Nile. Using liberties with the captive, I placed one foot on his scaly back, when, with a savage growl, he made a plunge at me, and, with a flourish of his tail, threw me with violence on the sand.

As we ascended the river, we saw many crocodiles, and on one occasion passed within twenty yards of seven of these monsters—a horrible covey—basking on the edge of a rock. Before I could snatch up my rifle, they had slid into the water.

Our voyage terminated at Asouan, the ancient Syene, but we proceeded by land to Philæ, and made a short excursion into Nubia. Awakening at early morning at Asouan, we found the boat already surrounded by a crowd of curiosity-venders, men with Nubian spears, war-clubs, stuffed crocodiles, live monkeys, and antiquities, real and pretended. The boys were naked; the girls had a fringe of leather, and the men, as usual, a bandage of linen around their loins. They found a ready market for their commodities, though some were too palpably spurious to obtain a purchaser. The proprietor of an ancient image, still hot from the fire at which it had been calcined, understood that his trick was detected, but the vender of a halfpenny of George III., seemed astonished that so perfect a coin excited no admiration. Here, for the first time, we saw the Almeh girls, whose dances are a common, but not very discreet, amusement of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt. The exhibition was at least curious, as a display of flexibility of muscle and limb, and those who have been surprised, as I was, by the 'dance of the wasp,' are not likely soon to forget the performance. The Moslem musicians, I understand, usually veil their faces, in accordance with the teaching of the Koran, when this dance is executed; but on this occasion their consciences were undisturbed, as the Almehs had employed five blind men for their band. Subsequently, I have seen them perform at Egyptian marriages, when, though the female portion of the company certainly required the *yashmacs* in which they were veiled, the exhibitions were far from being carried to such a length as was indulged in at Asouan.

Having been expelled from Cairo, the Almehs had lived, for some time, in a sort of banishment at Esne, but had been allowed to quit it a short time before our visiting the place by Abbas Pacha, whom we saw there on our arrival. He was on a tour of justice throughout his southern pachalic, and right royally did he hold his court, whilst his stout figure, and bluff, jolly appearance, reminded us of the portraits of Henry VIII. Some evil-disposed persons had, it appeared, injured a telegraph. The pacha convicted one of them, and the day we arrived at Esne he was sown up in a sack, and thrown into the Nile. A gallows stood ready for another offender, whose execution we might have witnessed had we chosen.

Abbas Pacha ruled despotically, but was certainly not the monster which the gossip of Cairo represented him to be. Among many stories, we were confidently told that one of his acts of justice was the following:—A woman complained to him that one of his slaves had drank five paras' worth of milk, which he refused to

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pay for. The lad denied the transaction, upon which the pacha had him ripped up, and on seeing the milk, gave the woman the paras, remarking, that had she told an untruth, she would have shared the lot of the slave. I afterwards observed this story, word for word, stated in 'Murray's Guide-book,' as a fact in the life of Defterdar Bey, son-in-law of Mehemet Ali. I was certain, however, I had seen the tale elsewhere, and ultimately recollected that Gibbon relates an exactly similar atrocity, perpetrated by Bajazet in presence of the captive princes of France.

Asouan appeared to be a depôt for slaves brought from Abyssinia and Upper Ethiopia. They were, for the most part, confined in pens like sheep, but appeared better fed, less dejected, and in many cases much better-looking, than the native population. Several of the women were actually handsome. They were clothed in nothing save their own black shining skins, though they wore ornaments, and had their very bushy, but not long hair, parted in the midst, elaborately plaited, and saturated with grease and fat. Thus decked, it stood out like large mops on either side of the head. They were, in fact, belles highly 'got up,' to attract purchasers. On approaching them, they held out their hands, showed their white teeth, and shouted the universal word 'backsheesh.' That expression might be supposed by a traveller to be the sole language of the Egyptian. Being the single utterance we heard addressed to us by man, woman, and child, upon every occasion, and no occasion, we sometimes affected to mistake it for a salutation—the 'God be with you!' of the Turks—and, making a salaam, repeated the word, and passed on. The labourers in the field cease their work to rush towards you with the familiar exclamation, the women breathe it through their *yashmacs* as they meet you on the road. On passing a large sulphur work near Karnack, the workmen, some thirty in number, suddenly caught sight of us, and with one impulse instantly threw down their tools, and rushing towards us, were just preparing to scream 'backsheesh!' when I anticipated them, and shouted it with such force of lungs, that the utterly naked array stopped in astonishment. Perhaps the most amusing instance occurred at Luxor. I visited a school, where about forty boys were seated on the floor reading the Koran. The moment I entered, the whole children sprang to their feet. Like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, every arm was stretched out simultaneously, and every voice exclaimed, 'backsheesh!' The schoolmaster made some show of reproving this outburst, but the instant he had obtained comparative silence, he whispered 'backsheesh' in my ear on his own account. At Nagad, where the population is Coptic, we observed many differences in appearance and manners from the other dwellers on the Nile, but their chief peculiarity consisted in this, that though we were accompanied to our boat by a vast number of persons, we were not asked by one of them for 'backsheesh.'

The temples of Philæ, dedicated to the great triad Osiris, Isis, and Horus, occupy a spot once the most sacred, and still the most beautiful, in the valley of the Nile. They stand upon one of several flowery islets, surrounded by fantastic rocks of black granite, amidst which the scattered waters thread their way in sparkling streams, and which almost close in the scene with their jagged peaks and high toppling crags. Groups of palm-trees spring up amidst the cliffs, and droop their long branches over broken columns and ruined colonnades.

The temples are rich in hieroglyphics, and in beautifully sculptured scenes, referring chiefly to the history of the gods to whom they were dedicated. On the walls, the *tau*, or 'sign of life,' appears very frequently, being generally in the hand of a priest. This symbol was at once adopted by the early Christians of Egypt for the cross, which it exactly resembles, save that the upper portion of the perpendicular shaft is in the form of a loop. But the accidental resemblance of the *tau* to the cross forms but a small portion of the strange similitude which exists between Christianity and the worship of 'him who sleeps in Philæ.'

When reflecting on the early religion of Egypt, we are apt to remember its later phases only, when the simple and sublime foundations upon which it rested had become buried by a fantastic superstructure, the result of priestly deception and popular credulity. The unity of the Deity was the one grand fundamental doctrine of the Egyptian faith. His several attributes came to be represented by various figures, and as time rolled on, the forms of birds, and beasts, and fishes, were used as types and emblems to the eyes of

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men. The body of a man with the head of an eagle was an early illustration of the all-seeing God; and other animals indicated other perfections. The subsequent history of the religion is that of all religions where symbolical representation supersedes a purely spiritual worship. Nearly all the native Egyptians were either soldiers or priests, and the sovereign was generally both. Jealous of popular inquiry into the mysteries of a religion of which they were the sole repositories, the priesthood willingly allowed the people to confound the creature with the Creator. Bulls, crocodiles, and cats, became objects of veneration, and, latterly, the sinking kingdom adopted the gods of the Grecian and other mythologies. Multitudinous in the objects of its worship, the religion of Egypt became a pantheism rather than a polytheism.

The only divinities who retained the worship of the whole Egyptian nation were the Triad to whom Philæ was sacred—Isis (called Myrionymus, from the number of her titles), the 'Queen of Heaven,' and the 'Mother of the Child'—Horus her son, and Osiris her husband, the Manifester of Good and Truth. This beneficent deity, who appeared upon the earth for the benefit of men, was put to death by the malice of the evil one, was buried and rose again, and became the final judge of all the dead. His burial and resurrection occupy a prominent place in the sculptures of his temple. It has been conjectured that Moses refrained from any direct allusion to a future state, being afraid to awaken in the minds of the Hebrews a remembrance of the Egyptian faith in the great tribunal of Osiris.

The same romantic scenery which surrounds Philæ with so many beauties, extends along the banks of the Nile for some distance both above and below the cataracts. Having wandered, on one occasion, to these rapids, I sat down upon the crags that hem in the chief torrent. The rocks around, dark, smooth, and shining, closely resemble burnished bronze, and have, when struck, the same ringing metallic sound. They seem as if they had boiled up from the seething caldron beneath them. For a few moments the solitude was complete, and no sound was heard save the rushing of the waters. But suddenly, as if the rocks, which in colour they resembled, had given them birth, dark, imp-like figures started up from every nook and crevice, and sprung towards me from cliff to cliff. The spirits of the cataract seemed to have started up around me. Some fifty Nubians and negroes leaped among the rocks for an instant, and then, plunging into the stream, their black heads dotting the foamy torrent, and striking out their arms alternately in front of them, they swam swiftly to the lower extremity of the cataract. Landing, panting and breathless, they gasped out, 'Backsheesh! backsheesh!'

Though the 20th of January, the sun smote scorchingly down upon the smooth shining rocks, while the sparkling foam and the rushing torrent below, looked deliciously cool and inviting. Could all these imps of darkness play with the vortex, and enjoy its freshness, and yet not I? The temptation was strong, and the *mesmerism* of the scene irresistible. Enlisting two of the sable squadron as aids-de-camp, I quickly prepared to join in the aqueous sport. One Nubian I placed sentry over my clothes, the other I signalled was to watch over myself. Both understood signs to admiration. Plunging into the chief cataract, my amphibious companion leaped instantly after me. Down, down, down, far deeper than I had anticipated, the fierce stream sucked me, and then, without a volition of my own, I found myself rushing upwards, to be thrown half out of the water. My attendant, who must have been much more quickly at the surface, and who seemed to be wondering as to my whereabouts, was soon at my side, and the blacks on the shore shouted frantically, and beckoned the direction in which I ought to swim. But the strong current gave me no choice, and, fortunately, small space for reflection. Now whirling me round, now dragging me under, and then again tossing me above the surface, it swept me swiftly onwards, and carried me, in its own way, into a basin of tranquil waters. For some moments I was speechless from exhaustion, but shouting 'backsheesh!' with my first breath, the Nubians understood the joke, and hailed me with many manifestations of applause, but when I scattered some handfuls of paras among my naked constituency, no favourite at an election was ever more outrageously popular.

The colour of the natives had grown gradually darker as we approached the tropic, and on reaching Nubia, we found the population almost black. The labour-

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ers in the field, like the *fellahs* of Egypt, wore no clothing whatever, save one tight bandage round the loins, and many of the women had no covering, save a leather apron, little larger than the original fig leaf.

They appeared, however, very fond of rude ornaments, bracelets of glass and ivory, necklaces of beads, and large rings in the nostril, as well as in the upper and under portion of the ear. Both sexes delight in being steeped in a solution of grease. We found a colony of Nubians so low down as Esne, where one young woman attracted the attention of the party by her extraordinary obesity. The stout old sheikh of the tribe, thinking, apparently, that we ought to admire his person as much as we seemed that of his almost circular clanswoman, suddenly stripped off every rag he wore, and strutted about in front of all his tribe, uttering, at the same time, what seemed to be self-laudatory exclamations.

Had wishes been able to waft us, we should have sailed onwards, ever onwards, to Abyssinia, or the Mountains of the Moon, but we had reached the limits of our pilgrimage, and with reluctance we turned our vessel's prow, and glided towards the north. Stopping to visit those places we had not touched at during our upward voyage, we leisurely descended the river. The döm-palms* were left behind us, and again we saw the fields of sugar-cane and tobacco, and the endless harvests of Lower Egypt, where, during every season of the year, some crop has to be reaped.

Whilst sailing past some high cliffs, we observed two naked figures running along a ledge of rock. Presently they plunged into the water, and, with loud cries, ridiculously strove to overtake the boat, which was already much in advance, and going very fast.

It turned out these men were mendicant monks, brethren of a Coptic convent amidst the rocks. These amphibious ecclesiastics spend their time in watching the boats of travellers, and swimming swiftly after them, bellow for 'backsheesh.'

One day a strong wind blew up the river, raising a thousand curling waves, which made the mighty Nile look more sea-like than its wont; and ever and anon came clouds of sand, drifting so thickly, that, when they passed, it was impossible to see a hundred yards before us. Unfortunately, in the midst of this storm our vessel ran on a sand-bank, and stuck hard and fast in the middle of the river. To try to get her off, the sailors got into the small boat, and one of them for some purpose leaped into the river. Perhaps he imagined the water was not beyond his depth, or he may have mistaken the strength of the current. Be that as it may, Arab though he was, he was quickly swept away. Alarm was not instantaneously taken, and in a minute's time the man was carried far down the stream. Then a cry arose to save him, and the men in the boat strained at the oar with all their might, but the wind, beating strongly against them, made their progress painfully slow. The Arab, who had at first wisely made for the shore, afterwards turned, and attempted to meet the boat by facing the stream, but the current carried him backwards, and he was already almost choked by the waves, which lashed over him in rapid succession. We scarcely dared to breathe during that terribly exciting race, which death appeared to be upon the point of winning. The strength of the men in the boat was waning, that of their comrade was gone. Once he flung up his arms, and gave a long, wild cry, and all seemed over, when a providential lull of the wind enabled the boat to shoot forward, and the man was saved.

I have seen men and women struggling with death in the water, and have seen them sink helplessly to rise no more alive, but this was the only occasion on which I had the pain of witnessing

> 'The convulsive splash,
> The solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,
> Of a strong swimmer in his agony.'

* The döm, or Theban palm, has a most peculiar appearance. Unlike the date palm, it is a short bushy tree, the leaves being (though considerably larger) exactly the shape of a lady's fan, fully spread. Stiff and fibrous, they all start bolt upright from the branches, whilst the fruit resembles clusters of enormous walnuts. The tree does not grow in Lower Egypt.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

'Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything.'—*The Tempest.*

From on board the French steamer Egyptus, at Alexandria, we waved a final adieu to the two companions with whom, for four thousand miles, we had travelled over those portions of the world which, to the end of time, will continue to draw distant wanderers to their shores, pilgrims eager to visit those lands that have been the cradle of the human race, the theatre of events the most renowned in story, the birth-place of our religion, as well as the soil from whence sprang all our lore, and all our learning. Our friends were bound for Trieste, we for Marseilles. Our voyage, as far as Malta, was as pleasant as fine weather, a fine ship, a gentlemanly captain, and a polite set of officers, could make it.

On quitting the island, we left behind us all that had remained of the warmth of Egypt; and cold, dense fogs for some time hung around the vessel. Suddenly the mist drew up like a curtain, the sun shone out, and we saw the wild hills of Sicily close on our starboard bow. I looked upon them not without emotion, as they seemed to bring before me a glimpse of bygone years. Once before, returning as then from foreign travel, I had threaded these hills, a roving lad, with Frenchmen for companions, free and careless as myself—as young, and far more gay.

'We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea—
Oh, but we went merrily!
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Fresh we woke upon the morrow;
All our thoughts and words had scope;
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow;
And through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew, nor blither.'

No man can say he has really known the joys of travel whose first pilgrimage was not performed in boyhood. Ah, 'mi lord Anglais,' and your excellent middle-aged 'pater-familias,' with your accomplished couriers, who cater for you, speak for you, bully for you, think for you, do you really imagine that *you* have travelled, because you have been transported in your commodious carriages from one 'lion' to another, along the highways of Europe?

But my thoughts were recalled from the past to the present by the rapidly rising wind and the gathering waves, over which our ship swept gaily, driven by a breeze that was full in our favour.

The bounding motion was delightful, and we enjoyed it without a thought of storms; but, as night drew on, the captain, foreseeing rougher weather, had every spar secured, and made the ship as 'snug' as possible. It might be about ten at night, just after we had comfortably 'turned in,' when a sudden change of motion told us that the wind had veered about. No longer sweeping smoothly on, the ship began to roll and pitch. This speedily increased, till at length it was scarcely possible to remain in 'berths;' and, fearing to be thrown out, we stretched ourselves on the floor, holding by the fixtures. Still there was no fear, and the novelty of the scene made it almost a comic one. But our mirth was short-lived. The wind, which had been gradually rising, now blew a gale, and the sea came swelling down upon us in mountain billows, throwing the ship almost upon her side, to recover herself only at long intervals, when she swung frightfully over in the opposite direction. The struggles and indescribable noises of a small steamer in a rough sea often remind me of a rat shaken by a terrier, but there was something grand in the manner in which our large ship wrestled with the waves. One by one the lights had been thrown down and extinguished, and finally the pendant lamp of the saloon was wrenched from its place. It continued to burn, till I put it out, among a debris of broken furniture, in the midst of which it had been cast. This left us in total darkness. Water now began to ooze from every crevice, and with each lurch the crash of breaking glass and crockery sounded through the cabin. At intervals the shrill screams of a number of geese added to the wildness of the scene; but all at once this sound ceased, a wave hav-

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ing swept them into the darkness, and with them the hen-coop, and one or two sheep. But suddenly a commotion was heard on deck, that to a landsman seemed to indicate that some catastrophe had happened. Had we carried guns, I should have thought they were rolling them from side to side, to help to right the ship. It was, in fact, something not altogether different. Several ponderous barrels had broken loose, and were whirling furiously about, causing much havoc in their course, and threatening to crush any one who came in their way. While thus we lay, in darkness and in dread, but still gradually becoming accustomed to the terrors of the night, the ship made one desperate plunge, as if to dive head-foremost into the deep. At the same moment, with a crash like thunder, a heavy sea struck her on the side, as if to drive her irrevocably downwards. We did not dare to breathe till we felt the vessel slowly rising. Just as she did so, a vast wave fell right upon the deck, and, sweeping along it, poured in torrents into the cabin, which it filled with water to a considerable depth. The impulse to rush on deck and look upon the worst was irresistible, and staggering to the cabin stairs, I gazed out upon the terrible scene. The wave that had seemed to us to threaten our destruction, had swept away the porch that guarded the entrance to the cabin, and I could, therefore, look around without exposing myself on deck. I could, at first, distinguish no human being, but sheet-lightning that flashed through driving hail and whirling spray, lit up the scene with a fitful glare. The ship seemed to lie upon its side, one paddle-box being level with the water, the other high in the air. A single sail, set, as I knew, to steady the vessel, appeared to landsman's eyes to be wrenching her over with all the lever of the mast.

'Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

Three elements appeared to contend with each other whose our poor ship should be. Wild wind and stormy water, allied powers, strove to strangle her, whilst fire, the fiercest of them all, but tamed and docile, sent from below a cheering gleam, which reminded me that with strong force we were still steadily impelled. A heavy blow on the breast, from the edge of a wave, drove me below. There were, fortunately, no passengers save ourselves, and we tried to assure each other that almost no ocean steamer was ever fairly overwhelmed — beaten to death, and drowned—in the open sea. The dismal records of steam-ship disaster almost uniformly point to accident as the cause of catastrophe. The very moment we so spoke, the idea was receiving an additional illustration, as the unfortunate passengers of the Victoria were at that instant struggling in the water in Dublin Bay, their ship having been driven on a precipice, not by storm, but by carelessness. Our situation was sufficiently pitiable. While I had gathered confidence, from seeing that on deck every man was quietly doing his duty, all within the cabin was already a wreck, and with every roll of the ship the water surged across the floor, whilst the ship rose so slowly, I could not banish the idea that she was waterlogged. Day brought some respite—light in itself no slight one—but with the evening the storm again increased. Indeed, it blew more violently than before, but we felt it less, being, as I afterwards learned, screened, to some extent, by the high land of Sardinia, under which we had sought shelter. After two nights of storm, calm came again. Oh! the blessing of that change! Each individual felt *that* within his breast which none, perhaps, could well describe. We came on deck to congratulate each other. Our gallant captain, whose brow had been deeply cut during the storm, and whose appearance showed that he too had passed through an ordeal, pressed us warmly by the hand, as he expressed his sympathy for what we had suffered. *Acti labores sunt jucunde.* These troubles were soon forgotten; and, landing at comfortable Marseilles, we were only reminded of our dangers past, by seeing a poor drowned child carried from the beach, a token that some ill-starred ship had battled with the storm less successfully than ours had done.

The difficulties and the delights, the pains and the pleasures of travel are over, but not the cherished remembrance of the scenes through which we passed; and our pilgrimage, if sometimes chequered by discomfort, and even by danger, will nevertheless remain in our memories

'A thing of beauty, and a joy for ever.'

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SISTER ANNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOVE IN IDLENESS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS BLACKBURN'S VISITERS.

A MAY morning, fresh, sweet, and bright; the soft air ringing with the songs of birds, and fragrant with flowers, that covered bank and slope, woody nooks and secret dells of the contented earth; tender clouds, islanding the blue heaven; and the gracious sunshine upon all—pure, and serene, and hopeful, as only spring sunshine ever is.

Mr Joy lifted up his face to that same sunshine, and paused long in his occupation. It was that of planting out young geraniums in the flower-borders immediately under the windows of his mistress's favourite sitting-room. At one of these windows occasionally appeared the face of Miss Blackburn. She was pacing up and down the apartment, it seemed, and ever and anon stopped and looked out, with eyes that borrowed no light or clearness from the morning. The dark, mobile face was disturbed; and restlessness and anxiety were evident enough in her every look and movement. Presently she opened the window:—

'Joy, have you sent the flowers to Thornhill?'

'Half-an-hour ago, ma'am. Likewise the 'sparrer-grass and the strawberries. Little Jim took 'em.'

'Has he returned yet?'

'No, ma'am. He's a slow boy, is Jim, partick'ler at this time o' year. You see the primroses and such like are a temptation to him. He always comes back with a great bunch stuck in his hat. Also, he's set his mind on getting the first branch of May blossom. He does, every year, and it hinders him of his arrands, I don't deny. But bless you, ma'am, it's very natural.'

'I shall want him to go to Thornhill again as soon as he returns,' said his mistress; 'he must take word that I have to stay at home to-day. I am hourly expecting the arrival of a friend who is coming from London to see me, so that I shall not be able to go to Miss Dynevor as I had arranged.'

'Poor young lady, she did look bad, sure*ly*, yesterday, when I see her a-sitting at the window; just for all the world like a flower that's come out too soon, and got nipped, and blown about, and all the colour dried out of it. It quite vexed me to see it, so it did. She seemed such a nice, quiet young lady, too,' went on Mr Joy, leaning on his spade, and assuming an air of meditative concern, 'and took a deal of interest in the garden. And she was just beginning to know about the place. I used to meet her early in the mornings when I rode to the post—walking along the north road, or the wood-lane—walking at a pace. For all that, though, she didn't look special strong.'

'No. But she will get stronger now. Hillington air will make her strong, Joy, depend upon it.'

'If anything will, ma'am,' he returned, with grave confidence. 'But you see, sometimes, air don't seem to be the thing that's wanted to set people to rights. Don't you remember the young lady they brought here last April two years—her as died the evening before her wedding day? How the doctors said she'd be sure to get well in this healthy, pleasant place, and how her father and mother believed it, and even her husband that was to be got quite bright-like about it. And yet there she lies under the white stone in our churchyard, close to the wood she was so fond of. Poor young thing!'

'I remember her,' said Miss Blackburn, softly, half to herself. She added, in a quick, almost peevish tone, 'I don't see what all this has to do with Miss Dynevor. You are of a terribly lugubrious turn of mind, Joy;' and she turned away, leaving him to pursue his work in happy ignorance of the meaning of the adjective she had applied to him.

Jim returned; the note was written and despatched; and Miss Blackburn sat down, and began her knitting. A wonderful piece of handiwork was that knitting. Intended for a window-curtain, and wrought in a pattern specially devised for its easiness of execution and simplicity of stitch, it existed as a perpetual remembrancer and inexorable diary of its maker's 'states of mind.' An English day, all sunshine, would be no greater marvel than a single row of Miss Blackburn's knitting without a mistake. She was precisely of that vehement, im-

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patient temperament, which might be not unaptly designated as anti-needleworkian. Her fingers moved swiftly but not deftly; there was no nicety in her performances, at the best and quietest of times. And when any disturbance was in progress, when any suspense tried the imperfectly regulated mind, or when there was any bitterness newly rising in the poor, tossed heart, that had not yet found its peace, then she had a habit of sitting down to her 'work,' and the unlucky window-curtain became a sort of practical confessional, and, at the same time, the victim of the penance. Then were stitches dropped, and twisted, and misplaced, and entangled cotton was impatiently jerked until it broke; and then did strange intricacies appear, and unthought-of variations diversified the simple 'barley-corn' pattern which was the original intention of the designer and planner of the drapery.

Not long, however, did the weaving proceed this morning. Visiters were announced. Two ladies and a gentleman were ushered into the room—habited, booted, and spurred—members of one of the 'county families.' They had taken Hillington Place in their morning's ride, as a favourable opportunity of paying a visit to its mistress. Had they known all, they might have postponed their morning call even to an apparently less convenient occasion. However, Miss Blackburn put by her knitting, and assumed as pleasant a smile as was consistent with assumption. She sat down and conversed blandly, and listened politely to the mild chit-chat of the Misses Egerton, and the interspersed remarks of their brother, a fine specimen of a young squire, who could not sit still in his chair for two minutes together, but strode to the window, looked at the pictures on the walls, yawned, gesticulated with his riding-whip, and seemed generally uneasy, not to say unhappy, at finding himself in feminine society. Miss Blackburn felt quite a sympathy with his discomfort; he could not wish himself away more heartily than she did—though she concealed her aspiration with something more of good breeding.

In the midst of Miss Egerton's description of a proposed archery meeting, anent which both she and her sister were warming into unusual animation, the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room, unannounced. Young Mr Egerton had an observation on his lips, and no possible occurrence could or should prevent its utterance. So he went on to state what a capital shot Sir Charles Blackburn used to be, while Miss Blackburn rose from her chair, with a cheek flushed darkly—almost as much from annoyance as pleasure—and clasped the hand of the new comer.

'Is it possible? Mr Avarne!' cried the Misses Egerton, in a soprano duet, *con molto allegro*, while their brother chimed in with a deep bass of, 'Well, I'll be hanged if ——' leaving the rest of his astonishment to the eloquent expression of his eyes and mouth.

Mr Avarne duly responded to these testimonials of delighted surprise. Miss Blackburn envied him the calm equanimity with which he sat down and prepared to listen and reply to the Egertonian small-talk. She looked at him, meanwhile, closely, narrowly, till she could bear it no longer, and the choking in her throat warned her to turn her eyes, and as much of her thoughts as would go with them, to something else.

But her old friend, and this the son of that friend, lived too constantly at her heart to be even momentarily exiled. And he was so altered. A vision came before her, of the boy she had first seen at his mother's knee, bright-eyed and radiant with life and energy; and then the slow, wholesome growth she had watched, until he ceased to be a boy, and took his place among men. These visions slid before her eyes, for a moment blotting out the reality—a worn face, and the broad temples, over which now very thinly fell the black hair, and the eyes unnaturally large and earnest, as if with watching and much thought. A more impassive calm rested on his features than had been wont. The expression was brave, manly, kind, and good, as of old, but it seldom changed. The sudden lights and shades never visited his face now. He listened to Miss Egerton's chatter with the same attentive, quiet air, whether she spoke of hunts, balls, and county families, or—of friends of his own, as she was proceeding to do.

'You are not aware of the acquisition Hillington society has recently received? Literary, too. You will be sure to sympathise. Mr Dynevor, the author, has come to live amongst us. I suppose you know him?'

'I do, and I can congratulate you feelingly on your good fortune. He is a man

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whose brilliant talent is but one of his claims to admiration and esteem.'

'Dear me, that is truly delightful,' observed Miss Egerton, while her sister, Miss Laura, added an inquiry:—

'And the family, Mr Avarne? Do you know anything of his wife and daughters? But I suppose *they* did not mix in the same circles; I know that literary men ——'

'Oh, pardon me; I never met Mr Dynever in any society of which ladies did not form a part,' briefly inserted Mr Avarne.

'What are you thinking of, Miss Laura?' cried her hostess, sharply. 'Where did you gather such notions of literary men, and their wives and daughters? For my part, it is the literary man's daughter that I know most about. She is my *friend*.'

Mr Avarne's glance flashed on her with an instant's resumption of its ancient brightness. Miss Laura slowly struggled out of her dilemma as she best might.

'I am sure, if I had guessed —— But my ignorance must plead my excuse. How glad we shall be to make their acquaintance; shall we not, Sophia?'

'Yes, indeed,' replied the young lady, graciously.

And her brother nipped in the bud a somewhat sarcastic rejoinder from Miss Blackburn, by proceeding to impart *his* sentiments on the subject:—'We want some fresh faces badly enough—that's all I know. Don't care who they are, if they're young, and agreeable, and ready to dance; and if they can ride, so much the better.'

'And we have seen Miss Dynevor,' added his sister; 'we met her with her little brother and sister two days since on the H—— road.'

'Remarkably good-looking girl, too,' pronounced Mr Egerton, emphasising the observation with a fresh slash of the whip at his boot.

Mr Avarne rose from his chair, and moved from the group, apparently to examine some plants on a stand at the window.

'That must have been Miss Helen Dynevor,' Miss Blackburn said. 'Her elder sister has been ill, and is only just slowly recovering.'

'Dear me! how distressing! Laura, had you any idea it was so late? Mr Avarne's appearance'—with a benignant smile wasted on the flower-stand—'has quite made us forget everything else. We must really be going now.'

Adieux, civil and sweet, followed, with an addition to Mr Avarne, of earnest inquiries as to when they should see him at Egerton Park. But civilities, and sweetnesses, and invitations, seemed all alike lost on this invulnerable gentleman, who stood in a somewhat stiff phase of courtesy, bowing his thanks, and uttering words, few, but definitive, as to the profferred hospitality. He should be in London again the next day; and at the end of the week he left England, probably for some years.

'You don't mean it?' cried Mr Egerton, with his favourite astonished look. 'Why, we were going to ask you to come to us next September, to help kill our partridges. Couldn't you wait?'

'You are very kind. Unhappily, my plans do not admit of postponement.'

A terzetto of regret, hopes, and valedictions followed, till the door closed, and the two old friends were left alone.

'Now, Walter, you needn't be *Mr Avarne* a minute longer,' cried Miss Blackburn, impatiently, but with an air of infinite relief, as she invited him to a cushioned chair on one side of the window recess. She herself took the other, and both of them looked out in silence for some minutes.

'There seems to be no change here,' at length said he. 'It looks just as it did that May morning, four years ago, when we came to stay a month with you. I could almost declare that is the same thrush on the lawn there, which I remember was then singing on the lower branch of the great walnut-tree. As for the bees, they *are* the same; I know their voices.' He smiled; then went on, in a slower and softer tone:—'It is pleasant, and comforting, and restful, to come back into something that is unaltered and unalterable. Nature, like sorrow, is "so constant and so kind;" and then—she is a visible symbol of the Eternal Constancy which is over all.'

'Why do you run away from her, then?' demanded his friend, peremptorily, eager, perhaps, to hide the gathering softness in her eyes. 'Why in the world exile yourself from all that you most appreciate and care for? I used to glory in your love for English scenes, and English things. But it is all theory, it seems: and I hate your theoretical enthusiasts, who are practical dullards. If you have an affection for *home*, show it, and live it, and prove it. Don't run away from a thing because you love it; there's no sense in that.'

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'Isn't there? I'm afraid there is sometimes,' replied Walter Avarne. 'It is a hard duty; but if it *be* a duty ——'

'What have you taken into your head about "duty?" I am afraid only of two things in the world—a mad dog, and *you*, when you get possessed with some idea of duty. If you thought it right to set this house on fire, I know you would do it, and burn us all up without any compunction.'

'And you would hand me the lucifer match with which to fire the pile, wouldn't you?'

'Not a bit of it. I'd lay an information against you at the nearest magistrate, and have you bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace, and not leave the country. I wish, indeed, that I could do that,' she went on, gravely; 'only you are not mercenary enough to care about the forfeit. You would pay the thousand pounds, and go.'

'Indeed, you are greatly mistaken; I have the highest esteem and consideration for a thousand pounds.'

'Really?'

She looked at him, laughing; but something in his face made her look again, seriously and inquiringly.

'Yes, it is true. At this mature age I am learning a new lesson—the value of money. More than that, I am going to learn a newer yet—to gain some for myself.'

'*You* are? Walter Avarne, son of Colonel Avarne, formerly of Moorhead Park in the county of ——, and grandson of—of ——'

'Ah, you may well stop there,' he cried, laughing. 'You see the family glory, according to heraldic notions, does not extend very far back. Unhappily for my pride of ancestry, most happily for every other sort of pride, my grandfather was a man of business. I am going to begin life on the patrimony I derive from him, his good name, and remembered integrity, and mercantile talents. If it had not been for that, I should probably not be received, as I now am, junior partner in the firm of Johnson, Gray, & Ryland, Jamaica Merchants, Mincing Lane, and Kingston, Jamaica. You appear overwhelmed.'

'So I am; so I was, at least,' said Miss Blackburn, drawing a long breath. 'Oh, Walter, how comes this?'

'It is rather a long story, yet resolvable into a very simple statement. At my father's death ten years ago, I discovered involvements and embarrassments which, dealt with in the only right and practicable manner, reduced the estate of Moorhead to something merely nominal. It was possible, however, to keep my mother in happy ignorance of this;—*she* never knew. But now it is necessary to work upwards; that is to say, if it is not exactly necessary, I choose to consider that it is. I am glad of an occasion for plunging into active, useful life. And it will be a good thing and a pleasant thing to reclaim Moorhead, she loved it so well.'

'But—but is there no other way? Is no other career open to you, Walter?'

'Yes; an old friend of my father's offered me a commission in his regiment. I preferred Johnson, Gray, & Ryland, and declined, with thanks.'

'I had no idea your predilections were so exclusively commercial,' observed Miss Blackburn, laughing rather sharply.

'Nor are they. If I saw other work before me worthy the doing, and that I believed myself worthy to undertake, I would hail it gladly, pursue it steadfastly. But none such offers itself. Out of the blankness and blackness of a long time of doubt and uncertainty, surely arises at length a guiding ray of light. A way will be *indicated*, if we only wait; and in this case it has been so. I have utter faith in the wisdom and advantage of the course I intend to follow.'

'But why choose this particular calling?' persisted Miss Blackburn. 'I'm sure you are not especially fitted for that sort of work. If you want to distinguish yourself, why don't you go into Parliament, for instance?'

'Well, for one objection,' Walter replied, with a certain amused gravity, 'my income just falls short of the requisite £300 per annum. There are a few other reasons, but this one is cogent, you must admit.'

'Very well, then. There is your friend Lord —— in the ministry. He has more than once, to my knowledge, hinted at his wish that you would accept an official appointment. What could be more advantageous?'

'I choose to earn my advantages before I enjoy them,' answered Mr Avarne, flushing slightly. 'I have never done anything to merit favour at the hands of government: I don't repudiate reward; but I scorn a bribe, be it never so prettily disguised.'

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'I am not silenced,' cried Miss Blackburn, with obstinate vehemence; 'I don't care for all these difficulties. There are, there must be, a thousand ways by which you, with your position, influence, talent, may plunge into active, useful life, without abandoning your class and your country, abjuring your tastes and privileges, as you seem resolved on doing.'

'I assure you I have no such dire resolves in my mind,' he answered, with a smile. 'As for my "class"—but, perhaps, you would define that somewhat vague term before I pledge myself to anything regarding it—I am afraid I am to be humbled by finding you place me lower than I had thought.'

'Nonsense, oh, nonsense!' cried his friend, colouring. 'I won't be talked down by you. Walter Avarne, I believe you are going to do a Quixotic thing; and it is my determination and my *duty* (there's your own word for it!) to protest against it to the very utmost, and till the last minute ——'

'Of the existence of your belief?' Mr Avarne put in. 'Of course. But I assure you, that belief is presently going to die a natural death. Listen to me for only a few minutes.'

'I have a great mind *not* to listen,' muttered his friend; 'I know you of old —you have such a cold, quiet, reasonable way with you—you argue so logically, you convince even when you can't persuade: and I wish neither to be convinced nor persuaded.'

'Honour to candour!' cried Mr Avarne, laughing; 'at least no one can complain of *you* for being too reasonable.'

He went on quietly, patiently, and succinctly, to tell her his plans, entering more fully into his reasons for adopting them. His mother's West India estates, it seemed, were now the only available property he possessed, and this had determined him on embarking in the firm, and also on going to Jamaica personally, to inspect and examine into the condition of the plantations.

'And how long do you intend to remain among your sugar-canes?' inquired Miss Blackburn, still with a louring brow.

'Two years, perhaps, not longer.'

'Not longer?' she echoed; 'oh, you are a heartless person—so coolly resolving to leave this dear England—its blessed, wholesome climate; its myriad associations; its fair, succeeding seasons. Look out at this window, and remember what you are doing in banishing yourself from spring for two years. In your whole life you can never redeem that loss.'

'Believe me, I have counted the forfeit,' he answered, sadly, and paused.

'Besides,' went on his companion, impetuously, 'you are not so extremely youthful that you can afford to sink two years in such an uncivilised, out-of-the-world place as Jamaica. You ought to take your stand *here*—at home. You ought to make for yourself an innermost and dearer home. In a word, instead of wandering about the world a solitary, unsettled sojourner in strange places, you should fill up your life—"give hostages to fortune." The sole thing wanting to complete your character, Walter,' concluded Miss Blackburn, with slow decision, 'is, that you should fall in love.'

He made no answer, but gazed fixedly out at the radiant prospect. She continued, in a lighter tone.

'I've no patience with you for being so long about it. For these last five years I've been expecting to see the ominous tokens appear; but no—there's neither more nor less sentimentality about you than ever there was. I can't convict you of any more poetical tendencies than you have manifested ever since you were sixteen. You had a wholesome distaste for Byron, and awe of Milton, and love of Shakspere then, as you have now; and you prefer Beethoven to Mozart, as you always did—a very bad sign. And now, there only needed this money-making concern to drive everything else out of your mind. I know how it will all end, Walter, and I am provoked, disappointed, cruelly, cruelly! You, that might have been so good—so great:—to think that I may live to see you a calculating, speculating, hard-headed, old bachelor man of business. You will grow selfish in solitude—men always do; and *economical*, I suppose,' with unutterable scorn—'a fine, manly, expansive virtue wherewith to embellish your latter days. And all because one gap in your character has never been filled up—the sharp angles never smoothed away, as they ought to have been. And so you will harden and roughen, till the world will not know you from common clay at last.' She stopped from sheer breathlessness.

'My friend,' said Mr Avarne, gently, after a brief pause, 'you are speaking hastily, judging unjustly. I have no extreme pride, no undue confidence in my-

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self; but your estimate falls far below even my own. I am *not* likely to sink into such a character as you describe. My mother's son will never be either an avaricious speculator, or a cold-hearted utilitarian. As for the rest, we cannot command circumstances or influences. They are at a disposal wider and more merciful than ours. I am content to live my life with all its gaps unfilled, if it must be so. At least they shall rather remain empty, than contain other than God fitted them for. Now,' he added, rising from his seat, 'won't you let me have one last walk with you round the shrubberies? Remember, I must start at sunset.'

Poor Miss Blackburn was infinitely disturbed. Sadness made her cross; and her vexation again reacted upon her depression. Hers was not altogether a pleasant or soothing companionship that morning. If Walter Avarne had esteemed her or understood her less entirely, he might have had occasion to regret his hasty journey of sixty miles, undertaken solely in order to pass a few farewell hours with his old friend. Undertaken *solely* for this? The statement is perfectly correct. No thought of Thornhill had entered into his desire to go to Hillington; or, if it did, it rather delayed than furthered the accomplishment of the desire.

There was no sentimentalism about him. His was a strong, though a gentle nature. He would not suffer himself to entertain one vain regret: he scorned the weakness of lamenting *the inevitable*. Difficulties, even though apparently insurmountable, aroused all the latent energy and determination of his soul. Opposition spurred him to contest. While the goal existed, and for him—were it even placed midway between earth and heaven—he would have fought his way at least *towards* it, undaunted and unwearied. But to chafe against fate was no part of his creed or his practice. He permitted to himself no luxury of retrospection—no assuaging relief of softening tenderness. In this he was perhaps right, since the bent of his character was not towards the Spartan, or heroic. Where retrospection is not luxury, nor sadness a relief, it may be safely assumed as wholesome discipline to indulge in both. But the gentler temperament, to which they are most natural and most grateful, is the one in which they have need to be most rigidly held in check.

Therefore, when Miss Blackburn took her guest to the rising ground at the back of the house, and pointed out Thornhill Cottage to his notice, he glanced at it only, and turned away to look on the other side of the hill, where the sea was flashing back the sunlight to the skies. The sea was glorious that morning; it heaved in the west wind, a light foam crested its waves, and the sound of the advancing tide reached their ears, in a low, brooding murmur. Mr Avarne turned all his attention to this part of the prospect; but for once Miss Blackburn seemed willing to look in another direction.

'There is the old wood, you see, Walter, and the little church in the very midst, as it seems, from here. And there is the green lane: ah, how fond poor Anne is of that green lane. She used to walk up it every morning, till the very day she was too ill to leave her room. You know that she has been ill?'

'I heard you say so to Miss Egerton. But she is convalescent, now?'

'Yes, in a poor sort, though. She looks painfully fragile.'

'She will recover her strength this summer,' said Mr Avarne, in an unconsciously assured tone; 'that is,' he added, hastily, 'the change of air and scene will do their work. It cannot fail to restore her.'

'I trust so; and you know even now she repudiates the title of invalid. She lies on the sofa in their little drawing-room, working with such indefatigable fingers, most part of the day. I am glad you will see her. I know it will please her so much. She has a strong regard for you, I am sure.' There was no reply, so she continued, 'You will find her much changed.'

'I—find? What do you mean?' cried Mr Avarne, startled into an exclamation.

'Why, of course you will go and say good-by to your friends the Dynevors and the Grants?'

'Do you so dread the idea of an afternoon's tête-a-tête with me, then, that you are planning how it may be broken?' asked he, with a resolute smile. 'You will find me contumacious on the point. My adieux to my other Hillington friends may be safely made by proxy, I think. I have no intention of visiting them to-day.'

'Oh, if *you* don't think it necessary, I assure you I shall not complain. I had an idea that you were intimate with the Dynevors, and liked them much.'

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'It is quite true. I shall hope to resume my intimacy some years hence, when I return to England. *Now*, I had rather look in front, sternly and steadily,' he said, with a momentary abruptness, that Miss Blackburn thought she understood.

So she said no more on the subject of visits; and the sense of how much sorrow and heaviness of spirit might, nay, *must*, be hidden under his calm and even chill exterior, at length penetrated to her heart, and quieted her own disturbance. For the rest of her visiter's stay she was herself in her best mood; most thoughtful, most warmly affectionate, kind and vigorously cheerful.

. . . . . .

Albert had discovered an eligible friend and ally in the person of Mr Joy. A mutual attachment had sprung up between them. The boy found a never-ending interest and amusement in watching the various processes of gardening, and listening to Joy's continuous remarks, speculations, and pieces of information, the while; and the man was gratified by the eloquent flattery of his attention and constant companionship, and attracted, besides, by the way in which 'the young gentleman took so kindly like, to a spade and a hoe, and were so careful and tender over the flowers, as if he loved 'em, a'most.'

It was Albert's custom to make excuses for coming to Hillington Place at least once in the course of every day. Grace seldom accompanied him on these expeditions, especially since Anne's illness; for it was the little girl's delight to remain with her sister, waiting on her as much as she would permit herself to be waited on, watching her, chattering to her that frank, sweet child's talk that Anne, like most of us, felt her heart leap to sometimes, as to something more akin to its innermost self, more pure, and true, and innately holy, than all eloquence, or wisdom, or philosophy. In those long quiet afternoons Anne tasted much peace. The sharp suffering of physical prostration was past. The languor of illness was about her now, and it is an atmosphere through which all things are seen softened and subdued for the time. Pain itself falls with a dead, nerveless stroke on the body as on the spirit, which is already numbed by that which has gone before.

So, day after day, when Anne retired for rest and quiet to her own room, Grace went with her, helping, with proud officiousness, to dispose the invalid comfortably upon her pillows, and then, taking her work or her book to the window, divided her attention between them and the prospect without, too new as yet to be ignored for long together.

On this particular afternoon Albert left them thus, stopping for a moment, as he ran out at the gate, to look up at the window, where Anne's plants just shaded the little girl's face, which was smiling out at him, in greeting.

'Good-by, Grace;—shan't be long. When I come back, we'll have a run out on the heath. Wish you were coming now; it's *such* an afternoon.'

And while Grace responded with happy nods and gestures, deprecatory at once of his regrets and his loud expression of them, Mrs Dynevor appeared at the open doorway.

'Albert! where are you going? Helen and I are going to walk towards H——, you had better come with us. I don't like your running about the country by yourself in this fashion. It does not appear respectable.'

The boy looked at her, half indignant, half dismayed. Mr Dynevor's voice sounded from the parlour within:—'My dear, the vagabond instinct is too strong in him to be restrained. One of his grandfathers must have been either a gipsy or a travelling tinker, I feel sure. Let him have his way, and only be thankful that the race of highwaymen is extinct. He can't follow Captain Macheath's brilliant example, luckily, let him wish it ever so much.'

'What nonsense, Edmund; why can't the boy walk out quietly and properly with his mother and sister?'

'Natural revulsion of the masculine nature at twelve years of age against quiet and propriety,' came the explicatory reply, with an accompanying rustle of the newspaper.

'I'm not going to run about the country,' here chimed in Albert; 'I'm only going to Miss Blackburn's. Joy is planting out some young rose-trees ——'

'Rose-trees!' repeated his mother, in muttered disdain; 'what have you to do with planting out rose-trees?'

'I should like to know how to do it myself,' maintained he. 'I mean to have a rose garden in my little piece, and Grace would like one too. So I want to learn all about it.'

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'Oh, mamma, do let Albert go this afternoon,' interposed Helen, running out, netting in hand; 'Miss Blackburn promised to lend me a new novel that she has had from London. I said I would send for it. Don't forget, Albert, to bring it back with you.'

'All right!' cried Albert, bounding off before any further maternal objections could be urged. It was not the first time that his impetuous temper had been chafed under similar convulsions of authority. Mrs Dynevor had an unfortunate belief in the necessary iniquity of anything that Albert particularly wished to do, and as Helen did not always want a book fetched from the library at Hillington Place, it sometimes went hard with the boy, who had generally to purchase his pleasure beforehand, by a long lecture, or string of expostulations. As now. Not till he was fairly launched into the kind of ocean of light, and beauty, and freshness, with which the day seemed flooding the world, did Albert's rebellious spirit recover its better tone. But the green wood was loud with birds, and gay with flowers, and a rabbit ran across the path,—and he yielded at last to these softening influences. By the time he arrived at the side of Mr Joy, he was thoroughly attuned to gardening interests, and ready to be engrossed by considerations of rose-trees.

And the next two or three hours was a happy time. He watched the deliberate labours of Mr Joy, and listened to his equally deliberate and measured flow of talk. His range of subjects was not wide, but then Albert found them all most interesting. They rarely went beyond the precincts of Hillington, but within those precincts the gardener's fund of information seemed inexhaustible, and his acquaintance with the details of the village history of the past twenty years was absolutely marvellous. The shadows began to lengthen, and the moderate task for the day was drawing to completion, and still Albert, unwearied, stood leaning on a superfluous spade, and turning his eager face to Joy's dark visage—the black eyes shining back upon him a look of much kindliness and satisfaction.

'That was—let's see—oh, a matter of seventeen year ago. The old master was alive, and he, and my missus as is now, lived here, and young Mr Charles, what is now the barrownet, was away with his regiment. That there shrubbery was a bed of piccotees, and them two beeches was just planted that spring — young things, with stakes to keep 'em up. It was a hard summer, and every one thought the great rose-tree over the south wall was as good as dead; it did wither off so black, like. But it came out again next year, for all that, with a finer show of blossom than ever. Now, I remember, as well as if it was only yesterday, seeing Miss Hester (as we called her then—and a fine, handsome, young lady she was, sure*ly*—such a spirit, and so active and lithesome like, though, to be sure, she's all that now)—well, I remember seeing her standing on her tiptoes to gather a great bunch of them roses, on the 10th of June—the day Captain Blackburn was expected home. And she had one on 'em in her hair when they come that evening. I never see them deep red roses without thinking of that night—Miss Hester standing at the open hall door in the moonlight, and the carriage driving up the sweep; and the two young gentlemen leaping out, so eager and joyful —— I can see their faces plain, this minute.'

'*Two* young gentlemen?' said Albert. 'Has Miss Blackburn two brothers, then?'

No,' returned Joy, slowly, and stooping to pull up a vagrant bindweed that interfered with his operations. That duty performed, he resumed speaking. 'No; it was a brother-officer of our Mr Charles. They was great friends, and the Christmas before the regiment was ordered abroad Lieutenant Clive spent at Hillington. And now they both come back together again — they was such great friends,' repeated Joy. 'And we had a gay summer of it — among ourselves, though, for the most part. Every morning the horses were ordered out, and Miss Hester, and Mr Charles, and Lieutenant Clive, rode off—all about the country. Miss Hester rode beautifully. She was such a light, little, supple figure, you see—she scarce seemed to be heavier in the saddle than a bird. I liked to see her on her white mare—the creature tossing its head, and playing off its proud sort of pranks, as if it knowed what a pet it was; and its missus enjoying its tricks, and looking out at the others with her eyes all a-sparkling and a-shining.'

'Ah!' said Albert, drawing a deep breath, in awed appreciation of these bygone delights. There was a pause. Joy went on with his work, with a temporary accession of unaccustomed energy. 'Does

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Miss Blackburn ride often now?' was his companion's next question.

'Bless you, no!' he replied, taking off his hat, and wiping his brows with the red cotton handkerchief he produced from the crown thereof. 'Let me see—why, that very year was the last of any of it. The two young gentlemen went away in the autumn, and Sylvy (we used to call the mare Sylvy) kept idle in her stall all that winter. Only the groom ever mounted her; Miss Hester never once rode her again. In the spring, old Mr Blackburn died, and then Mr Charles come home on leave; not till after the funeral, though, for the regiment was at some place in foreign parts. Poor Miss Hester had all the gloomiest time by herself. Then, after her brother come back, she was ill, and Mr Charles exchanged into another regiment, so as to stay in England. And then they both went travelling about for a year; and while they was away, Sylvy was sold, and all the other riding horses. There's never been none kept since, at the Place—only the one I ride to the post, and that we put in the phaeton sometimes. When Mr Charles (that is Sir Charles now) comes down, he brings his own. But Miss Hester has give up riding for these many years.'

Joy began collecting his tools together—droning a low tune to himself the while—a certain gravity overshadowing his aspect. Albert very unwillingly turned to go. It was getting late, he supposed; and on the gardener consulting his great round silver watch, it proved to be past seven.

'Tea-time!' cried Albert; 'I shall catch it!' And he was running off, after a hearty leave-taking of his friend, when a sudden recollection stopped him. 'If I hadn't nearly forgotten. I must go into the house, Mr Joy; I've a book to get for my sister. Do you know if Miss Blackburn's in?'

'Most like she is, sir—'cause of the visiter as came this morning.'

But Albert did not wait for more. He rushed along the winding path that skirted the shrubbery with such impetuous speed, that he very narrowly escaped a violent collision with two figures that were slowly pacing the broad walk at the end. Miss Blackburn and her visiter stopped; Albert stood transfixed, regarding the gentleman with a most boyish and unconventional stare. Then he rushed towards him, seizing his hand with a gripe thoroughly in keeping with his loud exclamation—

'Well, if I'm not glad!' And then followed a rush of questions: 'When did he come? how long was he going to stay? had he been to their house? would he go with him now?' winding up with, 'Well, I *am* pleased; I thought we were never going to see you any more.'

Mr Avarne smiled down on the boy's eager face, kindly, affectionately, though with a certain trouble in his look, as he made answer. Albert's dismay at what he heard was undisguised.

'Going away this evening? directly? Is he, Miss Blackburn, really? 'Tisn't fun? And never see any of them at home? Oh, won't they be properly sorry?'

'Mr Avarne was only able to spare me a few hours,' said Miss Blackburn, coming to the rescue; 'and he must leave Hillington in half an hour, to catch the mail at the cross-roads.'

'Then you'll pass the end of our lane! Won't he, Miss Blackburn? And there's Grace sitting at Anne's window. Do you know Anne's been ill? And papa—but he's getting well now; and we have such a nice garden; and Grace and me have such nice fun! Oh, I do wish—I have such a lot to say,' cried Albert, in grief, 'When *will* you come down again?'

'I am going to leave England next week, Albert, for two or three years.'

'Years! shan't we see you again for *years?*'

'No. Little Grace will be no longer little—and you—why, you will be grown out of my remembrance,' said Mr Avarne, smiling again the quiet smile, as he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder, in his old fashion. Albert walked on beside him, in silence, his head turned towards the laurels and syringas that hedged in the path. He pulled a sprig, and began to twist it about, and tear the leaves from it, in a manner unusual to him. But he was ashamed of the tears that came quickly to his eyes, and were choking in his throat.

'You must take my messages home,' went on Mr Avarne; 'you always were the most trustworthy of ambassadors, I know.'

'Very well; and I must go now,' said Albert, with an unwilling but instinctive feeling that the two friends would wish to be uninterrupted during the last half-hour of the visiter's stay. 'I'll remember every word you tell me,' he added, in a low voice.—'And I'm going—directly.'

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But he did not go directly. Mr Avarne detained him, lingered over his 'messages,' which after all were brief and simple enough; and seemed to find a certain contentment in having the boy near him, asking him a few trivial, indifferent questions, and talking to him in his old way, the way that had gone straight to Albert's heart long ago.

Finally, the chaise drove up to the entrance, while they still slowly paced up and down the path. Miss Blackburn was too thoughtful and sad to be 'cross,' as she might otherwise have been, at this diversion of Walter Avarne's attention. Besides, she was touched to see the subdued look and manner of Albert, in whom gravity or depression was so unaccustomed, and seemed so strange. Albert remained, therefore; leave-takings were over—last words said—and Mr Avarne sprang into the carriage, which drove off, leaving Miss Blackburn and the boy standing together on the stone step, and hearing the noise of wheels growing faint along the road.

'How stupidly we stand, looking at that blank space *there!*' cried Miss Blackburn, indicating with a fierce, abrupt, impulsive gesture the spot where the carriage had stood.

'I wonder when he'll be back. I wish the three years were over, I know,' said Albert, with a determined last rubbing of his already reddened eyes. 'Do you think he'll be back in three years, Miss Blackburn?'

'Oh, yes! I think so, of course—for he says he will. Doubt is a vile thing—mean, murderous, ghastly!'

Albert looked up, puzzled by her low, sustained voice, and the queer-sounding words; and then was no less puzzled by the strangeness of her aspect; for she was still gazing straight out before her at 'the blank space—there!'

She threw back her head; her eyes dilated for an instant, then grew quiet; and the troubled interval was over.

'You must run home, Albert,' she said, holding out her hand, with her pleasantest, kindest smile; 'they will wonder what has become of you. Tell Anne that I shall be with her in the morning. Good-by.'

And she re-entered the house, while Albert, at top speed, rushed home through garden, field, wood, and lane, not stopping even to look at the sunset glow shining through the trees, a sight very precious to his unaccustomed eyes.

They were all at tea when he went in, but Anne's sofa was drawn to the window, and her face was lit up rosily, by the radiance in the sky. There was an outcry upon Albert's entrance.

'Where *have* you been? It's very strange that you take such delight in worrying me out of my life, nearly,' was his mother's complaint.

'And you've never forgotten my book, surely?' cried Helen, with rising indignation.

'I didn't forget, at first; but Mr Avarne put it all out of my head. I've seen Mr Avarne.'

'When? where? how?' Mr Dynevor inquired, with animation. 'Is he here? is he coming here directly?'

And he half rose from his chair, eager to meet the expected visiter.

'No; he's gone again. He went off in a chaise from Miss Blackburn's ten minutes ago. He couldn't come to see you; he was sorry, he said. He only came to Hillington this morning.'

'To be sure—Miss Blackburn said she expected a friend, in her message to us this morning,' observed Mrs Dynevor; adding, with much severity, 'I must say, I think it is very bad behaviour in her to keep him from coming to see his old friends, like that.'

'Pshaw! if he is to be *kept* away,' remarked her husband, in an acrimonious tone, 'we may resign ourselves to the privation.'

'Oh, papa, don't say anything, because we shall never see him again, perhaps,' said Albert, very beseechingly. 'Only think! He is going to Jamaica, for ever so many years.'

There followed enough loudness of unrestrained astonishment to smother Anne's silence, and Helen's gasping exclamation. In the midst of it all, little Grace began quietly to cry, and stole to Anne, to hide her face and her tears in her lap.

'Well, I *am* surprised,' said Mrs Dynevor; 'and what in the world should make him go, passes my understanding. To Jamaica! Now, if it had been Rome, or the Rhine, or anything of that kind—'

'Avarne wishes to avoid the beaten track. It is too common to go abroad for pleasure now-a-days. He'll none of your fine scenery and agreeable climates; no, no,—the tropics for him, with mosquitoes, and pestilences, and those kinds of excitements. It's an original idea,'

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went on Mr Dynevor, with the spiteful enjoyment of sarcasm which men reserve for their dearest friends when they are vexed with them; 'and Avarne was always a fellow with notions of his own. You will see it will be taken up, followed. People will make the grand tour of the West India Islands, and yellow will be the fashionable complexion—in a year or two. Helen, give me my tea.'

Helen obeyed, laughing hysterically. No one noticed, but Anne. No one watched her as she left the room, but Anne, who disengaged herself from Grace's clinging arms, and followed her up-stairs.

In their room, Helen had flung herself into a chair, and was lost in a passion of sobbing.

'Go away; oh, go away!' she cried, as Anne, too weak to stand, sank on the floor beside her.

'I cannot—I shall not; I will help you to bear it,' said Anne, bravely and calmly. But with the words, somehow, she for the first time realised *what* had to be borne. It surrounded her, closed her in; darkened the outside world, and crushed all consciousness for a minute.

She heard her sister's frightened voice: —'Anne, oh Anne! do look up. What is the matter?'

'Nothing, dear. Don't mind; only I am not so strong as I thought.'

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH SONGS.*

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight—by heavenly lays!'

It was a glorious rebellion, that reaction from the Correct School of Poetry which took place toward the latter end of the last century. It was a blessed day for poetry when, with a proud upheaving heart, she burst the fashionable, but killing, stays which she was crippled in during the Augustan Era; that returning of the poet to simple nature, instead of bending the knee at the shrine of convention. It was like coming out of a cold winter world into the budding time and flowering clime of spring. What a happy relief from the elegant insipidities, spiritless mannerisms, sparkling shallowness, galvanised imbecility, and commonsensical commonplace of the 'tea-cup times.' Any wild luxuriance, and force of natural inspiration, was better than that barren school in which Pope was enthroned head pedagogue, and in which very wretched prose stalked about on the lofty stilts of rhyme, and masqueraded in the guise of poetry. It was a proud day for the world on which Robert Burns was born into it, though it took the world a long time to recognise the fact. Even now, there are critical sticklers for the Augustan school, and the 'masters of poetical expression;' as though those who were not masters of poetry, and never possessed its 'pride and fury of soul,' or its calm and piercing vision, could ever be the masters of poetical expression. No, the world has given them up, in judging their claims as great poets, and it is of little use for a few of their friends to cling to the skirts of their raiment, and thus think to hold them in the lofty seats in which they had enthroned themselves. Where does their poetical expression break into beauty? It may have fitness, and it may be nicely adapted to what they have to utter, but surely fitness is not everything. It is the first essential, but not the final grace. And, then, with regard to their mastery of art. It all depends upon the material you work in, whether the art be high or great. It is much easier to work in sandstone, than to sculpture marble; and perfection in either is a very different thing. But, as we have said, it was a day to be proud of when Robert Burns came, with a soul brimming over with nature, and an eye that looked straight into the heart of truth. He came with his merry song, and rich ringing laugh, and with a sud-

* The Book of Scottish Song. London: Blackie & Son, 1853.—Songs from the Dramatists. London: Parker, 1854.

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den, hearty slap on their backs startled the poetical mannikins of the eighteenth century, and shook the powder out of their wigs, and put them to the blush, with a glimpse of nature in her naked loveliness. And there they stood, face to face; the honest, great-hearted ploughman, in his natural kingliness; with his dark, flashing eyes, brawny frame, and wealthy nature; and the fine gentlemen in wig, and patch, and glass, wondering at this strange specimen of a bygone race—the Titans. They, little and narrow, mean and miserable, who dealt out their small modicum of poetry with that niggardly niceness and scrupulous exactness which appeal so successfully to a sense of order, that they always remind us of the old shopkeeping lady, who cut a raisin in two portions to insure a perfect balance. He, large of soul, and affluent, scattering his treasures over the world broadcast, singing his songs and thickcoming strains of music, as though he would never be able to give the world one-half what was stirring within him before he should be hurried away. Blessings on him! He sang; and the genuine feelings of the human heart—the primary emotions of the human soul, came welling out of that warm rich nature of his, with all the freshness of water from a crystal spring, and all the beauty of a rainbow. He came to give us intense and direct earnestness, for maudlin sentimentality; genuine passion, instead of amorous tomtittery; fresh and vigorous life, with its yearnings and aspirations, its doubts and fears, its sorrows and delights, its healthy play of muscles, strain of nerves, and fine flesh and bloodfulness, in the place of wrinkled debility, genteel laziness, and general decrepitude. He came to set up simple, noble manhood in the throne so long usurped by shams, and hypocrites, and ghastly lies. And, like a king of nature's own grand crowning, he took his way right on through the crowd of pigmies and upstarts, the pretensions and apologies of men that thronged his century, to ascend the sphere of song which had so long swung dark and empty, awaiting for his coming. Let us pause a moment, by the way, and see this monarch come in! It was a time of scepticism, a world of heartless, faithless, soulless natures. Classes were isolated by artificial barriers, and men were wrapped up in the blindest egotism. It was the apotheosis of falsehood. The devotees were grovelling in the dust at their degrading rites, lauding the established lie, worshipping the solemn hypocrisy, when Burns entered. In the presence of such a man we feel 'it is good to be here.' He came with a heart welling over with tenderness and love for the suffering and sorrowing poor, and opened his generous nature to them, like a land flowing with milk and honey. He loved our loves, hoped our hopes, wept our tears, despaired our despairs, and lived our round of experiences. The People lived in the large heart of Robert Burns, and they have taken him to live for aye in the heart of the People.

At the time of his coming, Thomson and Cowper had already begun to create a better taste, and to lead the higher order of minds back to nature; if only in directing them to field and wood, sky and water, hill and valley, and all their inspiring influences. But, until Burns revealed the fact to the world, it little imagined what a wealth of poetry existed in the old stores of ballad and song literature, the real golden grain of poetry abundantly lying around, while it was feeding on the husks and straw. The poetical gentlemen of the eighteenth century, who considered it an honour to be second-hand Frenchmen, little thought that those glorious old Scotch ballads and songs would live on and be treasured up for immortality, when their puerile productions would be forgotten. They were like the hen that turned up a diamond, and passed it by, not knowing its worth, if they chanced to stumble upon one of these rare jewels. Yet how peerless they are, those 'old songs, the precious music of the heart.'

There is no country on earth so rich in songs and ballads as Scotland. Germany has a large People's literature of the lyrical kind, and some of her greatest modern minds have contributed to swell the music of popular song. Ireland, too, is not poor: she has a native poetry, strong and tender, full of life and fire. But Scotland is the crowned Queen of all. From the nature of the Scottish people, their vehement feelings, their deathless love of country, their chivalry and heroism, their past struggles, and the many lilts and bursts of song that were scattered among them, ringing in the ear and thrilling among the heart-strings, it might have been expected that a great peasant-poet like Burns would arise to combine such elements into one grand whole, and make a reputation that should live for ever. But the most essential inspiration

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for writing the songs of Scotland seems to us to have been found in that wonderful music which she inherits. We often know not whence it came, or whose was the passionate soul that gave it birth. Those thrilling strains of olden melody, which seem as though music was talking to us in tears, and which had so long wailed and wailed about the land for spousal words — they are eloquent with the memories of some proud past, and hallowed by the smiles and tears of bygone generations. How they sing, how they ring, how they cling! Burns wrote many of his lyrics to tunes which, in themselves, are half-battles for immortality, and open the human heart for ever. He caught up these airs, which have a power in their tones to make tears start to the eyes, to set the blood tingling for battle, waft the mind home when the body is thousands of miles away, and which tremble among the strings of the heart, and make them ring out fresh and melodious to-day, as ever rang the harp-strings beneath the hands of the ancient harpers. Burns found, ready to his hand, many a glorious starting-line, and many a deathless chorus, and many a snatch of minstrelsy, which had gathered up, and held the hopes and aspirations of a nation. In these, the Covenanter's prayer, the wail of the Martyr, the alarum of battle, the Coronach, and the shoutings of victory, mingled and rolled in music down the centuries; and on this music the spirit of the Poet seated itself, as on a chariot of fire, and rose up to glory.

What a rare treasure-house is this gathering of Scotch songs—a palace of sweet music, and noble sensations and thoughts. Happy children, who are born to such an inheritance! It is impossible to estimate how far this influence has wrought upon the character of Scotchmen, in keeping alive the spirit of patriotism, and feeding it on heroic recollections, in preserving the heart and mind pure, through the abiding presence of its lovely images and shapes of beauty; making them full of tenderness and sensibility in the sanctuary of home; or, sending them forth to battle for their country, with a courage like that which flashed out the other day on Alma's conquered heights. Lockhart tells us, that in every household of Scotland, their Burns will be found lying side by side with the big 'Ha' Bible.' And it is no marvel that he should be so universally beloved, or that he has taken possession of the national ear and the national heart. Burns contributes to this book as many songs of the best kind as would suffice to make a song-literature for any other country. In his capacity of writer of songs, he has exercised a greater influence over his country and the world, than any ruler ever did, or, peradventure, ever will. Here are lyrics that are on every lip, songs that are sung in every circle. They may be heard in the palace and the cottage, the workshop and the barracks, in the street and in the field, throughout the length of the land and the breadth of the world. At the birth, at the bridal, at the bier, his strains are chanted, or thought of silently. Young maidens standing in the rosy light of first love's sunny dawn; aged dames sitting at their doors knitting in the sun; the sailor before the mast, and the soldier musing by the camp-fire — each and all find musical-utterance for the tide of feeling in the songs of Burns. He has given us love-songs, delicious as overpowering fragrance, and deep as first love—joyous songs, satirical songs, descriptive songs. His 'Scots wha ha'e' will stir the heart of a nation like the trumpet that sounds the charge of battle. The poor man sings his 'A man's a man for a' that,' and feels the spirit of freedom stirring within him. The serf is for ever ennobled in Robert Burns.

Apart from her Sun of song, Scotland has a galaxy of shining stars and lesser lights:—Scott, with his 'Pibroch of Donald Dhu;' Allan Cunningham, with his 'Hame, hame, hame;' and Campbell, with his great and glorious battle-songs, which England has to know, in order that her heroic achievements may find fit celebration; besides a large array of noticeable names and popular songs. And almost the whole of this poetry has sprung from the heart of the people—these poets are mainly from the lowest ranks. There lies the secret of their success: — they knew the people, being of them, hence their heart-homeness, their strength and simplicity. The poetry of the people must ever be written for, and by, themselves. No lamp of learning will enable a man to descend into the people's heart, to read the inscription written on its chamber walls, and proclaim abroad what signs of beauty and gleams of radiance illumine it. No man can sit down and 'make' poetry for the people, who takes their experiences from what he has heard,

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or read out of books. The people are nearest to nature, most open to the sun and the rain, and they must grow their own poetry on their own soil.

Observe the difference betwixt the genuine men of the people, Burns and Beranger, and the Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore. They feel what they write, and write because they feel. They are seized, as it were, by the soul, and borne away into the wildernesses of thought and the airy regions of melody, and are compelled to sing. Thomas Moore conceives that it would not be a bad speculation to write a series of National Melodies for the people; his rich and titled friends urge him to do so; but the others have won their diploma for their work in the school of the poor man's sufferings. Their subjects are the inspiration of their muse; Moore makes the subject a mere ornament with which he decorates his muse. A man can only write that which he lives, and he can never feign that which he is not. If he be not inspired, but only shams to be so, he continually tells the truth by his arduous attempts at make-believe, as fatally as a man who blabs his cherished secret in his sleep. It needs a genuine man to write genuine poetry—it is only a divine one who utters anything divine—it is only in proportion that a man lives his love that he can make love to the ear of the world in verse; and only a hero writes heroically. The poet of the people must have grand elements of character; and such Burns had; but Moore had not. Thus, he can never be a national poet in the same sense as Burns and Beranger. He does not go right down to the ground-root of things, as they do who reach the heart of the people. He does not cut like a knife into this age of veneer, as they did; he is content to polish away at the surface, and see in it the reflection of his own jocund face.

Moore was a pretty fellow, but little, always little; and he did but anticipate the dictum of posterity in calling himself by that name. In his worship of Venus, or Bacchus, or Freedom, he is always petty. For the sake of illustration, take his drinking-songs; not because we wish to laud lyrics of the drunken kind, but to show the nature of the singer. They are often happy, and of cunning workmanship; but they lack the roaring, roystering rollicking of the bacchanalian; it is only a sniggering sort of intoxication, and any Lilliputian might get as drunk as that. He does not send care and sorrow to the devil with the hearty abandonment of Burns, nor does the wine of his song possess the same blood-red richness and heart-warming ruddiness of look; it fizzes and sparkles, and the bubbles burst, tipping you the wink of invitation, but it lacks 'bush' and 'body.' Moore has written love-songs, many melodious and exquisite things, some true and tender; but he never felt and never sings the Sapphic yearning as of a 'god in pain'—the deep earnestness of divine love. It was not in him, and it could never come out of him. The man who could write the poems of Mr Little, at the tender age of twenty, could never become the true poet of Love. His idealised lust is not love. Nor was he the chosen one to set the crown of song upon the brow of woman. She is yet an uncrowned Queen. The world does not know what love-poetry is capable of, until the great genius comes, rich of nature, pure of heart, and nobly moral. Burns did wonders in clearing the way, and in purifying the old views of illicit love, but that is nearly a century since, and it could not be expected of him to do more. But the Bard of Erin has retrograded; his light is seldom light from heaven—often the phosphorescence of rottenness—he is always small, and never lofty or deep; he brings out the pretty conceits and daintinesses of a lover, instead of opening the yearning heart, and showing how rich and generous is its passion. He is in love with woman's form and face, and knows nothing of the underlying and informing soul. Who can listen to Moore on the subject of love, after that *naïve* and tender 'Fee him, Father,' 'Somebody,' 'Mary,' and 'Jeanie Morrison,' the 'Banks o' Doon,' 'Auld Robin Gray,' the 'Land o' the Leal,' the 'Widow's Lament,' 'Wilt thou be my Dearie?' 'My Love is like a red, red Rose,' 'Bonny Mary Halliday,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Lady Ann,' and a hundred others to be found among the songs of Scotland, so true and tender, hung like jewels upon the charms of woman, pure as the dew-drops sparkling on a rose. Or take Moore as the poet of patriotism; some of his Irish melodies are fine, and full of glittering fancies; but they are not calculated to grasp the heart of a nation. They have not the stuff in them to wake up a people, and send it to

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battle, with eyes weeping and burning, and with a spirit that hurls defiance to all despotism. He does not dip his pen in his heart, he dips it in rose-water, and writes with white kid gloves on, which he would not stain for the world. He does not sing of Liberty, who cometh terrible as a Nemesis, and glorious as an army with banners; he only speculates in patriotism. He has not its all-consuming fire of earnestness, which makes the Tyrteus write as one of those three-hundred Spartans may be supposed to have fought in the red pass of Thermopylæ. As we have before said, the subject was the ornament, and not the inspiration of his muse. He has taken brave themes, and dear to our hearts, as pegs to hang his splendid raiment upon. They were a safe and convenient vehicle for his drawing-room patriotism. It is not the harp of Erin that he smites with the sacred fury of some old scald, 'crowding his soul upon the strings,' it is an elegant little musical snuff-box, that he tunes and plays, and it rings best on the drawing-room table. Robert Burns strikes a golden lyre that stirs the listening crowd to its deepest depths. There are two great and inimitable elements in Scottish song—its humour and its pathos. You cannot match that rich and unctuous humour, and pure, piercing pathos, in any songs in the world. We have not a doubt but the two qualities are twin and inseparable. Humour and pathos seem to form a natural antithesis; they lie close together, and are the obverse and reverse of the same tissue of the brain. There is a humour that touches into tears, and mirth often sinks into the arms of melancholy. And the songs of Scotland—of Burns even—furnish as complete and pre-eminent a manifestation of the union of pathos and humour, as is to be found in the works of the myriad-minded Shakspere. How remarkably Scotch, too, these songs are. Put them into ever such English words as a mask, and the mask will be sure to slip aside, or turn into crystal, for the national features to look out. They are Scotch in wit, Scotch in tenderness, in passion, in everything. No man on earth, save a Scotchman, would, in that open-heart, open-house song of 'Auld Lang Syne,' have written two such lines as these—

'And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine.'

An Irishman would, in such convivial moments, have made you drain the whiskey to the last drop; an Englishman would have 'stood' half-a-dozen bottles, or a dozen pints, as the case might be, but neither would have let you pay one farthing; but the Scotchman demands mutual uprightness and independence even at the carouse of friendship. Much of the peculiar humour of Scottish song is lost to those who cannot appreciate the dialect.

We should like to quote a little song of Robert Allan's, which possesses much of the sweet mournfulness and wailing tenderness to be found in many Scotch songs—some of Allan Cunningham's, for example—and which we never hear sung to that touching tune the 'Martyr's Grave,' without finding tears in the eyes. It is entitled the 'Covenanter's Lament,' and we should imagine it to be little known out of Scotland:—

'There's nae Covenant now, lassie!
There's nae Covenant now!
The solemn league and Covenant
Are a' broken through.
There's nae Renwick now, lassie!
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyr's Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie!
A bluidy, bluidy ane!
Waving owre poor Scotland,
For her rebellious sin.
Scotland's a' wrang, lassie!
Scotland's a' wrang!
It's neither to the hill nor glen,
Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyr's Hill's forsaken!
In simmer's dusk, sae calm,
There's nae gathering now, lassie,
To sing the e'enin' psalm.
But the Martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn!
An' the Martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern.'

We should also like to quote 'The Widow's Lament,' by Thomas Smibert, which is exceedingly beautiful, and has the genuine plaintive spirit of the native pathos. But we are prevented from want of space. It seems strange to us that the author of this sweet and touching lament should have written nothing else to equal or approach it in poetic merit. There are, however, other instances in which great success has been attained but once, and that one effort has been sufficient to confer immortality. 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' by Wolfe, will live for ever, while little else of his writing is remem-

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bered. Then there is that beautiful 'Lament of the Irish Emigrant,' written by the Hon. Mrs Price Blackwood, which is equally as fine of its kind as is the ode by Wolfe. But what else has the authoress done to be rescued from oblivion? The 'Marseillaise Hymn,' too, stands alone in its imperishable glory; no other work of Rouget de Lisle's is known. We might also point to that glorious ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' as an illustrious instance of singular success. This poem of Smibert's is almost worthy to rank beside that by Lady Anne Lindsay. It seems to us that the divinity of a poem is not to be measured by its length, and that it takes a great poet to write an immortal lyric. It also appears feasible that the writer of one great poem or song ought to write others greatly. Possibly they never afterwards wait until their whole nature is sufficiently intensified to produce the enduring result. The great failing with so many is, that they begin to sing without a sufficient motive impulse. The foundations must be laid deep, if you would build for immortality: it all depends on a right beginning. That which will live for ever must be done absolutely. If it be not, it will be done over again by others, and the outdistanced attempt must fail. The French batteries thrown up before Sebastopol were built too slightly and hastily; consequently they had to be rebuilt. And so it is in taking the subject of song or poem. If the writer puts pen to paper at the first hint, if the musical whirligig in the brain begins spinning at the first thought that touches it, the outcome will be meagre and mean. He needs a long breath of inspiration who dives for the richest pearls. We merely throw out this as a suggestion, not pretending that it will account for the fact, that the above-cited writers only wrote one song or ballad for immortality.

Even as one poet's nature differs from another's, and one is lyrical while the other is epical, and a third is dramatic in the form of his expression, so is it with the poetical character of nations to a very great extent. Thus, the English are far more dramatic than lyrical; and, possessing as they do the noblest dramas ever written—dramas which are national for all time—England has scarcely a lyric of her own which may be called national, certainly she has no national song literature. Englishmen have to borrow the songs of Thomas Moore to sing the passion of love; and unless they take the grand war odes of Campbell to hymn their naval glories, they have nothing better than the stilted and wretched 'swab' and 'lubber' songs of Dibdin, which have not one quality demanded of the pæans that should fittingly laud her greatness on the ocean—that ocean which lies around her like a shield, as full of the records of high heroic worth, and deeds of glorious valour, as was the wondrous shield of Achilles described by Homer. The best English songs are still to be found in the dramatists, and those mostly of the great Elizabethan era. Turning to these, we find that Shakspere still remains England's prince of song-writers. 'Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,' 'Under the greenwood tree,' 'Hark, hark, the lark!' and 'Where the bee sucks,' are among the most national of English songs. He is very rich in lyrical effusions, which have the real bubbling of the soul into music, and are delicate, dainty, delightsome lilts of song. But the songs written for a drama cannot be national songs in the same way as those are which may be written by a great lyric poet for the people. They are generally limited to their local situation. And these 'Songs from the Dramatists' have comparatively little English character, always excepting those of Shakspere. The people will be sure to recognise its own; and these are not its own. They do not come home to them, and nestle by their hearths like good angels and ministering spirits; they do not haunt their memory, and set them singing unwittingly. Among these old dramatists may be found the very greatest masters of the *art* of writing songs. Many of their strains are as absolutely perfect as the warble of a bird. So melodious are they, that they seem to have risen into music without a beginning; and, when done, they so fill you with a fine music, that you observe not how they cease. They are gusts of music. Let us quote a specimen from one of the earlier dramatists, George Peele. This song, 'Ænone and Paris,' is as sweet and graceful in the matter of it as it is exquisite in lyrical art:—

Æn. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any ladye.

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be:
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other ladye.

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Æn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May;
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray, gods, they change for worse.

Ambo, simul. They that do change, &c.
Æn. Fair and fair, &c.
Par. Fair and fair, &c.

Æn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray, gods, they change for worse.'

We do not wonder that a dramatic poet should possess such a mastery of the lyric art, because the lyric is a smaller drama, and is included in it. Both are evolved by the same machinery; only, it is not every one who manages blank verse that rises into the airy music of the lyrical movement, as did Shakspere, Johnson, Peele, Beaumont, and Fletcher.

Leaving the old dramatists—who can never supply England's lyrical needs—we come to the love-songs of the Restoration, which are for the greater part cold, clever, and heartless. They are filled with gay and glittering conceits, stale-drunk sentimentalisms, trash vile and tawdry, amorous imbecilities, varied by choice morsels of dissoluteness, and titbits of wickedness. The authors frequently blind their admirers by flinging radiant diamond-dust into their eyes. Some of them trifled magnificently; some were masters of dazzling fence; some were brilliant rhetoricians; some unprincipled and pernicious. Herrick was often gay and enchanting. But they were only courtiers, not lovers. They had none of those home-touches that thrill to the heart of universal humanity. To borrow a remark from Macaulay, they made love either like seraphim or cattle, never like human beings stirred to the depths of passion. They are empirical, superficial, bombastic, and theatrical. Like the Romans, they paint their gardens. And, as on the stage the delicious ices are only glasses of coloured wool, the fruit is coloured wood, the water is made of glass, the gems are only tinsel, so is it with them. The genuine love-poetry of Burns and Tennyson is like that Koh-i-noor exhibited on the ground-floor of the Hyde Park Palace, with the subtle sparkle of inner life in its pure depths; but the love-poetry of these fine gentlemen is like the radiant imitation which was mounted up in the gallery, looking as lustrous, as finely set, but not diamond after all, only cut glass.

A hungry dog will eat dirty pudding; and so, for want of a better sustenance, the sailors of the English navy accepted the songs of Dibdin.

But Dibdin was a poor metre-monger, not a great poet. The national soul, as revealed in his songs, is not the soul of old England. Dibdin never got a glimpse of that which dwelt in England's tars, and inhabited those huge ships that walk the proud seas so full of lordly life. He only dealt with the jackets and the rigging, the hull and the body. He sung of the sailor cursing in the storm, or chewing his quid in the calm, talking of his Poll over his grog, and sending all lubberly landsmen down to Davy's locker. But of that spirit which in childhood impels the sailor to the sea as to some native element, making him give up mother, father, home, everything, for that darling sea—that spirit which sends men round the world, and urges them into the icy fastnesses of the North, with not the remotest chance of laying their weary bones in the tombs of their fathers—that spirit which makes the worn or the bloated face grow glorious, and has flashed out brave and beautiful from the smoke of many a fight, in which the boy's early longing was translated into the man's heroic deed—of that he knew little, and sung nothing. If the naval achievements of Britain were worthily sung, it would fill the earth with grandeur, even as the sublime phenomena of her deeds have filled it with wonder. Listen to the following recital of a sea-fight, and then say if the soul of Dibdin ever rose to that heroic altitude.

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with several English ships, was surprised at anchor under the island of Florez, by a Spanish fleet, consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. The admiral gave the signal for the English ships to weigh anchor, and escape as best they could. Eleven out of twelve obeyed. The twelfth, the Revenge, could not follow. Her crew consisted of one hundred and ninety, and ninety of them were sick on shore. The commander of the Revenge was Sir Richard Grenville, a man whose name was a terror in the Spanish seas. It was said of him that he would carouse three or four glasses

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of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth, and crush them in pieces and swallow them. Mythic stories of his prowess were told by the sailors; and the nurses at the Azores were wont to frighten the children with his name. To the English he was known as a goodly, gallant gentleman. He had never turned his back upon an enemy, and now was in no haste to fly. He had only one hundred men to fight and work his ship, and the Spanish fleet was on his weather bow. The San Philip, a huge ship of 1500 tons, came up and ran aboard him.

'After the Revenge was entangled with the San Philip, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great San Philip, having received the lower tier of the Revenge, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners, in some five hundred, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the Revenge, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the George Noble, of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. A little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English heart who commanded the George Noble; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphur clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the Revenge, so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her, washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning, fifteen several armadas had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries. But as the day increased so our men decreased, and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the Pilgrim, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the Revenge, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped. All the powder in the Revenge was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her hundred men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight, and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head; and his surgeon was killed while attending on him. The masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him, commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.'

We don't think there is a soldier or a sailor in the English army or navy to-day, who can express his thoughts and feelings at all, but would give a nobler idea of themselves and their actions, and that with a beauty and natural feeling which would rise into poetry not to be found in the sea-sick songs of Dibdin. Here is a song from 'Balder' worth almost all Dibdin ever wrote. We wish it had been a little more ship-shape.

'"How many?" said our good captain.
"Twenty sail and more."
We were homeward bound,
Scudding in a gale with our jib towards the Nore.
Right athwart our tack
The foe came thick and black,
Like hell-birds and foul weather, you might count them by the score.

The Betsy Jane did slack,
To see the game in view:
They knew the Union Jack,
And the Tyrant's flag we knew.

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Our captain shouted, "Clear the decks,"
And the Bo'sun's whistle blew.
Then our gallant captain
With his hand he seized the wheel,
And pointed with his stump to the middle of the foe.
"Hurrah, lads, in we go!"
(You should hear the British cheer, fore and aft.)
"There are twenty sail," sang he,
"But little Betsy Jane bobs to nothing on the sea!"
(You should hear the British cheer, fore and aft.)
The foe he beats to quarters,
And the Russian bugles sound;
And the little Betsy Jane
She leaps upon the sea.
"Port and starboard!" cried our captain;
"Pay it in, my hearts!" sang he.
"We're old England's sons,
And we'll fight for her to-day!"
(You should hear the British cheer, fore and aft.)
"Fire away!"
In she runs, and her guns thunder round.'

That's just the spirit in which our Blue Jackets clear the deck for action, and fight as 'Grenville fought the Spaniard.' And this brings us to the songs of to-day. Songs, so called, we have in plenty. The sickly sentimentalities of Haynes Bailey are still warbled by fair throats, and heave beauteous bosoms. Then have we not Eliza Cook and Bunn, Carpenter and Fitzball? and have we not also that delicious song, so full of lofty imagination, taste, and tenderness, 'Vilikins and his Dinah,' which has been so popular, and so enchanted the people of England in this year of grace, 1854? This, and 'Pop goes the Weasel,' have, most assuredly, been sung oftener during the last year than any other song in the world. Which is the reader's favourite? Is it not enough to make a dog howl to hear such things?

To be sure, Barry Cornwall and Charles Mackay have given us some songs that are graceful, vigorous, or sensible. They are also singable, and sung by the populace. Yet it must be granted that even they have done but little in the way of national song. No, England waits her lyric poet—her song-writer—her Burns. And, doubtless, some such soul will be born into the land. At present, we doubt whether she has any one who can hymn the victory of the Alma, with an inspiration to match its valour. It is rumoured that Tennyson is composing an ode on that battle. But he can never be the poet of a great struggle like that upon which Britain has just entered. The breath of his inspiration makes exquisite music among the strings of an Æolian harp, but it will not fill the trumpet that calls a nation to the red field of fight. He has not force enough to make a people fiery for freedom; nor fire enough to stir the wild beast of force, and make it leap out lightning-like on the enemy. England needs a man who can do this, and not this alone: for not only must he be high-hearted and heroic, leading the way to victory like the beloved chieftain's crest, and binding garlands upon the brows of the brave; but he must possess the magic to make the slow heart of this England quick with loving impulses, warm it with the wine of his song, till it dances to a lofty tune, and sings for very love of its sweetness. He must make the people laugh from their fulness of joy, and the poor man's heart to break into music. He must sing us songs of patriotism, of love, affection, chivalry, of heart and home. Songs that shall make strong men weep, and call forth the living waters of love from the hard and rugged nature. Songs full of heart, soul, reality, and bounding melodiousness. Songs to soothe and solace in affliction, that come with healing on their wings to nestle in the lorn or wounded heart. Songs that shall run like threads of gold through the common woof of life in radiant relief, and scatter flowers in the cold and thorny ways. Rich and racy songs of humour. Love-songs, too earnest for mere daintiness and prettiness, but of such purity that a shy, sensitive maiden, who has never owned her passion, will nestle them under her pillow, and wear them next her heart, lapped up in the folds of her love. Songs that shall sing the heroic times and deeds of our history's great eras, and make our hearts beat up to the olden level, and inspire us for the fulfilment of a proud destiny. Songs that shall kindle in the cold crushed being of the masses a nobler appreciation of life, and a livelier sense of the loveliness of this brave world, with its rich overbrimmings of poetry and plenty, its spring-tide and harvest, its merry mornings and tender, starry nights, its beautiful women and brave men. Songs that shall utter the people's prayer for growth and development, accredit and reveal the better nature that underlies so much roughness and rockiness, and make their lifted faces glow with the warmth of love into the lineaments of

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heavenly beauty; and chant in the fulness of faith that there is no heart so earthy but at times hath some blind gropings after better things. God send us such a poet. The time is ripe for him; the world has need of him; the [illegible] wait for him; and humanity will [illegible] at his coming.

GOSSIPINGS OF A RECLUSE; OR, THE BIRTH OF A BOOK.

VERY few words in the English language fall less agreeably on my ear than the monosyllable 'call;' and yet I have never been called out, never had a railway call to pay, and I have hitherto escaped being called upon a second time by any importunate dun, for payment of 'that small unsettled balance.' There are calls, however, much more annoying than those either of the duellist or the dun—the visits, to wit, of a certain class of idlers who may be termed callers by profession, and whose visits are, in reality, *visitations*. The sole business of this class seems to be, to open up a general commerce in calling with every person simple enough to encourage their intrusion. Interchanges of this nature may do very well among those who neither require to work with their hands nor think with their heads; but, between the indolent and the active, the thoughtless and the thinking, they are altogether on one side. Were this world of ours still antediluvian, people might afford to throw away some portion of their spare hours for the amusement of those whose whole life is an irksome burden; but, since the days of man are now shrunk to a few hasty revolutions of the year, whole forenoons or afternoons are by far too great a sacrifice to be offered to tame civility. With this class, however, we must not confound those worthy individuals who drop in occasionally, but always at seasonable hours, to inquire about one's health, or, better still, to give a pressing invitation to a family dinner. Callers of this description gather instantly from their friend's countenance whether *he* is disengaged or not, whether *they* are welcome or not, and shorten or prolong their visits accordingly. With this class I have no dispute, nay, on the contrary, I seldom hear my door-bell ring but I could wish it were by one of them. My quarrel, kind reader, is exclusively with those vacant, objectless loungers who, without either common affinities or pursuits, thoughtlessly murder, not only their own time, but yours and mine.

There are seasons of inactivity, no doubt, in the earlier portion of many a man's life, when he rather relishes to be run after by a promiscuous crowd of friends. It is a compliment to his vanity to find his table, when he comes home of an afternoon, strewed with the cards of acquaintances from a distance, and he is no less flattered when his landlady enlivens the ceremony of laying the cloth for dinner by describing, after some peculiarity of name, dress, or manner, a list of free-and-easy daily visiters who called during his absence, and who, as if deeming their own proper names trite and commonplace, facetiously pass themselves off as scions of nobility, Highland chieftains, and foreigners of distinction. Now, once on a time, this was my exact situation; for, having foolishly encouraged this species of intrusion, I soon had a considerable staff of occasional visiters, and, as for daily callers, their names and number would have done credit to a provincial post-office directory.

I would be doing myself an injustice, were I to say that I am by nature unsocial or churlish; but there is a limit to every man's patience; and I had arrived at that point. And so, although at first I merely regarded my friends in the light of good, natural timekillers, I at length began, in my private communings, to style them nuisances, bores, parasites, pestilences, and so forth, of whom it was necessary to get rid, by fair means, if possible, but, failing that, by any means.

'Any person calling to-day, Mrs Pile?' I inquired one evening, after returning from a public library, where I had been hunting all day for important information on a favourite subject.

'Atweel was there,' replied my corpulent landlady, looking intently into the centre of the fire, as if she kept a memorandum-book there; 'let me see, there was the Baron of Bettinghall, the Marquis of

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Murf, the Viscount of Target-tower, the Laird of Philabeg, the Chief of Skiandhu, the Sultan of Bowstring, the King of the Cannibals, and the Count of Vaterland, and they're a' gaun to be back yet.'

'For the last time, perhaps,' said I, emphatically, and half aside, as I strode to the window, and sent a fiery stare through a pane that might well terrify it into a state of liquefaction.

'Weel, I'm sure they're an awfu' plague,' chimed in Mrs Pile, encouraged by this first expression of disapprobation on my part, 'and monie a time do I say tae our Betsy, what a gudenatured gentleman ye maun be, to be put aff your ain hamely way, and to be worried day and nicht, wi' sic a set o' claverin' ne'er-do-weels, takin' up your time, and dirtyin' the house. Ma certie, but they were surely ill aff for weans that brocht siccan folk up.'

'I am quite aware,' Mrs Pile,' said I, 'that they must be a cause of great annoyance to you; but let me assure you that their daily attendance here arises from no wish or invitation of mine.'

'Tuts, sir, I ken that weel eneuch,' rejoined Mrs Pile; 'naebody wad think that ye wad ever tak' up your head wi' sic a set o' daft laddies. Gude sake, they may weel be proud o' comin' about ye, as I aften say tae our Betsy. But it's nae that, sir; it's their makin' sae free wi' a'thing ye ha'e that sets up ma back. Ye see, sir, ye just get a sicht o't and nae mair.'

'Pray, don't talk in that way, Mrs Pile, if you please,' said I, with a little asperity; 'I grudge nothing but my time; but I really am distressed at the encroachments they make on your comfort.'

'Atweel, but that's vera considerate on your pairt, sir,' responded Mrs Pile; 'but a body like me maun put up wi' monie a thing, as I aften say tae our Betsy, for it's richt to lat young folks ken something o' what they may come tae. But then, I wadna like to quarrel wi' them for a' that, for I had wild loons o' my ain ance, although it's unco daft-like, on the tap o' the day, tae see a half-dizzen heads stickin' oot at the windows, wi' black cutty-pipes in their cheeks, and takin' their fun aff decent folks that micht ha'e been their faithers and mithers.'

It was fortunate for me that at this point a loud ring at the door withdrew Mrs Pile from the colloquy, for a better specimen of petticoated garrulity could not easily be found.

True to their intention, in they all dropped in succession, in the course of a few hours — noblemen, chieftains, and foreigners; and, for his special amusement, let me furnish the reader with an unexaggerated view of them, as occupied with their favourite pastimes at a particular point in the evening. The baron, a long-haired, whiskerless youth, but vastly shrewd withal, propounding conundrums and charades, and ever and anon extracting from the pouches of a multipocketed coat small parcels of cigars, enwrapped either in theatre bills or fugitive leaves of light literature. The marquis, in a state of most exuberant humour, igniting his meerschaum at the kitchen fire, and tormenting a matronly cat and Betsy, by forcing tobacco fumes up their nostrils; said Betsy, as I should have mentioned before, being an only, overgrown, over-indulged, and consequently spoiled child. The viscount, with coat and vest reverted, his hat stuck on crosswise, puffing an unlit cheroot, and singing, in character as he thought, various comic oddities popular at the theatres. The laird—in mimicry of poachership—decoying unsuspecting flies under bowls and tumblers with drops of gin and pinches of sugar, and then suffocating them with lucifer matches. The chieftain, manufacturing puns and witticisms for the special torture of this or that unlucky wight, and generally succeeding in setting the laughter-loving in a roar. The king, prodigal of unsolicited royal advice to all and sundry, but failing in his generous intentions, from the discrepancy between his majesty's precepts and personal habits. The count, in an atmosphere of Virginian vapour, moody and muddy, cogitating something of a private and valuable nature, to be whispered into my ear at the first fitting occasion. Now all this was sufficiently flattering; for a man cannot help concluding that there must be something of a very engaging description about him, if, without invitation or effort, he can gather around him the insipid, the playful, the eccentric, the would-be witty, and the wise.

From the foregoing hints, any person possessed of ordinary strength of mind can easily learn, without further explanation, much of the character and habits of my train of retainers, and may also, with equal readiness, perceive the diffi-

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culty of getting quit of them. I was the flower from which they all seemed to sip pleasure of some kind or other; and to rid myself of them at once, would be as difficult as to shake off so many half-gorged leeches from a sprained limb. It could not be otherwise. From some quality or other, supposed to be inherent in me, and suiting the particular taste of each, the allegiance of all was equally intense. The imagination of the less discriminating did not indeed go beyond the cut of my coat and the trim of my moustache; but others went farther, and said that I was the best-natured fellow living, an original, a singular character, a humorist; while some were so far left to themselves as to dub me a wit. In the midst of so many compliments, I would avoid rudeness, if possible; but could anything short of downright incivility effect my purpose? It was in vain that I assumed the true Johnsonian growl and scowl when any of them entered; that I became sullen and taciturn, or spoke only to contradict; that I declaimed like a Puritan divine against the vices and foibles to which unreflecting young men are subject; and that I threw out, from time to time, the most unmistakable hints of an intention of separating myself from fools, follies, and frivolities, and becoming a recluse. It was all to no purpose; if possible, indeed, I was hunted and pestered with greater perseverance than ever; and the most mortifying circumstance of all was, that they evidently considered me as manifesting indications of incipient insanity.

But to return to the night in question. Twelve o'clock had seen my rooms clear of all save the Count of Vaterland; and one A.M. chimed the departure of that grave idealist, after favouring me with a number of transcendental theories on a variety of very quiet and unobtrusive subjects. I stood toasting my back at an imaginary fire, which had been extinct hours before (for, from some infatuation or other, men unconsciously stand up against a chimney, however innocent of coals and caloric it may be, in preference to any other part of a room);—but no matter, I fell into a soliloquy. It was of some duration. I left my standing-place, and paced the room, by way of relief to my regrets and self-accusations. This kind of life will not do, said I, bursting forth audibly, as I was collecting and popping among the extinct embers fragments of yards of clay, and fag-ends of cigars—whisking [illegible] table-cover clear of many unsightly posits of the ashes of the same [illegible] laying aside various forgotten ammu[illegible] chests of cavendish, and drilling the [illegible] and sofas, which my guests had left in a state of the most grotesque confusion, into a stand-at-ease position around the walls of my apartment;—no, this state of things, I reiterated, still more emphatically, must not continue any longer. I am turned of five-and-twenty, and I am not a whit wiser than I was five years ago; besides, I am in dreadful arrears to myself of all I intended to accomplish. It is, however, not too late yet; perhaps I will become a hero of action, *and make* up my lee-way; I will cut society, cut my friends, cut daylight; join night to day, and, if necessary, Sunday to the week, in a third-floor lodging in some quiet suburban retreat, where I shall come in contact with no conductor by which the world can communicate with me, or I with the world. I may hear the tide of busy *life* murmuring outside, or listen to the singsong of its billows, as it floats into my apartments, but at that point *my intercourse* with it shall terminate. This, I may say, was the first time I had felt the pride of a noble resolution; and there was an energising power in it to which I had up to that time been a total stranger. You may talk of the exhilaration of champaign — the joyous bewilderment of the first intimation of having an unexpected legacy left you, securing your independence for life—the tumultuous emotions of a warrior after a victory which *confers* upon him a never-dying name—the first whisperings of a world-wide fame to a youthful poet, or, indeed, any other circumstance that constitutes 'the raptured hour' of man's existence; but I hold that none of them can surpass the sweetness of a lofty resolution. And what, it may be asked, threw me on this sudden and bold determination? It was neither to economise vanishing finances, nor to improve a neglected education, nor, after years of thought and seclusion, to come forth as a moral or political regenerator of mankind; no, it was to write a *great*, a very great, an incomparably great, and, as I imagined, a much-required book, which had been begun, suspended, resumed, and abandoned, I don't know how frequently, and all through the pertinacious interruptions of a band of inconsiderate bores. It is said, however, that second thoughts are

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, and, moreover, that two heads are er than one, so I slept over my reso- on, and in the morning repaired to house of a rare old gentleman, who had one of my dear deceased governor's st intimate friends, and after giving a minute and impartial account of my dition, I inquired of him how I could t get clear of my guests and grievances.

'Give them an Irish hint, can't you?—k them down stairs,' said my mentor, uptly, for there was a deal of pepper d promptitude in his constitution.

'A capital expedient, certainly, as a *rnier ressort*,' I remarked; 'but you ust excuse me, if I say that at present do not relish so rude and summary a rocess.'

'Ah! you don't patronise kicking, don't you? Humph. Well, what do you say to marriage, as a milder remedy?'

This, I confess, was a most unexpected and staggering proposal, and the more so, as I had never even thought of such a thing, it being a peculiarity in the male portion of my family, not to marry until on the shady side of forty; a disregard of connubial bliss compensated, however, by the female side, who all marry at seventeen, if they can, and if not then, as soon after as they can get an eligible offer. My friend's advice, however, appeared to be the best he had to give, although he was not married himself; and so I turned the matter over in my head for a few minutes; but so many pretty and pithy sayings by great men, both for and against the matrimonial state, presented themselves, that I found an immediate decision impossible.

'Well, what do you say to marriage, now that you have thought of it?' inquired my impatient counsellor, throwing his left leg into hurried motion, as it hung suspended over his right knee, his glossy cheeks puckering up, meanwhile, into a roguish leer.

'In fact,' I replied, 'I cannot help thinking it an extraordinary remedy for what may surely be cured by simpler and prompter means; besides, if you must hear the whole truth, I am brimful of a most important treatise, and I sadly grudge the time necessary for lady-hunting.'

'Oh, ho! literary! eh? Then marriage is simply out of the frying-pan into the fire. I tell you what it is, if *you* get up a book beside a lady, you may claim, as an undisputed right, to be linked as an eighth to the seven already existing wonders of the world.'

'Softly, softly, friend of my father and mine,' said I; 'there I beg to differ from you. If I only knew some unexceptionable fair one that I could seize, rush to the altar with, and no more about it, I possibly might condense courtship and marriage into a few brief hours; for I am not at all an Argonaut in search of the golden fleece, as I have quite enough of the circulating medium to let her "be a butterfly," if she would only leave me to my treatise.'

'Singular that, now,' said the old gentleman, making a wry mouth; 'very singular, that you know of no butterfly you might have for the catching, and you are not half an ugly-looking fellow either.'

'That may, or may not be; and I know of no flower,' said I, changing the metaphor, 'that I could have for the culling; and I cannot brook the idea of prowling about with a Cœlebs-in-search-of-a-wife cast of countenance.'

'Then you abandon the connubial idea, do you?'

'Of course,' I rejoined; 'nothing more simple than to abandon an idea I never entertained.'

'Suppose, then, you tried emigration or the Continent,' said the inveterate quiz; 'there is nothing like a considerable patch of intervening ocean to get clear of friends, foes, and pressing debts.'

'Confound emigration and the Continent,' said I, testily. 'I have no friends to hate, no foes to fear, and no debts to liquidate; besides, no two ideas appear more irreconcilable to my mind than emigration and literary ease, and as for the Continent, I am heartily sick of it, from the Rhine to the Black Sea, and from Rome to Stockholm.'

'Well, then, I tell you what it is, my warm young dreamer,' said my adviser, turning round and addressing me slowly, in an under tone; 'the best thing you can do is, to resign all charge of yourself, and to repair forthwith to some respectable asylum.'

'Sir,' retorted I, springing wrathfully from my seat, 'save your jeers and jests for such as can appreciate them; and when I apply for admission into a madhouse, I have no doubt that, from a fellow feeling, you will grant me a certificate of insanity.'

Here ended our conference.

Darting from the house, I scoured along the street, anathematising this detestable

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hater of books and belles, and hurrying home, I there and then threw up my lodgings, soothed my landlady's disappointment by a month's additional rent, and told her that I had been appointed by government to proceed forthwith to South Africa, to write the natural history of the Hottentots. So, after packing my traps, and seeing them deposited outside a cab, and myself in the inside, I proceeded forthwith in quest of some retired aerial hermitage, ordering my knight of the whip to drive to Bat Street; for, although I had never seen that locality, the very name of it smacked strongly of solitude. And, indeed, I had no sooner entered Bat Street, than I thanked my stars for having made such a fortunate selection. Find a man in Bat Street! the thing was impossible. It was quite a hole-and-corner street. The irregularities and sinuosities of Bat Street were so very whimsical, that it answered exactly to a certain Irishman's description of the river Liffey—'so very crooked, that there wasn't a straight bend in the whole of it.' Was Bat Street originally laid off by some Toby Tosspot returning home late at night, *Bacchi plenus?* or was its site at one time the bed of some meandering rivulet, which playfully cut itself off some fine night, like many fabled streams of old, leaving enterprising capitalists in the lurch, who, for the sake of the water privilege, had studded its banks with buildings. No one could, or can say; but there it was, and is, as zigzag and crimped as a dancette in a heraldic figure. Bat Street, as might be expected, seldom resounded under the wheels of a prouder vehicle than a coal waggon or a milkman's cart, and a cab was consequently considered such a *rara avis*, that the windows bristled with as many heads as if I were a Roman general rolling by in my triumphal car. As we rattled along, I kept a sharp look-out for those untaxed advertisements, 'Lodgings to let,' which, in my less experienced years, I foolishly considered to be the motto in the escutcheon of the proprietors; and having at length discovered one at the desired altitude, I gave orders to pull up, and immediately alighted. The entrance to the third floor was first through a broad court, then along a narrow back pavement, then up three flights of treadworn turnpike stairs, the last step of which brought in view a solemn-looking door, with a well-burnished brass-plate in the centre, displaying, in half-obliterated letters, the name and designation, 'Dorothy Braid, Dressmaker.' The very place for me, thought I. Miss Dorothy is at least not a buxom, husband-hunting widow, and, of course, there are no mischievous squalling brats to disturb me or my manuscripts. Seizing the bell handle, I gave a smart pull, and half a minute or so brought a hesitating foot into the passage, a second minute was spent in removing chains and bolts, and the cumbrous door swung back at length on *his* reluctant hinges, disclosing to view a gaunt elderly female, at whom I could not help staring, impertinently, I fear, for I had never previously seen such a unique *tout ensemble*. Dorothy Braid, for it was *no other* than her respectable self, wore a yellow head-dress over yellow locks, a string of yellow beads encircled her neck, a dress, in which yellow struggled hard to outshine green, enveloped her person, her tidy little apron displayed yellow linnets perched on branches of gold, and her feet were encased in yellow slippers. Could anything savour more strongly of the 'sere, the yellow leaf.' Having acquainted her with the object of my call, and requested liberty to inspect her rooms, Miss Dorothy led the way through a sepulchral lobby, covered with wax-cloth, which, by the tear and wear of daily feet, and the dint of weekly scrubbing, presented an unrelieved sulphureous surface. The sole articles of use or ornament were a few hat and cloak pins, all minus the knobs; a three-legged chair, preserving its equilibrium by leaning its back against the wall; and an old eight-day clock, with a broad and round head, but tapering so rapidly downwards, that the sturdiest opponent of the supernatural would almost believe it to be the ghost of Time, with his hands in his breeches pockets, while both its indices, broken off at what would be called the elbows had the venerable horologe been an animated being, gave it something like the appearance of an inmate of Chelsea Hospital. Having curiously examined the apartments, I put a careless question regarding the weekly rent, and, by way of closing the bargain, gently deposited the first seven days' quota in Miss Dorothy's attenuated palm. Astonished at my delicacy and politeness, the spinster began to point out and apologise for a number of defects and excesses, which she placed *en masse* on the broad shoulders of a facetious *disciple of Æsculapius*, who had just left. It was he who

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had mutilated the indices of the unoffending time-keeper, fancying that, in its vain efforts to note the hours and minutes, it resembled a person with a brace of arm-stumps endeavouring to point out interesting localities to inquisitive strangers. The same waggish personage had abbreviated the hat and cloak pins, as he derived especial enjoyment from the unavailing efforts of his friends, when attempting to make them resting-places for their caps and paletots. Nor did the fertile fancy of the whimsical Æsculapian stop here. By the aid of the brush of a jobbing house-painter, he had provided the protrait of Miss Dorothy's mother with a bright green shade to protect her optics from the sun, while one of the eyes of her long deceased father was made to squint savagely, and the other, from being half closed up by a pigment of a very dark tint, forcibly suggested the suspicion that he had left this world sporting a black eye. In addition to these eccentricities, there was also his 'curiosity box,' not yet removed, and containing ample proofs of its proprietor's predilections during his nocturnal rambles. Among other things, were a huge wooden timepiece, the symbol of a clock and watchmaker's profession, wrenched from over his door; a monster pair of iron spectacles, recently the staring sign of some unfortunate optician; a golden lamb, kidnapped from over the fanlight of a dealer in hose, gloves, and Berlin wool; a bronzed and whiskered Turk's head, which had long signalled the way to some tobacconist's smoking saloon; and as many more trophies as would, some centuries hence, form an invaluable present to the British Museum. The portraits (which were no doubt a great eyesore to Miss Dorothy) were speedily removed, the curiosity box consigned to the lumber room, and I forthwith took possession, leaving my friends to speculate on my unaccountable disappearance, and my late landlady to make the best she could of the natural history of the Hottentots.

As Miss Dorothy merely took charge of the letting of her apartments, I was handed over in every other respect to the ancillary attentions of a dumpy, chubby, laughter-loving damsel, named Blonde, but who, from the intense rubicundity of her cheeks, should more appropriately be named Blush. That was, however, no affair of mine. I soon became an immense favourite with my blooming attendant, for no 'fast' acquaintances of mine startled the quiescent echoes of Miss Dorothy's domicile, through the medium of a furiously-rung door-bell; not even the postman's reverberating whoop or deafening ring were ever heard on my account, for I found means of arranging with that functionary 'to meet me by moonlight alone.' Then I made no use of the Virginian weed in any shape, thus saving, so far as grate and fire-irons were concerned, much disagreeable manual labour, not to speak of considerable retrenchment in the item of black lead. It was true, indeed, that I, or rather the chimney, consumed more than the ordinary amount of coals; but I obviated the ordinary grumblings on this score, by doubling the stipulated shilling. The seat of sundry chairs, too, in process of time, began to assume a wash-hand basin appearance, and there were indications, besides, of dislocated joints and enfeebled legs, but all these articles were appraised by myself, and added to the weekly bill, which, greatly to my praise and credit, I invariably paid, without either examination or summation.

In this way, a few months of close study, relieved by intervals of luxurious ease, passed away. My manuscripts were becoming voluminous, and I was beginning to have night and day dreams of reviews and criticisms, which I was to bear like a stoic, whether laudatory or hostile. But merry Christmas at length approached, and Miss Dorothy, who saw her friends in a body only at this particular period, was preparing for her annual fête. I, of course, felt naturally curious to know how she was to accommodate them, seeing that I occupied, or rather rented, all her really disposable apartments. I knew that the houses of bachelors, though not very large, are very elastic: a few persons can fill them; but they can be stretched to contain any number; and it was now to be seen, whether the same quality could be predicated of the abode of a spinster. My curiosity was not to be gratified, however; for, by various well-timed and delicate hints, I soon came to ascertain that former lodgers waived their right of undivided occupancy on the festive night in question, and that I was expected to follow their example. I, of course, readily assented. Former lodgers also invariably formed a part of Miss Dorothy's party; but I declined the polite request, deeming that my incognito might thereby be jeopardied, resolving, at the same time, to transfer myself and manuscript to my

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dormitory, where I should guard both as carefully as Tardif did his hundred-and-one pictures. Christmas Eve at length arrived, and with it the guests, comprising gentlemen, senior and junior, married ladies, and ladies hoping to get married; but who or what they were mattered nothing to me. There I sat like Scipio Africanus, never less alone than when alone; they might be young or old, fat or lean, witty or stupid, ill-humoured or agreeable; what had I to do with either their bodily or mental peculiarities? For aught I cared, they might, one and all of them, nibble daintily, or gorge themselves to surfeiting; the gentlemen might 'gently sip, and little at a time,' or quaff like Irishmen at a wake; they might talk of corn, cotton, religion, or politics; retire early, or 'not go home till morning;' *that* was *their* affair, not mine;—I wish I had been a subject of equal indifference to them. It was not so, however. The mischievous Blonde was at work; she had obviously determined, beforehand, to ascertain, if possible, what my name was, whence I had come, and what I was about; and accordingly, before their exit, I had the mortification of being rudely broken in upon, and stared at, under the apology of some mistake or other, by a succession of inquisitive intruders, until, in the exasperation of the moment, I could wish to see the whole of them canonised saints, Miss Dorothy a married woman, and Blonde a nun; all excellent wishes, certainly, were it not for the impossibility of their fulfilment. First, an elderly gentleman, with a semicircular face ornamented with a thin, prominent nose, mistook the door, and consequently the room, and, after some furtive glances, not only at me, but through me, backed out in pretended confusion, under cover of having mislaid his hat. Next followed a personage possessing a broad visage, terminating in a stiff, upright tuft of hair, in search of a fugitive woollen cravat, which would appear to have become suddenly instinct with serpentine life, and to have crept out of sight with characteristic wiliness. A host of others did me the honour of a stare in their turn; and, last of all, a gent of about sixteen, enveloped in a mohair sack of such ferocious shagginess, as to leave it a matter of doubt whether it had been forcibly flayed from off the back of a polar bear, or manufactured out of some huge heathery turf. Curiosity being at length fully gratified, however, the gentlemen, senior and junior, packed themselves up in plaids and coats; the ladies in shawls and cloaks; Miss Dorothy shook hands with everybody, and everybody with Miss Dorothy, and the Christmas party disappeared.

Next morning, forenoon and afternoon, found me busy at my treatise, and the evening found Blonde on the stair-top, earnestly engaged in a conversation, of which I overheard myself to be the subject, with some person whose voice was but too familiar to me. It was that of the baron. Peering from behind the partially-opened door, I saw and felt that I was sold. With ordinary men, Blonde was sufficiently clever and evasive, but she was no match for the baron. My pen slipped from my fingers, as if conscious that it had nothing more to do; for the elaborate and complicated train of thought of which I was unburdening my brain, became misty and incoherent. The baron's manner and interrogations were grave and business-like.

'You let rooms here, occasionally?' was the first inquiry.

'To *gentlemen* we do,' was the insinuating and arch reply, for the baron was quite the sort of person with whom Blonde could wish to have an occasional banter.

'A very quiet locality, I suppose,' continued the baron, 'for a person of a studious disposition and strictly temperate habits?'

Now, Blonde was heartily sick of at least one gentleman of a studious turn, but she replied, 'Very much so, indeed,' venturing an encouraging glance at the questioner.

'The children of the family are all very quiet and good, of course?' added the baron, arching his eyebrows, and protruding his nether lip.

What *could* put children in his head, cogitated Blonde; and in relief of her sudden embarrassment, she addressed herself vigorously to the removal of an imaginary speck from the antiquated door-plate.

'You are quite full at present, of course?' remarked the baron, carelessly, with the view of rescuing his somewhat disconcerted informant from her perplexity.

'Yes,' replied Blonde, hesitatingly; and then, with increasing confusion, 'no;' for it really went quite against her feelings to turn away such a dashing young fellow, without making some effort to accommodate him.

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'Exactly so,' said the baron; 'you were milarly situated, I suppose, when an ıfortunate friend of mine' (here he sigh- t deeply) 'rattled up, some months ago, ; Jehu speed. Poor fellow, he had his ;centricities, no doubt, but he was my ;lative;' and here a violent compression f the eyelids forced out something like ear-drops of commiseration.

Tears are sympathetic, and poor Blonde elt their influence; for the apron, seized nstinctively to obliterate a second imagi- ıary stain on the plate, was about to be :arried to her eyes, when the baron avert- ed the feminine weakness by, 'Don't be silly, child. I wouldn't for worlds that so fair a maid should weep.'

There was tenderness and a compli- ment in the baron's entreaty; and Blonde, by no means disliking to hear a little more of both, looked up tenderly in his mois- tened eyes.

'If he were here now,' resumed the baron, after finishing a minute and, I must say, flattering account of my per- sonal appearance, 'you should have a re- ward sufficient to convince you how much I considered *you* his best protectress, for I fear ——' but he finished the sentence by tapping his forehead significantly with his forefinger.

This last hint decided my fate. Blonde had for long indicated by sundry acts and hints that she entertained serious, or rather humorous doubts of my sanity, and this polite and feeling corroboration raised her surmises to positive certainty. She was evidently in a sad quandary.

'Now, are you quite sure that he wasn't here, even for a single night?' asked the baron, urgently, lowering his voice, and raying upon her one of those fascinating appeals from the eyes of which he was so magical a master.

'For a single night,' hesitated Blonde, unconsciously leaning her right shoulder against the door, and describing a series of semicircles with the toe of her left slipper, as puzzled maidens often do.

'Yes, for a single night, or whole week, or a succession of weeks,' continued the baron, vehemently; and then sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, 'Are you quite sure that he isn't here now?'

The simple Blonde was quite sure that I was, and deeming farther prevarication useless in the circumstances, instantly threw off all restraint, and, true to the garrulous propensities of woman, when once the true avenue to her confidence has been discovered, she let the whole murder out. As Blonde proceeded, the countenance of the baron gradually as- sumed its usual quizzical expression—now peering familiarly into her merry eyes, then glancing patronisingly at her pro- voking lips, not without a complimentary peep at her unexceptionable teeth, as often as her volubility gave occasional 'short glimpses' of the retiring treasure. The baron's information and triumph being now complete, Blonde was de- spatched to me, having first received some fond, fraternal pats on the cheek, with the Baron of Bettinghall's compli- ments, and a request to know how I was proceeding with the natural history of the Hottentots. I don't know exactly how a badger may feel when about to be drawn, or a fox when on the point of being unearthed, or a culprit when he hears the voice of the messenger of jus- tice who is about to drag him from his lurking place, but, if their feelings bear any affinity to what mine were, I sin- cerely pity them. While Blonde was de- livering her message, with the awkward diffidence of a person labouring under a conviction of having compromised some- body, the baron sent a whistle down the successive flights of stairs, as loud and shrill as that with which Roderick Dhu garrisoned the glen for the special amuse- ment and amazement of Fitz-James; and the whistle had scarcely died in air, when in upon me bounced the baron, followed by the entire troop of my late retainers. Had I swallowed Vesuvius and Hecla, both in a state of active combustion, I could scarcely feel a fiercer fire raging within me. Disguising my feelings as I best could, however, I sprung up to wel- come them, affecting a smile; but, con- sidering the storm of passion that was agitating my frame and face, the smile must have looked very like the tinsel plate on a coffin-lid. It passed as genuine, however, and, as a determination to escape was uppermost in my mind, I resolved on such artifices as might best favour my intentions. Assuming my usual jaunti- ness of manner, I speedily saw my friends enjoying themselves around a refectorial board that would have done credit to a convent, and by incessant inquiries re- garding what was going on in the outer world, I hoped to save myself from be- coming the butt of impertinent questions. At first, I thought their visit was a mere frolic, intended purposely to convince me

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of the keenness of their scent, and that after a few hours of quizzing and teasing I should be again left to my seclusion. I was in error. They obviously deemed me to be in a state of confirmed mental aberration, and my beard and hair, so long strangers to razor and scissors, tended much to confirm their suspicions. I consequently became the subject of grave interrogations. The baron took up the office of father confessor, the fly-catcher became a Solon, and the singer of comic melodies displayed a face sufficiently solemn for a frontispiece to the book of Lamentations. They had evidently agreed to hold me under sure watch and ward until I should renounce my eccentricities, and comport myself like a rational being; in other words, like one of themselves. Very friendly and generous intentions these, thought I, but I shall nevertheless give you the slip yet; and so, after rubbing my unshorn chin, contemplating my unkempt locks in a glass over the fire-place, and casting an uncomfortable glance on my dusty habiliments, I burst into a hysterical laugh, performed a fandango around the room, and scampered away into my dormitory, as if to put myself through a thorough process of personal renovation. To what particular subject their conversation turned after my disappearance, I had no means of knowing; I only heard a succession of loud hip-hip-hurrahs, which might be either in compliment to their own acuteness and success, or the echo of their joy at my possible return to reason and society. Meanwhile, however, I was engaged in what looked exceedingly like an act of burglary, not certainly without the full amount of trepidation and dread which usually accompanies that adventurous profession. To cram indiscriminately into a carpet-bag such articles of clothing as I could noiselessly pick up, together with my manuscripts—to join together sheets, blankets, towels, and handkerchiefs—to make fast one extremity of these concatenated odds and ends to a chest of drawers—to lower the bag by means of the other to the street, and to follow after it myself by the same hazardous medium of descent, like Ulysses gliding down stealthily from the Trojan horse, was the work of a few minutes: then whisking the bag to my shoulders, much in the same way as young Lochinvar swung the fair Helen to the saddle croup, and with a secret confidence that my pursuers would require swift legs, if not swift steeds, I betook myself to flight. It was somewhat late at night, and Bat Street was deserted. No sounds fell on my ear, save the echoes that rung responsive to the pattering of my hastily plied feet, from the walls of the dingy tenements that towered above me on either side. Exulting in my escape, I darted along 'with a will,' as sailors say, through successive windings and bendings, until, at last, doubling an unlucky corner, I rushed headlong, first into the lantern, and next into the stomach, of a gruff gigantic watchman; when, alas! myself, carpet-bag, lantern, baton, as well as the nocturnal protector of the lieges, came simultaneously to the ground. Escape was still my predominating thought, however; but, as I attempted to scramble to my legs, a rude hand collared me tightly.

'Och, is it a thoroughfare ye'd be after making of me, ye flying haythen; bad luck to ye, but ye have kill't me clane out,' said the watchman, grasping me convulsively with one hand, and tenderly manipulating his aching bones with the other.

'It was quite accidental, I assure you, my good fellow,' I replied, coaxingly. 'So great, indeed, is my regard for the ill-paid but useful class to which you belong, that I could divide my last stiver with you.'

'Why, then, ye wild thafe o' the night, didn't ye begin and divide the accident wid me; it's myself that wouldn't grudge ye the lion's share of it. Och, it's the durty head of ye that has bothered my digestion entirely.'

'Say nothing about that,' said I, entreatingly, and you shall have a sufficient salve for your sore, if I could only find the way to my purse.'

'Is it an Irish fox ye'd be afther trepanning wid Scotch coppers, ye plunderin' spalpeen,' said he, indignantly; 'bedad, he's too wide awake for yez.'

Finding that the promised bribe was spurned, I made a violent effort to seize my bag, but it unfortunately lay at too great a distance.

'Sure, and ye've missed it, like your mother's blessing,' said he, chuckling; 'but ye'll better lave it alone, or by my sowl, I'll give ye a taste of my patent head pacificator.'

Resolved still to clutch it, I made a second and more fortunate effort, but I had scarcely raised it from the ground, when a smart tap on the elbow from the patent head pacificator made me drop it

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incontinently, and my arm hung helpless by my side.

'It's too hot it's for ye, my jewel,' said he, grinning, and bringing his shattered lantern to bear full on my face. 'Death alive, but ye're the darlint of a burglar, and it's a dacent fortin ye'd make for a felt manufacturer, wid all that hair about your face; but it's clane enough ye'll be in less than no time afther renewing your acquaintance wid brown soap, and it's a swate slape ye'll have this blessed night on a timber blanket.'

'I am no burglar,' I shouted, rising into a towering passion; 'and were it not for the respect I bear to the authority of the law, I would crush every bone in your vile carcass.'

'Be aisy, honey,' he coolly replied, starting to his feet, and raising me along with him; 'if big words would break bones, it's myself that would be the purty lump of compound fractures long ago; but come along wid me, my beauty, the hospitable house I represint is longing to get ye inside of it.'

It was in vain that I stormed, explained, and entreated, for my captor, like all watchmen past and present, had merely two ideas in his head—viz., those of a probable thief and the nearest police station. To confess the truth, when examined by the light of the 'lantern dimly burning,' everything, I admit, was against me—my haste, my excitement, the lateness of the hour; while my general appearance was that of one who might have been much better, but who assuredly deserved to be a good deal worse. Arrived at the station-house, I seated myself on my carpet-bag as sullenly as Themistocles in the chapel-royal of King Admetus, and was undergoing the usual routine examination by the officer in attendance, when in rushed the whole batch of my recent persecutors, accompanied by the tell-tale Blonde. It was a laughable rencounter. There, on the one hand, sat I, pinned up in a corner, like some infuriated wild beast turned upon its enemy, when all possibility of escape has been cut off; while my pursuers, on the other hand, gazed on each other in confusion, having nothing to urge against me, and equally little to say for themselves. The baron, however, whom no circumstances could altogether deprive of his self-possession, came to the rescue, and explained the case. I was, of course, liberated, but I continued to sit, silent and dogged, on my carpet-bag. With seeming reluctance, I was shortly afterwards conveyed back to my lodgings, where I was mercilessly plied with proposals, advices, and remonstrances, all of which I underwent with the most imperturbable taciturnity. I supped with good appetite, but uttered not a syllable. Next morning, I submitted to be shaven and shorn, still preserving the same invincible muteness. An asylum was proposed, but I expressed neither assent nor dissent. I was conducted to it, and entered without resistance. I saw the baron send round the hat, and levy by impromptu taxation enough to defray the expenses of the first six months of my confinement. I laughed inwardly, and no wonder if I did. I was separated from my friends, and led to my apartment. I laughed outright; and had I not ample cause? I resumed my treatise, and laughed loudly, for I felt beyond the reach of annoyance. In process of time I finished my work, and reappeared in the world, an expectant of fame.

STEAM NAVIGATION ON AUSTRALIAN RIVERS.

In the early part of 1830, the scattered settlers, and the stray natives on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, were startled by the appearance of a little party floating down the current of that impetuous river. The boat was manned by a gallant little crew. In the stern sat a man of mature years—silent, thoughtful, and careworn. It was easy to see that they were no strangers to hardship and suffering; yet hope mingled largely with reflective and depressing feelings. Onwards drifted the gallant prow, regardless of the perils to which she was exposed at every turn. At one moment the immense barriers of fallen timber stretching across the stream, and towards which the frail bark was hurried on by the rapidity of the

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current, appeared almost to preclude the possibility of escape; at another, hidden dangers, in the shape of sunken trees, not visible until the voyagers were almost upon them, seemed to threaten total wreck. Still, although every succeeding reach brought with it attendant dangers and perplexities, on she drifted, surmounting every obstruction, guided by a power which had ordained her safety, and the success of the mission in which she was engaged. Suddenly, the cloud that had spread over the countenances of the voyagers was dispelled, and gave place to a joyous expression of surprise. They had approached the termination of the Murrumbidgee; and now their bark danced gaily on the bosom of a broad and noble river. That river was the MURRAY, navigated, erewhile, only by the frail canoe of the black man, along whose banks the savage denizen of the wilderness roamed with undisputed sway, and over the bosom of whose waters was heard only the echo of the mournful cry of the wild dog, or the measured beat of the corroboree. That careworn man in the stern of the whale-boat was the gallant Captain Sturt—a name that will be revered by generations yet unborn as that of the discoverer of a mighty river, which, by itself and its tributaries, furnishes a watery highway, safe, and navigable for the greater part of the year, for an immense territory in south-eastern Australia, larger in extent than Great Britain seven times multiplied!

Captain Sturt proceeded down the Murray, and in thirty-two days he reached Lake Victoria, in which it loses its waters, and which is connected with Encounter Bay.

Since 1830, numerous stations have sprung up on the banks of this noble stream; and though for a time the squatters had their own share of troubles, yet every year adds importance and value to that immense stretch of country which it waters. It does astonish one to think, that, for upwards of twenty years, no successful attempt was made to introduce a system of river communication between the distant settlers and the ports whence their products should naturally be exported to other lands. Here was a river, with no rapids, containing no serious obstacles to its navigation, deep enough and broad enough to float a large steamer, meandering through plains on which grazed untold flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and yet no steam-boat, with its never-ceasing 'splash, splash,' the result of private or public enterprise, breaks the solemn stillness that broods over its waters. Those twenty years are past, and with them, let us hope, have passed away this apathy and indifference to the commercial and agricultural development of this magnificent country. In the autumn of 1853, the Lady Augusta, Captain Cadell, steamed uninterruptedly from the Goolwa, at the mouth of the Murray, to Campbell's Station, a point two days' sailing above Swan Hill, a distance of not less than 1400 miles! A journal of this experimental trip, by James Allen, jun.,* one of the party, has been kindly forwarded to us; and, as it is a production which few of our readers, indeed few persons in this country, may have seen, we shall now give the substance of it. Considering that the main object of the trip was to ascertain whether the river were navigable for steam-boats of considerable burden, and not so much to ascertain the physical features, the nature, and capabilities of the country, we must pronounce it entirely successful. Although nothing of any importance was done till now, yet, as early as 1838, we find the probable advantages to be derived from the navigation of the Murray so ably summed up in a pamphlet of that date, that we cannot do better than extract therefrom a single paragraph:—

'The remarkable fact to which we must draw your attention is, that the whole water communication of the territory of New South Wales flows into South Australia. Look at the map, and you will see at a glance that the natural outlet of its most fertile region is that port of South Australia which connects itself most directly with the river Murray, the "grand trunk" and highway of all. The farmer to the westward and northward of the Blue Mountains, and of the Australian Alps, or White Mountains of New South Wales, is in fact nearer to the markets of South Australia, when 1200 miles distant by water, than he is to the port of Sydney, when distant 300 miles by land. The inhabitants of Yass Plains on the Murrumbidgee, and of all the navigable streams

* This interesting production is printed and published in Adelaide, and is a very fair specimen of colonial workmanship. Hilton & Co. are the printers; C. G. E. Platts is the publisher. In London, it may be had of Messrs Groombridge & Sons.

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which water the basin of the Murray on the south, are suddenly placed in easy communication with a seaport. To the northward, the Lachlan rising above Hamilton Plains—the Macquarie—the Darling (the latter river watering, before it reaches the Murray, that immense tract of country stretching from 152 E. longitude to latitude 28), form ready-made roads to market; the value of which may be appreciated by turning the mind to the United States of North America, where internal navigable communication has raised an empire in a few brief years, which, without that aid, all the genius and enterprise of the world combined could not have effected in centuries. Wherever, therefore, we say, the seaport of the capital of South Australia be placed, nearest and easiest of access from the Murray, or from Lake Alexandrina (Victoria), there the New Orleans of this empire is at once formed. We have the great Murray for its sister Mississippi; the Darling for the Missouri; the Murrumbidgee for the Ohio; and, what is more, we command all these without the ill health of any.'

It was from the Goolwa, at the mouth of the Murray, about 70 miles from Adelaide, that the expedition was to start; and on the evening of Thursday, the 25th of August, 1853, the Lady Augusta, with her tender the Eureka lashed on her port-side, steamed from the jetty in fine style, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd on shore. A select party, composed of both sexes, had been invited by Captain Cadell, to share in the adventures and pleasures of the trip; and, under the influence of a beautiful starlight sky, they performed the first stage of their hopeful voyage. Next morning they made the entrance of Lake Victoria, and passed through it in the most successful manner. The extreme length of the lake is 30 miles, and its breadth about 25, with an average depth, in the channel, of about 10 feet. In the afternoon of the same day they reached Wellington Station, two miles above where the Murray empties itself into Lake Victoria, and upwards of 70 miles from Goolwa.

For some miles above Wellington, at which station the river is from 40 to 60 feet deep, it varies in width from 150 to 180 yards. On the right margin, extensive marshes exist, profusely covered with tall reeds. Mr Allen thinks that rice cultivation might be introduced here with success.

As they proceeded up the river, flocks of wild fowl, alarmed at the appearance of such a horrible monster on their waters, fled in shoals to the right and left, and musk ducks, which from their inability to fly were less expeditious in their movements, flapped along the water in alarm—an alarm not at all groundless, as weapons for their destruction, if opportunity offered, might be seen peeping from the sides of the vessel.

The passage from Wellington to Moorundee was made without the slightest obstruction. When they had fairly entered the valley of the Murray, Mr Allen writes:—

'The appearance of the country around this is really beautiful, and no one but those visiting the Murray can imagine the splendour and magnificence of the scenery. The banks on either side are clothed completely with a yellow flower, very much like, and of the same genus as, the groundsel at home. The hills on our right increase rather in height, and are thickly wooded, with at times a rocky appearance. Lagoons appear on either side of the river, forming peninsulas, on which stockyards and fences for the security of the cattle grazing thereon are formed. At this stage of our progress, I noticed several kinds of birds we had not seen before; among them were some wood ducks, which make their nests in the foliage along the banks of the river. I also saw several white cranes. The hills recede on either side of us, and the land in the neighbourhood is undulating, with luxuriant vegetation upon it. (This would be a capital spot for dairy farms.) Herds of cattle feed on the slopes around, and give a very homely appearance to the landscape.'

Our party spent the Sunday, glad we are to say, as the Sunday should be spent, at Moorundee; and on this day they had the first taste of unfavourable weather. Heavy showers fell at intervals, and the day was 'dark and dreary.' Above this station the river increases in width, and of course decreases in depth; the former being from 200 to 250 yards, and the latter about 15 feet. The vegetation along the banks, and on the surrounding hills, is rich and most luxuriant; but there is but little use made of it, from the paucity of settlers. During the summer season, however, the soil is said to be completely parched, although several patches were met with under high culti-

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vation, which rather contradicted this report. But nature has provided a good substitute in the 'Salt bush,' resembling the 'Sage bush,' of which the cattle are extremely fond, and on which they thrive as well as on the choicest grass. So we are assured.

The transit of wool and other commodities by land from this part of the country is stated to be enormously expensive. Wool to Adelaide, £7 per ton; return supplies, £5 per ton, and so in proportion from other stations. What an immense boon would regular steam communication be to the settlers on this magnificent river. Mr Allen reports, that there are no serious obstacles thus far to navigation; as a proof of which, the Lady Augusta, with the Eureka lashed alongside, had, with little difficulty, rounded all the 'bends' in the channel. The rate of progress was about six miles an hour.

Mr Allen thinks it of the highest importance that the settlers on the Murray, who may purchase land from the government, should have a right of commonage. In his official despatches to the Duke of Newcastle on this subject, Sir Henry Young expresses the same opinion. At present the land is leased to squatters, who pay 10s. per square mile rent. A settler who purchases an eighty acre section, turns it into an agricultural farm. He wishes also (in many cases it becomes a necessity) to run a few cattle along the banks of the river. But this he dare not do, because the squatter has the right to impound all stray cattle that may trespass on his run, without a right of commonage.

The following paragraph gives a very accurate idea of the valley of the Murray. We should have liked it all the better, had the author been more of a geologist:—

'It commences near Wellington, and is formed by the steep sandstone cliffs rising on either side of us, averaging in their distance apart from two to three miles. From Wellington, they gradually increase in height until they reach Moorundée, where their elevation above the surface of the water is about 100 feet. Between these two cliffs, at about an average distance apart of two miles, the river Murray flows, and the appearance of them on either side of us is naturally caused by the different turns or bends of the river in its windings to the right or left. Fossil formations are found all through the cliffs, and not a bit of the sandstone, of which they are formed, can be broken, without the appearance of sea shells and fossil remains in it. This would lead us to infer, that the whole of the intervening land between the cliffs has been immersed in water at some distant period, and that the natural level of the river formerly was the top of these cliffs, which are now upwards of 100 feet above the valley, and that, in the course of ages past, the river has gradually worn the valley down to its present level. The intervening flats between the cliffs, although liable in many places to inundation, where the banks of the river are not of a sufficient height to prevent its overflow during the floods, contain a large amount of rich alluvial soil, suitable in every respect for cultivation, and which is enriched annually by the deposits carried down by the river.'

When upwards of 400 miles from the Goolwa, the following entries occur in the journal:—

'The current here is very strong, running fully three miles per hour, and it requires great caution in turning the different bends of the river, which in some places are very abrupt, turning at acute angles, with violent eddies. This, however, to a cautious person, and to one sufficiently acquainted with the river, will be no obstacle to its navigation.

'The river is very circuitous to-day, and we cleared with difficulty the very acute bends which it makes in some places. The appearance of the sandstone cliffs is very singular; they are of a dark red colour, with small sugarloaf-looking hillocks formed on the sides and tops of them. In many parts of the cliffs red and white ochre is to be found, and, I am informed by those who have tested it, of good quality. We had the advantage to-day again of procuring some fish from the natives, who, on our approach, paddle out to us in their canoes, offering us their commodities, which we purchase for a few tins of flour and a little tobacco. This is an agreeable exchange to both parties. The natives, of course, look upon flour as a great luxury; and to us the fish is an agreeable change from our general diet.'

For some days we have references to 'acute angles,' but to no other or greater difficulties. Before reaching the Darling, one of the largest tributaries of the Murray, Mr Allen thus speaks of the country and the river:—

'This afternoon we passed Lake Vic-

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toria, which is situated about four miles inland. The appearance of the country to-day is much improved, it having undergone an evident change for the better; the land is more elevated, thereby precluding the possibility of its being flooded, at least so much so as some of the land we have lately passed, which, from the high watermarks observable on the trees, must have been completely under water during last year's flood. From the rapid increase of the waters of the Murray, the low lands, in many instances, become flooded, and back-waters are formed, rivalling sometimes in size the main stream itself.

'The river is very circuitous again; and from this fact we travel, in some instances, thrice the distance by the river that would be occupied by the same journey by land. This, among all the advantages of the river, is one of its disadvantages, and deserves to be noted. We have been making, on an average, to-day about five miles per hour, which, considering the force of the current, is very good, I think. On this point we suffer one disadvantage, which is, that, having two vessels abreast, we are prevented from steering near to the bank, whereby we might avoid the current in some degree.

'There appears to be no diminution either in the width or volume of the river so far; and if there is any change in its appearance, it is decidedly in its favour. We sounded several times to-day, and found from five to six fathoms of water. The banks of the river are so precipitous as to allow of our drawing close up to them without touching the bottom. We hauled up about seven o'clock, and moored by the side of the river for the night.'

Again:—

'There is a decided improvement in the appearance of the country. The land on the Victoria side is much higher. The red sandstone hills appear again, similar to those we passed after leaving Chapman's Station. We passed extensive plains to our right, extending some five or six miles, slightly wooded, and backed by low ranges of hills in the distance. It had a very pretty effect, and is the most open piece of country we have seen since we left Wellington. Passed several cattle stations to-day. The river seems rather to increase than diminish in volume; and I think, with one of the passengers, "that the farther we go, the bigger it grows."'

Mr Allen, in speaking of the natives, says, that they are a much finer race than those about Adelaide. 'We have had frequent interviews with them. They are constantly coming to us, either to gratify curiosity, or to offer us fish in exchange for our tobacco and flour.' He considers them inoffensive, and upon the whole friendly; but censures severely the conduct of those white men who too frequently impose on their credulity and friendly feeling. Murders have, indeed, been perpetrated, but in most instances, we must admit, it has been to avenge real injuries. We say, with Mr Allen, let us do the black race justice, whatever be their faults. They are said to be fast wasting away before the face of the enterprising whites; one palpable cause of this decrease is the horrible practice of infanticide. The following extract does not speak much for the gallantry of the lords of this part of the creation. The Lady Augusta had now reached the junction of the Darling:—

'Three natives (two men and a lubra) paddled out to us in a canoe, but when they got under the stern of the Eureka, they caught hold of the rudder-chains, which, as the vessel was going through the water, dragged their frail bark under, and shipped them all into the water. The two men succeeded in climbing up the rudder-chains, but the lubra floated down with the current, and when we expressed apprehensions for her safety, and asked the husband why he did not jump in to her rescue, he replied, "The water too much cold." The lubra, however, managed to reach the shore in safety, which was about a hundred yards off, and signified her arrival on the bank by placing fresh fuel on their bonfire. Her unworthy spouse on board, during the whole proceeding, seemed not to be moved in the least, and appeared to think it a good joke.'

Yet in the same page our narrator tells us that the natives worked willingly in laying in wood for the engine; and one of them, a noble-looking fellow, acted as pilot up the Darling. The natives are very numerous here; are by no means so friendly; and seem to have a chief or king to rule over them. The following extract on the river Darling is interesting:—

'The river Darling, which we are now lying in, is a more important stream than is generally imagined. I was informed that for some distance up it was merely the back-water of the Murray; but

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this idea has been dispelled by seeing the current have a downward tendency. During three months of the year, at irregular periods, from the uncertainty of the rain which influences it, the Darling is navigable for some considerable distance. It commences to rise about June or July, and subsides about February. It is an ascertained fact, that for three months in the year, between August and February, it is navigable for a steamer of even greater draught than the Lady Augusta. At no distant period, there were numerous settlements formed upon it, but, from the hostility of the natives in the district, added to the great expense of the carriage of the produce to market, which absorbed the value of the produce itself, several stations have latterly been abandoned. Another inconvenience resulted from the non-residence of any description of artisan within 300 miles of them. As soon as the labour market becomes more settled, and the navigation of the Murray has been fairly opened up, there is every probability of the Darling being settled for 500 miles up, as far as Fort Bourke, or onwards, till the stations unite with those formed some years ago from the northern points, and thus open up a large tract of country, the produce of which, by the aid of the steamer, there is every likelihood of being carried to the South Australian capital. At present there is a settlement about 200 miles up the Darling from its junction with the Murray, named Mining-die, at which there are several native reserves made.'

No doubt this district will become, in time, a field for the successful enterprise of the foreigner, as well as other parts; and the fact that the Darling is navigable for at least three months in the year, will greatly facilitate the desirable change. During the rush to the Victoria diggings, this was a favourite route for overland parties; but the traffic is greatly abated since the gold excitement has subsided.

To return to the Murray, Mr Allen informs us, that, putting together all the information he can gather, it is pretty well established that this river is navigable for nine months in the twelve; and these embrace the period during which the greatest, if not the whole, amount of produce will require shipment. Sir Henry Young, in a despatch on the same subject, thus sums up:—

'The total extent of the navigation of the Murray proper, accomplished on this voyage, was 1450 miles; that of its branch, the Wackool, 60 miles in addition. It is to be noted, that very generally the river is so winding, that the distance in a direct line by land may be computed at less than half the distance by water. On the whole, I am enabled to give it as my opinion, that the Murray proper is navigable from the Goolwa to Albury—that is, for a space of 1900 miles. Its branches and tributaries are, the Wackool, the Loddon, the Campaspe, the Goulbourn, the Kyaltie or Elwood, the Tuppul, and the Billibong. The Murrumbidgee, from its junction with the Murray, has a navigable course of 700 miles to Gundagai. The Darling is navigable in seasons of flood; but to what distance is soon to be ascertained, I trust, by Captain Cadell.'

The difficulties of the old mode of conveying wool, &c., to Melbourne, is graphically described by our journalist:—

'At about two o'clock we reached Mildura Station, owned by Messrs Jamieson Brothers, where we drew up to the bank, to discharge some goods brought from the Darling, as also to take in some more wood which had been provided for us. This occupied the remainder of the day; and as towards nightfall the weather became very squally, with frequent showers of rain, it is not proposed starting again till the morning. Messrs Jamieson's station consists of three or four very neat-looking slab huts, facing the river, and the various other arrangements of it are very creditable. Their flock of sheep numbers 10,000. Great difficulty is experienced by them in getting their wool to Melbourne, distant from here about 400 miles. The process of carriage is very inconvenient. Their station is on the Victoria side of the river, from which they have to convey it across the stream bale by bale, in native canoes, which, though so very fragile in appearance, are capable of conveying a bale of wool across, weighing 400 lbs. After it is all carried across in this tedious manner, the drays are loaded, and the wool is conveyed to Euston, about 75 miles distant, when it is re-conveyed across the river, and taken from thence *via* Swan Hill to Melbourne. The time usually occupied in its carriage is from six weeks to two months, and during the last wool season, when the diggings were in full work, and men, from the prevalence of the gold fever, not to be depended upon, drays have taken so long

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four months to accomplish their return p, thus occupying six months in per-ming the journey to Melbourne and ck. Considering the great expense and uble arising out of such delay, it will once be perceived what an incalculable vantage will be derived by all the settlers the Murray, from the means being ered for the conveyance of their wool a much cheaper rate, with more expe-tion, and a less degree of risk, than by e method at present adopted. The xpense of travelling to Melbourne is also ery great, the settlers *en route* thither eing subjected to the most enormous ex-penses. For each night on the road, the um of thirty-five shillings is charged for the stabling of a horse, the hay being weighed out in a pair of small scales, with other charges in proportion.'

Again, in an entry a day or two later, he says:—

'A considerable trade, I understand, is likely to be opened up with New South Wales by the Victoria settlers, in the purchase of store sheep, to be brought overland and fattened, and with which it is purposed to supply the Adelaide and Melbourne markets, the wool in the meantime to be shorn, and sent per steamer to Adelaide. Mr Jamieson, to whom I am indebted for much information, and who has accompanied us from Mildura Station, purposing to proceed to Swan Hill, informs me that this trade will be considerable, if advantageous purchases of sheep can continue to be made. Already several lots of this description have been brought over from Bathurst and other places. To show the inconvenience resulting from the present system of the conveyance of the wool to Melbourne, I may mention, that the drays by which Mr Ross sent his wool last season have not yet returned, although seven or eight months have elapsed, and consequently he has not received his return supplies.'

It is painful to meet with the demon strong drink even in these unfrequented parts. No scene, no circumstance, no occupation, will prevent a man from making a fool and a brute of himself, when he yields himself up to its maddening influences. Pain and disgust possess the mind in reading the following:—

'While wooding this morning, the men belonging to the vessel were subjected to much interference from some of the shepherds on the station, who were intoxicated, and who became so abusive, from Captain Cadell refusing them the sale of any spirits, as to lead to a quarrel. They became so violent in their conduct to Mr Copeland, the first mate of the Eureka, as to result in an open battle between them, who, though attacked by three of them at once, succeeded in giving them a sound thrashing, and sent them away with broken heads to repent over their conduct. They slunk away in the most abject manner, although they had bragged before the encounter, in the most absurd language, of what they would do. Mr Ross, the owner of the station, expressed his satisfaction at their thus receiving their deserts.'

Whatever should be the private opinion of the reader on the temperance question, we are sure that he will, as we do, heartily join in the following:—

'It will be a matter of great regret, if steamers trading on the river make a practice of supplying spirituous liquors to men employed at the different stations, who are too ready to take advantage of such a course. It will prove a counteraction to the advantages to be gained by the trade of the steamers, from the men engaged by the settlers being unfitted for the duties which they agree to perform. One influential settler on the Murray declared that, sooner than such a course should be pursued, he would relinquish the anticipated advantages to be gained on the other hand. I am glad to say, that the impolicy of this course Captain Cadell is fully alive to, who has refused most scrupulously in every case, in the passage of the Lady Augusta up the river, any supply of intoxicating liquors, which he sees would have such an injurious effect.'

Swan Hill, to which reference has been made already in this paper, is an important station, and it was the point to which the expedition was destined. We shall, for various reasons, give a somewhat full account of it. Mr Allen says:—

'The arrival of the Lady Augusta at Swan Hill evidently appeared to take the inhabitants of this settlement by surprise. Though they were in the expectation of the arrival of the steamer, yet they seemed hardly alive to the realisation of the fact, and were apparently nonplussed by the imposing appearance of the Lady Augusta in the river immediately before them. They were not long, however, in reconciling themselves

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to the welcome fact, and expressed most cordially their satisfaction.

'Swan Hill is a government township, situated on the Victoria side of the river, and distant from Melbourne 210 miles. There are altogether in the settlement about half-a-dozen houses, including a comfortable inn, kept by Mr James Rutherford, with several buildings attached to it, and the huts of a few men engaged in building for the government. On a slight elevation behind the township, there is a police station in the course of erection, constructed something in the style of an American log hut; and the erection of several other buildings is, I believe, contemplated by the government. There is a Court of Petty Sessions established, and a Resident Police Magistrate is expected shortly. A detachment of police is stationed here, consisting of six men and a sergeant.

'A private punt is stationed on the river, similar to those used at Wellington and the Darling.

'The amount of land at present sold in the township of Swan Hill is comparatively small; but there is now every probability, from the navigation of the river being opened up, of a ready sale being effected.

'Great difficulty is experienced in getting the necessary stores up from Melbourne, drays having been on the road three months, and have not yet arrived. This difficulty may be readily imagined, from the enormous charges made at the store at Swan Hill for necessaries. The following scale will give an idea of the prices:—Flour, 2s. per lb.; coarse flannel, 8s. per yard; spirits, per glass, 2s.; needles, 2s. per packet; and other articles in proportion.

'There is a post-office established at Swan Hill. The mail for Melbourne leaves every Friday, and brings the return post on the following Thursday. We had consequently arrived too late for the Friday's mail, which started yesterday; but, to obviate this difficulty, and forward intelligence of our arrival so far successfully, his Excellency Sir Henry Young (who was one of the party) despatched an express, who would in all probability overtake the mailman before he had proceeded any great distance.

'There is very little at Swan Hill of any interest at present. Half-a-dozen houses, situated at a few hundred yards from the river's bank, among which the inn takes a conspicuous position, with a stockyard or two immediately adjacent, comprises the whole that is to be seen; and yet this mite of a settlement will, in all probability, before many years have passed over our heads, become an important township, and from its central position as affecting the navigation of the Murray, form the nucleus of commerce for an almost illimitable space around.

'The distance of Swan Hill from the Loddon, at the point where the Melbourne road crosses, is 40 miles; from the Avon, about 50. The Murray takes a winding course past the township, and averages in depth, at this season, from three to four fathoms. It is about 120 yards in width. It has ceased to rise; at present remaining nearly stationary.

'Much of the land adjacent to the river is flooded over, and covered with dense beds of reeds, 15 to 20 feet in height. This does not apply to the township, which is sufficiently elevated to protect it from the water, as is also the country situated behind it. The land in the neighbourhood is considered favourable for agriculture, but at present no advantage in that respect has been taken of it. Lake Tyrrell, 20 miles in circumference, is situated near Swan Hill, from which the settlers are supplied with salt, of very good quality.

'The night has set in beautifully clear, and the moon, throwing her resplendent light over the waters, presents a most enchanting sight.

'The comet, which I have before noticed, has been visible for the last few mornings, but is now fading from our view.

'I may here mention a very singular phenomenon which appeared at Swan Hill some two years ago, and which has been so well authenticated, both by the natives and the settlers in the district, as to leave no doubt as to its occurrence. About a month previous to the Christmas of 1851, a small dark cloud was seen to rise above the horizon, towards the north-west. Immediately after its appearance, it emitted a flash of fire, succeeded by a rumbling noise like thunder, or the trampling of a large body of horse, but considerably louder, and passed over to the east, dispersing itself like smoke. The day was remarkably bright and clear, with a perfectly unclouded sky. Its passage occupied from four to five minutes, and the noise resulting from the discharge

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of the flash, I am told, was most terrific. The natives were dreadfully alarmed, and even to this day have a vivid recollection of the circumstance. This account is not in the least exaggerated, and, if the occurrence had not been well authenticated by respectable settlers in the neighbourhood, I should not have described it in my journal. As it is, it will be food for speculative minds, and interest those fond of the marvellous.

'*Sunday, September* 18.—Divine service was held on shore this morning, under the verandah of the inn, a short distance from the vessel. Mr Davies, a Baptist minister, arriving by the Mary Ann (a tiny steamer built by a settler on the Murray), after reading the church service, gratified us by preaching an excellent sermon, the text being taken from Acts xvi., and part of the 31st verse—"What shall I do to be saved?" His Excellency Sir Henry Young was present at the service. The passengers and many of the crew belonging to the Lady Augusta, as well as several of the residents at Swan Hill, attended.

'This is the first public religious service which has been held at Swan Hill, and for this and other reasons was peculiarly impressive, having the effect of making us all, I think I may say, feel truly grateful for the providential protection extended to us on our journey so far.

'During the day, the lady and gentlemen passengers by the Lady Augusta took a ramble round the settlement of Swan Hill. There is not much to interest one, but the beautiful weather compensated in a measure for the absence of all else.

'I took a stroll, accompanied by a friend, up the river as far as the mile hut. We killed a snake on our way, measuring four feet in length, and similar to the brown snake found in South Australia, but which, I believe, are not poisonous. Snakes are very numerous about Swan Hill; but, with the exception of the diamond snake, they are generally harmless.

'One source of amusement to the settlers in this part is emu-hunting, of which there are great numbers near the settlement. Mr Meade, the clerk of the court at Swan Hill, shot one the day previous to our arrival, a very fine bird; the skin of which was preserved, and has been presented to a lady on board the Lady Augusta. A few swans are to be seen on the river, or about the lagoons—hence the name of Swan Hill.'

Our party seem to have been very sedate during their voyage, judging at least from Mr Allen's journal; for the only amusement we find them engaged in, is 'tripping the light fantastic toe' on board the Lady Augusta, or lighting huge bonfires on the wooded banks of the river, and watching the flame, as it roared, and raged, and sent its darting tongues far into the upper gloom, or, by its lurid glare, cast all surrounding objects into shapes the most fantastic and unearthly. It must have been quite exhilarating, we should fancy, to meet with the following amusing incident at a station far up the Murray:—

'Mrs Williams, the wife of the owner, was gallantly guarding a small piece of cannon, and using the most persevering efforts to discharge it, as a salute in honour of our arrival. A native by her side, armed with a rusty carbine, kept up a continual clicking with it, in his vain endeavours to get it to go off; but both without success. The carbine and the cannon (a small boat cannon) are kept by Mrs Williams as a valuable memento of Captain Sturt's exploratory voyage down the Murray, he having brought them with him on that occasion, as also a cutlass, mounted in a brass sheath, which are always shown as precious relics. At a quarter to eleven we were on our way again. After proceeding about half a mile up the river, we were gratified to hear, from a shot fired from the station in our rear, that our enthusiastic friend Mrs Williams had succeeded in discharging her refractory piece.'

We cannot wonder that the settlers were delighted at the prospect of the resources of the Murray, and its numerous tributaries, being opened up; and that in every way in which their peculiar circumstances would allow, they proved their interest in the enterprise, and manifested their friendly feelings towards the members of the expedition. Some provided wood for the use of the engine, and social comforts for the party; many embraced the opportunity of sending wool, skins, and oil, by the Eureka to Adelaide; all of them joined in an address to his Excellency Sir Henry Young, who accompanied the expedition, and Captain Cadell, who so successfully conducted it. The Eureka returned from this experimental trip loaded with 4000 bales of wool, besides other articles. The cere-

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mony of shipping the first bale is thus described:—

'The ceremony of shipping the first bale of wool was performed shortly after our arrival. The first wool-pack was accordingly rolled down the bank of the river to the plank communicating with the vessel, and then passed on board jointly by Mrs Younghusband, Mrs Finniss, and Miss Younghusband. The bale of wool was then hoisted up to the mast-head of the Eureka, with a sailor seated upon it, and, on his giving the signal, a gun was fired, which was succeeded by three cheers for the first shipment of wool on the Murray, and again, by three more for the success of the present expedition. The scene altogether had a very pleasing effect, and the appearance of the ladies, who were collected on the top of the wool bales, which were piled up along the bank, was highly picturesque. After this ceremony was gone through, the crew retired to drink success to the commerce of the Murray, the passengers at the same time repeating the toast: one gentleman facetiously wishing Captain Cadell "Success to his wool-gathering."'

We call the attention of our readers to the following valuable extract from the despatch of Sir Henry Young, written on board the Lady Augusta immediately before her return from Swan Hill:—

'Considering, therefore, the importance of facilitating the location on its (Murray) banks of persons whose industrial pursuits would be promoted in connection with the carrying trade of wool, and the return supplies to the stockowners—considering, too, most especially, the probabilities that large numbers of British emigrants, whether intending in future to settle in Victoria, New South Wales, or South Australia, are likely to be attracted to the vast basin of the Murray when its navigability by steamers shall become known, and it is found to be a most convenient route to the gold fields, I have come to the determination, at once to submit to my executive council, on my return to Adelaide, the expediency of proclaiming the lands on both banks of the river within the bounds of South Australia, to the extent of two miles, to be the "Hundred of the Murray in South Australia." Surveys of villages will be made in select spots, as traffic and population require, and roads leading to and from the river will be reserved for public use, and as a means of access to the back lands; whilst the alluvial flats, subject at present to periodical inundation, may, by embankment, be rendered perfectly available. These flats extend, on an average, from about half a mile to three miles in depth; and, generally, the banks afford building sites of sufficient elevation to be beyond the reach of the floods. Under the arrangement above described, the lessees of the waste lands (which are in South Australia open by law at all times to purchasers by public auction) will sustain an abstraction from the very large extent of their runs for pastoral purposes too insignificant to be detrimental to their special pursuits, yet sufficient to give the owners of small allotments the space of pasture necessary to the sustenance of the live stock indispensable to their agricultural and dairy purposes, and other objects of domestic utility. The location of a population on the banks of the river will give to the squatters such facilities for obtaining labourers, that the pastoral objects, to which for very many generations yet to come the immense tracts of the back lands of the Murray district are destined, may be extended, rather than restricted or interrupted, by the appropriation of the alluvial margin of the great river to the settlement of freeholders.'

Writing, as we are, far from this land of promise, we cannot but congratulate his Excellency the Governor of South Australia, and Captain Cadell, on this most successful attempt to introduce STEAM NAVIGATION ON AUSTRALIAN RIVERS.

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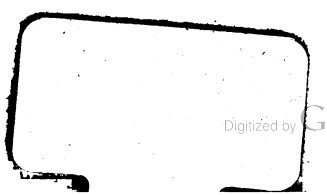

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